

THE QUIVER:

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING.

PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS:

THE DEAN OF ARMAGH; ANNE BEALE; THE REV. PROFESSOR BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.; THE REV. W. BURNET; THE REV. A. A. CAMPBELL; THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY; THE REV. A. BOYD-CARPENTER; C. F. GORDON CUMMING; SARAH DOUDNEY; THE REV. T. F. THISTLETON-DYER; THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.; EDWARD GARRETT; THE REV. J. W. GEDGE; THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON GORE; EVELYN EVERETT GREEN; THE LADY LAURA HAMPTON; THE REV. E. J. HARDY; THE REV. F. HASTINGS; M. S. HAYCRAFT; THE REV. GEORGE HILL; THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D.; F. MORELL HOLMES; CAPTAIN E. C. HORE; THE REV. W. M. JOHNSTON; THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.; THE LADY JOHN MANNERS; THE LADY SOPHIA PALMER; THE REV. P. B. POWER; THE REV. G. S. REANEY; THE REV. PROFESSOR A. ROBERTS, D.D., LL.D.; THE HON. K. SCOTT; THE REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE; THE REV. W. J. SPIERS; THE REV. W. M. STATHAM; THE REV. J. TELFORD; J. FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.; F. E. WEATHERLY; THE DEAN OF WELLS, &c. &c.

Composers:—THE ORGANISTS TO THE HON. SOCIETIES OF THE TEMPLE, AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, OF CANTERBURY, DURHAM, AND GLOUCESTER CATHEDRALS, THE REV. W. J. FOXELL, &c. &c.

Artists:—ROBERT BARNES, R.W.S.; ALLAN BARRAUD; GORDON BROWNE; F. W. BURTON; J. CLARKE T. W. COULDERY; MARGARET DICKSEE; M. ELLEN EDWARDS; MARY L. GOW, R.I.; C. GREGORY, R.W.S.; W. HATHERELL; R. JOBLING; GUNNING KING; G. G. MANTON; H. J. A. MILES; W. H. OVEREND; WALTER PAGET; ERNEST PARTON; W. RAINEY; W. SMALL, R.I.; W. S. STACEY; PERCY TARRANT; C. A. WILKINSON.


VOL. XXII.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK & MELBOURNE.

1887

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



THE QUIVER

SOME GREAT BIBLICAL SCHOLARS.

REMINISCENCES OF DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

THE MOST REV. DR. TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



R. TRENCH, it need hardly be said, was not one of the members of the Revision Company appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury. That was prevented by his being at the time Archbishop of Dublin. Had he still re-

mained Dean of Westminster, there can be no doubt that his name would have been one of the first to occur to Convocation, as that of a scholar eminently fitted to assist in the work. As it was, he at once received an invitation, along with other divines, to join the New Testament Company, and he continued a member of it throughout all the eleven years of its existence.

The Archbishop of Dublin had for long been associated in the public mind with those proposals which were afloat for a revision of the common English version. While still Dean of Westminster, he published in 1858 an excellent little work "On the Authorised Version of the New Testament." In the introductory chapter to that work, he observes with respect to its object, "I propose not mainly to advocate a revision, nor mainly to dissuade one, but to consider rather the actual worth of our present translation; its strength, and also any weaknesses which may affect that strength; its beauty, and also the blemishes which impair that beauty in part; the grounds on which a new revision of it may be demanded; the inconveniences, difficulties, the dangers it may be, which would attend such a revision; and thus, so far as this lies in my power, to assist others, who may not have been able to give special attention to this subject, to form a decision for themselves. I will not in so doing pretend that my own mind is entirely in equilibrium on the subject. On the whole, I am

persuaded that a revision ought to come; I am convinced that it will come. Not, however, I would trust, as yet; for we are not as yet in any respect prepared for it; the Greek and the English which should enable us to bring this to a successful end might, it is to be feared, be wanting alike. Nor certainly do I underrate the other difficulties which would beset such an enterprise: they look, some of them, the more serious to me the more I contemplate them; and yet, believing that this mountain of difficulty will have to be surmounted, I can only trust and believe that it, like so many other mountains, will not on nearer approach prove so formidable as at a distance it appears."

In point of fact, twelve additional years had to pass away before the actual work of revision was begun. During that period, Dr. Trench's wise and cautious suggestions had done much to dispel the terrors with which the idea of making any change in the English Bible was to many minds surrounded, and to prepare the reading public for taking an intelligent interest in the great undertaking. When at last the midsummer of 1870 arrived, and the New Testament Company assembled for their first meeting, all seemed to promise well, and the best expectations were cherished that desires so long entertained would be fulfilled, and a worthy substitute for the long and deeply revered Authorised English Version would be produced.

If the result has scarcely justified these expectations, it is certainly not owing to any views or principles advocated by Archbishop Trench. No reviser was more trusted than he by the public at large. I remember a somewhat amusing illustration of this. As is well known, the Company met for the most part in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey. One day there

was a large gathering of clergy in an adjacent room. I had to pass through them in order to reach our own place of meeting, and in doing so the following brief dialogue fell upon my ears. "The Revisers are sitting to-day," said one clerical dignitary to another. "Yes," replied he, "and I was glad to see the Archbishop of Dublin going in among them: *him* I can thoroughly trust; but as to some of the others, I tremble to think what changes *they* may suggest, and what grave mistakes may, under their influence, be committed."

It would indeed have been well if the course which Archbishop Trench pointed out in the work above referred to had been followed. In that case the Revised Version would probably have escaped being what, with all its merits, I am afraid it must be deemed—the greatest literary shipwreck of the century. Looking forward to the appointment of a body of Revisers, "with some authorisation, royal or ecclesiastical, or both," Dr. Trench's words were—and I italicise some of them as guarding against the great snare into which the Revisers fell—"Let, then, such a body as this, inspiring confidence at once by their piety, their learning, and their prudence, draw out such a list of emendations as were lifted beyond all doubt in the eye of everyone whose voice had any right to be heard on the matter; avoiding all luxury of emendation, abstaining from all which was not of primary necessity, from much in which they might have fitly allowed themselves if they had not been building on foundations already laid, and which could not without great inconvenience be disturbed—using the same moderation here which Jerome used in his revision of the Latin. Let them very briefly, but with just as much learned explanation as should be needful, justify these emendations, where they were not self-evident. Let them, if this should be their conviction, express their sense of the desirableness that these should at some future day be introduced into the received text, as bringing it into more perfect accord and harmony with the original Scripture. Having done this, let them leave these emendations

to ripen in the public mind, gradually to commend themselves to all students of God's Holy Word. Supposing the emendations such as ought to, and would, do this, there would probably ere long be a general desire for their admission into the text; and in due time this admission might follow. All abrupt change would thus be avoided—all forcing of alterations on those not as yet prepared to receive them. That which at length came in would excite no surprise, no perplexity, or at most very little, having already in the minds of many displaced that of which it now at length took openly the room."

Unfortunately, as I think, the principles which came to prevail in the New Testament Company were very different from those advocated by Dr. Trench in the above passage. He himself very rarely attended the meetings, alienated, it may be, as I know was the case with others, by the itch for excessive change which was displayed by a learned and influential section of the Company.

Apart from the work of Revision, I have one very vivid remembrance of Dr. Trench in the capacity of a popular lecturer. Contrary to what might perhaps have been anticipated, he succeeded in riveting

the attention of his audience. The scene was Rotherhithe, and the place of meeting a humble school-room, capable perhaps of containing some two hundred people. It was crammed to the door with workmen and their families, a few only of higher social position being present. The Dean (for he was then such) addressed to them one of his fascinating lectures on words. He unfolded to them the deeply interesting history which often lies hid in particular expressions, the striking imagery which is suggested by such terms as "supercilious," "subtle," "trivial," and so forth, not forgetting the moral bearing of his subject, as illustrated by the manner in which people are often deceived and corrupted by "the imposture of words" seen in the use of such expressions as "a gay life," a "*chevalier d'industrie*," to put a fair face on wickedness. On this point the Archbishop has



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

strikingly said: "How much wholesomer on all accounts is it that there should be an ugly word for an ugly thing, one involving moral condemnation and disgust, even at the expense of a little coarseness, rather than one which plays fast and loose with the eternal principles of morality, which makes sin plausible, and shifts the Divinely reared landmarks of right and wrong, thus bringing the user under the woe of them 'that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for

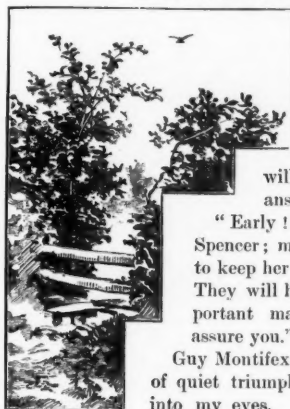
sweet, and sweet for bitter' (Isaiah v. 20)—a text on which South has written four of his grandest sermons, with reference to this very matter, and bearing this striking title, '*On the Fatal Imposture and Force of Words.*' How awful, yea how fearful, is this force and imposture of theirs, leading men captive at will. There is an atmosphere about them which they are evermore diffusing, an atmosphere of life or death, which we insensibly inhale at each moral breath we draw."

MISS WILLOWBURN'S OFFER.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "WHEN WE TWO PARTED," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A PRESENTIMENT.



"YOU will come back early in the afternoon, Annie?" I say, feeling quite sure that she will not be allowed to answer for herself.

"Early! No, indeed, Mrs. Spencer; my mother will want to keep her as long as possible. They will have no end of important matters to settle, I assure you."

Guy Montifex speaks with an air of quiet triumph, looking straight into my eyes. I return the look with a smile, for I am not by any means disposed to mistrust Captain Montifex, although I see what he is doing plainly enough. Annie gives me one of those swift glances which so often flash between sisters; and then the pair go off together, and I walk slowly homeward under the beeches.

It is May, and the lanes of Wood Royal are just getting shady with the fresh green of young leaves. There is a snow of hawthorn on the hedges; through the gaps I can see the meadows, glorious with buttercup gold; the air is full of the sweet din of gay bird-voices. And yet sad memories come to me as I walk under the arches of the beech avenue to-day, and heart-wounds, which have left deep scars behind, are beginning to ache again.

I remember that I was once a girl of twenty, like Annie, and had a lover of my own. Courtship, widowhood, widowhood—how much has been crowded into a few brief years! I, Margaret Spencer, am past flirty now, and am living with my little child in the old house where I was born. My mother (herself a

widow) has gladly welcomed me back to Cedar Lawn; and Annie has become the chief object of interest in my quiet life. Later on, my little daughter will absorb my thoughts; but Madge, at five years old, is scarcely more than a plaything; and it is Annie, my bright, bonnie Annie, who claims nearly all my hopes and dreams.

I am well satisfied with the present state of things, for Guy Montifex has been a favourite of ours from his boyhood. Lately he has come back, invalided from India; and, if his father and mother have their will, he will never leave Wood Royal again. Colonel Montifex wants his son to stay at home, and look after the tenants and the paternal acres; and I am inclined to think that Guy will not offer any opposition to his desire.

I fancy I have never seen Annie look prettier than she does to-day, with a peach-like bloom on her soft young face, and her sunny brown hair rippling under a little brown straw hat. Hers are those large Irish eyes of which one hears so much—blue-grey eyes, shaded with very dark lashes, and with an expression in them that is half-mirthful, half-sad. She wears a close-fitting gown of brown tweed, which sets off her slight yet rounded figure to the best advantage, and has a few sprays of lily of the valley in her bosom.

Guy Montifex does not attempt to hide the satisfaction he feels in having her all to himself. His mother has sent him to Cedar Lawn with orders to bring Annie back to Wood Mount. Next month there is to be a bazaar held in the Colonel's grounds, and Mrs. Montifex has determined that my young sister shall preside over the principal stall.

So I leave those two to tread the old path that leads to Eden, with the May lights and delicate shadows flickering over their heads, and the young blossoms opening all around them. And I go my own way, striving hard to banish the memories that sadden me unawares, and praying that the blessings I have missed may be granted abundantly to them.

When I come to the end of the long beech-shaded

lane, I pause for a moment, and ask myself which way I shall take. On my left is a private path, leading straight to the shrubberies that encircle Cedar Lawn. On my right lies the village street, with its irregular rows of quaint cottages, its shops, its forge, and the old inn, where a waggoner has just stopped with his team. Some grey pigeons come fluttering down from the inn dovecote, and alight almost at my feet; then a sudden puff of wind sends a shower of white petals flying across the sunny road, and I know that they are blown from the fruit-trees in Miss Willowburn's garden.

It is a habit of mine to go to Miss Willowburn whenever I chance to be depressed, or weary of myself and my own thoughts. Instinctively I turn my steps towards the old red-brick house, which stands a little apart from its neighbours in the street, and wears its rich mantle of ivy all the year round. Ever since her mother's death, which happened about three years ago, my friend has lived here alone with her two servants; and everyone in Wood Royal knows that Ivy House is the abode of charity and peace. All the young people in the parish carry their little troubles to Miss Willowburn, and it is certain that she listens to secrets that are never breathed into other ears. A safe adviser, because she is always on the side of truth; a perfect sympathiser, because her heart is full of love to God and man; is it any wonder that she is looked up to as our "wise woman," and that we almost believe in her magic power of charming sorrow away?

I find her in the long, low room that always smells of *pot-pourri*, even when the tables are laden with freshly gathered flowers. A large sofa is heaped with little frocks and pinafores, and she is hovering over them, pencil in hand, making a list of the articles which are to furnish a stall for the coming bazaar. Patience Willowburn has never been exactly a pretty woman; I do not think she looks younger than she is, and she must be on the shady side of forty. Yet there is something so attractive in that pale, sweet face of hers, something so winning in the candid glance of her grey eyes, that I am never surprised when people call her interesting.

She has the gift of a voice intensely musical in speaking; but even when she is silent she holds her own. Wherever she goes, she is seldom unnoticed; in her corner, crossing a street, or meeting a stranger in a crowd. A little above middle height; perfectly well shaped, perfectly well bred, she impresses you at once with a sense of grace and gentle dignity that always abides in your remembrance. As I enter the room, she looks up with a smile, and puts down the pencil to give me her hand.

"Well, Margaret," she says, pointing to the frocks and pinafores, "you find me in the midst of business. Are you going to do anything at the bazaar?"

"No," I answer, sitting down in a low chair near the window. "Annie will take an active part. Guy Montifex has just carried her off to lunch at Wood Mount. His mother wants to consult her about the

arrangements, I believe; but I think Master Guy will monopolise her if he can!"

"That isn't surprising," remarks Miss Willowburn, looking well pleased. "One knew what would happen when he came back from India. Margaret, does it not do you good to look at happiness?"

"Yes," I say heartily. "And it is good to see the mother glad; this attachment will realise an old hope of hers. She will have Annie near her."

"By the way, has Mrs. Bazeley heard from Ted? I think she was getting a little anxious," says Patience, after a slight pause.

"No; but perhaps there will be a letter to-day. It may come by the second post, so now I think I will be going."

"What, already?"

Ted is our only brother, younger than myself, and older than Annie. He is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and his ship has been ordered to China. The expected letter ought, I know, to have come yesterday or this morning, for the papers have already told us that the *Cassandra* has safely arrived at her destination. As Patience asks her question, a sudden thrill of anxiety shakes me from head to foot, and I start abruptly to my feet.

"Yes, I will go," I repeat. "The mother is nervous, I am afraid."

"I fancy *you* are nervous, Margaret. Never mind; I won't detain you. I daresay you will run in again this afternoon. I have a little bit of news from the Vicarage."

"What is it?" I inquire, lingering.

"It will not take long to tell. You have heard a good deal, of course, of the Vicar's old college friend, the great Dr. Vansittart?"

"Well, yes. Everybody has heard of him."

"You know he has been for many years a widower, left with only one daughter? This girl has, it seems, just made a match which has sorely disappointed her father. He has worked too hard, and expended his strength too much, and this trouble, added to other causes, has broken him down. Hearing of his illness, the Vicar wrote begging him to come to Wood Royal for a long rest, and he has accepted the invitation. The good Longfords are quite overwhelmed with surprise and delight. Only fancy such a distinguished guest at their quiet Vicarage!"

"He will find it very dull at the Vicarage, Patience. Of all lives on earth, I think the life of a great London doctor must be the most interesting! In one week he can gather materials enough for a dozen ordinary stories."

"I should think he would be quite glad of a little dullness," returns Miss Willowburn. "It will be a relief. And he looks upon Mr. Longford as almost a brother. He will be here on Saturday, I believe."

She comes with me to the hall door, and I depart, promising to return before the day is ended. As I leave the house I hear the church clock striking twelve, and immediately all the other clocks in the

village begin to make their voices heard. The pigeons are still preening their feathers in the noontide sun ; the sturdy blacksmith leaves his work, and goes into his cottage to dinner ; a crowd of children burst out

haunted all through the long summer days by birds and bees. The sweetness of hyacinths overwhelms me as I mount the terrace steps ; and Hugo, the great tawny mastiff, half-asleep before the door, lifts his



"She acknowledges Miss Willowburn's greeting with calm dignity."—p. 9.

of the school-house with a rush and a roar. And I, hastening out of the village street, plunge into the shrubberies, where I walk under a shower of pink and white may-blossoms, and wonder why my heart is beating with a strange presentiment of pain.

Cedar Lawn is a pleasant, old-fashioned country-house, embowered in trees, smothered with creepers,

head as I approach, and stirs his tail in languid welcome.

I do not even pause to give him a word or a caress, but go past him into the hall, still possessed with that nameless fear that strengthens every moment. It seems to me that there is an ominous stillness in the house ; all the doors stand open, but no one appears,

I make straight for the pretty breakfast-room, where the mother usually spends her morning hours. It was here that I left her when I sauntered out into the sunshine with my sister and Guy Montifex. And it is here that I find her on my return.

She is sitting in her arm-chair by the window, and the light falling upon her face reveals its deadly pallor. Morton, her faithful maid, who has lived in the household for many years, stands near her in watchful silence. There is a black-edged envelope lying on the floor; and, swift as lightning, there comes to me a knowledge of the news which it has contained. I know all—all—even before my mother's pale lips uncloset, and she says, looking up at me with wild eyes—"Your brother, your brother, your brother!"

CHAPTER II.

A LAST LETTER.

I AM too well acquainted with sorrow to be utterly unnerved by the trouble that has come so unexpectedly to our household. Out of my life the best joys have slipped away, one by one, until I have ceased to be shocked at losses; and so it naturally falls to my lot to think and act for others whose hearts are less accustomed to suffering.

When I have taken my mother into my arms, and encouraged her to weep out some of her anguish on my breast, I remember Annie—poor Annie, who is as yet ignorant of our grief! And then I write a brief note to Mrs. Montifex, and send it by a servant to Wood Mount. Guy's mother can be trusted to break the news as tenderly as possible to my sister, and Annie will have got over the first effect of the blow before she comes home.

The next thing to be done is to send to Miss Willowburn. As much for my own sake as for the sake of those around me, I want her presence among us in this time of trial. If my strength fails, she will be ready to fill my place. She is one of those women who come as God's messengers to the house of mourning, and bring a divine light into the chamber of gloom. And I know that she will say the very words I long to hear and to speak, and feel that her faith will confirm and strengthen mine.

I scarcely know how we pass through the slow-creeping hours of that bright day. Annie comes back to us in the Colonel's carriage, and it grieves me sorely to see her white, woebegone face. But she hushes her sobs, and says bravely that she will be as strong as she can, and do her best to comfort the mother. And Patience kisses her cheek, and whispers a sentence of encouragement that helps her to keep up. Towards evening she breaks down (being unused to sorrow, poor child!), and we coax her to go up-stairs to her own room and try to get some sleep.

In the gathering twilight my friend and I sit together in the breakfast room, and read over again the two letters that came this morning. For there

were two letters contained in that black-edged envelope. One was written by the captain of the *Cassandra*, and the other—feebly scrawled in pencil—bears the last loving lines ever traced by our poor sailor-boy.

The dusky garden is before us, and the great cedars stand out darkly against the pure tints of a pale golden sky. We do not shut out the last beauty of the day, but there is a lamp on the little work-table, and Miss Willowburn studies poor Ted's parting words in its shaded light.

"And you never had the slightest hint of this engagement of his, Margaret?" she says, looking up at me with thoughtful eyes.

"Never," I answer, with a sigh. "I wish the dear lad had trusted me with his secret. Why could he not know that he was sure of my help and sympathy?"

"It seems as if he had been forbidden to trust any one," remarks Patience, referring again to the letter. "I don't quite like that. One need not tell one's love affair to all the world, but it ought not to be hidden from one's nearest friends."

"No," I say sadly, taking the letter out of her hand. It is a poor little scrawled note, and I cannot touch it without remembering the strong brown fingers that never cared to hold a pen. Our boy's last illness was sudden and brief; but these feeble lines prove how weak he must have been before the end came. Oh, that one of us had been by his side, just to hear him speak those few words which had been traced with such labour and pain!

"Mother darling, I am dying. When I am gone you must send for Lesbia Lambton, and love her for my sake. She has been engaged to me for twelve months, but she would not let me tell. You will be kind to her, dear mother, because she has no home, and is only an old woman's companion. Ask the girls to be good to her for poor Ted. God bless you all. Good-bye."

Then follows Miss Lambton's address—269, Curzon Street, Mayfair. And that is all.

"We shall have to write to her." I gaze out absently into the twilight as I speak. "Perhaps we shall find it quite easy to take her into our hearts. Yet, Patience, I can't help feeling that I don't want another woman in the house. We have been so happy here—we three."

"I wonder how he first met her, Margaret?"

"Oh, he used to run up very often to town. There was a man named Grey—an old school friend—who was always inviting him. I daresay it was Grey who introduced him to Miss Lambton."

"And you did not even suspect that he was in love?"

"How could we, when he made no sign? With us, he was always the merry, thoughtless sailor, who seemed never to have got beyond his boyhood. But now that I think seriously over the matter, I see that he was the very man to be entirely swayed by a woman of strong will. Where Ted lost his heart, he would lose his head too."

It is growing darker ; the last golden tints have faded from the sky, and one star shines like a tiny lamp above the great cedars. Patience has consented to stay with us all night, and we go up-stairs together to my mother's room. She is awake, and expecting me ; and her faint voice asks that something may be read to her from the Gospels. I get the book, and turn to St. John ; but before I have got through two verses my strength gives way, and I stop short, blinded with tears. It is Patience who takes the Testament from my trembling hand, and goes on with the chapter in a tone so steady and sweet that it seems as if an angel were uttering the Master's words.

My friend and I spend the night partly in the mother's chamber and partly in the adjoining dressing-room. Our charge sleeps at last, just as the first glimmer of dawn comes creeping in at the windows ; and I am comforted to see her at rest, although I dread the painful waking. She is still in a quiet slumber, and the full daylight has flooded the outer world, when Annie steals in to stand by the bed.

"Oh, what a long night this has been!" she says, with a girl's first surprise at tasting the bitterness of sorrow. "Do you think we shall ever feel again as we used to feel? Dear Margaret, tell me if I have got to live in a changed world?"

"No, dear," answers the calm, sweet voice of Patience, close at her side. "You will be happy again when you have grown accustomed to the sense of loss. And your mother will feel that she must live for you and Margaret and little Madge ; and that thought will lend her strength."

When the mother wakes, we bring little Madge to her bedside ; and her sad eyes rest upon the child's fresh cheeks and sunny golden head. Madge is an excellent comforter. She says some baby words about poor Uncle Ted, which are quite as wise as the words of most grown-up people. And she begs to have her breakfast with "dear Granny," proving herself to be such a sensible and discreet little woman, that we almost forget our grief in our admiration of her extraordinary intelligence.

Miss Willowburn goes to Ivy House after breakfast, and returns with Mr. Longford, who has heard of our sorrow through Colonel Montifex. And then Guy rides over from Wood Mount to make inquiries ; and I think Annie gets a glimpse of him out of the corner of an upper window. His horse paws impatiently at the foot of the terrace, and he looks very handsome in the morning sunshine, although his face is anxious and grave.

I wait for the mother to speak first on the subject of poor Ted's last request.

She does not mention the matter until the day is again closing in. Miss Willowburn is in the dressing-room, writing some necessary notes, and Annie and I are sitting with our invalid.

"Margaret," she says, trying to steady her voice, "have you thought about carrying out our dear boy's wishes?"

"Yes, mother," I reply. "I have thought of writing to Miss Lambton. But you are not well enough, just yet, to receive a stranger."

"I shall not receive her as a stranger, Margaret."

"Oh, no," cries my sister eagerly. "We are going to treat her as one of ourselves. I know I shall love her at once!"

In this I recognise my impulsive Annie, whose school friendships were always sudden, and always violent while they lasted. I look at her with a smile, and a little shake of the head ; but I see that her warmth has pleased the mother.

"Good child!" she says, clasping Annie's hand. "Yes, Margaret, you must write ; we ought not to delay. Think of that poor girl in her unhappy position—think of her sorrow and loneliness! In comforting her, we shall find consolation for ourselves."

"I will do as you wish, mother," I say quietly.

"Write to-night—this very night, Margaret," exclaims Annie, her sweet young face flushed with generous feeling. "And let me put a little bit into your letter!"

"Well, no, not to-night," says the mother, observing me with an attentive glance. "Margaret is tired. We must not forget that she is the burden-bearer of the household ; I don't know how we should live through this time of grief without her. And Patience—how good Patience has been!"

"It is nearly post-time," remarks Miss Willowburn's quiet voice, proceeding from the next room. "Are there any more letters to go this evening?"

I enter the dressing-room, and tell her "No." And then I make a little sign, which she immediately understands, and we go down-stairs together.

I do not speak a word until the letters have been deposited on the hall table, ready to be taken to the post. When that is done, I draw Miss Willowburn into the breakfast-room, and shut the door.

"Patience," I say uneasily, "I don't know what possesses me, but it is a fact that I hate to write to Miss Lambton. It seems to me that no good will come to us through this unknown girl. I hope I am not going to be troubled with second-sight, or any such uncanny gift."

"You are only troubled with nerves unstrung," declares my friend, putting her small, soft hands on mine, and pushing me into a chair with gentle force. "And yet I will own that I, too, am not anxious for Miss Lambton's coming. I should be prepared to like her better if she had not bound poor Ted down to secrecy. If he had had a stern mother, and a couple of hard sisters, he might naturally have been unwilling to own his engagement to a girl without prospects. But we know Ted, and we are quite certain that he must have given her a vivid description of you all."

"That is true. Ted never could refrain from describing his relations ; he was so absurdly proud and fond of us."

Tears come with these words, and for a few moments Patience lets me weep unchecked.

"Don't let us be prejudiced," she says, at last. "Perhaps this Lesbia is a shy creature, crushed by repeated snubs. Perhaps she has a morbid sense of her own inferiority, and has always reproached herself for allowing Ted to fall in love with her. You and I, Margaret, have never been dependents. We don't know what it is to be at the world's mercy, as governesses and companions often are—God help them! It may be difficult for Miss Lambton to realise that Ted's relations are utterly unworldly."

"I daresay she is a shy creature," I say, catching eagerly at this idea. "Ted told us that she was companion to an old woman, and said that she had no home. It is very likely that she has seen only the dark side of life—but—oh, Patience, I wish I could instil a little prudence into our Annie!"

"Ah," sighs Miss Willowburn, with a sudden look of pain, "I know how often a trusting heart is betrayed! But, courage, Margaret; we will guard Annie as well as we can; and we will not forget that she has a far higher Guardian."

Having said these words, Patience puts an end to our conversation, and tells me that it is bed-time. On our way up-stairs she pauses at a window on the landing, and looks out upon the shadowy garden, lying silent under the stars. We hear the ivy rustling outside the house, and catch the sigh of the wind through the solemn cedars; and then we both turn away, feeling soothed and stilled.

That night we all sleep in peace, and the mother is so much better next day that we persuade her to come down-stairs in the afternoon. The Vicar calls, and is admitted, and his quiet talk does her good. Annie has a note full of sympathy from Mrs. Montifex, and a bouquet of lovely white flowers from Guy. The dressmaker and milliner come to receive orders, and even the prosaic details of mourning serve to divert my sister's thoughts from dwelling on our loss. Little Madge ventures to get her pet ball, and nobody chides her for rolling it about on the hall floor as usual. Patience sees that she can be spared, and goes back to her small household in Ivy House.

After her departure I sit down to my desk, and write my note to Miss Lambton. It will be more correct to say that I write half a dozen notes, and that I am not well satisfied with one of them. I may also add that my handwriting is much worse than usual, and that my command of language becomes miserably small. However, I manage to accomplish my task, and send the letter off to the post with the rest.

"Have you written to that dear Lesbia?" asks Annie later on.

"Yes," I answer—a little curtly, perhaps.

"I wanted to put in a few lines," she says childishly. "Is the letter gone?"

"Long ago. Why did you want to write, Annie? You can give her as warm a welcome as you please, when she comes. Only, do beware of rushing into a

bosom friendship after an acquaintance of one hour. Remember your long list of female deceivers!"

"You bad Margaret!" she exclaims, "are you jealous because I am going to have another sister? Seriously, dear, I hope you don't mean to be stiff and formal to poor Ted's sweetheart. You know he said, 'Ask the girls to be good to her.'"

CHAPTER III.

"GOLDEN LIGHT UPON GOLDEN LOCKS."

I GET a speedy reply from Miss Lambton, written in a bold, graceful hand, and saying everything that ought to be said. The mother pronounces it a very charming letter, Annie is delighted, and even Patience says that nothing can be in better taste. Lesbia gratefully accepts our invitation, and tells us that she hopes to arrive at Wood Royal in a fortnight.

The last days of May glide by while we are putting our household into mourning and getting familiar with our sorrow. The rosy flutter of the apple-blossoms is over, the hawthorn withers, and the lilac turns shrivelled and brown. But the young leaves thicken on the boughs, and take a deeper green, and the meadow grass grows high. Our country scenes are looking their fairest in early June, when Lesbia Lambton sees them for the first time.

We had all pictured to ourselves a shy, drooping creature who would need a great deal of petting before she ventured to give us her confidence. Even the reply to our letter had not changed our ideas about the writer; in her capacity of companion she had, of course, acquired great experience in the art of letter-writing. But nothing can be more unlike our fancy portrait of poor Ted's sweetheart than the woman who comes to us on this sunny June afternoon.

Tall and slender, she sweeps into the room with a certain supple grace, and a quiet air of self-possession. London dressmakers and milliners have done all they can to make her black garments perfect in their way, and we have at once a secret consciousness of our inferiority in the matter of dress. But it does not signify what she wears, I say to myself; clothe her in the meanest garb, place her among the poorest surroundings, and she will still be the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen.

When she has gone up to her room, we turn and look at each other for some seconds in silence. Even Annie, usually so eloquent, is reduced to speechlessness. It is the mother who breaks the pause in a wondering voice.

"She is like a queen," she says. "I never dreamed that my simple sailor-boy would choose such a grand woman. And it seems strange—very strange—that she should have chosen him."

"Not so strange," Annie answers softly. "I daresay it was that very simplicity of his that attracted her. Some people love their opposites, you know. But

as you say, mother, she is like a queen ; and I feel that she has come to reign over all our hearts. I have never seen anyone so regal—so wonderful !”

I see by the enthusiastic look in my sister's face that any caution of mine will be ill-timed. Already the mother, too, is completely fascinated, and I know that I shall do well to keep silence. Besides, how am I to account for the curious feeling of distrust which mingles with my honest admiration of Miss Lambton's beauty ? What right have I to put a vague notion into words, and let it take the shape of a warning ? Nevertheless, I have an odd sense of standing alone ; and it is a positive comfort to see Miss Willowburn's gentle face appear at the door.

“Oh, Patience,” Annie cries, joyfully, “I am glad you are come ! *She* is here—Lesbia—and we are all ready to worship her.”

“I hope you won't go as far as that, my child,” rejoins Miss Willowburn in her soft voice. “That sort of thing would be very bad for you, and for her too. Idols have a terrible trick of disappointing their worshippers. Dear Mrs. Bazeley, forgive me if my common sense has rather a disagreeable sound.”

She turns appealingly to the mother, who answers her with a reassuring smile.

“Nothing that you say can ever sound disagreeably, Patience. But I admit that we are all astonished and bewitched. When you have seen her you will understand. She will be coming down in a minute.”

I establish myself near the tea-tray, and flash an expressive glance at Patience. We have not long to wait for our guest. She glides in, wearing her soft cashmere gown, and acknowledges Miss Willowburn's greeting with calm dignity. And then she seats herself in a simple, unconsidered attitude, and appears to be perfectly unconscious that there is anything in her appearance worth looking at.

She has a soft, cream-white skin, so fine of texture and so even in tint that it can bear the strongest light. The afternoon sun shines in upon her red-gold hair, that looks as if some veritable sunbeams had got entangled in it. Under that golden fringe curling over the forehead it seems almost startling to see deep brown eyes and dark lashes ; and yet it is these beautiful, languid eyes that give the face its striking individuality. As to the other features, they are not really as perfectly cut as Annie's ; but no critic can quarrel seriously with anything about Lesbia Lambton.

She talks quietly, and with that well-bred repose which marks everything that she says and does. And I find that I cannot look at her steadily when she looks at me ; those dark eyes, under their broad white lids, possess a strange fascination which disquiets me, while it overpowers. I admire her more and more and I like her less and less every minute. Annie, faithful to her first impulse, is obviously worshipping ; the mother is charmed ; and I believe it pleases her to find that her poor Ted has not been deficient in taste. As to Patience, she is less

oppressed than I am by that wonderful gaze, and meets it so calmly that Lesbia recognises a spirit not easily subdued.

Between these two, Patience and Lesbia, a silent antagonism springs up at their first meeting. The one is middle-aged, and can lay no claim to beauty, the other is young, and lovely in no common degree ; and yet Lesbia, with all her charms, is aware that Patience, too, has a power of her own, and is to be conciliated rather than despised. I see that she takes pains to be gracious to Miss Willowburn ; and my mother and sister look on, well pleased at her marked politeness to our best friend.

Some hours pass by before anyone speaks of Ted. But at last, just as my mother is thinking of retiring for the night, Lesbia goes quietly to her side, and talks to her in a low voice.

“I have much to say,” she says, “that must not be said now. But I cannot sleep till I have thanked you for the welcome you have given me. That welcome is all the sweeter because it is given for *his* sake. I never could tell why he loved me so much, and I was always afraid you would disapprove of his choice. I am so poor, you know—there are only a few decent gowns between me and beggary.”

“You must not talk of beggary, my dear,” says the mother, pained.

“Forgive me ! I only want you to understand how unworldly he was when he chose me. It is no wonder that I gave him all my heart. He was so single-minded, so frank, so true !”

These words take a strong effect on the mother, who kisses her and weeps. Am I unjust ? I think I should have believed more in Lesbia if her voice had not been quite so well managed, her sentences not quite so well considered. To me there seemed to be something stagey in this little outburst of feeling. But I am in a suspicious, uncomfortable mood to-night ; and I will go early to my room and get some sleep.

The next day is Sunday, and we are all going to church for the first time since our loss.

I wake early, and stand at my window, looking out over lawn and garden to the grey tower that rises above the trees. How I wish that our boy had been laid to rest in our dear old churchyard with English flowers blooming over him, and the graves of friends around ! And then I remember “the Resurrection and the Life ;” and the morning air, breathing so softly on my tearful face, seems to whisper a message of eternal reunion and peace.

The mother breakfasts in her own room ; and Lesbia meets us down-stairs looking as fresh and calm as if she had never known the touch of sorrow. I recall her piteous confession of poverty as my glance rests on her dress. She wears a dead-black silk, rich and soft, and it is made and finished in a fashion that does not suggest limited means. It is evident that she has slept well, for there are no traces of weariness in that fair face ; no dark shadows under the wonderful brown eyes. What a constitution this

woman must have! And how little she can be troubled with that common malady called heart-ache! As I take her cool, firm hand in mine, I try to realise that she is poor Ted's chosen love, to whom his last thoughts were given. But for that parting prayer of his, she would never be with us to-day; and yet, although we gave her that farewell letter to read in her own chamber, she is as unruffled and self-contained as if we were the most ordinary acquaintances in the world.

Annie is to go in the brougham with the mother, so Lesbia and I start first. She has asked leave to gather a few flowers, and I see that she has arranged a bunch of heliotrope and maidenhair in the bosom of her gown.

We go out of the shrubbery gate, and into the village street, where the people are all astir in their Sunday garb. As a rule, I think, our folks look their best on work-a-days, when they are untrammelled by any fear of spoiling their clothes, and have the free use of their limbs. Our blacksmith, with the traces of his calling upon him, is a handsome man, the very prototype of that "Village Blacksmith" whom Longfellow has made dear to us all. But to-day, in a dreadfully respectable black coat, and a tall black hat, he looks as grim and uncomfortable as he can possibly be. His good little wife, oppressed with the consciousness of a bonnet laden with impossible roses, gives me a meek salutation as she emerges from her cottage, and chastises her second boy for indulging in a jump. Lesbia sees all, and laughs quietly.

"These excellent people do penance on Sundays," she remarks. "It is always so in the country."

"Have you had any experience of country ways?"

I ask, as we pass Miss Willowburn's ivy-mantled house, and go slowly up the gentle slope of the street.

"I have had all kinds of experiences," she answers with a smile. "A girl who has been tossed about as I have, must see a great deal of life. You have no idea how charming this rural peace seems to me; I have had enough of London, and its eternal unrest."

"Then you were not sorry to leave Mayfair?"

"Sorry? Oh, no. But I think Mrs. Bland will miss me. She had had an incredible number of companions before I went to her; and everybody wondered that I stayed with her two years. All the other women had fled from her temper; I bore it, and made myself necessary to her at last."

"It must have been hard for you," I say.

"My whole life has been hard. Dear Ted's love was like sunshine on a rugged way. It was the first bit of happiness that ever fell to my lot."

I cannot think how it is that my heart is not full of sympathy for this beautiful woman, walking composedly by my side. But sympathy, like love, is an emotion that cannot be called forth at will. I feel hard and stony and unresponsive; and even the genial sunshine of June, and the pleasant chime of the old bells, fail to soften me in the least. The air is heavy with the scent of mock orange-flowers,

which flourish abundantly in our cottage gardens; early roses are beginning to blossom out over crazy porches and thatched roofs; swallows are circling about their nests under the eaves. As we draw near the pretty school-house, I see Patience come out with her Sunday class, and notice her contented face as they all go up the hill.

"That is Miss Willowburn," says Lesbia musingly. "She has rather a distinguished air, I think. And she is your greatest friend?"

"Yes," I answer, "our greatest friend, and one of the sweetest women in the world."

CHAPTER IV.

"A DREAMY DISCONTENT."

OUR church looks down upon the village from the top of a gentle hill. It is an ancient Norman church, ivy-clad, and decked in these summer days with a wealth of scarlet japonica blossoms; and the churchyard is cool and shady with elms that have been growing there for many a year. Flowers bloom about the graves, and wreath the little crosses and simple headstones; the place looks more like a garden than a burying-ground, and is divided by a clipped yew edge from the velvet lawn of the Vicarage. There is a wonderful sense of freshness and serenity here, which is, I fancy, to be found nowhere else; and I wait for Lesbia to acknowledge the charm of my favourite spot. But she has caught sight of the Montifex carriage, and is watching Guy's attentions to his mother.

"Are those the great people of Wood Royal?" she asks, with a languor that is a little over-done.

"We have no great people here," I answer. "The grey-haired man is our Squire, Colonel Montifex."

"And I suppose the bronzed young soldier is his son?"

"Yes," I say; noting the long glance that she bestows on Guy's well-set-up figure and handsome brown face. The Montifexes enter the church before us; we follow, passing through the low-browed west door, and go to our pew in the chancel.

The light comes in delicately toned hues through the beautiful east window, and the repose of the sanctuary falls upon my tired spirit, and soothes me unawares. I get a rest from the hurry and throb of sensations and thoughts that have preyed upon me for many days. It is good to be here—good to recall those hallowed memories that linger in this old house of prayer, where I first worshipped as a child. We have come early, and I sit quite still, letting the sense of peace sink into my heart, and almost forgetting that Lesbia is by my side.

The Vicar's pew fronts ours, and presently I am aware that a stranger is sitting next to Mrs. Longford. This then is the great doctor, who has come to Wood Royal in search of health and rest.

At the very first glance I like his face, which reminds me, just a little, of the face of the first Napoleon. But, no; the resemblance vanishes after a moment's

scrutiny, and I see that the countenance is more open, the features more massive than those that they first recalled. About Dr. Vansittart there is a look of quiet power and reserved force which it is simply impossible to describe. You feel that if he were to let loose all the strength of his character, no obstacle could stand before him. Although he has passed middle life, and entered on the borderland of age, he shows no token of decay. The frank hazel eyes are never dim, the iron nerve never fails, the mind is as prompt and clear as it ever was in his earlier days. Looking at him as he sits there quietly in the Vicar's pew, I understand at once how his high position has been won. And then I fall to thinking of all the good that this man has done in his life, of the lives that he has saved, of the sufferings that he has soothed, of the terrible ills that he has fought with and overcome. Single-handed, unaided, he has done battle with a host of invisible foes; and I say to myself that he is worthy to be called a conqueror indeed.

Then the organ notes are heard, pealing forth rich and strong; and the service begins. And, perhaps because of the loss I have sustained, the whole familiar service seems like something new and touching; and I am sensible of a fullness of satisfaction and rest. The mother sits in her corner with a bowed head; Annie's sweet face is pale with intense feeling; Lesbia, beautiful and inscrutable, stands erect, with her gorgeous prayer-book in her hands, and ever and anon sends a sidelong glance into the Montifex pew.

Guy is waiting for Annie in the churchyard when we come out. Lesbia is by her side; and I am in the rear with the mother. And although Guy is full of the tenderest solicitude about my sister, I see that his eyes dwell long upon the superb woman whose red-gold hair glistens in the sunlight, and his gaze follows her after they have parted at the gate.

A side-path runs across the churchyard to the Vicarage grounds, and I catch sight of Patience and the great doctor walking together to the little wicket in the yew hedge. Miss Willowburn often spends her Sundays at the Vicarage. Mrs. Longford is a confirmed invalid, and many of her duties are performed by Patience, who is known throughout the parish as the Vicar's right hand. And I know that Dr. Vansittart will see a great deal of my friend, and will find in her society a sense of rest and refreshment. Patience is always fresh, always interesting.

The mother and Annie drive off in the brougham. Lesbia, who prefers to walk, is again my companion; and we go down the pleasant lane side by side. We do not talk much; and perhaps our guest feels the sleepy influence of the quiet, sunshiny old village, with its cottages overgrown with ivy, and gardens rich with old-fashioned flowers. Away to the right are the woods, now wearing the first fresh green of the young summer, and the cuckoo's call comes monotonously from the trees. Suddenly Lesbia breaks our silence with an abrupt question.

"How is it," she says, "that Dr. Vansittart happens to be at Wood Royal? He is the last man I should have expected to see in this place!"

"He is the Vicar's old friend," I tell her; "and he has come for a rest."

"Ah," she goes on, "you have no idea how odd it seems to see a well-known West-End face in this out-of-the-way village! Miss Vansittart was married at St. George's the other day. She was a handsome bride, but I believe she didn't make a good match. The doctor did not approve of the marriage, but he had spoiled her, and there was nothing for it but to let her have her will. Can you imagine that autocratic man spoiling anybody?"

"I can imagine that a father would indulge an only child."

"I should not have thought there was any indulgence in him," she remarks, pausing to steal a bit of syringa from a garden wall. "For my own part, I don't like those strong, self-sufficient men. Let them be ever so great. I only care for a man who can be influenced by a woman, and swayed by her charm."

As I look at her lovely face, with its warm creamy fairness, and slumbrous brown eyes, I fancy that few men could resist her spell. Perhaps she reads my thoughts, for her gaze meets mine, and I almost think that there is something insolent and triumphant in her smile. Then we enter the cool shadows of the shrubberies, and she breaks out into gentle raptures about the beauty and peace of Cedar Lawn.

The mother is tired, and shuts herself into her own room up-stairs for the rest of the day. I see at a glance that Lesbia is bent on winning my sister—on me she will not trouble to spend her witcheries; perhaps because she has already found me proof against them. But for Annie she has a sweet, sunny playfulness—caressing words, and smiles that no man, and only a few women, can resist. And Annie, always easily fascinated, succumbs at once, and leads her out to her favourite seat under the largest cedar. I watch them from a distance, feeling depressed and ill at ease. And presently Guy Montifex comes sauntering across the lawn, as he often does on a Sunday afternoon. Somehow I am vexed at the sight of him, and wish with all my heart that he had not come to-day.

It is soon evident that Lesbia is leading the conversation into the channel that she likes best. My sister, unable to follow her, sits silent, and listens with no lack of interest. It amuses her to hear Lesbia talking of town ways and town doings with Guy. Miss Lambton seems to know something of all the people known to Captain Montifex. She describes their peculiarities in the most amusing fashion, recounts their sayings, and gives graphic sketches of their appearance. More than once Guy's laugh rings out across the lawn; he leans forward, watching Lesbia while she talks; and she is exerting all her powers to entertain him. They make a charming group, those three, sitting under the old

cedar ; but I have never contemplated any picture with less pleasure. My Annie, with her bronze hair and soft oval face, is always very fair to look upon ; but that woman with the dangerous dark-brown eyes, and cream-white skin, seems to absorb every-

talk ? And why does he never take his eyes off her face ?

I am afraid that this Sunday afternoon is the forerunner of a good many unsatisfactory afternoons. All the peace of the morning has departed from my



"Lesbia is leading the conversation into the channel that she likes best,"—p. 11.

thing, little by little. Guy, with his close-cropped dark head, and well-cut, sun-tanned features, looks what he is, a soldier and a gentleman ; but he does not by any means rank as a hero in my opinion. I daresay I am unjust ; but I say to myself that it is a very easy thing to attract a man of his type. Why does he seem to be so delighted with Lesbia's

spirit, and I pace up and down the terrace, under the shelter of the verandah, with some very bitter feelings in my heart.

How happy we were before that black-edged letter came on a sunny May morning ! And, although our loss is as yet fresh and new, we might be happy still if we were but left to ourselves. We never know

what we do when we introduce a stranger into our home circle; and yet home is not a paradise that can be guarded with a flaming sword. It is open to the four winds of heaven; to chance visitants, whether they be angels or fiends, friends or foes.

Madge comes up to me, and pushes her little dimpled hand into mine. But my steady walk under the verandah soon wearies her, and she leaves me, and scampers across the grass to the group under the cedar. If Lesbia does not like the interruption, she is careful to conceal her annoyance, and receives the child with open arms. But Madge's intrusion breaks up the trio; Guy rises to take his departure; and presently Lesbia and Annie come towards the house, remembering that it is time for tea.

"How pretty all these creepers are!" says our guest, looking up to the flower-wreathed pillars of the verandah. "One seems to live in a world of bloom at Wood Royal; I feel as if I were a part of all this June sweetness, and had lost my old prosaic self."

"As if there could ever have been anything prosaic about *you*!" remarks Annie, gazing at her with the most undisguised admiration. "Why, you are a poem in human shape, Lesbia! That is what we have been thinking all this afternoon."

"Who has been thinking so?" she asks, with a slow, subtle glance from under her long dark lashes.

"Mr. Montifex and I. Perhaps you don't know that he has been studying you. Guy has a way

of studying people without letting them know," says my poor sister in her utter simplicity.

Lesbia nearly closes her eyes, and a faint smile stirs her full red lips. But in the next instant she is pensive, and sighs.

"Annie so often reminds me of dear Ted," she says softly. "She has just his outspoken ways. I have not had any pleasant things said to me since he said them. So that Annie's little compliments are very sweet."

"But, surely," Annie exclaims, "you can't have lived your life in town without receiving hundreds of compliments! And the men you have met—all those you have been telling us about this afternoon—are the very men to show their admiration."

A shadowy look of vexation flits across Lesbia's face, and is gone in a second.

"One must have a good memory to retain the nonsense that those society idlers talk," she says languidly. "I am tired to death of all their inanities. It is delightful to be here, away from them all."

I do not believe in her attachment to our poor boy, any more than I believe in her liking for a country life. But, unless anything calls Guy Montifex away from our neighbourhood, I am convinced that she will stay on with us until we are all praying for her departure. I ought to be ashamed of my uncharitable thoughts, for she smiles sweetly at me as she passes through the French window into the drawing-room. But I am not ashamed; and I pour out tea in a very bad humour indeed.

(To be continued.)

LESSON PREPARATION IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY A SUPERINTENDENT.



PROBABLY there never was a time in the history of Sunday-school work when thorough preparation of the lessons by the teacher was of such paramount importance as at the present. This duty is often urged on the ground of the higher intellectual culture of the scholars; but those who come much

in contact with the children educated in our public elementary schools know that they are not possessed of that "higher intellectual culture"

which is claimed for them. Hence teachers take little notice of a contention made on such slender foundation. The real point to press

upon Sunday-school workers seems to me to be that the work is purely religious, and that for that reason preparation is imperative.

Systematic teaching is pretty generally secured by each school adopting some regular series of lessons from among the many excellent ones which are compiled for this purpose. If the work is to have the highest possibility of success, such a regular series of lessons must be taken, for if all the classes in a school take the same, the work can be tested and helped by reviews and addresses to an extent which would otherwise be impossible. The need of preparation and the system of having a set sequence of lessons has given rise to a number of "aids to teachers," in the shape of notes on the portions of Scripture selected, issued in a separate form or in the columns of the religious press. Against a slavish use of these aids I wish at once emphatically to

* See "Scripture Lessons," page 21.

protest. In most cases teachers are warned by those who—no doubt with great care—prepare these "Notes" that they are not intended to *supersede* personal study, but to *assist* it. But of this warning some take no notice, and I fear the notes are in their case superseding independent preparation, and are indeed rendering it a rare art, instead of supplementing and aiding it, as their compilers intended. Bad as that must be, worse remains behind, for in many cases the teachers do no more than cursorily read—sometimes they do not do that—the notes, and then take them into their classes with them. What is likely to be the result of such a method religiously can hardly be questioned, even if it can be supposed that it is successful in an educational point of view—and that I should doubt. I do not wish to imply that a very large proportion of teachers have yet reached this point, but more do it than many superintendents are aware of, and it is a habit which will grow unless some steps are taken to check it. The only effective way is to induce the teachers to taste the sweets of personal preparation.

In a previous paper I wrote at some length on the question of Bible study for those who wish, as all true teachers must do, to become familiar with the whole Bible, and all that I need do now is to urge that the first step in preparation is to study the lesson on the principles there laid down, or on others equally thorough.

This, however, will simply teach the teacher, leaving much more to be done before he is fully prepared to impart the knowledge acquired to others. Indeed, much of the information thus gathered would only be suitable for adult classes, it being deep spiritual truth—veritable "strong meat for men," quite distinct from the "milk for babes" which most scholars will require. It will, however, have in it one central thought—one guiding truth—standing out as its main and most important part. Round this there will be found a larger or smaller cluster of incidents or subsidiary truths, all helping to explain and enforce the chief point, while each is interesting and useful in itself. The main truth is what we must grasp as the one thing which is to be taught, to be clenched in our scholars' minds, whatever else goes unnoticed. To have obtained a clear and decided idea of the lesson we intend to enforce is the first and most important point in preparation.

The next step, naturally, is to get this truth put into the shape in which it will be most easily understood and probably remembered by our class. It is obvious that the form of treatment must be very different in an infant or a junior class from what it must be with the higher classes, and that they, again, will differ from the adults. So varied, indeed, will be the composition of classes that no one but their own teacher

can form a correct judgment as to what will suit them. Without attempting the impossible—namely, the laying down of unalterable rules for universal treatment—it may be briefly stated that the power to understand merely abstract ideas comes only with education, and that therefore the little ones must mainly be taught by reference to physical phenomena or to the details of their daily life. With them, too, the teaching must be dogmatic; the positive "it is so" being more and more toned with the "because" as we get higher and higher in the scale of age and education. In the very highest classes these two should be reversed, and the teaching be—"because" of such and such reasons, therefore "it is so."

While, however, we strive to present the truth suitably to the understanding of our scholars, we must not attempt to make it precisely fit them. As the strength of a chain is its weakest link, so the intelligence of our class is that of its most backward member; and, besides that, our natural tendency is to think that our previous efforts have been more successful than has really been the case. Hence we must aim at simplicity, using that term as bearing on the least intellectual of our scholars, so that our instruction may fit them a little too easily, if the expression may be allowed.

Associated with this simplicity there must be definiteness and directness of application. The first we cannot possibly have unless we ourselves have started with a clear knowledge of what we intend to teach and of the way we can teach it. If we have the least doubt on either of these points with regard to any portion of our lesson, it is better to drop that part, or at all events to touch very, very lightly upon it. It is far better so than to leave a doubt in the minds of our class as to what we intended, for we may be sure that if an erroneous conclusion is possible it will be drawn.

A case in point happened to myself when on one occasion I did not make my full meaning clear, though I might have done so if I had not in my youthful enthusiasm fancied that my scholars knew much more than they did. I had been speaking of the nobility of self-sacrifice for the good of others, and had urged the benefit and beauty of my boys giving up for the sake of their younger brothers and sisters. I was somewhat astounded to find shortly afterwards that the scholars had made it a ground for demanding as a right that their elders should give up to them! Of course it was a natural argument as the lesson stood, and my error was that my teaching lacked definiteness. It needed to be completed by being carried further, and my class shown that the very beauty of self-sacrifice was its voluntariness—that while it was a good thing in the person who did it, others had no right to demand that it should be done.

On directness of teaching depends our hope of doing any good, for only as a person—either old or young—can be made to feel that the lesson is intended for himself, can it be hoped to have any effect.

Next in importance, then, to thoroughly acquainting ourselves with the lesson, comes the preparation of it in a suitable, simple, definite, and direct form for our scholars. To do this it must be looked at from their point of view as well as from our own. To enable this to be done an outline—such as could be used on a black-board—is most useful. When that is prepared, the teacher can see if his idea is embodied in it so clearly that anyone else could understand it. If, however, this outline cannot be or is not prepared, the main points should be written down, and then considered by the eye as well as simply by the mind. Even then mistakes will be made, for everyone reads into what he himself writes what was in his mind at the time, and, of course, no one else can do that. Still, the fact of reducing an idea to writing tends to give it definiteness and shape, and enables it to be considered over and over, as few people have the power to contemplate a mere thought. The written thought can also be mentally compared with the idea it was intended to express, and can be judged whether it fully comes up to what was intended and does not go beyond it.

This reduction of the lesson to writing in some form, and weighing of its suitability, is the last process in what I should consider to come strictly within the term "preparation." When that is complete the related matters may be dealt with. For instance, the anecdotes and illustrations which are to be used in giving it must be carefully selected and arranged, none being admissible which do not exactly fit the point to be enforced.

Illustrations, to be truly such, must be drawn from things with which the scholars are familiar, and, as far as possible, from the very simplest scenes of everyday life. Those of our blessed Lord should be our models in both respects, and the more nearly we approach them the more effective our teaching will be. As to the anecdotes, care must be taken that they actually and naturally embody the truth we wish to convey, and that they are not so ornate and elaborate as to leave a remembrance of the tale alone, and not any of the moral it was to inculcate. This is one great reason why they should be thought out beforehand, for though some few persons always have an apt story ready—like the late President Lincoln—still the number of such is few.

More important, however, than either anecdotes or illustrations are the questions. These must be arranged in two classes, namely those to precede the lesson and those to close it. The object of the former is to revive the memories of previous instruction, and to furnish a starting place for the

teaching about to be given. By this means we find out how much the scholars already know, and, what is perhaps more important still, we convince them that they know it and can proceed to add to it by suitable additions. The closing questions we must use to test how much has been learnt during the particular lesson, and that, whether much or little, we rivet in their memories by getting them to formulate the ideas which are in their minds.

It might be supposed that the closing questions of one day would serve as the opening questions of the next, but this is not so. Closing questions must deal with details, and opening ones with generalities. If we expect our scholars to retain details we shall be disappointed, but if our work has been well done we may safely anticipate that the broad outlines and general principles will be remembered. There is also another reason why the same question should not be used twice, at least within a short time. It is that the power of "association" is strong in all children, and exceedingly so in some, and the repetition of a question will often suggest the answer which was given to it before. Thus the reply is an unconscious effort of memory, and not a result of utilised knowledge.

The preparation of questions is perhaps the most difficult of all preparation, and when they have been prepared they will often have to be varied or divided in being put. This, however, will cause little trouble if the two things which are imperative are always kept in view. The first of these is that the teacher should be thoroughly prepared with his lesson, and have a very distinct idea of what he intends to teach. The other is that the questions should be so clear and definite that the only possible answers to them would teach him the main points of his lesson if he had never heard them before. The model to be copied is that of a skilful barrister examining a witness. He knows what the witness can give information about, and he so frames his questions that the replies may put the Court in possession of all the facts. So the teacher knows what he has taught or tried to teach, and if he cannot get that out from his scholars by questioning he at once discovers that he has failed either in his teaching or his examination, and thus he is led to correct his errors, and to help himself quite as much as he helps his class.

Of the great preparation of prayer I do not speak, because I can hardly conceive such an anomaly as a person trying to lead others to God and not going to Him for help in the effort. I have avoided, too, any attempt at discussing the principles of the art of teaching; but I believe what I have suggested will be found strictly in accordance with those principles, and, with a little practice and perseverance, not difficult of adoption.

WITH THE LONDON 'BUSMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER. IN TWO PAPERS—FIRST PAPER.



SEVENTEEN hours a day! One hundred and nineteen hours a week! That's my time. I left the yard last night at five - and - twenty minutes to two, and I was on my 'bus agin this mornin' at 'alf-past eight. It's these long hours that tell!"

"But you get a holiday sometimes?"

"If we likes to pay for it. Whenever we are off duty we don't get paid. Whoa, there!"

And the speaker, a smart "whip" among the London omnibus drivers, ceases his conversation concerning his long hours of labour, to pull up his horses and sing out loudly the destination of his omnibus.

They are quaint and curious men, some of these London 'busmen, with a rich fund of drolery all their own.

"Ye see, sir," said one, "I don't much care for a holiday; I've been so long on this 'ere 'bus that things look quite different-like when I'm in the street below. I shouldn't know my own children in the street."

"Oh, come! that is too strong."

"Fact, I tell ye, sir; I'm always away in the

mornin' afore they're up, and not home till they're in bed at night, and I shouldn't know my little gal if I was to meet her out, especially if I was to see her off my 'bus!"

Truly a significant remark for a man to make in this latter half of our wonderful nineteenth century—a remark not without a touch of satire and of pathos too; and we find ourselves asking if it is a necessity of our advanced civilisation that men must work so long and so continuously, day after day, that they never see their children except asleep? No sweet, simple prattle about the father's knee, no little fat, dimpled arms around the father's neck, none of the loving, softening influences which little people know so well how to exert over even the most stony-hearted of men! Surely, O Christian Civilisation, these things are not necessities of thy development!

But yet the 'bus-driver rarely complains or grumbles. He does not strike, or congregate in mass-meetings, or commit acts of riot, but he works patiently on, day after day, steering his horses marvellously well through the crowded London streets, and surveying life with a philosophic calm from the altitude of his box—except when a child strays in the way of his horses, and then his language is, perhaps, rougher than are his real feelings.

The London 'busmen are pretty generally unanimous in this—their hours are too long; they do not say this in a craven, grumbling spirit, but as a fact to be reckoned with—a state of things to which they are resigned. Nevertheless, seventeen hours out of a "day" of twenty-four is an extreme case. We have been at some pains to discover the fair average of a London 'busman's day, and comparing one with another find it to be from thirteen to fifteen hours. If a holiday is taken no wages are paid for that day; if even a journey is missed a portion of the day's pay is deducted. It is strictly so much pay for so much work done, with the 'busmen.

Were it not for the infinite variety to be seen in the London streets, we should think the life to be almost intolerable. Every day, and day after day, to be engaged for so long a time in monotonously driving backwards and forwards over the same ground, with scarcely any rest or time for meals—such a life must be wearying indeed to even the hardest constitution. The men who are on the last 'buses at night are the last to commence again the next morning, so that the day of each is usually of the same number of hours. Thus the men on the last "Waterloo" or "Atlas" at night (1 a.m.), do not commence until 10.30 next day. 'Buses begin running about



A. Hardy Mead

eight o'clock in the morning—though the time varies with the neighbourhood—and the driver has to make his appearance in the yard at the time arranged for his 'bus to start. He receives it from the horse-keeper and drives to the starting point, and then he continues throughout the day to drive backwards and forwards, between the points arranged as the beginning and end of his journey, each 'bus making an average of five or six journeys per day, according to distance.

shops fill the street for a few hours, and then they too are closed, but still the 'busman remains on his box. When at last midnight draws near, the people become fewer and fewer, then finally the last omnibus is dragged to the yard by its wearied horses, and at length the hard-working 'busman gets a little repose!

The wages of 'busmen vary somewhat, according to the proprietor for whom the men work and the number of journeys to be performed daily, but



The only rest obtainable is at the various starting points—usually well-known taverns. Here the men remain sometimes ten minutes, sometimes fifteen, and here they must swallow such a meal as they can get under the circumstances.

This is one of the great hardships of the 'busman's lot. He has, as a rule, no time nor place for a refreshing rest or a comfortable meal. His only shelter is the public-house; consequently he drinks too much—though he is seldom a drunkard. And hour after hour his work goes on. Evening, which brings rest to so many a toiler, brings none to him. If anything, he is busier, for his 'bus is full of people anxious to go home, or hastening to some place of amusement. So the setting sun brings no rest to him; the lamps twinkle in the twilight, the glare and glamour of the gas-lit

an average of six shillings per day for a driver or "coachman" as he delights to be called, and four-and-sixpence for the conductor, seem to be the usual prices. The men employed by one company are paid on commission of so much for every pound taken. This of course makes the men more alert, but then the wages are more "spotty," as they say—that is, they vary more. A driver thus, it would seem, can earn his two guineas per week, which is not a bad wage as things go, and, indeed, we have not found the men grumbling at their earnings. It is the hours that tell—the hours, the exposure to all weathers, and the want of a decent shelter and meal-time.

The result of inquiries leads us to believe that many 'busmen get but one Sunday per month,—that is, but twelve days' rest in the whole year,

when all the 'buses of a proprietor are on the road. But there are important exceptions. The Road Car Company's omnibuses do not run on Sundays now at all, and, consequently, the men get rest on every Sunday. Then some proprietors run but half the number of their vehicles on Sundays, and consequently half the men get rest, while at certain seasons pretty nearly all the owners reduce the number of their vehicles on the road. But then the men are not paid, so that their weekly wage suffers. If, therefore, a 'busman regularly attend public worship, he loses money by it—a state of things not conducive to his attendance at Divine service.

It is difficult—almost impossible—to tell the exact number of 'busmen in London. Annual licences are issued at Scotland Yard daily—forty or fifty a day—and of course a large number are also lapsing; but the net result is an annual increase of both drivers and conductors. The licences, however, permit a man to serve on either a tramcar or an omnibus, so that even the registers in the Blue Books afford us but little clue to the number of 'busmen as distinguished from tram-car men.

We can, however, arrive at the numbers approximately, thus: In the Blue Book issued last year (1885), we find the number of licences issued to stage drivers during 1884 set down as 4,532, and conductors 5,907. There were also 2,336 stage carriages licensed, of which 808 were tram-cars, giving a total of 1,528 omnibuses. Allowing for the increase since then and for the carriages held in reserve in the yards, we believe we are within the mark in concluding that there is now an average of 1,550 omnibuses travelling in the streets of London every week-day; and as there appears to be an average of four men licensed for every vehicle, we get a total of 6,200 licensed 'busmen and conductors. It is this little army of hardworking and, in the main, meritorious men for which we plead.

Some of the men are very old. In the report from which we have just quoted, there is a return as to the age of drivers and conductors, including tram-car men, showing that of the 4,532 of the former, ninety-six were between 60 and 70 years of age, and nineteen were between 70 and 80; of the 5,907 conductors, thirteen were between 60 and 70, and two between 70 and 80. Consider for a moment what an arduous life is that of a 'busman, for men of these years to lead! Thirteen hours a day on a rocking vehicle, in all weathers, with only an interval now and again of twelve minutes for rest and food in a public-house! All that little kindly attention which people of these years need, and which should be lovingly rendered to them in a peaceful home, is denied to them.

The 'busmen are entirely under the control of the police. Every driver and conductor has to

obtain an annual licence, and the proprietor of the omnibus has also to take out a licence for the carriage. The permission for standing places at the beginning and end of journeys, and well-known points on the way, is obtained from the chief of the police; and misconduct or disregard of regulations, such as fast driving, unfitness of vehicle or horses, is reported, and scored against owner or men, and the licence is endangered. Night inspections are frequently made by detectives in plain clothes, and the annual reports of the Chief Commissioner give the number of vehicles condemned as unfit for use, the licences reported against, etc., and those not renewed. The Blue Book also shows, what no doubt country cousins have observed in their visits to town, that a superior class of omnibus is rapidly coming into use. There can be no doubt but that to the excellence and vigilance of the police supervision we largely owe the fact, that the immense public-carriage service of our great metropolis is on the whole so efficient and reliable, and worked with so much ease and advantage to the public.

Few people are aware of the immense amount of work done by the police in connection with the public-carriage service of London, or of the extent to which that service is increasing. A very brief summary of recent reports will show this. Thus the number of licences issued during 1881 was 3,733 to stage drivers, and 4,642 to conductors, an



increase over the preceding year. Of this number ninety-one stage drivers' cases required to be considered, and sixty-nine conductors', and the renewal of ten licences to conductors and one stage driver was refused. The number of stage carriages licensed in that year was 1,943, and of these 214 were new vehicles. In the next year these figures had risen, and 2,028 stage carriages were licensed, being an increase of 185, and 202 new stage carriages were put on the road; in the same year, it may be remarked in passing, four-wheeled cabs, which are constantly decreasing in number, had dwindled from 3,847 to 3,713! During the year forty-four stage carriages were condemned as unfit, and the usual monthly night inspections by the police at uncertain intervals were steadily continued.

The number of licences issued to stage drivers in 1882 was 4,048, and 5,220 to conductors, showing an increase of 315 of the former, and 578 of the latter.

Coming to the report issued in 1885, we find the same tendency existing, the number of drivers and conductors and vehicles increasing, more comfort being afforded by the superior fittings of the carriages, and fewer charges of unfitness served. The number of stage drivers and conductors, as previously quoted, shows an increase of 285 of the former, and sixty-nine of the latter; there were 184 new vehicles placed in the streets, and sixty-nine licences were rejected. The night inspections had resulted in 364 carriages being reported unfit for use.

The Police Reports also throw a clear light on the general good conduct of the men. We have alluded to their freedom from drunkenness. This is borne out by the report for 1883, which shows that in that year only 33 drivers and 19 conductors were convicted once; while only one driver was convicted twice, and only one thrice. No conductor was convicted more than once.

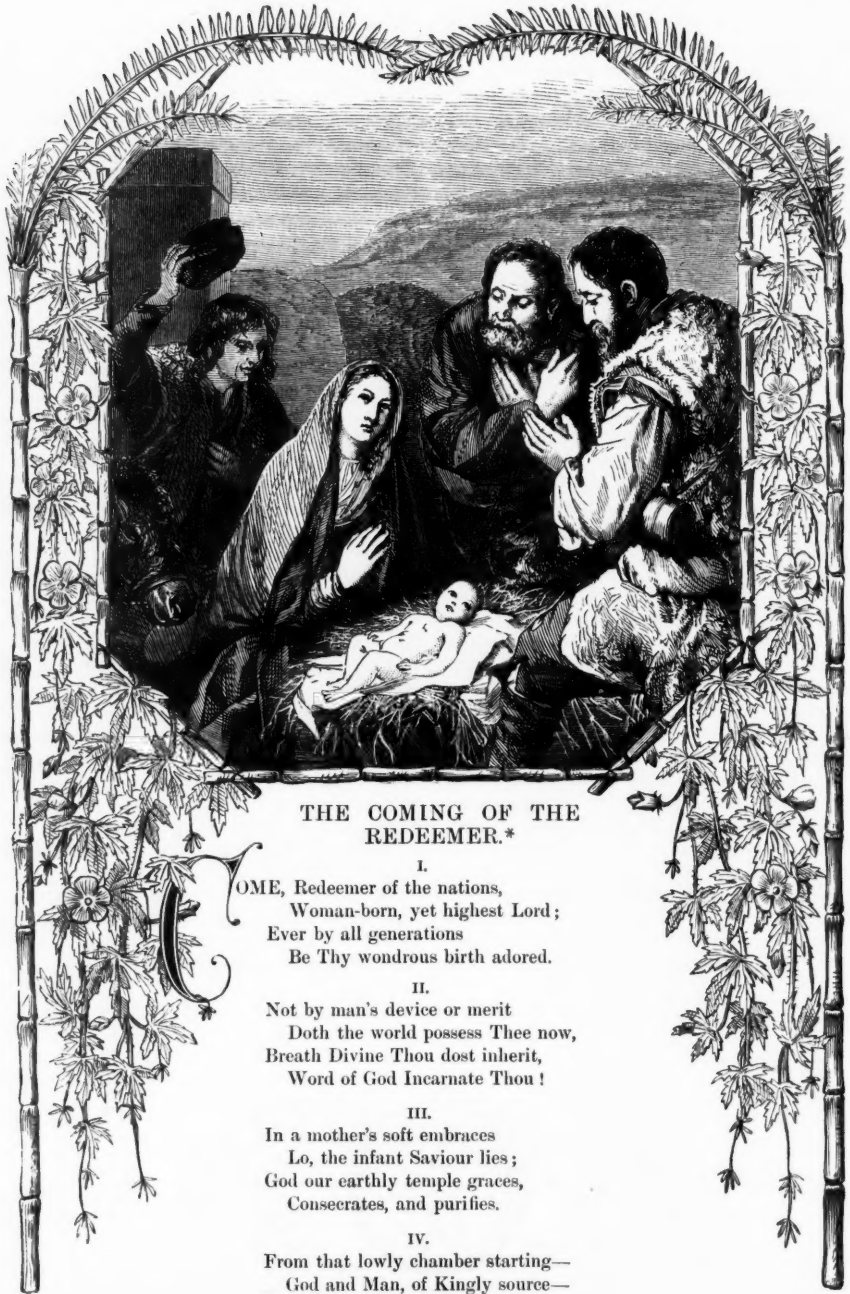
The Lost Property Office also shows the honesty of the men in a favourable light, besides affording striking evidence of the carelessness of the

travelling public. Both cabmen and conductors of 'buses and trams deliver up large numbers of the articles found in their vehicles, though there is room for improvement in this respect. Thus in 1884 we learn from the Blue Book 30,000 articles were known to have been lost, and of these 20,667 were deposited at Scotland Yard—an increase of 245 over the previous year, which in its turn was an increase of 1,765 over the preceding year. Of these articles, 11,248 were restored to their owners, who paid in rewards a total of £2,036 3s. 4d. The remaining articles were either restored to the finders or sold as unclaimed property.

But even more striking instances of the carelessness of some travellers are seen in the nature of the deposits. Thus one was a bag of jewellery worth £750; another was a diamond tiara worth £850. In one year (1883), a packet of bonds worth £3,000 was lost, another value £1,500, and also £250 in gold. Valuable dressing-cases containing jewellery have been found, and on one occasion a pocket-book containing £75 in bank notes! To have left such packages as these in a public carriage must be the height of the most culpable carelessness. But of the vagaries and peculiarities of travellers a volume might be written. There are the good folks who always will get into the wrong omnibus; then there is the worthy old lady who, whenever she wishes to pay her fare, considers it necessary to vigorously poke the patient conductor with her umbrella; while, thirdly, there are those thoughtless individuals who will stop the omnibus unnecessarily when a moment's consideration would have led them to descend at the previous stoppage, probably a minute before! These are the most trying passengers to the 'busman.

There is much more that is interesting connected with the subject, and reference must be made to the special trials and temptations of the 'busman's lot, and the means that may be employed to ameliorate his condition. This we hope to do in a succeeding paper.





THE COMING OF THE REDEEMER.*

I.

COME, Redeemer of the nations,
Woman-born, yet highest Lord;
Ever by all generations
Be Thy wondrous birth adored.

II.

Not by man's device or merit
Dost the world possess Thee now,
Breath Divine Thou dost inherit,
Word of God Incarnate Thou !

III.

In a mother's soft embraces
Lo, the infant Saviour lies;
God our earthly temple graces,
Consecrates, and purifies.

IV.

From that lowly chamber starting—
God and Man, of Kingly source—
See the Bridegroom swift departing,
Giant-like, to run His course !

* Translated and adapted from the Latin of St. Ambrose.

V.

From the Father forth He goeth :
He the Father's side regains ;
All our deepest depths He knoweth
Ere in Highest Height He reigns.

VI.

Equal with the Eternal Father,
With man's substance girt around ;

Thence our feeble frame may gather
Strength that ever shall abound.

VII.


In the Stable now Thy glory
Sheds new splendours on the night :
Let no darkness, we implore Thee,
Dim our faith, nor hide Thy Light !

THE EDITOR.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 1. AUTHOR AND OBJECT.

I.  IS NAME AND WORK. Levi, son of Alphaeus. (St. Mark ii. 14.) After his call name changed to Matthew. (Ch. ix. 9.) Matthew same as (Greek) Theodore, meaning "Gift of God." Other instances of changing names : Simon became Cephas or Peter

(St. John i. 42), Saul became Paul (Acts xiii. 9).

His work, that of tax-gatherer at Capernaum, to collect tolls from fishing vessels on lake. Such collectors of taxes called publicans. Often in bad repute for excessive charges. Rebuked by St. John Baptist. (St. Luke iii. 13.)

II. HIS CALL. One day addressed by Christ. Bidden to follow Him. (Ch. ix. 9.) Probably already seen Christ's miracles, and heard Him preach. Perhaps expecting summons. Obeys at once. Anxious for his friends to meet Christ. Invites fellow-publicans to a feast. Others come in, according to Jewish custom. "Publicans and sinners." Pharisees object. Christ explains that He came to call sinners to repentance.

Classed with Thomas in list of Apostles. (Ch. x. 3.) No other mention of him in Gospels or Acts. Always calls himself "Matthew the publican," showing humility of character.

III. HIS GOSPEL. First-written of the four Gospels. Probably few years after the Ascension. Written first in Hebrew, for use of Jews in Palestine. Afterwards translated into Greek.

(a) *Object.* To show Christ as the King. Prophesied of in the past—to reign in the future. Written specially for Jews in Palestine. Shown as follows:—

1. Many prophecies quoted (i. 22 ; ii. 5, etc.).
2. Jewish words and customs not explained. (Comp. xv. 2 with St. Mark vii. 3).
3. Law of Moses explained in Sermon on Mount (v. 27, 33, etc.).
4. Genealogy traced only to Abraham (i. 1).

(b) *Characteristics.*

1. Facts simply stated (ch. ii.).
 2. Order of time not strictly observed.
 3. Many sermons and discourses (v., vi., vii.).
 4. Prophecies as to the future (xxiv., xxv.).
 5. Ten parables in this Gospel only (xiii. 25, etc.).
- (c) *Analysis of the Gospel.*
1. The King's Birth and Childhood (i. 1 to ii. 23).
 2. His Forerunner and preparation for work (iii. to iv. 11).
 3. Works and signs (iv. 12 to xvi. 12).
 4. Predictions of the Passion (xvi. 13 to xx. 34).
 5. The King's Triumph (xxi. to xxv.).
 6. The Passion and Resurrection (xxvi. to xxviii.).
- IV. LESSONS. 1. *Gospel.* Glad tidings of Saviour for all, not only Jews.
2. To *copy* St. Matthew's humility and quiet work.
 3. To *obey* Christ's call at once.

NO 2. GENEALOGY AND BIRTH OF CHRIST.

To read—*St. Matthew i.*

I. GENEALOGY (1 to 17). Note the following points:—

- (a) The Book, *i.e.*, pedigree—taken from public documents carefully preserved by Sanhedrim.
- (b) Genealogy shows Jews that Christ claiming to be Messiah is of the House of David.
- (c) Divided into three sets of fourteen generations each, making even number; but some steps omitted.
- (d) Names of four women mentioned, Thamar (Gen. xxxviii. 24), Rahab (Josh. vi. 17), Ruth (Ruth i. 4), Bathsheba (2 Sam. xi. 3), showing Christ to be very Man, descended from sinful men.

II. BIRTH OF CHRIST.

(a) *Mother.* St. Matthew omits Annunciation of Angel Gabriel to Virgin Mary. (St. Luke i. 26.) Mentions betrothal to Joseph. Mary, like Joseph, of royal descent—House of King David. Joseph poor—a carpenter—somewhat despised (xiii. 55). God reveals will to Joseph in a dream. Many means used by God for making His Will known, thus:—By

His *Voice* (Gen. iii. 8), *Visions* (Gen. xv. 1), *Dreams*—frequent in Old Testament; only two, besides to Joseph, in New Testament, viz., the wise men (ii. 12), Pilate's wife (xxvii. 19).

(b) *Place*. Story of Roman Emperor's (Caesar Augustus) decree for each head of family to go to native place told by St. Luke (ii. 1); therefore Joseph takes Mary to their ancient home, Bethlehem. There—in stable, in poverty and shame—Christ was born.

(c) *Name*. Jesus—told Joseph in a dream—meaning “God the Saviour.” Same name as Joshua. Two men of same name types of Christ: Joshua—captain of the Lord's host, who conquered Israel's enemies (Josh. i. 5), and Joshua—High Priest—who resisted Satan (Zech. iii. 1, 2). Matthew quotes prophecy of Isaiah (Isa. vii. 14), giving another title, Emmanuel, “God with us.”

Notice Christ had many *titles* referring to His work, e.g., Good Shepherd (St. John x. 14), Corner-stone (Eph. ii. 20), Rock (1 Cor. x. 4), but only one *Name*—Jesus—at which all, sooner or later, will bow. (Phil. ii. 10.)

(d) *Cause*. 1. To save a lost world (1 John iii. 5—8), shown by His name.

2. To declare God's will and love. (Heb. i. 2.)

3. To fulfil all types and prophecies. (Verse 22.)

4. To give man perfect example. (1 Peter ii. 21.)

III. LESSONS. 1. From *Mary*—simple trust in God's will.

2. From *Joseph*—not to judge harshly.

3. From *Christ*—self-sacrifice, humility, and love. (Phil. ii. 8.)

NO. 3. WISE MEN AND MURDER OF INNOCENTS.

To read—St. Matthew iii.

I. THE WISE MEN. (Read 1—12.) Christ born in Bethlehem—meaning House of Bread—few miles south of Jerusalem—time of Herod the Great. Visit of Wise Men probably some months after birth. (a) *Their journey*—from the East—some think from Egypt—some from Persia. Magi, order of priests, accustomed to observe and worship the stars. Must have come many hundred miles—great part desert—showing great earnestness. (b) *Their guide*. A strange star or meteor—prophesied by Balaam (Num. xxiv. 17), probably moved before them, like the pillar of cloud to the Israelites. (c) *Visit to Herod*. Herod hears of new king—naturally troubled—consults scribes learned in Scriptures as to birth-place of long looked-for Messiah—could be no doubt—Micah (v. 2) names Bethlehem. King speeds them on journey, pretending a wish to worship Christ himself. The Star re-appears—fills their hearts with joy—guides them to the very house (parents no longer in a stable) where Christ is. (d) *Their object*—1. To seek Christ the King. 2. To worship Him. 3. To give Him gifts—gold, tribute to a king, fulfilling Psalm lxxii. 15; frankincense—to Christ as God, fulfilling Isaiah lx. 6; myrrh for His burial, as very man (St. John

i. 14). Evidently under God's special protection, Who warns them not to return to Herod.

LESSONS. 1. To *copy* earnestness and faith of Wise Men.

2. To *let* no difficulties hinder our seeking God.

3. To *give* our best worship, love, offerings, etc.

4. To *obey* all God's teachings, e.g., conscience, His Word, etc.

II. MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS. (Read 13—23.)

God directs Joseph to flee from Herod's rage—Egypt sixty miles distant—at night shows extreme peril—prophecy of Hosea fulfilled. (Hos. xi. 1.) St. Matthew shows that Israelites' leaving Egypt was prophetic of Christ—their exodus connected with death of Pharaoh—so at death of Herod the Great, Christ returned to Holy Land. Meanwhile shocking massacre in Bethlehem and district—all male children under two murdered. These children unconscious martyrs. Prophecy of Jeremiah (xxx. 15) now completely fulfilled—as Rachel was bidden not to weep for loss of her children, so Christ being saved would be source of blessing to the whole race.

Once more Joseph receives instructions by dream—returns to Nazareth—fulfilling various prophecies, Nazareth being a despised city (St. John i. 46), that Messiah should be despised and rejected of men. (Isa. liii. 3.)

LESSONS. 1. Even infants may suffer for Christ.

2. Christ's infancy of suffering prefigures sufferings of His life—He was to be a Man of Sorrows.

NO. 4. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

To read—St. Matthew iii.

I. HIS MISSION. (Read 1—12.) St. Matthew omits his miraculous birth, told by St. Luke. (Luke i. 13—17.) Was a Nazarite—dedicated to God from his birth. Twofold mission—to preach repentance, and prepare for Christ. Begins by preaching repentance, i.e. confession of sin, contrition for sin—change from sin—declares also coming of the Kingdom of Heaven, i.e. of Christ the King.

St. John's mission prophesied by by Isaiah (Isa. xl. 3) as road prepared for a king, high places levelled and valleys raised, so preaching repentance prepared for coming of Christ by turning hearts to Him.

John's mode of life simple—living in wilderness of Judaea—*tunic* of camel's hair—*food*, locusts, allowed to be eaten by Jews (see Leviticus xi. 22), and wild honey, still gathered from trees in same wilderness. His mission a great success. Pharisees, great observers of the Law—Sadducees, aristocratic sect—came for Baptism—all alike warned and taught—must *amend* lives—not *trust* to privileges—*prepare* for future judgment—*believe* on Christ, Who should baptise with the Holy Ghost. Notice the numerous similes used by St. John—vipers, stones, trees, the slave, the threshing-floor.

Difference between baptism of John and that of Christ. 1. St. John baptised with water only.

Christ with the Spirit also. (St. John iii. 5.) 2. St. John baptised in name of Christ. Christ in name of the Trinity (xxviii. 19). 3. St. John's baptism did not bestow grace. Christ's baptism gave Holy Ghost. (Acts xix. 5, 6.)

LESSONS FROM ST. JOHN'S LIFE. 1. *Humility.* Thinks himself unworthy of a slave's part to Christ. (Verse 11.) 2. *Boldness* in attacking sins of rich and powerful.

II. BAPTISM OF CHRIST. 1. *Circumstances.* Christ came, was not urged—asked for baptism—proving exception to the rule, that the less is blessed of the better. (Heb. vii. 7.) Overcomes St. John's scruples—submits to baptism, the outward sign of the new life. St. Luke adds that the Holy Spirit

descended in bodily shape, and that Christ was praying. (St. Luke iii. 21, 22.) Thus at beginning of public life, at age of thirty (St. Luke iii. 23), Christ anointed with the Holy Ghost and hears His Father's voice, and heavens opened above Him.

2. *Cause.* (a) *To set an example of obedience*—Christ passed through each kind of baptism, *water* now, the *Holy Ghost* (Acts x. 38), *fire* at His Crucifixion. (St. Luke xii. 50.) (b) *To be dedicated for His work.* Prophets, priests, and kings all anointed with oil when set apart for their office, e.g., Elisha (1 Kings xix. 16), Aaron (Ex. xxx. 25), Saul (1 Sam. x. 1). Christ combined all three offices.

LESSONS. 1. *Obedience* to Christian ordinances. 2. *Dedication* of ourselves to God's service.

PAINTING THE BRAMBLE.

BY THE REV. P. E. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," "THE MAN ON THE SLANT," ETC.
IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.



THE little folk of the village of Dormer were not altogether unaccustomed to the sight of an artist, for in its neighbourhood were many beautiful bits of scenery; moreover, there was an old ruined

castle for those who loved to paint the glory which had gone by; and not far off a castle still inhabited, which had figured already in

some landscapes of note. There was, moreover, a waterfall in the neighbourhood, so that, from time to time, artists with all their paraphernalia came to the village inn.

In a general way the children used to "have a look" at what was going on, when the artist sketched a bit near the village; but that, after all, was not often, for the ruins a mile off were the chief attraction, and there the painters spent their day.

But one day there arrived at the "Golden Crown" a man well on in life, who was in some respects unlike his brother-artists. His rig-out was, indeed, much the same; but his object in coming to Dormer was somewhat different.

The "Golden Crown" could of course take him in; was not he one of the very men it delighted to

see? for such often resorted there, and their pictures helped to make known the little place, and so brought fresh visitors to Dormer, and fresh grist to the landlord's mill.

Dinner was not long in being served, and Mr. Jonathan Poundsford, the landlord, himself waited on his guest; and during the meal made bold to enter into conversation with him. It was Jonathan's custom to feel his guests, and adapt himself to their various peculiarities; if they were of a silent temperament, then he was silent; and if they were talkative and friendly, then he had plenty to say, and said it. From having met and conversed with many artists, Jonathan Poundsford had picked up a variety of pieces of information, and an acquaintance-ship with architectural and pictorial matters which it was his great delight to air, partly from a good-natured idea that he was doing good to those to whom he communicated his scraps of knowledge, partly because he thought it made himself of some little importance, and partly that his guests should feel that, in coming to the "Golden Crown," they had come to an inn the landlord of which was the right man in the right place.

Accordingly he soon entered on the subject of the neighbourhood and its artistic beauties, feeling that the more he recounted, so much the longer might his visitor feel inclined to stay.

"Down the lane, sir, and across the stile, then over the ploughed field, and across the brook, first turn to the right and third to the left, and there you are."

"Where?" asked the visitor.

"Why, where you've come to paint to be sure—Dormerstone Castle. That castle was built in the

reign of King Henry II. Observe particularly the ruins of the porticulis—the remains of the architraves are wonderful ; but beware of too grey a tone, watch your middle lights, and be sparing of too much green, although the ivy is beautiful. That's the place, sir, that's the place you've come to paint, and what many have painted before you. I know all about it," said the landlord proudly, and venturing upon the largest fraction of a wink that was consistent with the dignity of a man who knew so much ; "and if I may make so bold I'll help you all I can ;" and off he went for the second course, leaving his guest rather bewildered.

"There's a pretty jumble," said Mr. Walter Airey, the newly arrived guest at the "Golden Crown." "T is well that the good man's dinner was not made up of as many odd pieces as his information, or I fear it would not agree with his guest, or add much to the custom of the "Golden Crown ;" but as there was no harm in the worthy landlord's self-satisfaction, he determined to leave him as he found him, and simply attend to his own business, and what had brought him to Dormer.

With many further directions, artistic and topographical, given by our worthy landlord during breakfast-time next morning, his visitor left the inn with all his artistic paraphernalia. But he did not go down the lane, nor across the stile, nor over the ploughed field, nor across the brook ; nor did he take the first turn to the right, nor the third to the left, nor seek the direction of Dormerstone Castle at all. He knew well enough where he wanted to go, and how to get there ; he had a much humbler goal than either of the Dormerstone Castles—the old or the new—but one surrounded with more glory to him than both of them put together. One Dormerstone Castle was invested with a glory of the past, and another with that of the present ; but the humble bramble clump which the artist was wending his way to, and which he was going with all loving art to paint, was to him invested with a glory of both past and present which no castles could pretend to, even if they were the homes of Royalty itself.

Up a lane with deep cart-ruts went the artist—his sixty years sitting light upon him, if one were to judge by the elasticity of his step—up this lane, not to *search* for an old chalk pit, for well he knew it was there, but to establish himself in it as his studio, and there he meant to paint for many days. It was a nice sheltered spot, and full opposite him the artist could see the object which he had come some hundreds of miles to paint.

It was a humble bush, or clump of bushes, of blackberries. The bushes grew in a semicircular form, and made a kind of little retreat—at least a little sheltered sitting-place where two at any rate could find room. And there were blackberries on the bushes, some red, some brown, some *few* ripe and black, and all these the great man—for such he was—was going to set down. Aye, he was, so to speak, going to take the likeness of every one, and

carry it off hundreds of miles away ; and he was going to spend with loving care and patience all his art's skill upon themselves. Never surely did blackberries sit to have their likenesses taken to anyone who thought so much about them.

Now, seeing that the artist knew perfectly well what he wanted to do—that was, to paint that bramble bush with all the skill of which he was master—and seeing that long experience, if not common sense, had taught him that what you want to paint you should have opposite you, it seemed a very strange proceeding on his part to commence operations by sitting down in that little arbour-like spot, and falling into apparently a half-dreamy kind of state ; but these he did, and did with set purpose too. His eyes were closed, and if you had been near him, you would have seen varying thoughts were passing through his mind—at least, if the face outside is ever a tell-tale of the thoughts within.

Bright thoughts must have been there, and loving thoughts, and sometimes anxious and troubled thoughts—very anxious and very troubled ; and even thoughts of stern determination ; but the love-thoughts were the chief of all.

At last he seemed to have saturated himself with the past ; for indeed it was of the past, the past of a life, from childhood upward, that he had been thinking, and of set design he had sat there, and thus filled himself, as it were, with his own life, that he might be the better able to fulfil his task—the task of painting a common blackberry bush. But that blackberry bush had to be filled with story and sentiment to him, and no trouble of mind or hand was too great for the work he had set himself to do.

Awakened up from his day-dream, the artist seated himself in proper position in the old chalk pit, and commenced his work ; and this he carried on, with now and then an interlude for day-dreaming, until the day was far advanced.

One would have thought that the painter was taking the likeness of some fair and noble girl, some paragon of beauty, not a particle of whose loveliness was to be lost—so careful, so anxious did he seem over his work ; and yet he was only drawing a bramble clump, and the poor berries which hung thereon.

But at last the artist met with an interruption in his work. Up the lane came the sounds of merriment, and young voices were heard shouting and laughing ; and soon appeared the whence of the sounds, in the persons of a whole troop of children who had not been long released from school, and who were blowing off the steam, in their opinion only too long pent in.

Up they came, up the lane, and into the old pit, half tumbling one over the other.

Great, as it may be well imagined, was their astonishment to find the pit already occupied, and that too by a painter ; and greater still was their surprise when they found what he was at ; a surprise which was mingled with pleasure, when they found that he was actually drawing their favourite seat—nature's little bower of blackberry bushes.

They crowded round him with childish wonder and delight, and never thought so much of their favourite blackberry bush as now.

Day by day the artist wrought, and day by day

neighbours to see it on the sly, and had held many conversations with his guests upon it. True, he had to forego the pleasure and importance of seeming to know all about it, as he did about



"They crowded round him with childish wonder and delight."

the blackberries seemed to ripen under his brush, until at last the picture was finished; and a very beautiful one it was. Indeed, the landlord of the "Golden Crown" had, so to speak, made himself quite one with it, and considered that his house derived additional importance from its having emanated thence. He had in all his friends and most of the

Dormerstone Castle, but that was made up for by his entering on a new branch of art, upon which perhaps he should have an opportunity of discoursing learnedly at some future time, and to some future guest.

It was, if the truth were known, a decided defect in the landlord's eye that a portcullis and an architrave had not been introduced somewhere—he did

not know exactly where—but surely the artist could have managed that ; but there was no help for it, the blackberries must be discoursed upon as blackberries pure and simple, or not at all.

As for a long time Mr. Airey had had the one sitting-room of the “Golden Crown” to himself, he had no fear about his picture, but stood it up, resting on the back of a chair, which formed its bed for the night. There he left it at night, and there he found it in the morning ; the landlord had guaranteed its safety, partly for his own delectation in looking at it, and partly that he might retain the proud position of having something to show his neighbours.

And now the work was done, and the artist gave notice that in a day or two he would take his departure ; but, happily for us—otherwise we might never have known why so distinguished a painter had spent so much time upon a bramble—the morning after the picture was finished its painter found, to his astonishment, that it had been inspected by a young artist who had come to the inn to stay for the purpose of sketching Dormerstone Castle.

“He’s a young man, sir,” said the inn-keeper, “and I hope he’ll observe particularly the ruins of the porteuillis. I hope he’ll see that the remains of the architraves are wonderful, and that he’ll beware of too grey a tone, and that he’ll watch his middle lights, and be sparing of too much green, although the ivy is beautiful. He came very early, sir, and he walked in with just his knapsack and painting traps, but I think he understands a little. I’m hopeful of him, sir, at the ruins, if he’ll keep clear of too grey a tone, and minds his middle lights, for he stood a good half-hour before these blackberries and this bramble clump, and seemed as though he could scarce get away.

“‘Landlord,’ says he, ‘who painted that?’

“‘A gentleman in bed, sir,’ said I.

“‘Then I should like to see him when he gets out of bed.’

“‘What for, sir?’ said I.

“‘Because,’ he said, ‘that picture is worth a cool five hundred if it’s worth a farthing ; and it’s almost enough to make a landlord raise his prices to have had a picture like that come from his house. Why, when that’s exhibited, if it is, it will be the making of you. You’ll have half the artists in London coming to see if they can’t paint that bramble.’

“‘He’ll be home to dinner, sir ; and if I may make bold enough, perhaps, sir, you’d like him to dine with you.’

“‘Certainly,’ said Mr. Airey ; ‘my work is done. I’m off, you know, to-morrow, and I shall be very glad of a companion for the evening ; perhaps, too, as I’m an old artist, and you say he’s a young one, I may be able to give him some hints.’

Evening came, and brought with it back to the “Golden Crown” the young man who had left it for Dormerstone Castle in the morning. The dinner was laid, and the landlord whispered to Mr. Airey, “He’s coming in, sir. He’s brought home a fine outline of the castle ; but,” added he confidentially, and concernedly, and anxiously, “I ain’t sure of him

yet. I ain’t sure that he’ll beware of too grey a tone, and watch his middle lights, and be sparing of too much green, although the ivy is beautiful. Here he is.”

And in stepped young Donald Penrith, somewhat awed, it is true, at the fact that he was going to dine with the man who had done the work of art he had already seen, but full of pleasure, too, at the thought that he should no doubt have some delightful conversation with him, and perhaps get some valuable teaching from him too.

Artists have kindly feelings for one another, and young Donald Penrith found a tender spot in his companion’s heart. Indeed, sitting over the fire, the young man opened up all his heart and hopes, and fears and struggles ; and how, at times, he was almost inclined to give up. “But the greatest trouble of all is my young wife. She gets low and desponding ; and though she set out with a great stock of hope when we married, now I’ve spent her little bit of fortune while I’m waiting and working for the good time coming ; and she says she’s afraid ’t will never come.

“A crust is enough for me, but to see her fret, that’s more than I can bear ;” and the young man got up and looked out of the window for a moment.

But the quick eye of the old artist was too fast for him ; he knew to a dead certainty why his companion went to the window in such haste.

“Now let us see your sketch,” said Mr. Airey. “I like to see a man’s day’s work.” In truth, he was wanting to know whether he had within him the stuff out of which the real thing could be made—one who had it in him, and only wanted the help of a friendly hand.

“Good,” said the old artist ; “that arch is not quite true, but good. I know every stone of that ruin from my youth up. I lived in a village two miles at the otherside of it. Now, cheer up. I was going to-morrow, but I’ll stay another day, and go with you to the ruins. I’m an old hand, and may be able to give you a help.”

“You can do more for me than that,” said the young man ; “take me to the original of that bramble bush, and give me a lesson there.”

“Both,” said the artist ; “we’ll split the day, and give half to the ruins, and half to the bramble bush ; and,” said he, musingly, “perhaps the last will do you the most good.”

“May I ask you one question ?” said the young man, as they held their candlesticks in their hands, and said “Good-night :” “I’ll be lying awake all night thinking over it, unless I do. Why did you spend so much time and art, sir, in painting a bramble, when there are so many beautiful views around ?”

“I’m afraid,” said Mr. Airey, laughing, “the answer will only keep you awake. It is because at that bush I was made an artist, and all the tracing and colouring and tender tones of love are connected with that bush ; and when I’ve shown you what loveliness of art there is in those tangled branches, and that wild fruit, and in both green and withered leaves, I’ll tell you why I’ve painted the bramble, and perhaps it may help you on through life.”

OUR NEW TESTAMENT NAMES, AND WHAT THEY TEACH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD VERNON, M.A.

DISCIPLES.



HIS is the name which our Lord used most frequently when speaking of His people. For that reason a peculiar interest and value belong to it. It tells of the relationship between Him and His that He loved most to think upon: "My disciples." Perhaps, much oftener than He spake them, these words would pass through His mind as He looked upon those who followed Him, and also as He looked beyond, into the ages which are now rolling by, and saw multitudes flocking around His banner and acknowledging Him as their Master.

At the first, the name seems to have been used chiefly in speaking of "the Twelve": "When He had called unto Him the twelve disciples;" "Jesus took the twelve disciples apart in the way." But soon, undoubtedly through our Lord's own use of it, its application became more general, and included from the earliest days of the Apostolic Church all who accepted the Gospel. "There was a certain *disciple* at Damascus, named Ananias"; "There was at Joppa a *disciple*, named Tabitha"; "A certain *disciple* was there, named Timotheus." We also are disciples, having as good a right to the title as those we have named, if we have received Christ and His words.

There is more meant by this name than is generally supposed. We are in the habit of thinking of a disciple merely as one who has adopted the opinions of a certain teacher or school, a disciple of Christ being merely regarded as a follower of Christ, a believer in His teaching, and an adherent of His cause. That is correct so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

A *disciple* is one under *discipline*, as the name itself shows. He is a person at school, not only learning, but *in training* in order that he might be made to put into practice what he is taught.

This is specially true of the disciple of Christ. Something more than mere intellectual enlightenment is required for a life in heaven and a heavenly life here. A changed heart is required, a heart having its powers and affections trained aright—trained so as to choose of its own accord those things consistent with its salvation. This training, or discipline, every disciple of Christ receives.

So, at least, we learn from that part of Paul's

letter to Titus in which he says that "the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, *teaching* us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

This word "teaching" does not, unfortunately, convey to us the full meaning of the word the Apostle wrote in his Epistle. According to this translation the grace of God merely *instructs* us to abandon sin and live unto holiness: that is to say, merely makes us understand what our duty as Christians is.

The word strictly means "*disciplining*." * And what St. Paul says is that the Gospel makes its disciples undergo a course of regular training, not only to teach them the way they should go—not only to show them the way, but to make them actually go the way. The education which the disciple receives from the grace of God is a "discipline of self-denial and training in godliness."

A disciple of Christ has not only communicated to him the knowledge of what his character should be, but is put under training that that character may be formed within him.

If we claim discipleship, we must submit to discipline. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." But the discipline is not grievous to him who is willing to learn. It is the self-willed and indifferent pupil who suffers most. If we be really anxious to know the truth and do the right, as every disciple virtually professes to be, then our training will be easy and pleasant.

"A disciple." There is a charm in the name which gladdens the heart of everyone who is able to appropriate it. All that the Sacred History records of one of Paul's friends is that he was "a disciple"; "one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple." That is all. But it is a distinction with which any one of us might be satisfied. It may never be recorded of you that you did some great thing for Christ, or endured some great suffering in His cause. It may be that in a few days after you have gone from this busy scene your name will be almost blotted out of the memory of man; but what of that, if in that great roll—the Lamb's Book of Life—your name is inscribed, and after it this solitary but blessed word—"a disciple?"

* Dean Alford has this translation. He says there is no need to depart from the universal New Testament sense of this word, and soften it into "teaching."



THE BOAT ON ITS JOURNEY.

A BOAT JOURNEY EIGHT HUNDRED MILES OVERLAND.

BY CAPTAIN E. C. HORE, F.R.G.S., OF KAVALA ISLAND, LAKE TANGANYIKA.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.



IN our remote home in Central Africa our news is, generally, at least three months old, so that it is only recently that we have realised the vast increasing public interest in Africa, and the progress of the march of civilisation into the continent from all points, which leads me to think that the following account may be perused with some interest.

I may as well inform my readers at once that I am not going to take them *in a boat*, but *with one*, on the overland journey, leaving them to decide the appropriateness of the title. To me it was, from beginning to end, essentially the journey of the boat.

In May, 1877, a party, to which I was attached, of six Europeans, with eight bullock wagons and carts, entered East Central Africa at Zanzibar, with the object of proceeding to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, and establishing English mission-stations there and at other points on that lake; they were compelled, eventually, to give up the carts as a means of transport, but proceeded to their destination with the aid of native porters

in the old-fashioned way. Further supplies were sent up in subsequent years, with the result that two stations were established, one on each side, on the lake, and one at the capital of the famous chief Mirambo (now dead), in Unyamwezi. The glorious Lake Tanganyika, with its beautiful coastline of one thousand miles, its new and strange peoples, and its mysterious outlet, was surveyed and mapped out, peaceable transport secured, and a regular mail established one-third of the way across the Continent.

The expedition which is the subject of this account, and of which I had the honour to be leader, was sent out from England in 1882, for the purpose of reinforcing those stations and establishing others, and of conveying to the lake a steel life-boat for the proper maintenance of communication upon its waters. The boat, of my own invention and design, was built in sections, of the best mild steel, galvanised, rigged with three sails, and fitted with oars. Her dimensions were: length thirty-two feet, and beam eight feet.

The nucleus of our expedition arrived at Zanzibar, from England, in July of that year; it consisted of eleven Europeans, including my wife and child, and over six hundred packages of goods, averaging, for convenience of carriage by porters,

60lb. weight each; there followed, subsequently, the boat itself, in pieces of from 60lb. to 300lb. weight, with six hand-carts for the conveyance of the heavy pieces. The boat itself weighed altogether something over two tons.

When all had arrived, and our store of cloth and other barter goods, or African moneys, had been purchased and packed up, it required for its conveyance nearly one thousand porters.

Such a party required for its success some considerable organisation. I secured the services of some three or four tried native leaders, whom I had travelled with before, and six others as petty officers under them. Of the Europeans, one had sole charge as storekeeper, another kept the muster-roll and wages account, and served out the supply of cloth to our little army; two others were appointed over the baggage and the arrangement and erection of camp and tents for our party; one was medical officer; and two others superintended the commissariat. Thus arranged, we started, not simply to pass through, but to settle down in the heart of the Dark Continent.

Zanzibar could not produce the necessary number of porters for us, and this, together with some delay in the arrival of the boat from England, prevented our proceeding *en masse*; separate parties were therefore despatched under experienced head-men; one of fifty porters was forwarded to Unyamwezi (600 miles) with cloth for our supply beyond that place; another, of ninety porters, to Mpwapwa (200 miles) for a like purpose; and a third party of one hundred and twenty was sent right through to Ujiji, with provisions and other supplies not required on the road. Later on, two hundred loads were sent in care of an Arab to the same place; then on the 10th of July, with a party of one hundred and fifty natives, the Europeans forming the main body of the expedition proceeded to the mainland, and marched to Mpwapwa, where a halt was fixed until the rear guard, with the carts and boat, should arrive.

To the new-comer, the disembarkation on the mainland is the landing at once into the wilds of Africa. To myself all was familiar. The scenes so new and strange on my first journey, the various villages and tribes, and the leading features of the road, had fixed themselves indelibly in my memory; and now, with my large convoy and my advanced parties, as well as the care of my wife and child, my attention was fully occupied with the work; leaving little room for speculation, or thought for surrounding scenery. On this journey I had determined to place my camp at once at Ndumi, six miles from the coast and five hundred feet above the sea, to avoid the malaria of the low coast plain. Landing just at dusk through a long stretch of shallow water, we marched at once, in the dark, to the place which

had already been prepared, and from whence we proceeded by the usual stages of from eight to twelve miles to Mpwapwa, a station of the Church Missionary Society, two hundred miles from the coast.

Laborious as is travel in India or Madagascar, our parties have not yet succumbed, on the African path, to the saddle or the palanquin. In cases of necessity invalids are carried by bearers in net hammocks. Ladies and children, however, could scarcely be expected to proceed thus unaided; I therefore provided, as well as a saddle donkey, a chair of wicker, mounted on two wheels, and with shafts before and behind, in which to convey my wife; while a basket, like a clothes-basket, mounted on a light steel wheelbarrow frame with awning above, proved a great success for the conveyance, by one strong man, of our little boy Jack, then only five months old. In this way the whole party was able to proceed at the usual rate of Central African caravans.

Reeking with malaria, the moist atmosphere of the coast region, hanging stagnant about the rank grass and thick jungles, told with its usual effect upon our party; but the fund of energy which had sent us here was sufficient to carry us through these early trials, and take us to the higher and healthier lands at fair speed.

Leaving my wife and child in the kind and hospitable hands of Mr. and Mrs. Last, of the Church Missionary Society, at their healthy and elevated abode at Mamboia, the rest of the party proceeded to Mpwapwa, forming a camp there, while I returned to the coast, with my colleague, Mr. Swann, to bring up the boat and the remainder of our goods.

The arrival of the mail from England, a few days after my return to Zanzibar, without the boat—it having been left behind at Aden—was a sad upset to my plans, necessitating as it did another month's delay of the waiting party up country, besides an advance in the season by no means favourable to our journey. Hastily organising another party of two hundred men, I despatched them at once to Mpwapwa, with such goods as would enable three of the party to proceed at once to Unyamwezi, the destination of two of their number, and saw them well along the road before I again returned to Zanzibar.

The next mail arrived punctually, bringing the long-expected boat. Mr. Scott, one of the European residents, kindly lent us a roomy warehouse in which to overhaul our goods, and here every piece of the boat was examined, and brought into contact with the others. Various little additions and alterations had to be made, which were greatly facilitated by the kindness of Captain Luxmore, of H.M.S. *London*, who placed some of his artificers at my disposal, and the chief engineer of the telegraph-ship *Great Northern*, who replaced an important piece of

metal which had been broken off in transit. Colonel Miles, Her Majesty's Acting Consul-General, did everything in his power to further our progress, and procured for me a letter from His Highness the Sultan to his subjects at Ujiji, which afterwards saved a delay at that place, threatened by the fears and ignorance of those distant colonists.

Our expedition had ample assistance and good wishes at Zanzibar, but I imagine, nevertheless, that many of our friends were surprised to hear that the carts and boat sections they saw there had arrived safely at Ujiji.

The sections and pieces of the boat were now carefully marked, numbered, and packed up, some in light cases, others sewn up in canvas or gunny-bag, and lashed and protected at the ends with raw hide, and in three weeks from the time of its arrival the sections were all standing lashed upon their carts at Saadani, the village at which we landed on the main. The large pieces of the boat were as follows:—The fore compartment 300lb. weight, the stern compartment 300lb., and four complete sections, each with a bulkhead, 230lb. each. The four last were each carried on a light but strong two-wheel spring cart, consisting of a mere frame, upon which the sections rested; the stern compartment on a somewhat similar cart, but heavier and without springs.

For the fore compartment I had no carriage, but speedily constructed one. Procuring two Indian-made wheels in Zanzibar, I had an axle fitted to them, and then cutting poles in the bush, built a light strong framework upon it, well lashed together with wet raw hide, afterwards dried in the sun; and the cart proved to be second to none of them, going right through to the journey's end without needing repair.

The six carts and their loads, allowing for gear and sleeping mats, made up a total weight of one and a half tons; the remainder of the boat—in five pieces, weighing respectively 180, 171, 150, 121, and 110lb., and the rest in 60lb. parcels—weighed, also, nearly one ton and a half, and was carried, as usual, by porters. The carts were drawn, the larger ones by nine, and the smaller ones by seven men each; three men drawing tandem in harness of coir rope, one in the shafts, and the rest assisting or standing by to relieve the others. To the four smaller carts I had given a peculiar construction: that is, they had two axles; with one the wheels travelled inside the frame of the cart, giving the latter an extreme outside width of only two feet four inches—the other axle carried the wheels outside, affording proper stability in the usual proportion. Near the coast, the former enabled us to penetrate many of the dense jungles with a minimum of tree-cutting; the latter, on arriving at a more open country, permitted full stability and safety to be restored.

Four pioneers were appointed to precede the carts, each armed with an axe and a sword-bayonet, the latter a most invaluable tool for cutting all kinds of brushwood and small trees; and on the carts themselves were stowed spare tools of the same kind, together with saws, spades, and a bag of tools, etc., for repairs.

A leader, or captain, was also appointed to each vehicle, to have control of the men and responsible care of the load. With the exception of one man, who subsequently left the caravan, these faithfully stuck to their posts right through, displaying a zeal and interest truly praiseworthy, and they were often severely tried.

Eight hundred miles of wild country lay before us—forest, plain, jungle, swamp, and river, all in strong array to dispute our passage, and no friendly roads, horses, nor blacksmiths' shops to assist us. But then we were not mere carriers—we were the men who were going to build and sail the boat.

Meanwhile, during these various delays the season was rapidly advancing. The favourable time for travelling was past, the sun was drawing overhead, and a fierce drought threatened us in the far interior, or the even worse floods of the rainy season, which might come upon us before we could reach Ujiji. This state of things was recognised at home, and I received a telegram from head-quarters giving me permission to await the season of the following year. But already both the Europeans and Africans of the party were eager for the start; already the carts were careering round the village of Saadani behind their novel and spirited steeds; already nearly seven hundred men in the various detachments were marching westwards, and it would be both difficult and expensive to alter the plans. But the difficulties caused by the delay were very great, and feeling that perhaps my hands were too full, and that my wife, already weakened by sunstroke, would thus have a better chance of recovering health, I determined to send her back to England until I should be able to conduct her into the interior at the right time of year. My wife and child accordingly returned to England,* and on the 10th of November I finally started from the coast, with the rearguard and final detachment of the expedition. I had already tramped over six hundred miles backward and forward.

I had first conducted the carts as far as Mchiropa (one hundred miles from the coast), whence Mr. Swann took four of them on to Mpwapwa; one other remained at Mchiropa, and in the last I conveyed my wife and child to the coast.

The first start of the carts was the scene of

* Mrs. Hore and Jack are now with me at our home on Kavalala Island, Tanganyika: good evidences of the feasibility of European enterprise here.

apparent disaster; the men, wild with excitement, and uniting their shouts with those of the assembled villagers, were beyond all restraint, and as they rounded a sharp turn to go out of the village, over went the carts, one after the other, on their sides, and it was a long time before I could train the men to steer more circumspectly, or to move gently down a declivity. It was a great labour, but, in time, the whole system worked admirably. The fore compartment, going stern first, often forced its own way through masses of bush and creeper. The smaller carts insinuated their narrow frames through surprisingly small gaps, and the men seemed oftentimes amply rewarded for a long and hard day's work by the admiration of a few astonished villagers at their journey's end.

As we emerged from some of these dense and lengthy stretches of jungle, as the carts descended steep river-banks, and, nearly submerged on the passage, mounted safely the other side, or jolted whole days together over rugged stony tracks unharmed, we made up our minds that they would go anywhere; but although I had passed over the whole ground twice before, I little knew what experiences were yet in store for us.

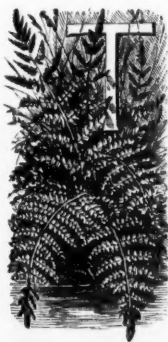
As I said above, I finally started myself on the 10th of November, and picking up the remaining

two sections at Mchiropa, proceeded to join my colleagues at their camp.

One adventure by the way had well-nigh settled the fate of one of my vehicles and sections; we were winding along a narrow pass overhanging the steep banks of the Mukondokwa river, a high steep hill on our right, and a little precipice descending abruptly to the river on the left; the two carts were ahead, when suddenly I heard a loud shouting, and the well-known drumming sound of one of the sections in violent contact with some other body. Running forward, I found one of the carts hanging right over the precipice—dangling, in fact, by the harness, to which the men were holding on as for their very lives, waiting for my arrival. Clambering down the face of the bank with two or three men, we managed to get the wheels turned to the bank, and with a few reinforcements and a united pull, to place it once more on *terra firma*. I reached Mpwapwa finally in twenty days from the coast, and immediately set about preparations for a start.

The constant and well-known hospitality of our friends of the Church Missionary Society at Mpwapwa really lightens the Tanganyika journey in a double sense—by its cheering influence and the opportunities it secures the traveller for rest, re-arrangements, and oftentimes, in urgent need, of still more substantial aid.

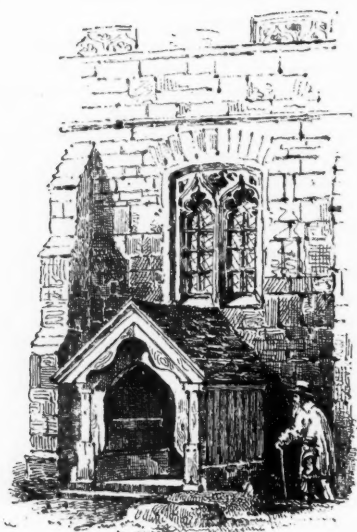
CHURCH PORCHES.



HE experienced eye is able to determine whether ancient masonry is the work of Saxon, Norman, or Plantagenet masons. Saxon masons had a method of alternating the positions of their stones at the angles of their buildings. They used long stones, sometimes more than two feet long, for this purpose; and they placed one on end, and the second on its side, as in its natural bed; the third they placed on end again; the fourth sideways once more; and so on till they reached the summit. This is known as "long and short" work. It is impossible not to recognise this "wonderful work of wall stones," as a Saxon poet called it. Carfax Tower, Oxford, standing by the side of the traffic of the modern street to-day, grey, calm, and inscrutable, has a length of this long and short work at one of its



OXTED, SURREY.



ETCHINGHAM, SUSSEX.

angles. Norman masons used small stones, about ten or twelve inches in length, and from eight to twelve inches in height, placed in even courses. Plantagenet masons departed from the extreme regularity of effect thus produced. Their courses were of unequal heights, and their stones measure, generally, a few inches more in length than in height, although, to fill in special places and make up the level of each course, smaller stones were placed one above the other occasionally. It is interesting to bear these distinctions in mind when we visit the various ecclesiastical remains which enrich "this dear kingdom of England," especially when we note their porches. In most cases in small parish churches the porch belongs to a later period than the main body of the fabric. The earliest church-builders in this country deemed the nave and chancel of the first importance, and, if we may believe the evidence of the stones, left the porch to be added a century or two later.

We are apt to assume that a porch is simply a protection to an entrance from the winds and weather generally. Church porches, however, had their special purpose in early times, quite removed from this useful service. It was in the porch that catechumens were taught and penitents received, for the ancient basilicas first used as places of Christian worship possessed open porticoes that were made use of for these purposes, and the use thus established was continued. They were then as wide as the churches to which they were

prefixed, though without any considerable depth. In these old times emperors and bishops, and other persons of consequence, were interred in porches or vestibules; "exorcisms" took place there, baptismal fonts were placed there, and relics occasionally exhibited there. It is supposed, too, that pilgrims availed themselves of the shelter of the porches of large Continental churches, just as the benighted country-people of to-day, on the eve of great fêtes in Rome, pass the night under the porticoes of St. Peter's. A tendency to use them for secular purposes and assemblies seems to have been eventually the cause of various edicts and rules, and perhaps the reason why they were ultimately modified in size and form. France possesses the finest porches. Germany has but few examples. Our own are comparatively small and low, though some of those attached to our cathedrals have two storeys, as at Salisbury and Wells.

A few of our porches have been used as hermitages, as at Leverington, near Wisbeach, and Kingsland, Hereford. These have generally two storeys. But it by no means follows that all upper chambers in porches have been hermitages, for they have been often used as libraries and as places in which to deposit parish documents. Here is a glimpse of wooded country low down on a bend of the river Coquet. From the bare roads that approach it, we may look down on the tops of the trees, on the chimneys of the houses of the village nestling among them, and on the spire of the village church, though we have to look up to the grand old castle close by that



NORTH PORCH, HAWKHURST, KENT.



SOUTH PORCH, HAWKHURST CHURCH, KENT.

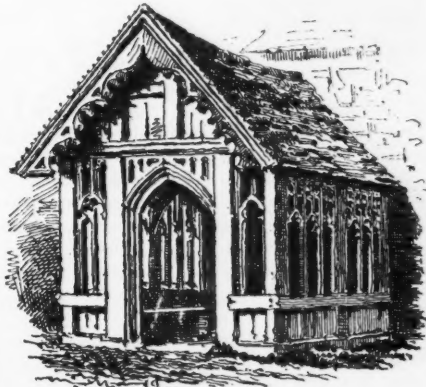
overtops them all. It is Warkworth, the same "the most glorious Ceolwulph," to whom Bede dedicated his great historical work, gave to the priory of Lindisfarne, with other grants. In the course of restorations made in our own day a length of walling built in his time, four feet thick, and very massy, was uncovered. But the Normans built a large church over the same spot, and buried his length of walling under their flooring. About a century afterwards a tower twenty-three feet square was added to the new structure, and about three centuries after these Norman masons had put the remains of the tiny Saxon church out of sight the south wall of their own edifice was taken down, and an aisle thrown out, pierced with large window-openings, filled with rich and delicate tracery. The Tudor masons, who had invented a new arch, called "four-centred," and worked out great sumptuousness of ornament with which to overlay their work, thought little of the Norman corbelling, and billet and lozenge ornamentation. They threw out a porch from their new light aisle, relieved the square outline of it with angular buttresses, vaulted it with a stone roof in a manner of their own, and raised upon it an upper chamber, which was used as a school till the close of the last century. This upper chamber is entered from without by a spiral stone staircase placed at the point of contact with the south aisle, and it is lighted with cusped windows. On the southern front the string-course rises over a double-

light, and forms a square head to it. There is a sun-dial, too, upon this front, which adds to the general air of venerable mellowness.

Felton Church, on the same winding river, is another instance in which a small ancient church has been encased in a larger and later one. This is particularly the case as far as the porch is concerned, for the fourteenth-century builders did not take down a thirteenth-century porch they found there, but threw out beyond it a second one, which now serves as an entrance to the first.

Embleton Church, within a dozen miles or so from these examples, has a porch of special interest. We may note the chancel looks radiant and new—young, so to speak, contrasting with the age, quiet, and melancholy of the rest of the fabric, for the Warden and Fellows of Merton College, who have possessions here, have been at the expense of rebuilding it within the last twenty years. There is a fourteenth-century aisle to the nave, and from this projects a massive porch with a flat-pitched roof. Over the label moulding of the arched entrance is a niche. And curiously there is a precisely similar porch, with a similar arch and niche, to Kibworth Church, Leicestershire, where the same College has more possessions, showing that both are relics of those old times, when the Wardens and Fellows were the architects of their own buildings, and travelled from one to the other at intervals to maintain them well-conditioned.

The open oaken porches of many of the ancient churches in Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, present a different aspect from the sturdy stone porches of the "North Country." These are built wholly of timber, leaving the upper portions of the side walls in panels filled with strong tracery. They are furnished with seats extending the whole



MARGARETTON C, ESSEX.

length of each side. There is generally a cusped barge-board, and the roof is covered with oak shingles. The inviting doorway is formed by a beam resting on two massive posts. Not a nail is to be seen, all being put together with oak pins.

The Galilee of Durham Cathedral must be mentioned as the finest example we have of a porch used as a vestibule for worshippers not admitted into the church. Hugh Pudsey, King Stephen's nephew, was bishop when it was erected. When on his travels abroad, he doubtless saw the extensions wealthy communities on the Continent were making to their churches, and the immense riches that flowed into the coffers of the Durham Monastery enabled him to follow their example, and gratify his own taste on his return. We are told his first intention was to build a chapel at the east end, but on subsidences taking place, he altered his plans and threw out the extension at the west end we now see. As the cathedral was placed near the edge of the very steep bank of the Wear, the space at command did not admit of the usual western entrance, and the western

wall had to descend some distance down the bank for security. We find, therefore, a north door into this addition which gave the easiest access to it from the town. The great west portal of the cathedral, which it covered in, gave access to it from the nave. It measures eighty feet in length and fifty feet in breadth, and is divided into five aisles by four arcades of semicircular arches richly ornamented with zigzag carving. The columns of these arcades were at first very light, consisting of two Purbeck marble shafts, disengaged, but more than two centuries afterwards were made more massy by the addition of two semicircular sandstone shafts clustered with them. Here services were held, which women were allowed to attend; and here, beneath the lovely canopy formed by the lines of arcading just described, still repose the bones of the Venerable Bede. They were taken from Jarrow and placed with the remains of St. Cuthbert, and thence removed to the Galilee in 1370, thus putting it to one of the most ancient uses of porches.

S. W.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S BETROTHED," AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER I.—A DIFFICULT ERRAND.



A CACIA GROVE is situated in one of the south-west suburbs of London, just where the reign of bricks and mortar has come temporarily to an end. It stands at right angles to a busy thoroughfare, on which one end abuts, while the other is within easy reach of a breezy common where gorse flourishes and the bees hum. Not far off, too, flows the silver Thames, so that the inhabitants are justified in their boast that they are almost in the country. The houses in Acacia Grove are semi-detached, and are of the kind described in advertisements as genteel residences; the gentility being somewhat impaired, however, by occasional cards in windows here and there denoting that the inmates of those houses are desirous of eking out a too narrow income by letting apartments.

At the time when this story begins, one of the most noticeable houses in the Grove was No. 9, where one Miss Middleton resided, with her niece Jessie. Not that this house differed from the others in size or con-

struction: it had the same bay window in the parlour, the same number of steps leading to the front door, the same small garden in front, the same green-painted railings between it and the road. But the front of the house was covered with a luxuriant Virginian creeper; the windows were always spotless, and shaded by the daintiest of muslin curtains. A row of bright-coloured flowers stood in pots on the window-sill, and the little oblong patch of ground in front was laid out in turf, soft and verdant as green velvet. In fine weather a pair of canaries had their cage hung outside, and a grey parrot might be seen gravely turning somersaults amongst the pots on the window-sill, while making observations to himself in a hoarse voice.

Miss Middleton generally sat at her window in the afternoon, dressed in rich black silk, with an immaculate mob-cap over her white hair and a muslin fichu crossed over her bosom. Miss Middleton could never have been handsome even in her youth, but she had pleasant dark eyes and a gentle, benevolent expression of countenance. Her chief occupation was knitting. She had generally a book on a gipsy table beside her, but it was seldom opened. She had read much in her day; but her eyes were not so strong as they used to be, she complained, and she found sufficient amusement in watching the passers-by and in making comments on her neighbours. No. 18

opposite was a great source of interest to her, for "poor Miss Carraway" was obliged to let her parlours, and, till lately, they had been occupied by a succession of lodgers who afforded matter for no end of speculation. To these, however, succeeded a young man who appeared to have taken up his abode there for a permanency. A very well-conducted and studious young man Miss Middleton pronounced him to be, as well as handsome and distinguished looking—too much so, she thought, to be employed in an architect's office. He almost always returned home at a regular hour in the evening, and his lamp was still burning when Miss Middleton went to bed; and as before the blinds were drawn down he was seen to be poring over books and drawings, it was a fair inference that he continued his studies till late into the night.

"There's Mrs. Cantlow; I declare she's got on another new bonnet!" Miss Middleton exclaimed to her niece one fine evening in June. "The money that young woman must cost her husband, and he only managing clerk in a solicitor's office! And, dear me! the Ridgeways are having fish again to-day: there's the fishmonger's boy has just left the gate. I'm sure I can't tell how they manage with such a family and one servant! and a late dinner!"

Jessie was occupied in copying a piece of music, and did not find it necessary to answer. The canaries sang, the parrot talked to himself, the white Persian cat lay asleep on one of the sofa cushions. The knitting-needles clicked busily for a few minutes, when a fresh object of interest appeared, in the shape of a brougham.

"Jessie, do come and look!" cried Miss Middleton, quite in excitement. "There's a brougham stopped at Miss Carraway's door. It must be someone for that young man; I saw him come in about a quarter of an hour ago. Yes—there's a gentleman getting out—he has knocked at the door and gone in. I didn't hear whom he asked for—not Miss Carraway, I'm sure."

"What a long time he stays!" she resumed, after a pause, during which she had turned the heel of a stocking. "The brougham has been up and down the Grove three times."

"I daresay it's some friend called to see him," Jessie observed, without any great show of interest.

"It's quite an elderly man, who looks something like a lawyer," returned Miss Middleton. "I never before saw anyone come to see him but that red-haired young man who goes out with him so often on a Sunday. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he belongs to some better sort of people, and has quarrelled with his relations."

Could Miss Middleton have seen far enough into the opposite room, she would have found the stranger seated near the table in the parlour, a perplexed look on his countenance, whilst the young man Miss Middleton justly considered so handsome and distinguished-looking, stood before the fire-place with folded arms, and anything but a conciliatory expression upon his usually frank and pleasant face.

"If you could only know his lordship's character, you could not fail to appreciate it," said the stranger. "His benevolence, his warmth of heart, his strong family affection——"

"Pray spare me the enumeration of his lordship's virtues," interposed the young man a little impatiently. "Will you have the kindness to come to the point, and tell me to what I owe the honour of this visit?"

"My dear Mr. Cunliffe, you are rather impetuous, I am afraid," replied the other in suave accents. "The message of which I am the bearer is one that surely demands a patient hearing. My lord is full of the kindest feelings towards you; he wishes to take—I may say a paternal interest in your welfare. He is anxious to place you in a very different position from that which you now occupy."

"His lordship is very kind," answered Mr. Cunliffe in an ironical tone. "And the conditions?"

"Conditions? I think you should scarcely put it that way," remarked the stranger in a hurt tone, though he fidgeted a little on his seat. "If my lord should expect that you would comply with a request he has to make, that is not unnatural, is it?"

"And this request?" Mr. Cunliffe inquired, apparently quite unmoved.

"Is really a mere trifle, quite a matter of form. My lord wishes that you should take his family name—your mother's name, you know—and drop the name of Cunliffe. You were christened after your mother's family, I believe."

"Such was the case, sir. But I am commonly known as Dick Cunliffe. It is not a name I am ashamed of. I inherited it from an honest man, and I have no intention whatever of changing it."

"But, my dear sir, pray take time to think," the stranger expostulated, evidently taken aback by the young man's cool, firm tone. "Surely his lordship's offer is worthy of consideration?"

"So generous that it strikes me there must be something more behind. Will it please you to be perfectly explicit?" said Mr. Cunliffe.

"Ahem!" the stranger coughed behind his hand. "Your cousin is much afflicted in health, as you may have heard," he returned, in a hesitating manner.

"And still more so in intellect; I have heard that," Dick Cunliffe averred.

The stranger shook his head, as if in remonstrance against such a state of things being spoken of so openly. "It is naturally a great affliction to his lordship," he said. "He—a—has, I believe, an idea that the companionship of a young man about his own age—one who, as might be said, would stand in the position of a brother to him, might effect—ahem—might be beneficial to your unfortunate cousin, both in body and mind."

Mr. Cunliffe laughed contemptuously. "So that is it? I am to be bear-leader to my poor half-witted cousin? Many thanks to his lordship. A precious occupation truly!"



"She found sufficient amusement in watching the passers-by,"—p. 31.

"Again you take me up too sharply. You really make my mission most difficult. I did not expect to find——"

"A man who prefers working his way to independence to being a hanger-on at great men's tables," Mr. Cunliffe interrupted. "Be so good, Mr. Bygrave, as to tell his lordship that I think I can do better with my life than he proposes to do with it. That, in any case, I could accept nothing from a man who refused to acknowledge his sister, because she preferred to marry an honest man whom she loved, to selling herself in the matrimonial market to the highest bidder. That, when left a widow, it was no thanks to him that she did not perish for want of those comforts her failing health required. That if this head and hand sufficed to support her, they will suffice for myself. And tell him above all things that I honour my father's memory too much to lay aside his name, and that I hold an honourable and talented man to be the equal of any peer in the kingdom!"

Mr. Bygrave looked inexpressibly shocked at being forced to listen to such sentiments. To him they were little short of blasphemy.

"I am really surprised, Mr. Cunliffe," he began. "I think you forget that if his lordship should unfortunately lose his son, you yourself——"

"I forget nothing," Mr. Cunliffe interposed. "I hope and trust my cousin may live; there is nothing

necessarily mortal in his malady. Besides, his lordship is not an old man; he may marry again and have other heirs. I wish he may. You can tell him that also, if you choose."

Mr. Bygrave rose and took up his hat, looking disappointed and annoyed. "You cannot expect me to repeat all that you have said to my lord," he said

deprecatingly. "You are young, and as I observed before, impetuous. I shall merely announce that I have failed in my mission. His lordship will hear it with great regret. And I think it my duty to warn you, Mr. Cunliffe," he continued, moving towards the door as if afraid of being propelled thither in a disagreeable manner, "that, as you have chosen to decline his lordship's overtures so completely, you cannot expect he will be willing to hold out a helping hand, should you at any time require it. I wish you good-evening."

With this parting shot, Mr. Bygrave made a rapid retreat, breathing more freely when he was safely ensconced within the brougham, and he was driven away from the neighbourhood of that extremely fierce and impracticable young man, as he mentally termed Dick Cunliffe.

Cunliffe watched the departing brougham from the window, which was open to admit the evening air, and after the vehicle had disappeared, he still stood looking out. Mr. Bygrave's visit had strangely unhinged him, and he could not all at once recover his customary serenity of mind. Sad remembrances crowded upon him. His father's premature death, their consequent poverty. His mother's ill-health, and the arduous struggle, unaided, in a hand-to-hand fight with fortune, mere youth as he was then, to keep a roof over that mother's head, and provide her with the comforts of life. It seemed such a mockery to send now with offers of assistance, when that dear mother, for whose sake he might have humbled himself, was beyond reach of mortal help. Then the reminder of what the future would bring, should the Earl not marry again, had a disturbing influence. He hated the idea of waiting for dead men's shoes, and liked his profession, and yet, for the moment, the drudgery of it seemed to oppress him.

As he stood at the open window gazing out, the opposite house seemed somehow to have a soothing effect upon his perturbed mood. The bright flowers, and the birds, and the gentle-looking old lady in her

mob-cap sitting knitting so placidly, had an air of pleasantness and peace that did him good. By-and-by, as the fading light gave notice that the sun had set, the younger lady came to the window to take in the canaries' cage and the parrot, who climbed up her arm and nestled itself into her neck. He had not really seen Jessie Middleton till this evening, and he decided that she was not pretty. A rather pale oval face, with full lips, and dark eyes deep set under level brows, and loosely arranged dark hair—no—decidedly not pretty, he said again to himself, as he thrust his hands in his pockets and tried to think of his evening's work. And yet he still stood and watched, until he saw the lamp brought in, and the same little flexible, capable-looking fingers that had lifted the canaries' cage drew down the blind. Then he noticed a shadow on the blind, a well-shaped, well-poised little head, with a graceful movement, as it stooped over something—the old lady's knitting, perhaps.

"Pshaw!" Dick Cunliffe muttered as he shook himself together, "what does it matter to me whether she is pretty or not? She will never be more than a shadow to me, let her be what she may! To work, Dick Cunliffe, and get quit of the flies that fellow seems to have left buzzing about your brain!"

CHAPTER II.—A CAPTURE.

THE long midsummer days passed away, followed by the heat of July, when London becomes so oppressive to the tired worker, when the imagination strays to breezy uplands, and rippling streams, and the deep covert of trees. But Dick Cunliffe continued to go to and fro between the office and Miss Carraway's without change. Neither had his opposite neighbours left home. Miss Middleton still sat by the window, and the canaries sang, and a succession of brilliant flowers bloomed on the window-sill. Nothing seemed to alter but the Virginian creeper that began to glow here and there with touches of scarlet and yellow.

All this time, Dick wasted many an evening hour watching for a sight of the girl "who was not pretty," but he never saw any more than a face at the window, a little hand outstretched towards the canaries' cage, or a shadow on the window-blind. Never anything more. Whether she was tall or short, he could not even tell. He often heard her singing in the twilight, now, while both the windows were open; at least, he felt sure it must be her voice he heard. It was not powerful, but wondrously clear and sweet; and he liked her choice of songs—they were not the commonplace, flimsy sort that are generally selected by young ladies for drawing-room performance. And all this time he did not even know her name, only that she was Miss Middleton's niece.

At last, one evening in August, as he returned rather wearily from the office in Great George Street, circumstances were propitious, and gave him a chance

of seeing and speaking to his opposite neighbour. It was a lovely evening, when the soft dying daylight makes the London streets look almost beautiful; so he lingered a while on his way from the station, a little breeze that had sprung up blowing pleasantly in his face.

Twilight was coming on as he approached his lodging. Just as he was about to put his hand on the gate, a something that he took at first to be a ball brushed past his face, and at the same moment Miss Middleton's door opened, and the girl who had lately occupied so much of his thoughts darted down the steps into the road, her loose bronzy hair roughened by the breeze, her cheeks aglow.

"Polly! Polly! Oh, you naughty Polly, come back!" she cried breathlessly. Then perceiving Mr. Cunliffe as he stood at the gate, she said, "Have you seen Auntie's parrot? It has just broken its chain and flown away. Oh, there he is!" she continued, as a husky laugh came from the acacia tree within Miss Carraway's garden. "Polly! Polly! come down!"

She spoke without the slightest embarrassment, though she had run out without her hat, and had addressed herself to the opposite neighbour whose appearance and doings her aunt had canvassed so freely. She could scarcely help laughing as the bird stood high above her reach and fluttered his wings, uttering a screech of defiance or perhaps of pleasure at this successful assertion of liberty of action.

"Stay, I will soon get him for you," said Mr. Cunliffe. "Don't trouble yourself." He swung himself up by the rails, and then stepped on to a bough of the tree, as the parrot fluttered higher and higher, with screams and exclamations.

"What's my name? Oh, never mind what my name is; you'll have to come down, my fine fellow!" said Cunliffe in answer to the parrot's inquiry. "What, you're going to be vicious, are you?" he continued, as the bird, finding himself laid hold of, resented his capture by a squall and a dig with his sharp beak. Resistance was vain, however. He was safely brought down and delivered to his young mistress, who held him fast.

"Thank you so much," she said, in the low sweet voice he had always felt sure must be hers.

And how could he have thought that she was not beautiful, with those wells of eyes, in the luminous depths of which one might lose oneself, and those finely curved, flexible lips, so full of expression, and a figure tall and slight and erect as a Greek maiden's?

"You are hurt!" Jessie cried in alarm, her colour changing. "There is blood on your wristband. Oh, what is it?"

"Nothing," Dick replied, perhaps fortunately interrupted in his meditations. "The parrot made a dig at my wrist when I laid hold of him, and his beak is rather sharp. That is all."

"But I am sure it must pain you. I am so very

sorry! You must come and let Auntie doctor it for you. You don't know how clever Auntie is!" Jessie looked much concerned, as if tears were near her eyes.

"It is really of no consequence," Dick persisted, though not very strongly. It was a great temptation. He had often thought how much he should like to see the interior of that room in the opposite house, to gain the privilege of bowing as he passed, and

giving way to his inclination, and following Jessie across the road and up the steps of No. 9.

Miss Middleton had been a witness to the scene as she stood at the window. She came to the door to meet them, profuse in her thanks for the capture of the bird, and anxious to know what was the matter.

"The parrot has hurt his hand, Auntie, and I insisted upon his coming in to have the wound dressed," Jessie explained.



"She spoke without the slightest embarrassment."—p. 37.

even perhaps of speaking on occasion, and now the opportunity offered itself.

"Come!" Jessie insisted, this time with a little peremptory air that sat well upon her. She held the parrot against her throat with one hand, whilst she laid the other upon Mr. Cunliffe's coat-sleeve to enforce her request. "You will make me uncomfortable and Auntie too, if you do not let us do something," she urged. "And see, there is Auntie beckoning to us from the window."

"If that is the case—if you would really be uncomfortable—I cannot refuse," returned Dick,

"Hurt, are you? Dear, dear me, I am so sorry! Of course, of course, Jessie—you were quite right in insisting upon Mr.—a——"

"My name is Cunliffe—Richard Cunliffe," the young man stated, as Miss Middleton hesitated. "I could not persuade your niece that the wound is nothing; I have come really in order that she may be assured how very trifling it is."

He had twisted his handkerchief round his wrist, but the blood had soaked through. A bite from a parrot's sharp beak is no joke.

Miss Middleton ushered Mr. Cunliffe into the

parlour and invited him to sit down, while she rang the bell for the servant to bring water and a sponge. She sent Jessie to seek for some old linen, while she went to her medicine chest.

Whilst his hostess prepared the necessary medications, the patient glanced round the room he had wished so much to see. It was quite as homelike, quite as suggestive of refined tastes as he had expected. How pleasant the signs of feminine occupation were to his eyes, now unused to a woman's presence in his home. But he had a still more interesting object of study when Jessie returned to the room, and set herself to mend the chain, the breakage of which had allowed the parrot to escape. What a rare attraction there was about her—an attraction that he felt now he had divined, even whilst refusing her claim to beauty. What charm in the careless grace of her movements, in her changes of expression, as if—so the romantic young fellow thought—her face was a mere transparency allowing her soul to shine through, like an alabaster vase within which a clear light was burning.

Cordially thanking Miss Middleton for the skilful manner in which she had applied remedies to his wound, he was about to withdraw, assuring her that his wrist did not now pain him in the least, when the kind old lady interposed.

"Indeed, you must not think of going till you have had a cup of tea," she said hospitably. "That is, if you have dined," she added; "we are old-fashioned folks, and keep old-fashioned hours, Jessie and I."

"So, Jessie is her name; it just suits her," mused Dick. Then aloud: "I always dine in town, and come home to tea, and your kind invitation is too tempting to be refused. I will stay with the greatest pleasure."

"Jessie my dear, go and tell Hannah to hurry on with the tea; and there is some cold pigeon pie in the larder," said Miss Middleton, on hospitable cares intent. She subsided into her own particular arm-chair, and prepared for a comfortable chat with this young man who was "so handsome and distinguished-looking."

Before Hannah appeared with the tea-things she had ascertained that her opposite neighbour was an architect, that he had neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister. In fact, he seemed very much alone in the world; but there was a certain reticence in speaking about his connections that did not escape Miss Middleton's attention. Perhaps his mother might have been of a lower origin, she thought to herself, and his maternal relations may be uneducated people with whom he did not care to associate. He had said that his father had been an only child like himself. In return Miss Middleton told him that she was a north-country woman—a fact he had concluded by a slight accent that lingered in her speech. She had fixed her abode in the neighbourhood of London in order that Jessie might have the benefit of masters. Jessie had lost her mother when quite a little child. She had been sent to school, but she

was a delicate child, and school-life did not agree with her when she began to grow fast, so she—Miss Middleton—had taken this house in Acacia Grove where Jessie could have plenty of fresh air whilst still pursuing her education.

"I have had her with me for five years, ever since she was fourteen," the old lady continued; adding that "she was sadly afraid her father would claim her soon, now she was growing into womanhood. These and suchlike mild confidences did Miss Middleton impart to her guest, till Jessie returned to the room and took her place before the tea-tray, when the conversation took a less personal turn.

In order to explain clearly Jessie's position in her aunt's house it will be necessary to relate more of the family history than Miss Middleton considered it becoming to narrate to a stranger like Mr. Cunliffe. For Miss Middleton was by no means so sieve-like in character as her love of a little good-natured gossip and her trust in her fellow-creatures might lead a superficial observer to suppose.

John Middleton, her father, had begun life as a common working stonemason. By dint of industry and a large share of sense and shrewdness, he raised himself by degrees till he became a builder with men under him. He married young, his wife being in his own class of life; but she died when their only child, Maria, was ten years old. John Middleton was by that time a rising man, and he very sensibly put his daughter to a good school, to fit her for that station he hoped she might one day be called upon to fill. He did not at that time contemplate marrying again.

Unfortunately, however, when he was about five-and-forty years of age, he met with a widow lady at a watering place whither he had gone to recruit from a rheumatic attack. This lady was still comparatively young, and good-looking in a bold, dark, florid style. She dressed expensively in the height of the fashion, gave herself out to be the widow of an officer, and talked largely of her family and her high connections. Her showy manners and her ready speech were the cover to as mean and vulgar and mercenary a soul as ever dwelt in human form; but John Middleton was completely taken in. He thought Mrs. Sandiland was just the person to do honour to his enlarged establishment. He proposed, was accepted, and, in a very few weeks, married. After a short honeymoon, he brought home his bride to the house where Maria had so well presided; Maria was then twenty years of age. As might be anticipated, the daughter and stepmother did not get on well together, and after the birth of a son, Maria found her position in her father's house still more intolerable.

John Middleton's whole affections were centred in this boy. He was to carry on the business, and make the name of Middleton a power in the commercial world. Mr. Middleton was a just man, however, and finding his daughter bent upon leaving home, he made her a handsome allowance, with permission to make herself happy in her own way.

It so happened that one of Maria Middleton's school-fellows was living alone with her mother, who was blind. Maria wrote to her friend, who was not particularly well-off, proposing to take up her abode with her to assist in taking charge of Mrs. Lambert, an offer that was delightedly accepted. Though the Lamberts were not rich, they moved in good and intellectual society, and here Maria Middleton had many means of self-improvement, of which she took full advantage. She remained with her friends till Mrs. Lambert's death. By that time her father also was dead, leaving her the possessor of a very comfortable income. During this time she had seen little of her brother: what she had seen did not attract her; he was far too like his mother.

At thirty, Thomas Middleton found himself at the head of a thriving business, uncontrolled and unhampered in any way. His one object in life was to become rich; and when a man with a fair start in life sets this before him as the one good to be pursued, he seldom fails in attaining his end. When this story opens he had become a great contractor and a millionaire, a man who it was supposed could sign a cheque for unlimited thousands at a moment's notice. Gold and rank were the two objects of his worship. He revered rank, and he revered gold and the possessors of gold, amongst the front rank of whom he himself stood, Thomas Middleton, the millionaire. As he grew rich, he became ostentatious in proportion, and sought an *entrée* into the upper circles of society.

The world opened its arms not unwillingly to Thomas Middleton, though it might occasionally make wry faces behind his back. He was a man of goodly proportions, and had been rather handsome in his young days, in a coarse, florid style. Now, his dark hair and whiskers were grizzled, his face was red, his full lips were both sensuous and obstinate-looking, his countenance and deportment betrayed selfishness, arrogance, and a hard self-reliance.

Successful as Thomas Middleton had been in all his undertakings, he was not without a few crumpled leaves in his bed of roses. He was intensely ashamed of his father's humble origin, and he had committed in his earlier manhood what he afterwards considered as an act of folly. He had married for love, caught by a pretty face and gentle manners. The owner of the face had an affectionate disposition and a sweet temper, but she was totally uncultivated and illiterate. She would have been an industrious, loving wife to some working man, and have been happy in such a position; but as the wife of a rich and rising man she was quite out of place. No amount of expenditure in silks, and velvets, and laces, and jewellery could make her look like a lady. Whenever they went into society Mr. Middleton was on thorns. He could never make her understand where the aspirate should be placed, or the uselessness of the double negative. She had in reality a much less vulgar nature than himself, but she could not acquire those little conventionalities that give the outward impress of good breeding. She knew that her husband was

ashamed of her, and her life was a continual effort and restraint, her grandeur only an embarrassment and a burden. Never since she had been introduced into the fashionable world had she known a moment's peace or comfort. Several children had been born, and had died in infancy; and when, after ten years of married life, another little girl was born, failing health gave her an excuse for living in retirement and devoting herself to the baby, who, unlike its brothers and sisters, promised to live and thrive.

A very few years later, death released her from a selfish, tyrannical husband, and the burden of a life utterly unsuited to her. Her only regret was leaving her child; but Maria Middleton, who had attached herself to her gentle sister-in-law, and who nursed her unweariedly through her last long illness, promised to fulfil a mother's part to the little Jessie—a promise she faithfully kept.

After his wife's death Thomas Middleton went on accumulating money. Fortune literally showered her favours upon him; but with all this he was discontented. He was but a *parvenu*; there was a something beyond to which he could not attain. He might one day obtain a baronetcy; but what of that? A newly made baronet would never be on a par with the old nobility. But if in his own person he could never enter within the charmed circle, he determined that his daughter should. She must marry rank; no commoner could be listened to for a moment who might have the presumption to propose for her hand. His money would purchase the alliance of someone of ancient lineage whose coronet required regilding; but to achieve this end it was necessary that Jessie should appear in such society as might conduce to this much-to-be-desired consummation, and she must not only appear in proper style, but he must be prepared to entertain at home. Since his widowhood, he had broken up his establishment, and lived in chambers, dining at his club; but a magnificent mansion in his native county had been for some years in the course of erection, and he had now taken a house in Palace Gardens, which he was having decorated and fitted-up "regardless of expense." He calculated that all would be in readiness by the early spring, in time for the London season, when he would install his daughter and sister in his new home.

Of all these schemes Miss Middleton and Jessie remained profoundly ignorant. On the rare occasions when Mr. Middleton honoured them with a visit, generally on Sunday afternoons, he spoke of their removal to his house, when it should be prepared for their reception; but Jessie had not thought much about it. She was in no hurry to join the father she scarcely knew, who had never treated her with any tenderness. For the rest, Mr. Middleton had never thought of confiding his plans to his daughter, much less of consulting her in any way. All she would have to do would be to dress well, and to obey such commands as he should choose to lay upon her.

CHAPTER III.—A PASSING SHOWER.

WHEN Dick Cunliffe returned from the office on the evening following his capture of the errant parrot, he looked up at the window of No. 9. Miss Middleton sat there as usual. Catching his eye, she beckoned to him. He went across the road and through the gate to speak to her.

"How is your hand?" she asked, putting her head out of the window to speak to him.

"Nearly well, thanks to your good doctoring," he replied in his pleasant voice.

"That is well," Miss Middleton returned, and with

Had Jessie been a finished coquette, she could have taken no surer means of attracting her neighbour's thoughts and fixing them upon herself. Instead of this, she was only actuated by a feeling of shyness.

Dick racked his brains to find some means of inducing the old lady to invite him in again, and, as is often the case when we are in perplexity, the matter is taken out of our hands and solved for us.

Several weeks had passed since the parrot's escape. One evening he had been detained at the office till past his usual time, so returned by a later train. Dusk was closing in early, for there were



"Jessie took her place before the tea-tray."—p. 39.

a smile and a nod she drew her head in, and Dick, raising his hat, went across the road. He had striven to catch a sight of a lithe form and a dark oval face, but the elder Miss Middleton's comfortable form had filled up the window, so that he could not obtain a glimpse into the interior of the room.

For several days after this he watched in vain. Miss Middleton had always a smile and a bow for him when he returned home and looked up to her window, but Jessie he never saw. It was Hannah who now watered the plants in the window and took in the canaries' cage. Nor was her voice any longer wafted across to him through the twilight. He felt ill-used somehow, as if he had been defrauded of something, and this feeling interfered with his work and made him restless and impatient. He wondered—and this idea made him unreasonably uncomfortable and dissatisfied—if Jessie had gone from home somewhere. It could not be illness that kept her invisible, as Miss Middleton was placid and cheerful as ever.

dark clouds about, and as he got out of the carriage a heavy drop of rain fell upon his face, the precursor of a downpour. He hastened through the station, hoping to reach home before the rain came on in good earnest. As he passed out, he became aware of a light form flitting before him he thought he recognised, though he could not see the face. He was not sorry that the drops began to descend faster and more heavily. A few rapid strides brought him abreast of the figure, and he found he was not mistaken.

"Miss Middleton, you have no umbrella; will you allow me to offer you the shelter of mine?" he said.

Jessie looked up quickly. A bright smile, and a wave of colour over cheeks generally too thin and pale, assured him he was recognised, and that not unpleasantly.

"Thank you; I am glad you are here!" she replied frankly. "I should have got wet. I have been to the stores for Auntie. It was fine when I set off, so I did not take an umbrella."

"Would you mind taking my arm? I could hold the umbrella over you better—thank you. Is not this rather a lonely part of the road for you after dusk?" Dick asked, feeling a delightful little thrill pass through him at the touch of Jessie's hand on his coat-sleeve.

"It is a lonely bit, and I don't like it, especially now they have begun to build and left the houses half-finished," Jessie returned. "They remind one



"A few rapid strides brought him abreast of the figure."

—p. 41.

of skeletons with hollow, unseeing eyes and cavernous jaws. I try sometimes to fancy them as they will be with flowers about them and happy children's faces at the windows, but I never can."

"You are imaginative, Miss Jessie," observed Dick, wondering what it was that made this girl at his side so different from all others.

"Am I imaginative? Is that a bad quality, do you think?" Jessie inquired simply.

"By no means," was the reply. "Life would be a dull affair without imagination, and something of romance too."

"Do you really think that?" she asked with a look of grave surprise. "I should not have expected it."

"Why?"

"I scarcely know why, Jessie answered, a little shyly; then added, "I suppose because you do not give me the idea of a very romantic person."

"Is that a compliment or the reverse?"

"I did not intend it for either; it may be an impertinence, as I know you so little," said Jessie, with a bright blush. "But I think people always make a certain impression without any will of their own."

"And the impression I have made upon you is that I am a commonplace and matter-of-fact person?" suggested Dick, feeling a little mortified.

"No, indeed!" Jessie protested; then she hesitated.

She could not tell him that the impression he had made was of one so clever and superior as to be above a girl's romantic fancies.

"You were going to say something more. What was it?" Dick questioned, somewhat reassured by her emphatic disclaimer.

"Only that I thought men did not give in to such things as romance. And then your profession—"

"Requires no imagination," Dick interposed; then, following the glance of her eyes, he broke into a hearty laugh. "No, truly—such buildings as these don't suggest the imaginings of genius; you are quite right, Miss Middleton; nor do the semi-detached villas of Acacia Grove, nor the streets of London."

"Now you have exhausted my experience," said Jessie, echoing his laugh, though she felt it partly directed against herself. "I wonder why people cannot have more beautiful houses to live in!"

"There are many beautiful houses through the length and breadth of England," Dick assured her.

"Are there? Ah! I have never been anywhere. Aunt Maria does not like moving about much," Jessie said, with a little sigh of longing.

"I have some books of plates, giving pictures of many old English halls and mansions; it would give me great pleasure to show them to you," said Dick, half afraid of his own temerity.

"Oh, thank you! would you really? I should be so much interested to see them," Jessie exclaimed.

"You are sure that Miss Middleton would not object? She would not consider it an intrusion?"

"An intrusion! How could that be?" Jessie answered, in all simplicity of heart. "You don't know how kind Aunt Maria is. I am quite sure she would be very happy to see you."

"Then I am quite sure I shall be very happy to come," Dick replied, glancing down at the little hand that rested so lightly on his arm. "Here we are at Acacia Grove," he continued, as the hand was withdrawn. "I hope you have not got wet?"

"Not at all, thanks to you and your umbrella," returned Jessie. To tell the truth, they had both forgotten that it was raining till that moment. They shook hands, and Dick Cunliffe went over to his lodgings at Miss Carraway's in a state of beatitude that transfigured the plainly furnished room and cast a halo round the severe visage of that respectable lady when, in the absence of the small servant, she brought up his tea and chop with her own

immaculate hands. His walk home through the rain with that little hand upon his arm had brought all the effect of rest and change to a weary brain, and he sat down to his studies with that zest and elasticity that an active-minded man always experiences after relaxation of thought.

Besides, he had now an additional incentive to work. When his task was finished, and night came, he made no attempt to banish from his meditations a pair of dark eyes, nor to drown the tones of a sweet voice. Why should he? He only knew Jessie as Miss Middleton's niece, a lady certainly, in the same sense as he was a gentleman. Of the father he knew nothing. He had come in contact, in the way of business, with Thomas Middleton, the great contractor and millionaire; an odious man he considered him. Middleton was a common name; and it never occurred to him to associate the loud-voiced, over-

bearing contractor with the ladies at No. 9. How was it likely?

Why should he not win this girl who had so fascinated him? Something whispered to him that her heart was free to be won. He was already making a tolerable income, and hoped soon to be in the full and independent exercise of his profession. Miss Middleton did not live in any style that would be beyond his means. He could offer Jessie a simple home, such as she had been accustomed to—a home which love would brighten, a home of which he had often dreamed, but which had never approached realisation because never till now had he met that "fair spirit" that should be its minister.

Thus he dreamed, and his dreams made him happy, sending him on his way like a gallant ship before a fair breeze, all unwitting of breakers ahead.

(To be continued.)

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

IN TWO PAPERS—FIRST PAPER.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—PSALM xxiii. 1.



E are kept back from entering into the full force and beauty, if not from the true sense, of many passages in Scripture, by our want of knowledge of the outer life of those who wrote them. That which the writers had in common with us (the sense of the want of something which might free their hearts from the gnawing consciousness of evil and unite them to God, and of their belief in the promise of God that that want should be supplied), this, thank God, anyone who reads with a serious and thinking heart can find. It is accessible enough to him. If it were not so, the Bible would lose what is its most essential characteristic as a revelation not for one nation or race only, but for humanity; one in which all mankind, however widely they might differ in all other relations—scenes of life, country, occupation, character—might yet claim, each man for himself, their share.

Yet still it is no less true, as I said, that this diversity, this separation by so great an interval of space and time, hinders us from fully entering into the thoughts of the inspired Teachers by whom God has revealed His will, as far as their thoughts were

coloured, as they passed into words, by the way in which those men of an older time lived, by the imagery which was continually before them, and the scenes in which their youth and manhood had been spent.

This difficulty is felt by all of us, in reading any book, according as we are more or less remote from the condition of the author. It is increased by the greater separation of one class from another; the more distinct classification of men into subordinate societies, each with a certain life of its own, which distinguishes an age of civilisation. How little, for instance, do the men who live with no change in our great cities, know of the daily ways and habits of those who labour in the fields! The household words of the one are as a strange, uncouth dialect to the other. He would need them to be translated to him, nearly as much as if they had been in a foreign language. So, again, what a flood of new ideas rush in upon a man who, after living all his life in the dull expanse of some extended plain, is at length taken into a mountain region where the summits rise high into the clouds; or looks at the broad blue sea stretching out as far as his eye can reach, and becomes conscious that he is standing by the waters of the great deep. How much in poetry that had been before obscure, or perceived only in a vague, undefined manner, is now revealed to him!

What a sense of enlarged mind and wider grasp of vision grows upon him!

Thus it is with many of those passages of Scripture which, like that beautiful Psalm of which I am now writing, refer to customs and modes of life which are altogether strange to us; country, character, position, climate, all are so different with us that we cannot wonder if we fail to appreciate the meaning, and therefore the beauty, which there lies in every word and sentence. It is well, then, that we should endeavour to overcome this. To realise even the outward literal meaning of such passages, to bring vividly before our minds the scenes and occupations out of which they arose, is well worth an effort. It will often enable us to perceive more of the inward meaning than we had done before. With this view, then, let us consider the Psalm which thus begins: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

This relation between the shepherd and the sheep is, as you will know, often chosen in Scripture to represent to us the love of God towards His people, and His watchful loving-kindness over them. It pervades not only the Psalms and Prophecies of the Old Testament, but is repeated and confirmed in the New. Our Lord speaks of Himself as the good Shepherd; the Church is His flock. (St. John x. 11-16.) We are exhorted to return to Him as to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. (1 Peter ii. 25.) Such a representation could scarcely have arisen in a country where the work of the shepherd is such as we find it in our own. The occupation with us presents little or nothing of interest. We think of it sometimes as connected with a certain simplicity and honest roughness of character; with the readiness and shrewdness which are produced by an employment accompanied by great opportunities for much observation of nature; but it does not present itself as a type of true and faithful love. The sheep are driven this way or that; the shepherd's dog rather than the shepherd keeps them within bounds. There are no wild beasts against which they have to be defended; there is not often any great danger of their suffering from drought. In a land of rivers and streams of water, all that they want is near at hand. The charge of tending them is an easy one; they are reared and fed until they are ready for the market, and then they are driven thither and parted from without regret. The work of the shepherd is a trade, and they are the things by which it is carried on.

But in the East and in the ancient ages the whole

thing assumes a different aspect. We do not need here the factitious pastorals with which inferior poets have attempted to deck out a life which by itself is simple and without ornament. The occupation was in itself a noble one. It was followed by patriarchs and chieftains; Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob fed their flocks and herds. The last of the three tended the sheep and cattle of Laban. David was taken from the sheepfolds. (Ps. lxxviii. 71.) But it was not only the dignity which the occupation thus acquired which distinguished it from that which we see among ourselves. It was in its own nature different; participation in common dangers, exposure to the same wants, gave to the relation much more of a personal character. The flock were not merely a mass of brute animals to be fed and driven and slain, but the shepherd had for each an individual care. It was the object of his solicitude and affection, and it required them. The flock might be feeding securely in some open valley, like those described by the Lawgiver of Israel, drinking waters of the rain of heaven, and yet nigh at hand there might be the dark gorges overhung with forests shutting out the light of day, and the lurking-place of beasts of prey, the valley of the shadow of death. (Ps. xxiii. 4.) And should one of the flock stray thither its fate was almost certain; unless it were at once rescued it would be destroyed. What wonder that when this happened the shepherd should be anxious to regain it; that its life should seem to him of greater value than that of the ninety-nine who were still secure; that he should go and search diligently till he found it, guide it and defend it with his rod and staff, and rejoice greatly when he restored it to the fold from which it had at first strayed? (St. Luke xv. 4-6.)

Or, again, the streams which watered their pastures might be cut off by a sudden drought, and all its supplies fail them; the grass which had been fresh and green be dried up and withered; shrubs no longer give their shade. (1 Kings xviii. 5.) The intense heat parches up all their strength, or drives them to madness. Unless their thirst can be quenched, the hope which the shepherd has placed in them is frustrated. No wonder that here, too, all his exertions should be called into play to ward off, or stay, the progress of the evil. After seeking far and wide for some spot which had escaped the influence of the drought, where the streams were still flowing and the grass still green, he would, as soon as he had found what he had looked for, take his flock to this, as to a place of health and life; he would make them to lie down in green pastures and lead them forth beside the still waters of comfort.

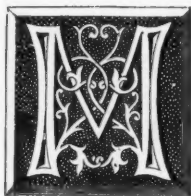


"Suppose they do not pay you?" whispered the voice of doubt."—p. 50.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HEART.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN THE NIGHT," ETC.

I.—THE MORNING OF LIFE.



MORNING and Jesus." This couplet was suggested to our thought by those words in St. John's Gospel, chap. xxi. ver. 4:—"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore." There is something exceedingly beautiful in this conjunction of ideas, "Morning and Jesus!" Think of morning! There is a special loveliness in it when we walk by the bay of the blue sea, surrounded by the soft outline of mountains, regaled by the fresh incense of the flowers, and breathe the sweet, pure air of opening day.

"Morning and Nature:" how beautiful that conjunction of thought is to those who, like ourselves, now living in cities, can with joy remember the quiet country life of early days, the quaint old home, and the exquisite purity and loveliness of those robes of light, in which Morning clothed herself as she rose from her couch and greeted the sons and daughters of men.

But Morning and Nature are not enough! So we find in our own experience early in life's day. Youth has its sins for which Nature has no fountain of cleansing, and no medicament of healing. Youth, too, has its sorrows for which Nature has no pillow soft enough to woo the weary head to sleep, and no music sweet enough to charm the aching heart to rest. Shadows come even in early day! Shadows of the heart which blind us to the brightness of Nature's most exquisite morning hours. Who in youth has not known and felt what it is to carry a conscience neither at peace with itself nor with God? A mind to which all that is merely mortal, however innocent our pursuits and pleasures may be, is but a mockery of joy? A heart that knows what it is to have shaken almost to breaking over the dear, quiet faces of the beloved dead?

"Morning and Nature:" these are not enough. We wanted much more than this, and perhaps we found in a quiet and unobtrusive way, without great excitement or rhapsodies, just what we needed—a Friend, a Brother, a Saviour, in the Lord Jesus Christ! This was the dawn of the most beautiful, the most blessed day our hearts have ever known. Verily to all who look for Him now shall "the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings," and when these trembling beams of His touch the heart it becomes conscious not only of a restfulness and gladness, but of a new type of joy—a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

That Divine light reveals a new world within us, a Kingdom of God in the heart; and a new heaven

above us, in those things "to come" which are all "ours" in Christ.

But to come from the general to the particular, who is there that in the light of long experience cannot verify the fact (and this is a scientific age that demands verification, ever and everywhere), that superficial worldliness ends in discontent and dissatisfaction, and that a Christian life and a Christian home have in them the elements of the purest and the divinest joy? It is not Solomon alone that says art, music, literature, fame, wealth, beauty, are all vanity without God. Multitudes have said it in our hearing by their sighs and satires and sadnesses since we entered upon life's journey.

The morning of life's first love, of life's first home, of life's first enterprise, is lustrous and lovely if Christ be there. His presence sweetens temper, softens asperity, silences murmuring, sanctifies sorrow, spiritualises common life and evokes that sacrifice which is the child of unselfish love. The simplest home has a charm about it when God is Guest. The lowliest roof covers a palace of peace when the Prince of Peace dwells within the walls. This is not the language of romance, but of reality. All is embodied in one little sentence, "Morning and Jesus."

Then in life's morning when children come, and the home is musical with the pattering of little feet and the gleeful shouts of little men and women home from school, it is the Christian influence that touches and tells upon their hearts. And when with bowed heads they whisper the Name that is above every name, and on quiet Sabbath evenings all circle around the mother who plays some little hymn, in which their childish voices join, a music of religion is awakened in their hearts. Though the sound dies out in the air, the song never dies out of memory. And if ever the necromancy of the senses in after-years overmasters the soul and turns their hearts for a while away from God, they are the first to confess that sin is mistake and misery as well as guilt, and that not all the artificial flowers and fruits in the garden of Fashion can equal the living pleasure they once enjoyed when, in early days, they obeyed the words, "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

"Morning and Jesus" gives, however, not alone rest and gladness to the home; when the light of God shines on the heart it makes the very face beautiful. We read, in the Psalms, of God being "the health of the countenance," and I ask any one of my readers if they cannot verify the fact, that sin, worldliness, vanity, vice all write themselves more or less on the countenance? Yes; written thereon, alas! too often, is "Morning and Worldliness."

Faces too, sometimes, that are not stamped

with vice, are marked with *ennui*, disappointment, cynicism, dissatisfaction. The simple light of childhood's sincerity, and childhood's devoutness, and childhood's reverence, and childhood's gladness, fades away, and in its place comes that sad and awful contrast of early manhood and womanhood, which, as I have said, is "Morning and Worldliness." As we get older we may not wish our children to think always in theoretic ways, as we think, or to adopt all our time-beloved customs; but we should be treacherous to our highest trust, and false to our best Friend, if we did not make manifest to them our own experience that Religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. Most assuredly the face is a history as well as a prophecy, and in its healthy openness, its purity and trust, it will speak of reverence for the Saviour, and of love to His holy Name, and of a walking in the light as He is in the light.

There is a sunshine—a sunshine real and beautiful, which rests upon every good man's heart and home. The prayer is fulfilled now, as in the old time before us, "God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us." I say not (for it would be the language of exaggeration if I did) that the light is never shadowed, that the blessed sunshine is never darkened by a bank of clouds. Our sins often hide from us our Saviour: our discontent often glooms the heavens: our hearts often turn away from God. But the light breaks in upon us again; we renew our vows, and return unto the Lord, and we find that the clouds have arisen from the miasma of our sins, or from the Dead Sea of our scepticism, or have been lifted up from the waters of discontent within us.

If men and women were to learn a little more from the facts of life, and the histories of men and women around them, they would profit much. I travelled a little way once with a thorough sceptic, one who confessed his disbelief in the Divine things which are our strength and peace and joy. After a little talk, finding he was a father, and had grown-up girls of his own, I quietly asked him, "Which would you prefer that your daughter should marry, a Christian or an infidel?" He waited to reply, and then he said, "There are so many hypocritical Christians." I said, "I did not ask you whether you would prefer your daughter to marry a hypocritical Christian or a hypocritical infidel—and, unfortunately, there are some of both sorts—but a true Christian or an

infidel?" It is needless to say I got no direct and distinct reply. Where were we seated, do you think? In a funeral coach, and that is not an easy place in which to make reply to such a question.

Believe me, my friends, you and I, as we get older, get more practical. We come, as the saying is, more to the point. We want to know how *our theories wear*. It is not so much a time for the criticism of styles of ship-building, but for the testing of the life-boat itself. And this I say without fear of contradiction, that Christ, and Christ alone, can rescue and redeem and save; that only He can give peace and rest and joy on earth below, and then bring us at last in safety to our desired haven.

I am perfectly certain of one thing—that the brightest countenances, the healthiest influences, and the happiest lives that I have ever known have been Christian ones. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says our Blessed Lord, and we may well say as the Psalmist said of the King, "In thy salvation how greatly shall He rejoice," and as he says of the nation too, "Happy art thou O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and Who is the sword of thine excellency. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

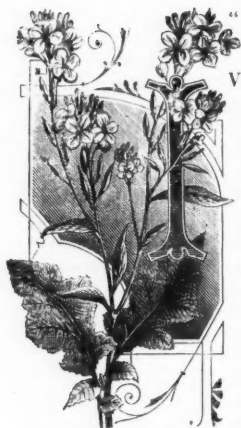
The mornings of life do not come, let us all remember, a second time; but they live in memory, and we can never hide them from ourselves in the after-years, though "God can forgive their iniquities and blot out all their transgressions."

Let our life-mornings, then, be full of the golden sunshine of the presence and the love of God our Saviour; and as you read these lines quietly and alone, do you, who are fathers and mothers, make more manifest to your children that your early blessedness when you started on life's journey together was found alone in Christ, Who has never forgotten nor forsaken you all life's journey through. And you, younger-hearted ones, be wise enough to take a brother's counsel who comes to you with scrip and staff after some years of pilgrimage; for his closing word is this—that the chief joy of life to-day is to write and to speak of the dear Christ Who made the morning of life a journey in the sunshine, and Whose grace and mercy leave it now a pleasant picture in the memory, as filled with the faithfulness of Christ to His promise, "My joy no man taketh away from you."



GOLDEN KEYS.

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT.



"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys!"

IVOR STRETTON quoted the words with a hopeless laugh that cut the heart of his wife like a knife.

"It is true enough, Dora," he said despairingly. "Have I not applied day after day for situations, only to wear out my shoe-leather uselessly? I was told yesterday there were five hundred applicants for the clerkship advertised last week; I see plainly enough every outlet of hope is closed to me."

Dora touched him softly with the hand of her tiny babe.

"Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut," she said gently. "Don't you remember, love, what your mother used to say—that the golden keys held by the children of God are prayer and faith? Do not speak as if we were friendless, husband, while God is living still to hear and answer prayer."

"My mother was a saint, and you are another," said Ivor Stretton fondly; "life cannot be altogether dark while you and the children are spared to me; but we have had trouble upon trouble ever since my last illness. I wish now I had not sold my share in the old farm; I ought to have taken care that you and the bairns would receive a regular provision after——"

"Don't, Ivor!" cried Dora, drawing near to him, with the first look of fear he had seen in her brave face during the days of trouble; "I am sure you are getting better, Ivor; your cough is far less troublesome, and I am thankful you are relieved from the anxieties of the farm, for small capital and bad harvests used to worry you so much."

"But my weak health has absorbed nearly all our money, Dora. Do you know I have less than fifty pounds now in the bank?"

"Yes, I know," she answered, her voice faltering for a moment as she remembered heavy medical expenses still unmet; "but the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail in the days of need of old. In His own good time, Ivor darling, if we do all we can, and just leave the rest to Him, God will make our way clear before us."

Her husband could not utterly despond while her cheering words of Christian trust rang like music in his ears. "Lord, I believe," cried the poor fellow in his heart, ashamed of his depression; "help Thou mine unbelief."

Ivor Stretton had passed through much that was calculated to try the strongest faith. Year after year of bad seasons, combined with his physical weakness, had sorely discouraged him as to farming; he had taken a partner, but somehow the two did not pull together satisfactorily—perhaps Stretton found it harder than he had expected to see another man master where his family had ruled so long—and at last a serious lung-trouble decided him to sell the share that remained to him, and seek the best London advice concerning his chest. He took suburban apartments, feeling better at first for the change and rest from responsibility, and doubting not that he would soon hear of some light employment that would enable him to support his wife and three little children; but he had not the slightest idea of the difficulties before him in his search for work, and as it gradually dawned upon him that within a few months at most his last sovereign must be changed, with perhaps no prospect of replacing it, his mental condition affected his body, and his frame grew feeble and weary as of old.

Dora had, almost as soon as they were settled in their lodgings, quietly looked about for sewing. "I was always fond of my needle, you know," she said, when Ivor objected, "and I can stitch away while I take care of the children. Did you think I was too proud to sew for money, Ivor? My only pride is in my dear ones, and for them, if necessary, I could undertake far more than a little plain work."

A far harder task awaited her, to which at first the Master mercifully veiled her eyes; but the hour came at last when, as most of us have felt at some time in our experience, her cup of trial seemed so full that she could only cast herself at the feet of her Lord and cry, "*Thou knowest.*"

Her husband was out one day when Dr. Travers, a kindly faced but rather blunt physician, called to see him.

"I am glad of the opportunity of speaking privately to you, Mrs. Stretton," he remarked; for poor Dora had nervously avoided a *tête-à-tête* with the doctor, perhaps with a secret consciousness that he had no good news for her. "You can break what I have to say better than I can to Mr. Stretton. Nay, do not look so frightened! he has naturally a fine constitution, and is in no immediate danger, but the present is a critical time with him, and a voyage just now would work wonders for him. To speak plainly, Mrs. Stretton, he *must* have a good long voyage. Let him go to Australia and back again; if he continue here through the severe winter that is threatening, I will not answer for the consequences. I should advise you all to settle in Australia, if

possible, but do not let him delay at present to make any permanent arrangement; the voyage itself is what I desire for him, and I would have him get off *to-morrow* if it could possibly be managed!"

By the time her husband came home, the signs of the bitter tears had all been washed away, and Dora was full of the Australian project, which startled Ivor, and aroused his decided opposition, for, as he said, they had no money to throw away after Dr. Travers' fancies. But Dora persuaded him to call at the doctor's surgery that evening, and Dr. Travers so emphatically insisted upon the voyage, that he began to wonder if by any means it could be accomplished.

"I should like you to go comfortably, love," said Dora; "you are not strong enough to rough it. For my sake, and the sakes of our little ones, get all the benefit you can from the change, and then what a happy meeting we shall all have together when you come back strong and stout!"

In the end, a few articles of silver that they had brought with them from Cairnbrook Farm—little family heirlooms—and one or two gold trinkets which Dora possessed, found their way to a shop where such articles were purchased; and the proceeds of the sale, added to part of their ready money, sent Ivor on his way, with many a reluctant misgiving as to leaving his wife alone, but reassured by the steadfast look in her brown eyes as, with her children round her, she bade him good-bye.

"We have still several pounds in the bank," she said, "and our wants are few and simple; when those are drawn out, I shall, no doubt, have commenced teaching, for I have put papers in the shops round about applying for pupils. We shall do famously, Ivor; come back to your nest quite well, and we will either stay here all together or emigrate, as we may be directed then."

But after he had gone, and she had hushed the wailing of Douglas and Davie, her bonnie blue-eyed boys, for "Dad," the brave womanly heart broke down, and she lay so ill for days that the landlady grew frightened, and sent at last for Dr. Travers. Good Mrs. Brown had taken the children into her kitchen, to be out of sight and hearing, but Dr. Travers caused Baby to be borne to the sick-room in triumph by her two little brothers, and the sight of the three tiny, helpless faces that depended upon her seemed to give Dora new strength.

Dr. Travers had no idea of the real circumstances of the Strettons; he had heard his patient was a retired farmer, and knowing nothing of the shifts wherewith the voyage had been managed, he had no hesitation in taking the money for his account, the payment of which he would have declined, in Ivor's absence, had he been aware how near were Dora and her children to the verge of need. But Dora hated debt, and, feeling she was a competent teacher, she trusted to her expected pupils, and drew out most of the money left in the bank to pay the doctor's bill. Her next step was to

move to more lowly apartments, where, amid poor hard-working folk, she met with little neighbourly acts of consideration that showed her the spirit of Christ dwelt in many a heart in that humble alley.

The pupils did not appear, however; the suburb in which she lived was one already overcrowded by teachers, and though she could still procure a little plain work, it was all she could do to find bread and butter for her growing boys, and to keep her baby healthy and happy.

"You'll soon hear from your good man, Mrs. Stretton," said a worthy woman, a laundress, who lived below; "things will brighten a bit when you see his writing. I know just how it is—many's the time I've watched the postman when Robins has been over at Tilbury or Gravesend; one don't seem so lonesome after one's got a bit of writing."

"Oh, yes! I shall soon get a letter now," said Dora, day after day; she had left her new address at the post-office, and written to every port where Ivor could possibly receive a letter; but from him came neither word nor sign. In her extremity, when her boys began to go hungry to bed, too brave, too loving, to ask for bread when the pence for the loaves were so hard to procure, Dora wrote to the head of the institution where she had been trained, and where she had continued as teacher till her marriage.

"They have so many to keep," she thought, "they have no help to spare; but Miss Aytoun's kind heart will give me some advice as to what I can do."

The answer was swift and full of sympathy from her old friend.

"We have two vacancies in the house for junior boys," said Miss Aytoun; "you are so well known to the committee that till your circumstances improve they consent for Douglas and Davie to be taken in; you can, of course, receive them back when better able to support them."

One by one, Dora felt that her treasures were passing from her. It had never occurred to her that another home might be offered for her boys, and her first impulse was to refuse the proposal; but her eyes fell on Davie's worn, patched, chilly suit, and she saw how thin her handsome Douglas was becoming; she put from her heart the pride that refused other care for her boys, and she knew that the Master would forgive the yearning with which she clasped and kissed those little white, wondering faces, even when the secretary of the institution, who was travelling thither from London, made a special stoppage by the way to call at her lodging and take charge of the little travellers.

"We'll be good," said Douglas, with quivering lip, but standing firm as a little soldier.

"But we want to come back for Tismass," said Davie anxiously, and Dora nodded the promise that at Christmas-time they would return.

With straining eyes she watched the little short legs trotting along on either side of the secretary. Oh, blessed Christmas-time! make haste to comfort the mother-heart, to bring some tidings of the loved

one on deep waters, and to shelter the three little birds of the home-nest beneath one roof again!

The quiet snows began to fall, and there came special need of fuel, for Baby sickened through catching a chill. Dora had no good tidings to send Miss Aytoun, who advised her to leave the boys where they were comfortably fed and clothed. So, while the bells of Noel rang, she kept her Christmas alone, save for the little one that sometimes stirred her heart with a look from Ivor's eyes.

"I must keep my little Dorothy snug and warm," she thought, wistfully, bending over the cradle; "I will take my parcel of work home presently, and then, if they pay me, I can buy more coal."

"Suppose they do not pay you?" whispered the voice of doubt, striving to overcome her trust.

"Then—then," her heart replied, as for a moment she laid down the work and pressed her wedding-ring passionately to her lips, "rather than Baby should be cold, I will pledge my wedding-ring."

But ere she left that upper room, hallowed so often by the voice of prayer, she folded her hands and besought that she might not have to give up her ring.

"Nothing is too hard for Thee, Lord," she prayed; "it is in Thy power to help me, so that I can keep my precious ring. I love it so dearly, and if Thou wilt, Thou *canst*—Father, with Thee I leave it; Thy will, not mine, be done."

The lady whose work she had finished was entertaining company that evening, and gave the servant the message: "Tell the needlewoman to look in another time for the money." Dora turned heart-sick from the shining windows towards the poorer quarter of the town, where her ring must supply the pressing need of coal; as she went, a hymn floated out to her from a little mission-church.

She lingered listening on the steps, calmed and soothed by the sacred song, then went on her way, with her brown eyes noticing in the quiet skies how the stars were coming out one by one.

"Can you tell me if I am going right for Garden Row?" asked a gentleman, pausing hesitatingly in front of her. The lamplight fell on her flushing face—but she knew his voice before he saw her.

"Ivor—husband!"

"My poor Dora! my *darling*—you have been ill! Oh, thank Heaven—thank Heaven we are together! I will never leave you again."

He was shocked to recognise by her dress, and yet more by her face, how she had struggled; he broke down completely when she took him home to the fireless room where Baby slept in her flower-like beauty, and he made her sit still, wrapped in his warm coat, while he sent Mrs. Higgs' boys for fuel and built up a cosy fire.

"Now tell me all my brave Dora has borne," he said, chafing the hands that clung to him.

But in his arms Dora had no memory for trouble; the days of care seemed like a dream, and this was the blessed waking—to look on her husband's face, tanned, ruddy, and really vigorous-looking.

"I was very ill going out," he said, "and really *could not* write; I had your letters asking me to address to Garden Row, but I got so down-hearted and discouraged, not being able to send you good news or help, that I could not bring myself to write till I had something cheering to tell you."

"Your handwriting would have been enough," said Dora, her ringed hand caressing his face.

"I was in one of my *moods*," he said; "feeling as if everybody were against me, and Heaven had forsaken me; but you must have been praying for me, Dora, for one day, after many fruitless applications to many farmers in outlying stations for promise of work that would enable me to come back for you and the children, the words came to my soul like a message from Heaven: '*Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me!*' I wrestled with God in prayer, and though the answer was delayed, He gave me even then the certainty that He was my Friend and Helper. But, Dora, I have good news for you now—news better than my hopes, better even than my prayers. What do you think? I came across Jem Watson!"

"The man you forgave for trying to steal?"

"Yes; the black sheep of Cairnbrook, the drunkard and poacher whom no one would employ: don't you remember I found out his wife was starving—his babe was dying when he stole my sheep? Well, we forgave him, and you looked after his wife a bit, and we got a few things together and helped them to emigrate—it was the first year we were married. He says the way you spoke to him then was the turning-point in his life; he is a sturdy, hard-working fellow out there, and manages a sheep-farm for a large proprietor. The poor fellow simply overflowed with thankfulness; he and his wife could not do enough for me. His employer was wanting an overseer for another farm, and as I know a good deal about cattle, Watson begged him to see me; I was there a month on trial—it is a splendid climate. Well, the gentleman happened to know our vicar at Cairnbrook, and had heard about us before—indeed, your name had been mentioned as a special help in the parish. He has engaged me, darling, and paid me somewhat in advance, and he wants us to start for our new home as soon as we can be ready. You are not afraid to cross the ocean with me? I feel strong enough to be a valiant protector now."

"I shall have my boys again," said Dora brokenly, as she told her husband where they had gone. "Ivor, that school must be the richer for our happiness. Oh, what can we do to show our thankfulness to God?"

"Believe in Him henceforth with the trust of little children," said her husband reverently. "He promised never to leave us nor forsake us; He has kept His word. All things seemed against me, but even as I prayed there shone a light through the clouds."

"The light of the Father's face," whispered Dora. "We have proved it true that—"

"The soul upon its knees holds God by the hand,"

THE BUILDING OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

"Digged deep."—ST. LUKE VI. 48.



NATURE is unacquainted with annihilation. Nothing turns to nothingness; nothing is outside the range of usefulness and influence. Nothing that has been will ever be nothing again. The very thoughts of the mind cannot be un-

thought again: they go forth upon their trackless path, but they have left their parting mark upon the thinking mind. The cruel, heartless word cannot be recalled by might of man or angel, and the pang it caused can never leave the heart as it was before. All that the wide sphere of nature knows is change—forces, facts, existences; resolved, but never dead.

And yet we talk of *death*; and the hearts of millions quail when it is mentioned, and many thousands of civilised Christians will not think of it for very terror. But, none the less, the bird that sings the sweetest in the June leaves, dies; the lightest heart ceases to beat and the merriest voice to call. It is death.

But what is death? It is quietness and dissolution; a state of corporeal passivity, when internal powers pause and external powers act upon us. The tiny beings of the great depths die and fall together upon the ocean floor to carpet it with a new covering. Million by million they die and drop. The mightiest beasts of the ancient forest are gone, dead and dissolved. The huge forest-life of England, once rich in every noble growth, is dead. And yet all these, moved by the mighty hand of the Creator, have contributed and are contributing to the life which now is upon the earth; are creating every day new facts and circumstances for man, and beast, and bird; and are influencing by a lower immortality the ages after them.

To these identity is lost and consciousness returns not. But to man there comes the irresistible belief that identity survives all change, and that consciousness ceases not even for the instant of dying. He cannot prove this, indeed, and yet he cannot unbelieve it. It is in him, and it holds its ground. In building his life, therefore, he feels that he is building for eternity. The grey cathedral of six long centuries may look down from its lofty pinnacles in quiet scorn upon us who crowd and pass below its walls. It has witnessed nuptial and burial unmoved; it has seen a score of generations come and go. But there, where the clouds linger and the birds play, the moulded cornice and the chiselled niche are themselves fretting under the

tyranny of frost and rain; and the huge pile bears in its venerable aspect the proof and pledge of its decay. It must crumble into dust. And man's body assumes its marks of age; time ploughs his cheek, and dims his eye, and stiffens his frame, and steals his memory. But these are only making out his marching orders. He is in training for a longer journey than he has yet taken, and he is to depart soon.

It is not surprising, then, that wisdom should speak out strongly, sternly, firmly upon these facts; the facts are immortal life, and a future for which this present state prepares. And so she calls upon us to build well and surely, and she explains the method which the Master Builder approves. One method will engage our attention now, and that is *thoroughness*. It is the beginning of the work, only making ready for it, only digging the foundation; but the Life Builder digs deep. Let us examine the character of his work.

He is in earnest. Earnestness means the following out of a plan which is thought to be good. That man is in earnest who has a work to do and rises and does it, and he is not in earnest who trifles with the work, its seasons, or its plans. Every age, every town has its triflers—un-earnest men and women who never do anything. They may attempt a hundred things, but they finish none; worst of all, in their life-building they trifle most. They are seen amongst those who are trusting to anything in this world for their chief good. Men who delight in their prosperity and say to their souls, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years;" men who have approached the surface of religious life, reclining on the world's sand of outward things, and fancying themselves secure. They are found chiefly in ages like ours, when religion is fashionable and flourishing, when it is associated with art and empire. These men come to the house of God, they possibly attend at His Table, they occasionally read their Bibles, and not unfrequently say their prayers. They subscribe small sums out of large means, and they are philanthropists when philanthropy demands no sacrifice. They are satisfied with themselves; they have *now* their reward, and there is none left for the future. Christ says of such a life, "You are building on the sand."

The true Builder digs deep in earnestness.

He throws his life-force into it. Religious life has been sometimes misrepresented, as an easy security, by which the future is bought upon a quick and cheap bargain with God. Hence it has been thought a proper pursuit for women,

and a consolatory state for invalids. It is this indeed. Thank God that the weak have the eternal prospects as oright before them as the strong. But no saintly man has found it such a low and sordid thing as aliens and enemies describe it. It was not so to the Highest; nor was it so to St. Paul or to the tender-hearted St. John. Their manhood—and it was something of stronger fibre than most of our manhood now—was all flung into their life-building for God.

It needs every whit of our *energy* to dig down deep. The very determination to dig is a matter of energy. It means a change from idleness and from work which has been found unprofitable and wrong. It involves the breaking away from habits and companionships; and sometimes the overturning of the means upon which the present life has hitherto depended.

To many others this force implies deep *thought*. The truest and best Christian is not content to take every statement of man upon trust, and build his life upon that foundation. His Maker has given him a capability and God-like reason; He has granted to him a certain amount of knowledge; He has endowed him with a faculty for weighing and verifying truth; and all these are worked in. Reason will not make Christians any more than it will make steamships; but no man's Christianity is safe until his reason is the companion and custodian of his faith. In the very essence of its method Christianity is aggressive in order that men may *think*.

The Builder's force goes down through all the drifted sand of *sin*. It is here that the deep digging becomes peculiarly hard. For men love their sins, else they would not commit them; and they give pleasant names to many habits upon which God has pronounced the doom of death. The world thinks little of falsehoods, deceptive dealings, failures in contract, untrustworthy work, impurity, covetousness, drunkenness, cowardice, mercantile or social hypocrisy.

But some adopt a portion of the true builder's art, and leave behind just one favourite sin that they will not dig out. It may be temper, hypocrisy, selfishness, or some foul vice. They would have the treasure of heaven's field without selling all. Oh, there is a paralysis over many a soul in the Church to-day—a lack of peace, of the buoyant joy of God, of the strong spirit to look up and look forward, simply because some secret sin is cherished. Out with it! The foundation is to be digged out, and the rubbish of every sin must be thrown away. This digging needs life-force.

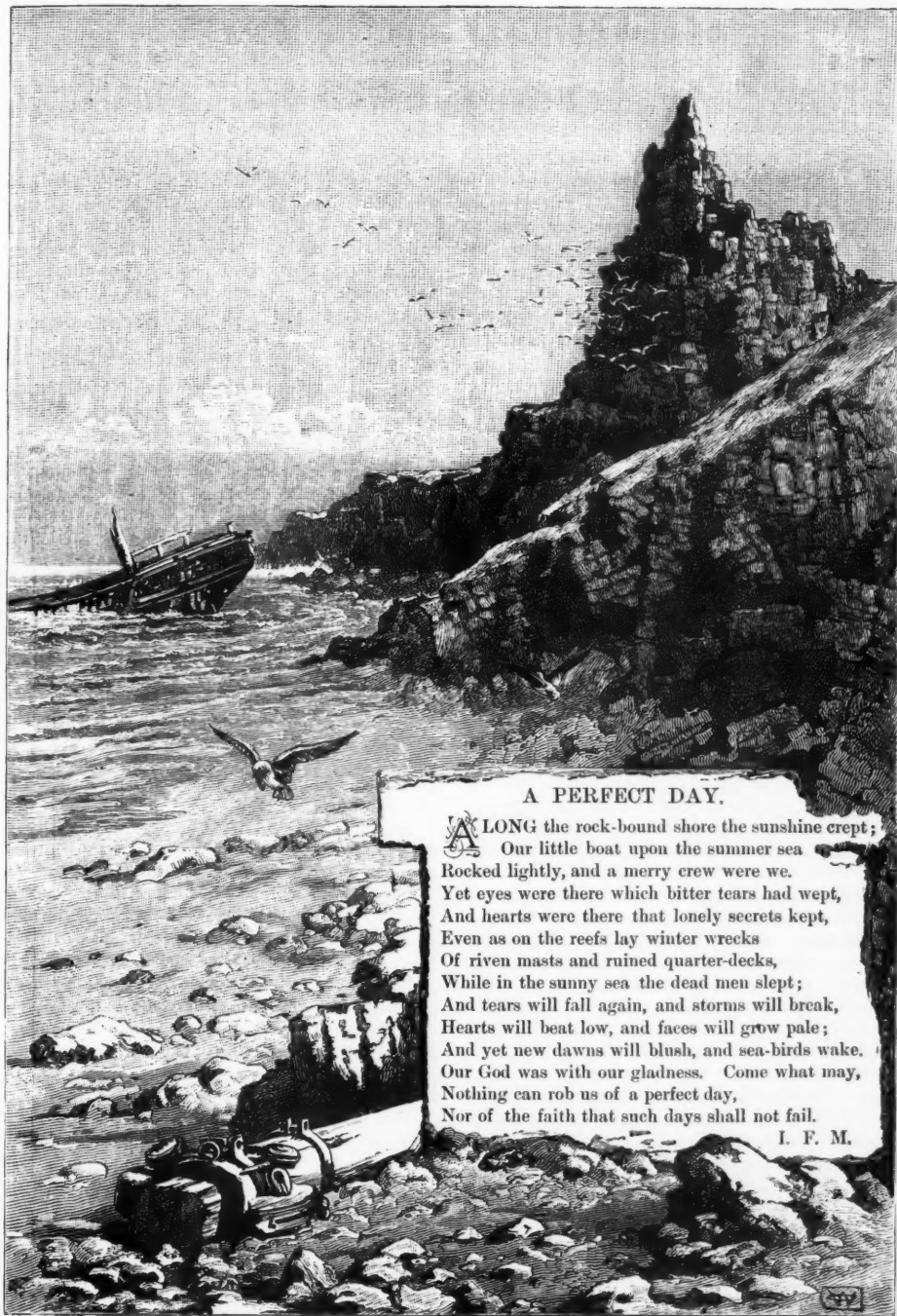
He digs down to the Rock. For the Rock does lie underneath. Christ is hidden from many eyes, but He is present notwithstanding. Many recognise Him not to-day, but the ancient promise is nevertheless fulfilled. And so beneath the sands of time and sin, and outward circum-

stances and unreality, Jesus Christ, the true and fixed Foundation, lies. He lies in order that everyone who digs may be assured that he will come to Him, for no one ever yet sought Christ in vain. If you have been digging and going deep, and apparently without result; if sin will not be cast out; if you cannot pierce through sin's opposition, or the drifting sands of thought, dig on and go deeper. Jesus Christ and rest and salvation are not far off.

He digs until he leaves nothing between the Rock and himself, and he lays the building all upon the Rock. Some years ago they were raising tall buildings in London, and they made the greater part of the foundation sure, but they rested one buttress upon a piece of apparently consolidated peat. And they built on, and when the pile was nearly complete, they found a dangerous settlement upon one side. They did all that man could do, but the one piece of foundation was bad, and they were compelled to desist. Hence many try to be Christians in reality, and despair and give it up, for in the building of life they often make a blunder like this; or they permit a layer of sand to lie between them and the Rock. They get near to Christ, but never touch Him. They are longing to be cured, like the poor woman of the Gospel, and they follow in Christ's company, but some man or woman or thing always keeps them from Him. Sometimes, too, they interpose an obstacle themselves. They are satisfied with something else than Himself. They put a priest, a ceremony, a doctrine, an old saint before them. These—or one of them—will make the road clear—will intercede—will prove their sincerity. Nay, nay. There is no salvation in these. The dying, helpless, lost sinner must stand himself in the presence of the Lord, and see His face, and feel His touch, and know that power has passed from Christ to him.

Here then is Christ, and none else: upon Him you may build your life: you cannot build for eternity upon aught else.

And now, having come to Christ, we may begin to build. Build then, oh, architect of a nobler fane than stood erst above the Kedron or looks down now upon the restless Rhine. Build after the principles of your Master, with the mortar of self-denial and self-sacrifice. Build-in the goodly corner-stones of love, and joy, and peace; build the broad walls of goodness and of patience; build-in the lovely canopies carved with the Spirit's delicate tools of gentleness and meekness; build up the towers of faith and self-control; build constantly, for you have a great work to do, and you cannot come down from it; build—and though the vehemence of a thousand storms may beat upon you, your house shall never be shaken, because it is founded upon the Rock.



A PERFECT DAY.

A LONG the rock-bound shore the sunshine crept;
Our little boat upon the summer sea
Rocked lightly, and a merry crew were we.
Yet eyes were there which bitter tears had wept,
And hearts were there that lonely secrets kept,
Even as on the reefs lay winter wrecks
Of riven masts and ruined quarter-decks,
While in the sunny sea the dead men slept;
And tears will fall again, and storms will break,
Hearts will beat low, and faces will grow pale;
And yet new dawns will blush, and sea-birds wake.
Our God was with our gladness. Come what may,
Nothing can rob us of a perfect day,
Nor of the faith that such days shall not fail.

I. F. M.

TWO HELPLESS LITTLE HANDS.

A CHILD-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DODDLEKINS."

I.



NE of our greatest writers has said that a mother looks upon her child as "the centre and poise of the universe." Certainly to his widowed mother's heart the centre of the universe was the sunny-haired boy who walked the lanes of Laborde, tugging

his nurse by the hand like a sturdy little man. The "foreign lady," as they called her, spoke often with the peasant folk; they knew well her fair face and her English accent; but she only smiled for the smile of her child.

"Oh! but he is beautiful," the brown-skinned women said; "and no wonder he is well-beloved by Madame. He is white as milk, and pink as a wild rose; and I did not know there was such bright hair in the world."

The villagers admired Trot with awe when he went abroad in his cream-coloured frock and his huge hat. "M'sieu Trotte" was saluted with broad smiles and *bonjours* from weather-beaten faces. The women thought him a little angel, and praised the foreign lady for making his mourning garb be white. The men, who were more practical, said, "He will be an English milord: they feed their young milords upon *bifteck*; see how he strikes from the shoulder when the *bonne* will not do as he tells her!"

The maid and the fractious little boy were on the grass near the honeysuckle hedge, at the side of the lane, when a rattle and a roar of voices sounded round the bend of the road, and the miller's new colt dashed into view among a cloud of white dust, with a crowd of men in pursuit, trying to seize upon the tailboard of the empty cart. The crowd alone was enough to frighten the most staid old horse into a gallop; and the young colt took a fresh run, and with his rattling cart swinging to one side and the other, rushed down the long, steep descent of the lane. The nurse and the child had run hither and thither, and at the last moment the child had escaped, and stood alone in the middle of the road with a bewildered scream. Then the horse and the cloud of dust came down upon him like a whirlwind; but one man had out-distanced the rest, flying to the rescue. He clung to the horse's head;

the runaway and the vehicle at the last moment, with one sudden swerve, ran nearly against the hedge, and left the white living speck safe upon the road. When the crowd trooped near, and the dust was clearing and the horse was out of sight, the rescuer, who had been nearly flung under the wheel, got up from the roadside, rubbed his knees, and disappeared among the rest. The great thing was to catch Gabriel Dubois' horse, and that rash young fellow had only sent him along by the hedge in a reckless manner that nearly cost him his own life. So the rash young fellow in question went his own way without hearing anyone say "Well done!"

The same day that is a feast of rejoicing for one is the climax of sorrow for some other heart. While the mother was clinging to her rescued child, another woman was grieving for her son.

It was a thatched cottage in a distant village—this home of desolation. One youth had come in from the fields without a word to say. The children were eating their brown bread in the sunset on the doorstep, with only whispers between them. The eldest son, the best helping hand, the most faithful heart, had drawn a bad number at the Mairie; he belonged to the country—he was lost to his home.

"It is well for the rich," the poor woman grumbled, while her tears rolled down her wrinkled face, as she busied herself about the cottage supper. "They can pay and buy their children back. There's nothing in the world that money cannot do—but my poor Jean—"

"Ah! mother, don't cry—see, it makes Babette cry too!" so the brawny second son said, leaning over his soup at the table. "Raoul from the Red Farm is gone instead of Monsieur le Vicomte's son at the château. Perhaps Raoul and our Jean will be together—who knows?"

"They may," murmured the woman desperately, wiping her tears away with the hard back of her hand. "They may meet—they may both be killed."

Poor Babette, who was only six years old, cried on with patient little sniffs in a smothered kind of way, while Marie, the elder girl, was putting her to bed in the back room—a mere cranny behind the kitchen, lighted only by two panes under the edge of the thatched roof, and full of an earthy smell of garden roots, and a store-room odour of soap, and coffee, and meal. The hens were noisy outside, and the sunset light came in through the chink high up, while the sunburnt peasant child was kneeling in white,

with her black head bowed on her little brown hands. Marie had been explaining all about the privilege of buying a substitute to go away instead of Jean, if one was rich, and the small sister knew all about it, and prayed with that magnificent trust which little children have, and which makes their simple words so touching to the tenderness of Our Father.

The little thing kneeling up on the side of the bed, with her chubby face still down upon her folded hands, spoke in a whisper, without even opening her eyes.

"Say your night prayers too, Marie. I am asking the good God for money to buy a man."

"But it is hundreds and hundreds of francs!" exclaimed the worldly-wise sister. "Now, you've said your proper prayers. Lie down this minute, and go to sleep. We could never get so much."

Babette, with a fascinating obedience, disappeared into her nest, all except her head and hands; but the hands were locked together yet, though the eyes were fast shut. A tear or two, unseen in the dark, trickled out under the black fringes and down by the curve of the fat cheek. "Don't say He won't," she said in pathetic appeal. "I'd give the good God all the money in the world, if I had it, and He asked me!"

There was no getting over that tearful argument. Marie tried to explain that it might be best for Jean to go.

And this she endeavoured to make clear to the little one, with her unskilled tongue. But Babette persisted: "I'd give *Him* anything I have; and mother says the good God is so *very* good—better than anyone thinks."

So the elder girl at least gave up saying it *could not* be, which, after all, was a shabby view of the kindness of the Great Giver. "Well, I will put the money for the man into my night prayers too, Babette; and we can wait and see, and it's sure to happen the best way. And we might try to earn a few francs to-morrow, to begin with."

"*We!* Might I? Even little me!" Babette could not help sitting up to ask.

"Yes."

"Oh! How?"

"No, I can't tell you to-night. I must go to mother—she is crying, and she can't see to mend Marc's coat. Go to sleep!"

So Babette lay very still till the night was dark, and the moonbeams peeped in at the two panes under the thatch. She and Marie would earn money together to-morrow in some way or other; she did not know how, but she trusted in her sister. And, perhaps, that would be the way in which the good God would send them the hundreds and hundreds of francs. She did not know how, again; but she trusted in Him just as simply

as she trusted in her sister Marie. So the two little helpless hands were folded together, and Babette, with a soft sigh, fell asleep.

II.

"I SHALL not go on grieving while my child is left to me," said the English lady at Laborde, caressing her golden-haired boy. "But I cannot find out who saved my darling three days ago. If I could but know!"

While the joy of the one heart lasted, the sorrow of the others went on. Jean would have to go away in a few days now.

On those hot days of May, in France, the sunburnt children were out from morning till night, little Babette with uncovered head, and Marie with her cotton peasant-cap, both getting browner than ever. Mrs. Aird, walking out with little "M'sieu Trotte," found them one day in an orchard at Laborde. The elder girl, with a business-like air, was shaking a cherry-tree; the little child was kneeling on the ground, allowing beetles to crawl up her pinafore. Trot stared aghast at the whole proceedings, and hid behind his mother's black gown, lest the beetles might see him.

"What are you doing, children?" the strange lady asked, with her "foreign" accent from England.

The small child clutched the insects, one in each hand, to make sure of them, and looked up. "They are the *hannetons*."

And so they were; the buzz, from which the French people name them, was well known to Mrs. Aird in her evening walks.

"And you, little thing, you are not afraid to catch the cockchafers?"

The big girl came to answer for her—

"No; Babette catches them very quickly. We get a sackful every day."

"A sackful! And what do you do with them?"

"We want to get enough to buy a man!" cried little Babette.

Mrs. Aird's eyes brightened, but she had known too great a sorrow to be able to smile easily yet.

"To buy a man, my little child! You mean a dancing toy to play with—is it not?"

"No!"—from Babette, with contempt. "We are going to buy a man—a soldier."

"I think my little Trot must give you some of his tin soldiers—he has so many," said the lady in black, with her arm round her own child's neck, while he kept a sharp watch on the grass, in dread of cockchafers.

"No—not a tin soldier," said Babette, with the reiteration of a child's tongue—"to buy a man!"

"And where do they sell men for cockchafers?"



"The little child was kneeling on the ground."—p. 55.

"We sell the cockchafers," said Marie shyly. "We get three *sous* for a sackful at the Mairie. All the children gather them, when the cockchafers are so bad."

The cockchafers did seem "bad," as the girl said. There were crowds of them on the grass. She had shaken them down out of the tree, where they had meant to abide in the boughs until sunset. But for the children's harvest, the fields would be ruined by the grubs under the soil, and the orchards would be devastated by the insects.

"And how many sacks full must you collect?" asked the stranger, amused. "How many *sous* does a man cost?"

Marie's brown face blushed. It seemed foolish, after all, to toil at gathering cockchafers in the hope of making hundreds of francs.

But Babette had courage. She fixed her big dark eyes on the kind stranger's face, and explained in her childish lisping French:—"We get three *sous* for a sack"—as if that was a great deal—"and the good God is going to give us the rest—because He knows we can't catch the *hannetons* very fast"—looking at her two helpless little hands. "And we prayed to buy a man to go instead of Jean—Jean would get killed."

Here followed the explanation from Marie about the conscription and the bad number. With a little questioning she told how they had come to Laborde to-day in the hope that the destructive insects were more plentiful there; and how Jean himself had been there three days ago, when he came to wish grandfather good-bye.

There is something pathetic in the way in which poor children at work gaze unabashed at the children of the rich, whose childhood is to be so much longer and brighter than theirs.

Little Babette was three years older than Trot, but she was wise enough to have taken care of a three-years-old child for a whole day. The

children exchanged looks unabashed. There was equality between them, because they did not know of the distinctions of class; but there was a sad difference too, for poor sunburnt Babette had begun the world's hardships already, and had a sharp instinct to understand big people's cares.

"He is like the pretty white boy that was nearly run over—don't you remember what Jean told?" whispered Marie to her little sister.

It was enough. The secret was out; Mrs. Aird had found her little child's deliverer.

That very day she visited the cottage at the distant village, and left a golden ransom to save to the home its son and brother, its best stay and support.

The youth, tanned with the sun, held Babette upon his knee that afternoon, while she told how "the black lady and the little white boy" had come by when they were collecting cockchafers.

"It would have taken us a long time to make up the money in *sous*!" said Marie. "But Babette said if we worked, the good God would give us the rest."

"Think of Babette working!" cried the brothers.

Babette looked at her scraps of fat brown hands, as if they were a really important little pair.

"Ah!" said the poor mother—as happy now as her rich friend—"did I not tell you often the good God is kinder than anyone thinks Him? And you shall buy fruit with your nine *sous*, my child."

The two little hands that had won so much for their helpless pleading were folded together again that night:—"Let us say something to the good God, Marie," she said. "Jean is to stay with us, and we all had hot fruit cake. He would not take away our nine little *sous*."

"Well, what *can* we say, Babette?"

"Let us say how we love Him."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

1. It is said of Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, that she stirred him up to sin. Where is her name used to signify those who lead others from God?

2. Where is blushing mentioned as a sign of guiltiness?

3. In what way was respect shown to the dead bodies of the prophets?

4. What two false prophets were burned alive?

5. What two men are specially mentioned by Jeremiah as having power to prevail with God in prayer?

6. Quote a passage which shows there were "rain-makers" among the inhabitants of Canaan, as there are now among the tribes of Africa.

7. What island is understood as being the ancient "isle of Chittim?"

8. From what passage do we gather something of the "luxurious habits" of the people of ancient Tyre?

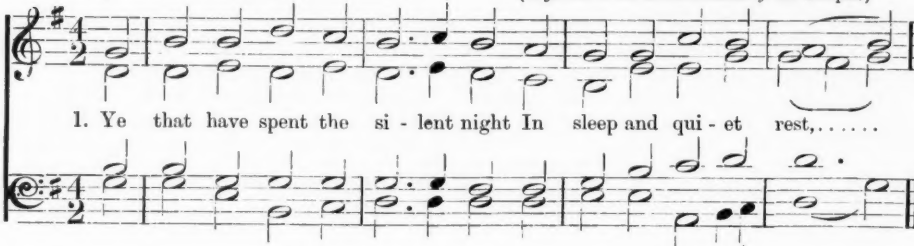
9. What is generally understood by the term "ships of Tarshish?"

10. What prophet gives a list of the ornaments worn by Jewish ladies in his time?

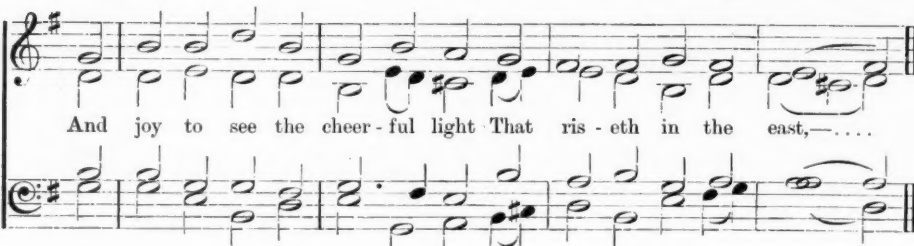
"He that have Spent the Silent Night."

Words by GEORGE GASCOIGNE, 1540—1577.

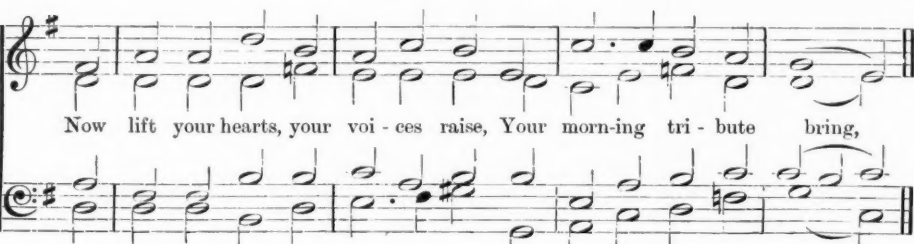
Music by DR. E. J. HOPKINS, L.Mus. T.C.L.
(Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Temple.)



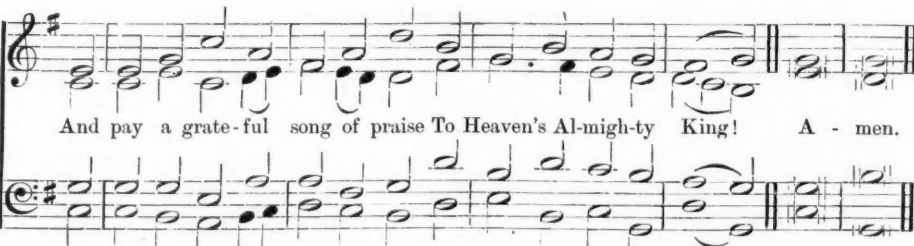
1. Ye that have spent the si - lent night In sleep and qui - et rest,.....



And joy to see the cheer - ful light That ris - eth in the east,.....



Now lift your hearts, your voi - ces raise, Your morn - ing tri - bute bring,



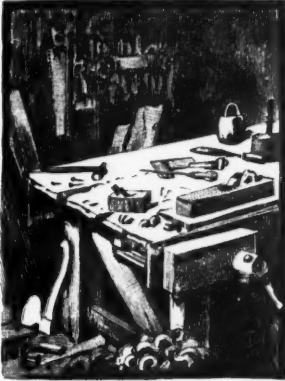
And pay a grate - ful song of praise To Heaven's Al - migh - ty King! A - men.

2. And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space :
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth shew his pleasant face :—
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above—
Heaven's better, brighter Sun !

3. God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see ;
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free,
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come :
Lord, be a place, a portu n. mine,
In that bright, blissful home !

SHORT ARROWS.

A CARPENTER'S CHIPS.



A THOUGHTFUL toiler at the carpenter's bench has sent us a manuscript of mental "chips," some of which we hope to use from time to time as material for useful reflection. Some of these are homely and self-evident, such as, "The pot-house and poverty are twin sisters," "Some men are dwarfs, though giants in stature," "Never leave a fire or the tongue without a guard, lest the house become too warm for you," etc. Others are more quaintly expressed, but quite as sensible. "To avoid blunders," says he, "it is far better to balance the ledger of life daily," a task from which, alas! we too often shrink. In the days gone by, we attended a school, where, every evening, each scholar had to maintain ten minutes' silence for the purpose of self-examination—an old-fashioned custom, but founded on motives wise and good. If the banker's or merchant's books were left unbalanced, how confused would become the state of commercial affairs. And if, conscious of hearts not wholly at rest, we refuse to face the examination of our manner of life, how can we breathe to our Father in heaven, "*Search me, O God!*" in truth and sincerity?

A VEHICLE TO HEAVEN.

Another of the "Chips" is thus presented to us:—"Words are but the vehicle on which Prayer rides to heaven, and though often rickety, it matters little, if only Sincerity be the charioteer and Faith the footman." Volumes of words are sometimes poured out before the Almighty which seem over-weighted with conscious eloquence, and drop too evidently back to earth, but when the heart is in the cry, the vehicle, however poor, speeds to the Father of all. Seldom have we felt more touched than in hearing a young labourer at a prayer-meeting, a newly converted man, in whose every broken utterance rang the music of sincerity. At one time he really seemed able to say little more than a faltering "*Father, Jesus!*" but we who listened caught up the cry in our hearts, and sent it heavenward laden with our needs and cares. It is right that we should bring the Lord our best; but we who have nothing

choice to offer may remember this—"in prayer a heart without words is unspeakably better than words without a heart."

AN EAST-LONDON "LIFEGUARD."

At the Scandinavian Seamen's Home, Leman Street, Whitechapel, Miss Hedenström still carries on the blessed mission, at times so discouraging, but of value untold. We find that her "lifeguard" is composed of tars from many parts of the world—sturdy Norsemen, sunburnt Italians, many of our own British sailors, and even negroes from the tropics. The motto of this home is, "Benevolence knows no difference between nationalities," and these men, for whom she works and prays and strives, give Miss Hedenström the endearing name of "Mother," and bring her all sorts of curiosities, dead and alive. The sailors send her money, too, sometimes, without a line of explanation. They know she will keep it safely for them, and that it is peril indeed to move with full pockets amid the far too numerous harpies who prey upon the newly landed sailors. We give an instance of the kind of help rendered by Miss Hedenström:—One afternoon last October a man came to her, bandaged and wounded, having been paid off in Antwerp with £40, but attacked in a sailors' lodging-house, because, being an abstainer, he refused to drink. He was rendered insensible, and robbed of all but one pound. Inquiries proved the statement true. For three weeks he had to keep in bed. All his life he will carry the marks that prove what dark deeds can transpire in our days in a sailors' lodging-house. What a difference between such a den of thieves as this and the Christian refuge conducted by our friend! Sometimes her heart sinks as her best efforts seem wasted and fruitless, and she asks the prayers of God's people that day by day she may utterly lean her weakness upon Him.



MISS HEDENSTRÖM.
(From a Photograph by Sydney St. George, [Illegible].)

AN INCORRIGIBLE CLASS.

Sometimes we meet our scholars with the happiest ideas and methods, but a sort of evil spirit seems to

possess them now and then, and they meet us with the most unexpected and annoying retorts. One teacher illustrating faith, asked, "If I tell you I have a silver knife in my pocket, would you believe me?" Of course he expected that the affirmative reply would point his teaching as to faith, but he was nonplussed by a vigorous negative. What are we to do with determined and mischievous cases like this? A teacher, treating of the Good Shepherd, and speaking pleasantly about the class as lambs, overheard one boy threatening another with being soon in correct condition for killing. Ignoring the spirit abroad in the class, the teacher earnestly questioned the boys as to what a shepherd does for the flock. "Hit 'em with a stick," "Set the dog on 'em," "Puli 'em by the leg," were the hearty but unexpected answers vouchsafed. The boys were truthful, if not sentimental, and the teacher was quick to see an opening for an important point. "Ah, how different is the heavenly Shepherd—your Shepherd and mine—not tending you and guarding you to prepare you for death at last. Jesus says that to *His* sheep He gives everlasting *life*." The boys, intimate with certain rough-and-ready shepherds, could not be taught by analogy, but seemed struck at once by a quickly and vividly drawn contrast.

HASTY CRITICS.

Pope, writing of critics, remarks that the *perfect* judge will "survey the whole." How many writers and speakers have vainly wished that such critics were multiplied! We know how little remarks of our own have been sometimes repeated, not unkindly, but carelessly, so as to convey a meaning far from our wishes; indeed, all of us know instances where the suppression, designedly or otherwise, of certain of our words might have caused misunderstanding and mistaken judgment. When we think how an author has outpoured his heart, and spent time, and thought, and in how many cases *prayer*, in producing his work, it seems cruel to remember how often he has been condemned and accused of error, on the strength of an isolated expression or passage, divorced from the context. A survey of the whole statement will show his real opinions, but swiftly and unjustly he is found guilty of falsehood, heresy, and many other offences. A good man, writing of the lapsed and suffering masses, cries, "What shall we do with them? Put them in Millbank prison." Quoting only so much, the philanthropist seems heartless, but this counsel is only given as offered by *some*, as further perusal reveals to us. Our most orthodox men may thus be misrepresented, and may hasten to declare that the context will remove the prejudice, but their explanations will frequently remain unread and unheard by some who henceforth look on them as being black sheep. Even the Bible is at times wrested from its real meaning, in many cases thoughtlessly, as with the minister who encourages his flock by the passage, "To-morrow shall be as

this day, and much more abundant," ignoring the context, which gives the words as spoken by Israel's drunken watchmen. Others wrest the words of Scripture knowingly, treating the Bible like an arsenal, and making weapons of isolated texts. Let such as are bewildered thereby come to the Word of God themselves, and survey the *whole*, and search, seek, and meditate.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

"He made His prophets poets." So sings Bailey, declaring poetry to be a thing of God, and urging that the more we feel of poetry the more Godlike we become in love and power. This holy art, at its highest, is linked with thoughts of heaven, and, as we once heard a giant among men declare—"The highest kind of poetry is that which awakens the best thoughts in the minds of the best people." It may be that sometimes we even find in a dear and familiar poem more than the singer himself beheld or intended, but the great Creator was speaking through him, and touching his lips with hallowed fire. What a "scribe of visions" was Longfellow, whether we think of the Puritan maiden or patient Evangeline, or of him who worked at the flaming forge! The poet knew that the glory of manhood is to link such strength as the brawny blacksmith's with tenderness like unto the love of woman. In the grand lines dear to us all, he pictures the "Village Blacksmith" as swinging his heavy sledge week in, week out, tirelessly, ceaselessly, that his children may be fed, and no shadow of debt hang around the humble smithy. But all the time, while the little ones gather gleefully round the open door, and listen to the bellows and catch the shiny sparks, the strong man's heart is aching—there is an empty place at his board, a grave most precious within God's acre. Amid his toil, and brave, silent sorrow, there dawns the Day when "heaven's gate stands ope," and the work is all put by. In the old village church he hears his daughter singing in the choir:—

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise! . . .
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes."

It is good that every morning we should manfully take up our task and toil at the forge of life, but there are memories that will not sleep, there are graves kept green in every soul. It is no sin to yearn towards them sometimes with eyes dim and bedewed; but immortal Sabbath waits, and the Lord Who wept draws near, to hush the heart-ache and to wipe away all tears.

THE FLYING HOUR.

Herewith we give the diagram of a "Bible Clock," or chart of Biblical time, arranged by Mr. Clement Harris, of Thirsk, whose aim is to explain the relation of Scripture hours to our own. The Hebrews



[Drawn by M. I. DICKSEE.]

"He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir."

reckoned the day from evening to evening, but though they divided their day into twelve hours—a practice which they probably acquired from their Babylonian conquerors—it was a very different division from our own, for they, by dividing the varying period between sunrise and sunset always into twelve equal parts (measured by sun-dials during the day and by *clepsydræ* or water-clocks at

Roman numerals on each dial represent the hours of our time—the smaller ones just below the corresponding hours according to the Hebrew reckoning. In the first dial (that of the night hours) will be found two circles showing the duration of

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

These are the Roman and ancient Hebrew watches



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

night), obtained hours varying with the period of the year, being longer in summer and shorter in winter. These dials, therefore, would only be strictly true had each event occurred at the period of the Equinox, when day and night are of equal length, and when the Jews' first hour corresponds to our six o'clock and the hour following (*i.e.*, to our seventh hour); their third hour to our 8.0 a.m.—9.0 a.m. (*i.e.*, ninth hour), their sixth hour to our noon, their ninth hour to our 2.0—3.0 p.m. (*i.e.*, third hour). At any other time than the Equinox it is necessary to ascertain the time when the sun rises, and reduce the hours to our time accordingly. For which purpose it may be observed that in Palestine the sun rises about 5 a.m. and sets about 7 p.m. of our time; and rises about 7 a.m. and sets about 5 p.m. respectively, at the summer and winter solstices. The large

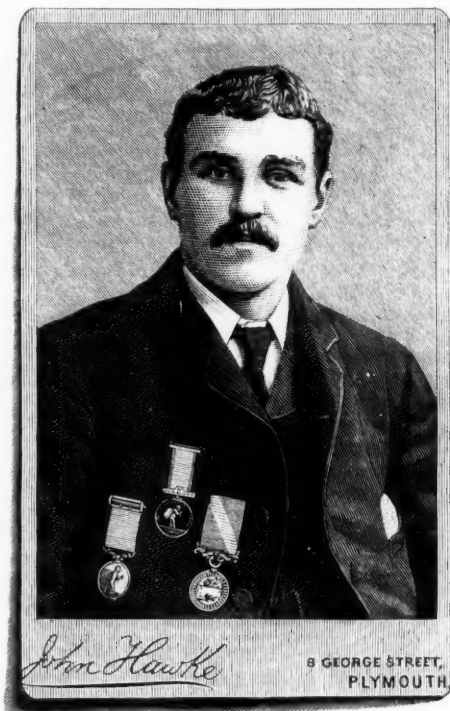
the Roman being nearest the outer rim. The ancient Hebrews divided the night into three watches. They had, however, in the time of our Lord, added a fourth in imitation of the Romans (the four together are mentioned in St. Mark xiii. 35). The precise beginning and ending of these is thus given by Dr. Hales:— "I. *The late* began at sunset and ended with the third hour of the night, including the evening-dawn, or twilight. It was also called *eventide* (St. Mark xi. 11), or simply *evening* (St. John xx. 19). II. *The mid-night* lasted from the third hour till midnight. III. *The cock-crowing* lasted from midnight till the third hour after, or ninth hour of the night. It included the two cock-crowings, with the second or principal of which it ended. IV. *The early* lasted from the ninth to the twelfth hour of the night, or sunrise, including the morning-dawn or twilight. It is

by some "lucky stroke," to wealth and distinction. Honest work is beneath the notice of the authors of such fiction, and honest work comes to be almost despised at last by the readers. Boys obtain pistols and bullets, and ride off to lives of adventure on stolen horses, that, fortunately for themselves, usually bear them to a reformatory; while the influence of such reading on the minds of young girls is harmful in the saddest degree. The writer of this warning pamphlet would have the teacher call at the scholars' houses in the week with the magazines, taking also his register, and judiciously commenting on the scholars' attendance, etc., during the month. Visiting being, where possible, simply invaluable, this seems to us, if practicable, an excellent plan. Let us not forget the young readers may really be needing attractive as well as instructive reading; theological tractates and biographies may interest us, but we must temper the reading we commend to their eager, imaginative hearts. Amidst floods of bad books, wholesome volumes and magazines are still attainable, and the Pure Literature Society, of which we have spoken in the past, still exists to distribute and widely diffuse the thoughts of the truly gifted, the earnest, and the good.

TWO "QUIVER" HEROES.

We give our readers this month a portrait of Mr. Alfred Collins, of Looe, Cornwall, who was one of the first recipients of our silver medal for heroism in the saving of life. The act of signal daring which won the QUIVER medal has also earned for Mr. Collins two other medals, one being the Stanhope Gold Medal, the highest award in the gift of the Royal Humane Society, and the other the Society's silver medal awarded previously. One of the QUIVER bronze medals has recently been awarded to Mr.

Frederick Blatchford, of Exeter, for saving the life of a boy at Bonhay, in that city, on the 10th of July last. Hearing an alarm given that a boy was drowning, Mr. Blatchford ran to the mill-leat, near which he was at work, and found that a lad had fallen in at a spot a few feet from an archway, through which the leat passed under a road and some houses. Before his rescuer could reach him he sank, and when at length Mr. Blatchford came up to him he was senseless. To land where they were, would be impossible, and Mr. Blatchford was obliged to keep the boy afloat until he could make his way to a more suitable landing-place, and this done, he handed him over to the bystanders. This is the third life Mr. Blatchford has saved from drowning.



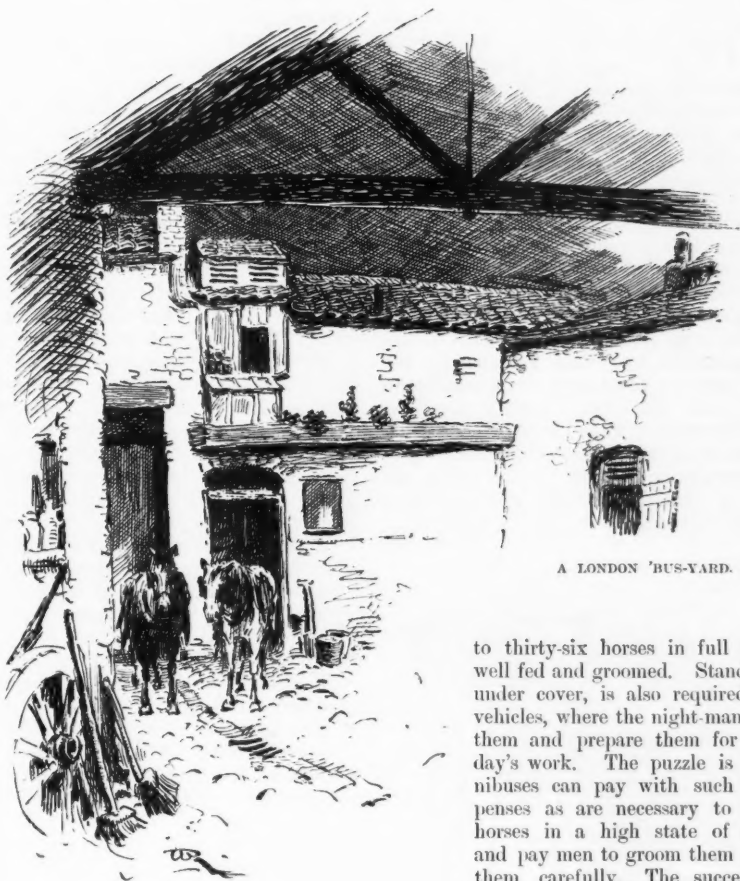
ONE OF THE "QUIVER" HEROES.—MR. ALFRED COLLINS, OF LOOE, EAST CORNWALL.

AN INESTIMABLE LOAN.

Bishop Earle said of a glad, light-hearted child, "Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged one heaven for another." Rich or poor, the children are naturally joyous — there is something painfully unnatural in a suffering child, appealing to our compassions with an irresistible voice. None of us enjoy lying still in weakness or pain—what must it be to the restless nerves of childhood? We have been asked to draw attention to the Children's Hospital at Paddington Green, continuously aided, we are glad to note, by labouring men. The Hospital contains twenty-seven beds, but there are thousands of out-patients; enlargement and improvement have become imperatively necessary, and every little helps. It is a Christ-like work to care for these needy little ones, the children of the poor. "Good Christian people," said the sage of Chelsea, "here lies for you an inestimable loan; take all heed thereof: with high recompense will it one day be required back."

WITH THE LONDON 'BUSMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER. IN TWO PAPERS—SECOND PAPER.



A LONDON 'BUS-YARD.

to thirty-six horses in full work and well fed and groomed. Standing room, under cover, is also required for the vehicles, where the night-man can wash them and prepare them for the next day's work. The puzzle is how omnibuses can pay with such large expenses as are necessary to keep the horses in a high state of efficiency, and pay men to groom them and drive them carefully. The success of the London omnibuses and trams affords another and very remarkable instance of

the power of the penny. The pence taken on the 'buses must amount to very large sums; and well it may be so when we consider that each vehicle has to earn enough to keep about a dozen horses, and half-a-dozen men, and pay the proprietor.

The horses for each 'bus are kept in a large separate stable by themselves, and have at least one horse-keeper to look after them, whose duty it is to feed them and groom them, and take out a fresh pair at the termination of a journey, bringing back those which have just done their work. The horses are as a rule never changed to another vehicle. As one horse-keeper said, "If we was to change 'em about they would soon fret and fall away."

THE London General Omnibus Company are, of course, the largest proprietors of 'buses in the metropolis, but there are many smaller owners. The "yards" where the horses are housed and the 'buses kept when off the road are in every part of the metropolis, hidden away in back streets, under railway arches, and, in fact, wherever suitable provision can be found. The principal object, of course, is to obtain a yard as near as possible to the starting point of the 'bus, but when we say that each vehicle has from ten to a dozen horses for itself alone, it is evident that some amount of space is required. Thus if a proprietor has but three 'buses on the road, he must keep from thirty

They seem to know their vehicle and its peculiarities, and it is pretty certain they know their own drivers who steer them through London's crowded streets day after day. The drivers are generally men who have been long used to this work, having commenced when young, and some grown grey in the service. A 'busman recently died who had been over forty years on the road, having had charge of one of the first omnibuses which started from Camberwell Green forty years ago. 'Busmen are also to be met with who have been from twenty to thirty years on the road. Many are the sons of old drivers, while in some cases horse-keepers have been promoted from the stable to the box-seat.

With conductors, however, the case is somewhat different. They seem to be recruited from the ranks of literally all sorts and conditions of men. One had been an accountant in a large firm, and was a first-class book-keeper, but he had entered into business with another man and they failed. His old situation was filled up, and he was obliged to take a conductorship on an omnibus to keep him from starvation. Another man had been a sub-lieutenant in the navy. He had sold out and invested his money in a company which proved to be a failure, and he lost everything. He also took a conductor's berth until something better could be obtained.

These two may be taken as typical cases, showing from what different walks of life some of the conductors come. But it is seldom that they remain long on the footboard. Conductors are frequently changing; the wear and tear of the life is great, the racket and shaking of the omnibus, the exposure to the weather, and it must be added the frequent "nips" of liquor in which so many indulge, all tending to shatter a man's constitution, however good it may be. It is calculated that thirteen years on an omnibus footboard is enough to knock up any man. But another reason of the frequent changes of conductors is—in plain language—dishonesty. We do not bring a wholesale charge against them as a class, but there is no doubt that some of them are found guilty of speculation.

The besetting sin of the 'busmen, however, is drinking. They know it, and many of them admit it, and regret it. "But what," they say, "are we to do?" They are, as it were, literally forced into public-houses, for they have nowhere else to go for a brief rest. They have no proper time for meals, and the consequence is a constant craving, which is only partially satisfied by the frequent "nipping." Exposed to all weathers, literally living hour after hour, and day after day, on a jolting vehicle with but little opportunity for brief snatches of rest, it is not to be wondered at if the men turn for creature-comfort to the little "nip," which is so easily swallowed, and for a few minutes appears to give support and warmth to the wearied body.

It is, we say, hardly to be wondered at if the men drink—and they do drink. Not that they get drunk and incapable. The reports at Scotland Yard show that this is very infrequent; but as a class they certainly possess a most remarkable capacity of "putting away" an immense quantity of liquor. There was one 'bus conductor who started from Camberwell Green, who took sixteen nips of two-pennyworths of liquor on each journey, including the beginning, and end, and on the way!

It appears to us, therefore, that the imperative need of the 'busmen is the institution of "shelters" similar to those used by the cabmen, and a slight re-arrangement of "times" by the proprietors, so that each man should get a reasonable time for a good meal in the middle of the day, and again in the evening. Something seems to have been done for almost every class, even their nearest neighbours, the tramway men; but the 'busmen are still left out in the cold. We would say nothing to give the impression that they are not a sturdy and independent class, for such they are indeed; but like others, they need a helping hand at times. Without discussing now the question of hours, it appears that their pressing need at present is



for the erection of such shelters as described. Or, it would be an immense benefit if the 'buses could be started from coffee-taverns instead of from public-houses, the simple fact being that the men drink far too much, because they are literally beset with temptation on every side.

A good place for such a shelter would be at Kennington Park, whence 44 'buses start, and where 100 men are constantly employed in connection with them. Here, a well-appointed, comfortable shelter, where the men could enjoy a really refreshing rest, cook a wholesome, satisfying meal, read a paper, and so forth, would be an immense boon, and would, we venture to say, show the men that the public care for them, more than even much printing could.

Another suitable place would be at Mount Street, Walworth, at the corner of which the Atlas and Waterloo 'buses start, from thirty-six to forty daily, thus giving again nearly 100 men who have absolutely no place of rest but the adjoining public-house. Other places, such as Park Street, Camden Town, "Adelaide," Chalk Farm, "Carlton," and "Archway," might easily be found where similar shelters could with advantage be erected, these having been selected almost at random as typical of what could, and as we hope will, be done.

The London City Mission has not forgotten the 'busmen; it has appointed three missionaries whose sole duty it is to visit among them, enter their yards, and seek to converse with them at their halting places. The friends of that Mission would be much gratified could they see, as we have seen, the hearty welcome accorded to their agent as he goes on his rounds among the men; for there is a deal of human nature in them, as in most of us, and they are very sensible to kindness and good feeling. But for the work of the Mission we fear the 'busmen would be sadly without opportunities for improvement. It is rarely that they have a Sunday to call their own, and by the nature of their employment they are largely outside what may be called the

ordinary channels of Christian effort. At least every alternate Sunday should be given them, and if the Mission were well supported, additional



INVALIDED.

missionaries could be employed. At present there are but three to about 10,000 men, including horse-keepers! And the proposed shelters would give opportunities for reaching them such as have seldom been enjoyed hitherto, and they might become the centres of much useful work.

The Mission, however, is precluded by its rules from acting as almoner, and the initiation of a fund for raising such shelters must come from the outside. The cost would not be great, but the benefit likely to ensue would be immense. It would be an act of practical Christianity in complete accordance with the spirit of Him who taught His disciples to pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" and to remove temptation is often to prevent sin.

INFLUENCE.

THE year grows old, decays and dies;
And we die too, with our dead days;
New hopes, new dreams, new memories rise
On our new lives, in Life's new ways.

But pure, sweet influence never dies;
That still lives on, where all decays:
As from dead stars, through altered skies,
Stream on all but eternal rays!

WILFRED WOOLLAM.



A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S BETROTHED," "WHO WAITS WINS," ETC., ETC.



"Poor darling!"—p. 69.

CHAPTER IV.—A NEW FASCINATION.

"MY dear child, what made you so late? Have you got wet? I have been so fidgety about you! I was just going to send Hannah to the station with a cloak and umbrella."

Such was Miss Middleton's greeting, as Jessie, flushed and animated, entered the room.

"I was detained at the stores, Auntie, and then I missed the train and had to wait," Jessie replied. "I am not in the least wet; Mr. Cunliffe came by the same train, and walked home with me, so I had the shelter of his umbrella."

"That was very attentive of him," returned Miss Middleton, who was considerably more innocent in some things than are the children of this generation.

"Mr. Cunliffe asked leave to call with some books of engravings he has promised to show me, and I told him I was sure you would be glad to see him."

"Quite right, my dear. He seems a very pleasant young man," Miss Middleton remarked. "I think we might ask him in the next time the Faulkners and Medwins come to supper," she continued reflectively.

"Yes, Auntie—that is, if Robert Faulkner is not at home."

The said Robert Faulkner, Dr. Faulkner's son, was an avowed admirer of Jessie's. But he was a boisterous youth, given to rough jokes and teasing tricks,

and he by no means found favour in the eyes of the lady of his affections.

"I don't know why you should dislike Robert Faulkner so very much; he is rather noisy and rough, certainly, but there is no real harm in him," Miss Middleton remonstrated. "By-the-bye, Minnie has been here this afternoon to ask after you. She says she has not seen you for a week."

"No; dear little Min! I think I had better go for her to-morrow, Auntie." Jessie's conscience reproached her with neglect of her juvenile friend.

"Do so, my dear. Now, hadn't you better get ready for tea? You must be hungry, I am sure."

Jessie had been standing all this time with her hat in her hand, just as she had taken it off when she came in. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed with a bright colour, her hair was ruffled—that breezy hair that would not keep in its place. She was altogether a different-looking girl from the pale, quiet Jessie Middleton of ordinary days. She sprang away and up the stairs, obedient to her aunt's behest, singing as she went. She felt light-hearted, joyous, as if some pleasant change, hitherto undreamed of, was coming into her life. She was rather glad her aunt had not kept Minnie Faulkner that evening. She did not want to talk, somehow, but just to be silent, and to feel a sensation of happiness she could not have defined.

Minnie Faulkner, a school-girl of sixteen, was a great favourite with Jessie; partly, perhaps, because she was so very unlike herself, and partly because the girl clung to her with such passionate fondness. Minnie was a well-grown, blooming girl, without being pretty. She had, indeed, begun to look rather gawky at times, as her brother did not fail to remind her. But Minnie did not care. She was not, as yet, much troubled about her personal appearance, but was just a high-spirited, practical-minded young creature, and the very best companion Jessie could have had. It was impossible to indulge in reverie in Miss Faulkner's company; impossible to let the imagination stray when with one who took such a perfectly matter-of-fact and business-like view of life and its surroundings. Jessie fully appreciated her friend's quickness of observation and clear common sense, and respected her thorough, straightforward honesty of purpose. Minnie Faulkner was one of those people who know exactly what they want to do, and go straight at it without being tempted out of the road, or allowing themselves to be bewildered by mists in the course of their progress.

"You would have made a capital man of business, Minnie," Jessie said to her young friend one day.

"And that is just what I intend to be—at least a woman of business," Minnie replied. "That is just why I am studying arithmetic and English

composition, and French and German, and why I don't care to learn music and drawing. Father is too clever to look after his affairs as he ought to do, and when I leave school next year I am going to keep his books and answer his letters, and I shall help mother in housekeeping. If I should ever marry, I hope I shall marry a man whom I can help, and not one who only wants a wife to sit in the drawing-room dressed up like a Dresden shepherdess."

"I think yours is a very laudable ambition, Minnie," Jessie replied. "I am not a very good arithmetician, and I doubt whether I could write a French letter quite grammatically, but if my father cared for me and wanted my help, I should be so glad that I think I could learn to do anything he might require of me."

"Poor darling!" the girl exclaimed, embracing her. "It must feel very sad to know scarcely anything of your own father! Do you think you would love him very much if you saw more of him?—as much as I love my father?"

Jessie flushed and paled. "I don't know," she answered, her lips trembling a little. "I should try to love him. Sometimes, you know, a person may have a kind heart and warm affections, though in appearance and manner they may be a little—rough, perhaps." She hesitated over a word to express her father's vulgar, overbearing manner—a manner that always made her shrink into herself.

"Yes, I know—like Bob," Minnie answered, nodding her head sagaciously. Jessie thought it best to make no reply.

Jessie was in the habit, at least once during the week, of going to the High School Minnie attended and bringing her home to tea. In pursuance of the resolution she had mentioned to her Aunt, she went the afternoon following her meeting with Mr. Cunliffe. Minnie was delighted to accept the invitation. One of her schoolfellows passed Dr. Faulkner's house, and would tell Mrs. Faulkner that she had gone home with Miss Middleton.

"We could go that way ourselves—it is not far round—so as to ask Mrs. Faulkner's leave for you to come with me, if you would rather," Jessie suggested. The visits were generally pre-arranged.

"Oh, no; no need," Minnie decided. "Mother likes me to think for myself. She says it is best I should learn to depend on my own judgment. If I made a mistake it would be so much experience: I should know better another time," the young lady added, buttoning her jacket, and sticking her hat on the top of her curly mass of hair.

Jessie thought that if decision and independence were objects proposed in Minnie's education, they were in a fair way of attainment. Yet Minnie would in all probability never stray beyond the ordinary path either in thought or action; whilst Jessie, hitherto timid in asserting herself and diffident in expressing an opinion, soared in fancy and speculation—where?

Jessie was a little absent in mind that evening. She could not help wondering whether Mr. Cunliffe would remember his promise, whether he would call that evening, or not till Saturday, when he returned from the office early. She was quite unaware that he was counting the hours till he could put in an appearance at No. 9; quite unaware that the foolish young fellow had touched with his lips the place on his sleeve where her hand had rested, and that the thought of her had floated through his dreams and risen with him in the morning. It was well for Dick Cunliffe's chances that she did not know all this. Any thought of him as a lover would as yet have frightened, and perhaps even repelled her. Her untried heart was like a bird that might flutter into the hand entreatingly and cautiously held out to it, but would be scared away at once by any attempt to secure it before its shyness had been overcome by tender and judicious approaches.

Tea had been removed. Twilight was coming on. The canaries' cage had been brought in, and hung up with a cloth over it, out of the reach of Selim, the Persian cat, who watched the proceedings with a kind of regretful resignation. The parrot slept with his head under his wing. Jessie had to lay aside her embroidery for want of light. Minnie Faulkner, with her elbows on the table, was holding forth on the right of women to be doctors, or anything else they chose to be.

"I wonder you don't become a doctor yourself, then," Jessie remarked, during a pause in the young lady's discourse.

"I shouldn't mind the work one bit as far as the study went, but I don't think the profession is sufficiently well paid," replied the practical-minded young lady. "You see, unless doctors have a good practice they are miserably poor, and if they are successful, like my father, they never have an hour they can call their own; always liable to be called hither and thither at any moment, never knowing that they may not be disturbed at dinner or rung up at night. That is what I should not like."

"If it were not for those vile guns, I myself would be a soldier," Jessie quoted, laughing, while she glanced a little anxiously at the clock. She had felt so sure that Mr. Cunliffe would not forget that he had promised to bring her the books of architectural plates, and yet, was it not already late? "Won't you have the lamp lighted, Auntie dear?" she asked.

"Yes, I think you may light it now," said Miss Middleton. She was rather fond of sitting still "between lights," as she called it, not being of so restless a temperament as her niece Jessie. She put out her hand to close the window, which still remained open to the warm scented evening air, but paused, smiling and nodding to someone outside: "Pray come in," she called out; and then turned to Jessie: "Ring for Hannah to open the door, my dear; there is Mr. Cunliffe coming up the steps. He has some

big books under his arm—I suppose they are the books of plates you spoke of.”

“Mr. Cunliffe! who is that? I don’t know the name,” Minnie inquired; whilst Jessie went to the bell, a wave of colour flushing her cheeks, a glad light in her eyes.

“Our opposite neighbour; he lodges at Miss Carraway’s,” Miss Middleton replied to Minnie’s question.

“Oh, I know who it is, then! It is that handsome young man who carries his head so high!” Minnie exclaimed. “Bob says he is a born aristocrat, and ought to be put an end to. Let me go to the door!”

She was about to dart from the room, when Jessie laid her hand on her arm, detaining her.

“Sit down, and don’t be silly,” she said; “and I wouldn’t repeat Bob’s impertinent speeches if I were you.”

“There! you’ve called him Bob! I shall tell him!” laughed Minnie the irrepressible, clapping her hands.

Jessie bit her lip in vexation with herself for her slip of the tongue, but she had no opportunity for retort, as Hannah threw open the door and announced “Mr. Cunliffe.”

“Why did you not come in time for tea? We should have been so glad to have seen you,” said Miss Middleton in her cordial manner as she shook hands with him.

“You are very kind; I was rather late home from the office this evening,” he replied; then turning to Jessie, whose hand he retained for a moment with a slight pressure, “I have brought some books I think you may like to see; they will prove to you how beautiful domestic architecture may be made,” he added.

Jessie took the books with warm thanks, and laid them on the table—a large folio and a thick quarto. She introduced him to Minnie, and then proceeded to light the lamp, whilst Mr. Cunliffe made some remarks to Miss Middleton on the news of the day.

Jessie’s sensitive face betrayed her delight as she opened the books. Minnie drew up her chair, and with elbows on the table prepared to give her opinion. Dick Cunliffe placed himself close behind Jessie, so that he also could see, and explain when necessary. Thus exteriors and interiors were examined and remarked upon, Dick pointing out and commenting upon the distinctive styles, and listening with keen pleasure to Jessie’s spirited and appreciative observations.

“Oh, don’t be in such a hurry, please,” she entreated, as he was rather hastily turning over a page; “I think this is the most beautiful of all. ‘Hamlyn Court,’” she read; “what a noble place! It is very ancient, is it not?” she continued. “How glorious it must be to live in such a place as that! and yet, I don’t know——” she hesitated.

“Rats and dust!” Minnie remarked.

Jessie laughed. “Minnie is thinking about the latest sanitary improvements,” she said. “I am

afraid my idea was not quite so matter-of-fact. It occurred to me that one would have always to be so grand to be in harmony with such a place, and that would be rather troublesome, wouldn’t it? And then, I am not sure that one wouldn’t get to fancy oneself four hundred years old, and be making use of such expressions as ‘Gra’mercy, fair sir,’ and ‘Marry, come up,’ and ‘I give you good den, sweet ladye.’ But it is very, very beautiful,” she added, with a little lingering sigh, as she turned to the next page, where was a drawing of the stately hall and staircase; little dreaming how much she would hear of this place in after days.

“I will leave the books with you, and you can look at them at your leisure,” Dick remarked in a voice that sounded cold and constrained, and that made Jessie glance up at him half-afraid that she had said something to vex him. He looked pale, and there was an expression in his eyes she could not quite interpret.

“Tell me, Miss Middleton, would you really like to make your home in such a place as that?” he questioned. “And mind you, the drawing does not do the place justice. It does not give you colour, nor the magnificent avenue of oaks, nor the really fine front, where the long terrace runs from end to end.”

“You know Hamlyn Court!” Jessie exclaimed.

Dick flushed. “I have never been there, but I have heard it described,” was the reply. “But you haven’t answered my question, Miss Middleton.”

Jessie paused for a moment; then she said, “Well, honestly, I think it would be delightful. I must confess to a liking for things of ancient date.”

“That is why you like me, I suppose,” observed Miss Middleton, with her soft little half-inward laugh.

“Exactly so,” retorted Jessie saucily.

“Supposing it was put before you, the option of living in such a place as that on the condition of giving up your independence, of making yourself a mere hanger-on—what would you say?” Dick inquired, with a touch of anxiety in his tone, returning to the charge.

“I should make anyone who laid before me such an option a low curtsy and say, ‘No, thank you,’” Jessie affirmed.

Dick gave a sigh as of relief. “Better a dinner of herbs——” he muttered half to himself.

Jessie again glanced at him a little surprised. There was so evidently a motive in what he had been saying. Her aunt’s idea recurred to her that from his reticence in speaking of his mother’s family she was probably of low origin. Perhaps she had been in service in one of these great houses, and that might make him bitter. But she did not quite like to think that of Mr. Cunliffe; it seemed unworthy of a man of whom she was already inclined to make a hero. He ought to be above conventional prejudice—one so clever, so strong, so capable of making a

name for himself, of fighting a good fight in the world's arena. She would have liked to know if her surmise was correct, just to show him she did not care. But, as a matter of course, she could not ask questions, and there was a certain proud reserve about his character, in spite of his genial, often playful manner, that made her feel how impenetrable he would be to anything like impertinent curiosity.

She took the earliest opportunity the following morning to return to the volume of plates, and opened it at Hamlyn Court. The place seemed to exercise

need to be noble to be both handsome and good," she said to herself; and then she sighed and closed the book.

CHAPTER V.—ON THE RIVER.

AFTER this evening, Dick Cunliffe found himself, to his great delight, received at No. 9 on the footing of a friend. Two or three times a week he left his work to spend the twilight hour in the company of Miss Middleton and her niece. Sometimes he brought an illustrated paper that he thought Miss



"Dick Cunliffe placed himself close behind Jessie."—p. 70.

over her a strange fascination. She read the letter-press, giving an account not only of the structure but of the family. How one Richard de Hamlyn went to the Crusades and was never heard of more, and another Richard Hamlyn was created a Baron for his adhesion to the house of Lancaster, and how in the next reign a large grant of abbey lands was added, when the present mansion was built. The raising of the then Richard, Baron Hamlyn, to be Earl of Roedale in the last century seemed almost derogatory in the face of such antiquity. Always Richard Hamlyn, it seemed, and Jessie's imagination endowed them all with tall figures and breadth of shoulder and brow, and bright grey eyes that could laugh with pleasantness, or flash with anger; finishing off the imaginary portrait with a soft brown moustache and a cleft in the chin. "But it does not

Middleton might like to see, sometimes a new song for Jessie, but quite as often without any excuse but the pleasure their society afforded him. Occasionally, the two Misses Hammond, from No. 3, came to tea and an evening's talk with the elder lady, when Dick drew Jessie to the piano, where he had her all to himself. Occasionally Minnie Faulkner would be there, but more frequently he found the ladies alone. One way and another, intimacy ripened fast.

"What a lovely evening this would be for a row on the river!" said Dick, one hot evening towards the end of August.

It had been one of those sultry, breathless days when the longing for the green shelter of trees and the sound of water flowing becomes almost irresistible, when the continued glare of the sun wearies, and the air as it comes in through the open window



"To two of the party it was like a voyage into dreamland."—p. 73.

brings with it a sensation of dust and oppression, rather than of refreshment.

"I should think it would be delightful!" Jessie observed in answer. "I have never been on the river."

"But that is your own fault, Jessie," interposed Minnie Faulkner, who happened to be present; "Bob has offered to row you to Richmond over and over again."

Jessie coloured and looked annoyed at this reference to her unappreciated admirer. "I had no wish to go then," she said coldly.

"If I might venture where Mr. Faulkner has failed, I would try to persuade you to let me take you on the water," said Dick with a pleading look. "Miss Middleton, what do you say?"

"For myself I must say 'No,'" Miss Middleton returned, from her accustomed seat by the window. "I could not walk as far as the river, and I am timid on the water. It would be no enjoyment to me, and I should only spoil your pleasure. But if Jessie likes to go I have no objection, I'm sure."

Jessie's expressive eyes glanced gratefully towards her aunt.

"You may trust me; I am accustomed to boating. I promise you Miss Jessie will be perfectly safe with me, if she will consent to the expedition," Dick averred.

"Yes, I can trust her with you," said Miss Middleton.

"And I should enjoy it extremely," said Jessie, her countenance giving the assurance that her words were not mere matters of course.

"Perhaps Miss Faulkner will join us?" Dick suggested, turning towards that young lady.

"Oh, I did so hope you would ask me!" cried Minnie, jumping up and sitting down again

impetuously. "I delight in going on the water; only Bob will be vexed because you would never go with him, Jessie! Not that I care much for his black looks."

"I could not have allowed Jessie to go with your brother Robert, Minnie," said Miss Middleton. "He is not sufficiently steady. The river is no place for boyish tricks."

"No, I should have been frightened. I could not have trusted him," Jessie affirmed.

"But you will trust me?" Dick interrogated, bending towards her, his eyes lending a deeper meaning to his words.

"Yes, I will trust you," Jessie replied in a low voice, flushing slightly, her eyes drooping beneath his ardent gaze.

"Then we will go on Saturday afternoon, if that will suit you both," he said.

"You had better come here direct from school and dine with us, Minnie," suggested Miss Middleton, always full of kind thought for others. "Then you will be ready when Mr. Cunliffe calls for you."

Dick Cunliffe and Jessie were both glad to have Minnie's company. A consciousness had arisen between them of something as yet unspoken. They seemed to be standing on neutral ground between the indefinite and definite, and even Dick hesitated to cross the boundary. The present was so full of delight, he scarcely cared all at once to disturb existing relations. There was a deep and tranquil peace and restfulness in their intercourse that made it like some green flowery island amidst the hurrying stream of life. Had he met Jessie Middleton in the midst of society he would doubtless have fallen in love with her all the same, but much of the charm he now experienced would have been wanting. There

would have been the distractions of gaiety, a more conventional mode of life, other aspirants for her favour, a hundred things would have come between them; but here she was all his own, free from annoyances or jealousies or heart-burnings. Besides all this, he was anxious to gain a step in his profession before asking Jessie to be his wife, and this he looked forward to doing at no very distant day.

Jessie, on her part, could not but be aware that Mr. Cunliffe loved her, but she shrank from having the tale his eyes told so well put into words; holding back as if their happiness would lose its ethereal part if brought down from the rosy dawn where it dwelt, to be exposed to the garish light of common day.

There were three young people who cast anxious looks towards the sky on Saturday morning; but Nature might have listened to the lover's vows, so well-disposed did she seem to spread out all her splendours to do them honour. On the Friday evening the sun set behind lurid clouds, and before midnight a violent thunderstorm came on, accompanied by heavy rain; but it cleared off by the morning, the clouds rolled away, and the sky was as bright and serene as if storms were things unknown. It was less sultry. There was a pleasant breeze that made itself felt in Acacia Grove, wafting from the small gardens the scent of mignonette and clematis newly refreshed by the rain.

The little party set off in high spirits, with injunctions from Miss Middleton to be sure and be home before dark. Minnie Faulkner proved herself, quite unconsciously on her part, the most agreeable and least irksome of companions, for during the walk over the common to the river she was here and there and everywhere, going over double the ground like a greyhound. Darting after a butterfly or a wild flower, lingering behind to watch some bird or insect, and then coming up with the other two in time to prevent either words or silence from becoming dangerous. For silence between two loving hearts is sometimes more eloquent than words.

"Now you must promise me to sit quite still, Miss Faulkner, and, as you say you can steer, you shall try your skill," said Dick Cunliffe, as they arrived at the little jetty where boats were to be hired.

He chose one, made his bargain, and helped his companions in. Jessie staggered a little as she felt the boat sway under her feet, and putting out her hand caught hold of Dick's arm. How pleasant it was to him to feel her leaning upon him for support! "Thus through life," he said to himself as he placed her on the cushioned seat and warned her to keep in the centre.

"You need not be afraid, Jessie; we're all right," said Minnie, in her business-like way, as she seated herself in the stern and took the tiller-ropes in her hand—as much as to say, "There is no cause for fear while I am here to take care of you." "I am not afraid to come with Bob," she added with an air of superiority, as they pushed off into midstream, and

the measured stroke of the oars impelled the little craft swiftly onwards.

To two of the party it was like a voyage into dream-land. The banks of the river were familiar enough to Dick Cunliffe, but this day they seemed transformed by some subtle magic; nor did he feel himself the same man who had been poring over plans and elevations all the morning in the hot, close office in Great George Street. As for Jessie, she could only feast her eyes, and drink deep of the delight of it, as they rowed up the river through the stillness, scarcely broken except by the sound of the oars in the rowlocks, or the rustle of the reeds stirred by the water as it was displaced by the passage of the boat. For here and there they neared the bank as Dick drew his companion's attention to some well-known object or picturesque bit. Now and then they met or overtook another boating party, or a punt where an angler contentedly watched his float through the long afternoon. Once they passed a lawn coming down to the water's edge, where there was a garden party, and music, the sweet sounds lingering long in the distance. By-and-bye, a fresher breeze sprang up, breaking the surface of the river into ripples sparkling with gold as they were caught by the sunlight; then the boat glided into the shadow cast by tall trees, where a hum of insects was heard amongst the willow-herb and meadow-sweet on the banks, and swallows darted to and fro high overhead or skimmed the surface of the water.

"Oh, what a perfect afternoon!" Jessie exclaimed, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction.

"It's very nice; but I think I like the lower part of the river better, where there is more to see," remarked Minnie. "Oh, look! there are water-lilies!" she cried, forgetting for the moment her duty as coxswain.

"Do take care what you are about, Miss Faulkner; you will have us fast amongst those bulrushes!" Mr. Cunliffe cried out sharply. "You shall have some water-lilies," he added, as he pulled towards the sedgy island, several swans floating near and regarding the invaders of their domain with watchful eyes. Borrowing Jessie's sunshade, he used the hooked handle to draw within reach the silvery flowers with their golden stamens, and, gathering them, held them out to Minnie.

"You are not to have them all, Min," Jessie remonstrated, as Minnie took them one by one from Mr. Cunliffe's outstretched hand. "You have got more than you can want already, you greedy child."

"Very well," Minnie assented, relinquishing some of the spoil. "Let us lay them down at the bottom of the boat till we land: they will make our dresses wet."

Soon the declining sun warned them to turn homewards. The sky shone with an amber light through the trees, and reflected itself in the water. As they passed the little island again, they found the swans asleep under the willows. The fisherman had gone home; his punt was moored to a mossy post. Few boats remained on the darkening river. Their

course was more rapid down stream, and soon—too soon—the landing-place would be reached, and that blissful afternoon become a thing of the past, but to be vividly remembered even when other scenes and other companions might seem to claim attention.

"I hope you have enjoyed your expedition," said Miss Middleton, as the young people came in after their quick walk across the dusky common.

"Oh, so much!" exclaimed Minnie; "and look what lovely water-lilies! Jessie has some, too!"

"Very pretty, my dear. Put down your hat, Mr. Cunliffe. I have ordered a substantial tea. I am sure you must all be hungry," said Miss Middleton, thinking more at the moment of the cold chicken and ham than of the flowers.

"I think we are prepared to do justice to your tea, Auntie," Jessie assured her. "Come, Min, let us go and take off our hats and make ourselves presentable."

It was Minnie who gave Miss Middleton an account of what they had seen and done. Jessie made little remark upon the afternoon's enjoyment; but it needed only to look at her radiant face, and see the tender, joyous light that shone from the depths of her dark eyes, to read the story there.

After this, Dick Cunliffe frequently persuaded Jessie to take a walk, or a row on the river, on fine Saturday afternoons; often with Minnie Faulkner as companion, but sometimes alone. On these latter occasions Dick put a strict curb upon his tongue. Miss Middleton trusted him, and he felt it a point of honour not to betray her trust by word or look. This not seldom gave a certain appearance of restraint to his manner, and Jessie, not knowing what to attribute it to, felt a little chilled and disappointed. Once or twice she asked herself if she could unwittingly have offended him in any way. But this fear never lasted throughout the evening. Always some glance, some word, some pressure of the hand sent her to rest with happy dreams of future meetings.

Was Miss Middleton blind all this time? Not quite so much so as might have been supposed. One afternoon, when Mr. Medwin, the Vicar, called at No. 9, and found Miss Middleton alone, he ventured to broach the subject. He took a fatherly interest in Jessie, and had a warm regard for Miss Middleton, though not much opinion of her worldly wisdom.

After discussing various parish matters, he turned the conversation so as to bring forward Jessie's name.

"You will be losing her before long, judging from appearances," he said.

"Losing her?" Miss Middleton questioned. "I do not know. I really know very little about my brother's plans. I suppose he will expect Jessie to take her place in his household when the time comes. But I shall go with her. The child will want me."

Miss Middleton sighed. The prospect of breaking up her comfortable home to reside under another person's roof was not cheering to her, though she was prepared to make the sacrifice for Jessie's sake. She

looked forward to their removal to Palace Gardens with anything but pleasurable feelings. She was afraid—she knew her brother's character; she had become acquainted with it only too well, during the months she spent in his house whilst nursing his poor, neglected, uncared-for wife in the long lingering decline that ended in her death. She knew him to be arrogant, ostentatious, selfish, and vulgar, and she was afraid, not for her own sake, but for Jessie's. Sweet, and gentle, and loving as Jessie appeared, her aunt was aware that she had a strength of will, and on rare occasions, because rarely roused, a power of self-assertion that augured ill for peace if the two uncongenial spirits should clash. Jessie had no associations of early tenderness and indulgence that might help to throw a veil over her father's defects. He was to all intents and purposes a stranger to her, though likely enough to demand from her filial obedience as much as if he had been the most devoted and self-sacrificing of parents.

"I was not thinking of Mr. Middleton's claims when I spoke," Mr. Medwin corrected, smiling; "but of one who I imagine will be putting in a claim to an even nearer and dearer tie. Has it never occurred to you that Mr. Cunliffe has formed an attachment to your niece?"

"I am afraid I am not very clear-sighted in such matters," Miss Middleton replied, blushing like a girl. "At first, I must confess, the probability of any such attachment never occurred to me. I only thought of Mr. Cunliffe as an agreeable companion; and Jessie has so few. But lately I have seen—I believe he loves Jessie, and I am glad."

"You think Mr. Middleton would not object to such a connection?"

"Why should he? Mr. Cunliffe is a gentleman, and has a gentleman's profession. We are of no family ourselves. He may not be rich; but that ought not to signify—Jessie will have enough. I should be truly thankful to see her the wife of a man whom she can thoroughly esteem and love, and who would make her a good, kind husband."

Miss Middleton's voice faltered a little as she said this, thinking what the contrary experience had been in the case of her sister-in-law.

"If such are your views, I should be glad too," returned the Vicar. "Cunliffe appears to me a fine young fellow, though I have not seen much of him. You think, then, that Jessie would be willing to give up all her prospects of grandeur in her father's house?"

"Jessie knows nothing of any such prospects," said Miss Middleton. "She has lived a simple life with me. Ideas of grandeur she has none. If she thinks of her father as a rich man, it is vaguely, without any connection with herself."

"Well, I sincerely hope that whatever turns out will be for her happiness. She is a good girl," returned the Vicar, as he rose to take leave.

From this conversation it will be seen that Miss Middleton was altogether unaware of her brother's

aspirations, and that he had not considered it necessary to tell her that his wealth was destined, through his daughter, to fill the coffers of one who had rank and title to give in exchange.

CHAPTER VI.—A BARGAIN.

AUTUMN passed away, and Christmas came, and then the new year, and at last Mr. Middleton considered his preparations completed. A magnificent edifice had arisen on a hillside at Nettlewood in his native county, full in view of all beholders. The house in Palace Gardens was fully arranged. Mr. Middleton swelled with pride as he stalked through the spacious rooms, gorgeous with colour and gilding, and satin hangings, and Eastern embroideries. The feet sank noiselessly in the velvet-pile carpets. A dozen Thomas Middletons were reflected in the numerous mirrors. Ornaments in priceless china and bronze and ormolu occupied every available niche. Paintings by the best masters hung on the walls—at least this was what Mr. Middleton was led to believe.

"I don't know anything about them, and I don't care what they cost, only let me have the best," he said to the decorator. And if he was charged their value to the uttermost farthing, it did not do him much harm, and perhaps did someone else good.

Leaving directions for the completion of his London establishment under an able housekeeper and butler, who had been highly recommended to him, and having seen to the purchase of carriages and horses, he betook himself to Nettlewood to spend Christmas, and to see

how affairs were progressing in that quarter. Here also every part of both exterior and interior were as splendid as the heart of a millionaire could desire. But after a fortnight's stay in the country he returned to London in a far less exuberant state of mind than that in which he had set out for Nettlewood. He had expected to be the great man of the neighbourhood, and he found himself only a *parvenu*. Not that he was shunned by the neighbouring gentry, or treated with any want of respect, but he was made conscious in some subtle manner that he was not one of them, and had a sore feeling that his grandeur was ignored, if not ridiculed. He began almost to despise his Nettlewood mansion himself, because it was so fine and so new, though he had too much good sense to attempt the sham antique that would deceive no one.

The place that created the greatest soreness in his mind was Hamlyn Court, situated about two miles from Nettlewood. He never passed the gates and looked down the avenue of hoary oaks, he never saw the turrets from a distance above the trees, without his heart being gnawed with envy. He felt angry with the very rooks that passed, cawing, over his young plantations to their ancestral nests in Hamlyn Park. When he first heard that there was a young Lord Hamlyn, the Earl of Roedale's only son, he made up his mind that here was the fitting husband for his daughter. To see Jessie queening it in Hamlyn Court would be the next best thing to the unattainable, the being himself one of the hereditary lords of the soil. But this hope was soon quenched. He found that the young Lord Hamlyn was a confirmed invalid,



"Miss Middleton must be surrounded from the first," her ladyship affirmed.—p. 77.

subject to epileptic fits, and of weak intellect. He lived completely secluded, seldom stirring beyond the bounds of the park, and then always accompanied by a trusted attendant. The Earl also was in a delicate state of health, and was wintering in the south of France on that account. Mr. Middleton also heard that the earldom of Roedale would expire with the present representative, but that the Barony of Hamlyn descended in the female line. That the present Earl's sister had made a runaway match with some man inferior in station, and that her son, if she had one, would inherit. But no one seemed to know who or what the person was she had offended her family by marrying; some said he was a poor curate, others that he was one of the grooms, others, again, that he was a foreigner, and whether she had left issue no one knew, though there was naturally some speculation on the subject.

Forced to give up the idea of Jessie's marriage with Lord Hamlyn, Mr. Middleton returned to London more than ever bent upon connecting himself with the aristocracy. But to this end it was necessary that Jessie should be properly introduced. His sister would be all very well to chaperon Jessie at home, but she could be of no assistance to him in opening the door into such society as he aspired to enter, or in directing Jessie when she made her *début* in the great world. He must find someone who would take the unformed girl under her wing, and educate her into a fashionable young lady.

It may often happen that two people, each requiring assistance from the other, may go on meeting without discovering their mutual need; but the contrary may also happen, and Mr. Middleton proved to be one of the more favoured amongst mortals, for he found what he wanted. It is a fact to be lamented, but a fact nevertheless, that here and there members of the aristocracy are to be met with, not only inadequately furnished with this world's goods, but absolutely so poor as to make it a matter of extreme difficulty to them to keep up the state their rank demands. Amongst these unfortunates were Lord and Lady Mountfalcon. They might have contrived just to make both ends meet, if they could have made up their minds to let their London house, and to retire to their country estate, where his lordship might have cultivated his own land, and reared his mutton and shot his game, and her ladyship might have superintended her household. But this was just what they could not resolve to do. When the London season began they came to town with the rest. Lord Mountfalcon found it impossible to exist without his club. Lady Mountfalcon had been a beauty in her day, and was still a well-preserved, fine-looking woman. All her life she had breathed only for society: its laws were to her paramount, its conventionalities the only virtues necessary to be impressed upon the mind. Her

taste in dress was indisputable, her knowledge of all the nice points of etiquette profound. She knew the exact shade of manner in which each person should be approached—the reverential, the bland, the cordial, the carelessly indifferent, according to the claims of rank and fashion or the absence of any such claims.

It had become impossible, however, for Lady Mountfalcon to give entertainments, and the time for being ornamental at a dinner or garden party was past. She began to feel herself neglected. Invitations did not pour in as formerly in her days of youth and beauty. She saw herself in danger of being stranded, unless she could contrive to create some new interest and so regain her place in society.

The impecunious naturally gravitate towards wealth, and it was not long before Lord and Lady Mountfalcon made the acquaintance of Mr. Middleton the millionaire. At first his lordship, who was not quite so clever as my lady, did not see anything to be gained by the acquaintance beyond an occasional good dinner, but her ladyship saw with clearer eyes. She treated Mr. Middleton with great kindness, listened to his opinions, flattered his vanity, and applauded his conversation as something delightfully original, till she completely won his confidence, and had taken his measure. She then professed the greatest interest in his daughter, who, she said, she felt sure must be a sweet, unsophisticated young creature, speaking with enthusiasm, as if simplicity was the greatest charm in her eyes. Possibly Miss Middleton might require just a few hints before entering society; not that she supposed that the society which Miss Middleton had already mixed with was anything but choice—Mr. Middleton must not misunderstand her—but still there were little matters of *convenances*, little points of etiquette to be observed among the higher classes, and it was so fatal to a girl to get the character of being odd or *gauche*. It required exceptional talent and wit, and—well, considerable audacity, too, to carry off anything like eccentricity. Lady Mountfalcon dwelt upon this, till Mr. Middleton began to feel that Jessie might conduct herself like a young savage, and that she would require such training as Lady Mountfalcon alone could give, before she could be made presentable.

At last a bargain was struck. Not in the vulgar sense—not as the Viscountess would engage a governess, or purchase a pair of ponies; but Mr. Middleton perfectly well understood. He was quite willing to open his money-bags to attain the end he had in view—an end of which he made no secret to Lady Mountfalcon, and one which she professed entirely to approve.

"I regret to say my daughter is no beauty, Lady Mountfalcon," Mr. Middleton confessed, during one of the many consultations he held with his new ally. "Indeed, she is, I should say—ahem—decidedly plain," he added, dangling the double gold eyeglasses

that hung by a gold chain over his ample waistcoat.

"Miss Middleton has no need to pose as a beauty, with your wealth," replied her ladyship sweetly. "Exquisitely dressed, and with the repute of being an heiress, she will not fail of success."

Notwithstanding this reassuring speech, Lady Mountfalcon had qualms when she thought what she had undertaken. Looking at the father, she pictured Jessie to herself as a vulgar hoyden, with a clumsy figure, thick features, a milkmaid's complexion, and large ungainly hands and feet. Mr. Middleton himself would scarcely have seen so many defects in this style, his taste decidedly inclining towards substance and colour. Jessie's slight form and pale complexion found no favour in his eyes; but then it must be admitted that Jessie never appeared to advantage in the presence of her father. She shrank from his loud, overbearing manner, and was often pained by his remarks; and Jessie did not always look pretty. She required to have her soul stirred or her intellect roused before her rare loveliness asserted itself. Like the humming-bird, whose iridescent plumage is only seen to perfection whilst flitting from flower to flower in the sunshine, it was only to those who loved her for her sweetness of character that Jessie Middleton was always beautiful.

Lady Mountfalcon was very well satisfied with the result of her diplomacy. The having so great an heiress to introduce would restore all her waning *prestige*. Then Miss Middleton would have her establishment and her carriage always at the service of her chaperon, who would also have the direction of all the entertainments given by Mr. Middleton; and if she—Lady Mountfalcon—required to borrow a few hundreds occasionally, she knew that it was understood that the money would be forthcoming. But this was not all.

The heir to the Mountfalcon title and estates, such as they were, was a nephew: a man of fashion, handsome, accomplished, a regular "curled darling." He had outworn his youth in the gay world, being at this time some two or three-and-thirty years of age, and was sadly in want of a new sensation. He was tired of flirting and of playing the *dilettante*, and of being the "observed of all observers," and was beginning to pronounce life a bore. He had no taste for politics, and, to do him justice, had always held aloof both from the gambling-table and the turf, so that he really had nothing to do with his time. He was poor, too: his slender income little more than sufficing for his modest suite of rooms, his park hack, and his white ties and gloves. It was seldom elastic enough to include his tailor, but Ulric Falcon was considered one of the best dressed men about town, and the tailor was patient. This was the man Lady Mountfalcon intended that Jessie Middleton should marry. Mr. Falcon admired and liked his aunt, and had always been attentive to her, and she, on her part, had a warm affection for him; they were much together, consequently he would have constant opportunities

of meeting the heiress, and the rest would be easy, if only Ulric would lay his fastidiousness on one side, and view the alliance proposed to him in a sensible and business-like way. She was careful, however, to let no hint of this intention escape her in conversation with Mr. Middleton, though she did casually mention Ulric's name as one whose approval at once gave a certain stamp in fashionable circles.

"Miss Middleton must be surrounded from the first," her ladyship affirmed. "Nothing creates a wish so much as a difficulty. She will never want for company if her circle seems to be always full, nor for admirers, as long as a certain few set the fashion to admire. That shall be my care."

Lady Mountfalcon was leaning back in a lounging chair, playing with her fan, as she spoke. She always, when possible, sat with her back to the light, and, with her hair elaborately dressed, and her exquisitely fitting tea-gown, might have passed for five-and-thirty.

Mr. Middleton sat opposite, a small table with a tiny Japanese tea-service between them. He scarcely comprehended the necessity for all the little plans and manoeuvres of which Lady Mountfalcon spoke. He expected it would have been enough to make Jessie an object of attention that she was his daughter, and the sole heiress of all his wealth. Nevertheless, he bowed to her ladyship's greater experience.

"I leave it all to your superior—ahem—knowledge, my lady," he said, rubbing his hands one over the other, as if washing them. "I need not say that I am deeply grateful to your ladyship. You are doing me a service which I—ahem—"

Lady Mountfalcon waved away his acknowledgments with a graceful movement of his hand. "Was the brute really going to offer her *payment*?" she said to herself, with a shiver of disgust. Living at another person's expense, or borrowing a hundred or two in order to satisfy an importunate creditor, was one thing, but surely the creature could not imagine that he could *pay* her for work done, as if she were a common person! Pah!

"It will be necessary that I should see Miss Middleton, to judge of her style, before I can undertake to recommend the most proper person to entrust with the preparation of her costumes," resumed Lady Mountfalcon, sweetly smiling; "nor could I, without seeing her, pronounce upon the ornaments she ought to wear."

"I shall feel only too much honoured in—ahem—submitting my daughter to your inspection at any time it may be convenient for you to appoint," returned Mr. Middleton, speaking of Jessie as if she were a sample of building stone.

Lady Mountfalcon considered a moment, placing her fan to her lips. She could scarcely have Jessie brought for her inspection without inviting her to luncheon, and then there must be an addition to the two small chops from which the tall liveried footman daily lifted the cover with so grand an air.

"I think I should prefer taking Miss Middleton by surprise," she said, bending forward slightly, and lifting her eyes to Mr. Middleton's face. "I should like to see her as she is, at home. I think our acquaintance would commence on a more natural footing. Do you think of going to see her soon?"

"I occasionally drive over to see my sister on a Saturday afternoon," Mr. Middleton replied, in a manner that implied that he so far condescended as to make his sister aware of his existence on that

day, when nothing better could be done. "But that day—ahem—"

"Would suit me exactly," Lady Mountfalcon interposed. "Suppose we say next Saturday afternoon? We are now in the middle of January, and it will take till Easter before Miss Middleton can be fitted out as it will be necessary she should appear."

So it was settled; Mr. Middleton having promised to give his daughter no hint of the forthcoming visit of inspection.

(To be continued.)

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

IN TWO PAPERS—SECOND PAPER.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—PSALM xxiii. 1.



HAVE spoken, in the first part of this paper, of the life of an Eastern shepherd as in great measure differing from that with which we in Western Europe are familiar, involving more personal knowledge, more courage and endurance, more

powers of guidance and protection.

And this care and guidance on the part of the shepherd was met by a corresponding affection. The sheep was to the household life of the East what the dog is to us, the type of true and faithful attachment. With that wondrous power of instinctive perception which God has bestowed even on those creatures of His who lack His higher gift of reason, and which, as far as the purpose of their being could be answered by it, supplies its place, the sheep were not only known by the shepherd, but they knew him. They connected his presence with the guidance and safety which they derived from it; they knew his voice. There was no need to drive them from one pasture to another, or to the fold; they followed the shepherd whithersoever he might lead them; they followed him and no other. "A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." (St. John x. 5.) Hence throughout, wherever the relation is brought before us, the shepherd goes before and leads. As it is here, "He *leadeth*

me beside the still waters." And, again, the words of the Prophet describing God's love for His people: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young" (Isaiah xl. 11); and once more, "Thou that ledest Joseph like a flock" (Ps. lxxx. 1), must have come before the mind of the Psalmist as an image of God's love to us.

We may understand, then, with what force this employment must have come before David's mind: he had himself in his youth been a sharer in it; he had been trained by it in that holy courage and reliance on God's protection, which afterwards became his chief glory as the king and deliverer of Israel. The victory over the lion and the bear when he kept his father's flock was the pledge and earnest of his triumph over the uncircumcised Philistine who defied the armies of the living God. (1 Sam. xvii. 34—36.) The last words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel carry us back, if not to the employment of his youth, yet to the scenes and the natural appearances with which that employment had made him conversant. The recollections of that pure joy in his shepherd life with which he hailed the appearance of the morning after a night spent in watching; or the freshening influence of rain upon pastures that were parched up with drought, came back upon him as the fittest and truest images of that higher and more permanent joy of one who lives under God's protection. "He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth,

even a morning without clouds ; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." (2 Sam. xxiii. 4.)

There is something in the calm and rejoicing language of this twenty-third Psalm which at first sight might incline us to think that it was written during the earliest period of David's life, before he had passed through either the inner or the outer trials of which we find so many utterances in his other hymns and prayers. It might seem as though it were the expression of the feelings of one who was still tending the sheepfolds, who had not experienced any dangers or sorrows beyond those which that employment brought to him. But when we examine the words of this Psalm a little more closely, we may see that it bears traces of a later period, of a wider and more bitter experience. The words are not those of one who has been abiding in the "green pastures" and by the "still waters" all his life long. The joy which he feels is the joy of returning to them. The great blessing for which he gives thanks to God is that "He had restored his soul," had brought it back after it had strayed and been affrighted, and become sick and weary, to the paths of righteousness. Yea, this wandering had been through much danger and distress. The "valley of the shadow of death"—these are not words without a meaning. They tell us of a sense of utter loneliness and abandonment of hope, of enemies on all sides, of a vain struggle, of all this as something overwhelming and intolerable until the sense of God's presence, as that of a loving Shepherd, returned to him ; and then he knew that he was safe. Then he feared no evil. The rod and the staff of his Protector comforted him. It has well been said, accordingly, that it is not the sunburnt shepherd boy in the midst of his peaceful lambs that meets us here, but the man David, who had experienced the hardships of the days of Saul. May we not add, of far worse hardships than any that the hatred of Saul could inflict ; of fallings away from God, of grievous sins against God and against man ; of the worst pain of all, the sense that he was abandoned to himself and the evil which he had made his own ?

Nor is this of interest only as a matter of interpretation. It is of great practical importance. It is exactly this which makes it, as other Psalms are, the fit channel for the expression of our feelings as Christians ; which fits it for being used in the public worship of the Christian Church. It is, therefore, exactly this which we ought to bear in mind every time we utter it. For if it told only of the peace and tranquillity of one who had never strayed, who

had never wandered from the fold, of what value, of what comfort would it be to those who must own every day, not with words only, but in their deepest hearts, that they have "erred and strayed from God's ways like lost sheep" ? It is when we bear in mind that these words came from the very man whom we find elsewhere uttering his cries as from the deep, whose groaning was not hid, whose sins had gone over his head and were like a sore burden too heavy for him to bear, that we may hope that we ourselves are not excluded from using them, that we may utter them with the same truthfulness and living sense of their meaning as he did. That which gave him peace and joy in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death was that the Lord was his Shepherd, that the love of God was ever seeking to save him and deliver him from his enemies, ever ready to pour out his benefits upon him. Sorrows and chastisements might be permitted to teach him how perilous it was to stray from the true fold ; he might involve himself by his own will in sin and all its misery ; but the loving Shepherd was unfailing ; the fold was still open to him. The rod and the staff would give him the twofold comfort of guidance and protection. If he followed them, then goodness and mercy should follow him all the days of his life.

And lest we should think of this as a special personal expression of hope and faith rather than as one uttered by David as the representative of all true believers in all ages, our Lord has, as we well know, confirmed all this language by applying it to illustrate the relation between himself and His Church, by declaring that He is the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for His sheep ; who came to seek and to save that which was lost ; who knoweth His sheep and is known of them ; who came not as the thief to steal, to kill, or to destroy, nor as the hireling, to flee when the wolf came upon the fold ; but in order that His sheep might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. (St. John x. 1—15.) It is to Him that we are called on to return. We belong to His fold. It is true that we may wander from it, that we may choose to follow other shepherds who are evil and not good, strangers and hirelings, and so shut ourselves out from it ; but He is still the Shepherd and Guardian of our souls. Though we may have gone astray and have been left to ourselves, and to him who "goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. v. 8), yet He will still welcome our return, and guide us to the still waters and the green pastures. There is joy over one sinner that repenteth.

If we do not yet realise the words; if the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore I shall not want," appear to us to be words in which we can claim no share, we may remember that it was once so with the Psalmist; that there had been hours in which he felt that he was cast out from the presence of God; that instead of the green pastures there had been the horrible pit, the mire and clay; instead of the waters flowing calmly and clearly, the floods lifting up their voice and the tempest raging horribly. And this may give us hope that it may be one day with us as it was with him; that we, too, may be led to the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake, and may there rejoice in the blessings of which we have by our own acts deprived ourselves.

This, I say, may give us hope. It is this succession of opposite feelings which makes the Book of Psalms so valuable to us, so precious to all whose consciousness of a spiritual life, and of a communion with God their Father as something possible, has not altogether passed away. But in order that the hope may be realised, we must act on it. It will not do to sit down contented with the knowledge that even in the life of God's faithful servants there are these vicissitudes of gloom and sunshine, joy and sorrow, unless we are really bent on being His servants. There is nothing gained by knowing that there is a Good Shepherd who will receive us, and pleasant places in which we may lie down and rest, if we continue wilfully in the valley of the shadow of death, loving its darkness rather than God's light. We may be unable to extricate ourselves; it is impossible that we should in our own strength retrace our steps; the path is too rough and difficult for us to venture

it alone; but we can at least send forth our cries for help, which He, our Good Shepherd, will not disregard. Then His rod and His staff will be with us; we shall pass from utter blank despondency into a sense of reliance on Him, till we can utter with a real feeling of their truth the words, "I fear no evil, for they comfort me."

Only let us take heed that we do indeed go to the one true Shepherd who has called us to His fold. For there are many who are thieves and robbers, who go out seeking for that which has strayed and is desolate or in misery, not that they may lead it back and that it may have life, but that they may make it their own. These will not avail us; they will lead us further astray. They will take us for a time into paths that are pleasant to the eye; there will be a mock rest, a repose, as of lethargic slumber, instead of the true rest which God provides for His people, but in the end they will lead to the shadow of death again, to a deeper and more dreadful region of it, and leave us there to perish. Not in strength of our own as having power to deliver us, not in the help of men, not in the desire of the eyes or the pride of life, not in mere work after lower aims than the mark which is set before us, not in the theories of human teachers, in great schemes or beautiful ideals, not in any or all of these, but only in the love of God manifested in Christ, shall we find rest for our souls. Here is the One Good Shepherd who lays down His life for His flock, and feeds them, and causes them to lie down under His care only; goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life. With His help only can we "dwell in the House of the Lord for ever."

HOMES FOR WORKING BOYS.



ICE nowadays, it is sometimes said, pays better than virtue, for a man needs to have sinned in order to enlist the sympathy and assistance of Christian people. Such a statement is, of course, untrue and misleading; still, as is the case with most fallacies, it has an element of truth in it. For if the various philanthropic institutions of London, for instance, be passed under review, a very large number of them will be found to be of a remedial rather than a preventive character; and while there are numerous agencies established

to "raise up them that fall," there are comparatively few whose object is to "strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted." It is surely as Christ-like to strengthen the young and the weak and the tempted, so as if possible to avert their fall, as it is to restore to the path of uprightness those who have turned aside.

Amongst the foremost efforts of a preventive character we are inclined to rank one made a few years ago to supply the working boys of London with suitable homes. I purpose in this paper giving a short account of a visit I paid recently to one of these useful institutions—I say one of

them, for there are now no less than nine, under the same patronage, situated in various parts of the metropolis.

Let me first, however, say a word about the great need that existed for some such institution as that now before our notice. Persons unacquainted with boy-life in London have little idea how many young lads of from thirteen to seventeen years of age are every year thrown upon their own resources, and left to make their

juvenile clerks in shops and offices. As a rule, every boy with a fairly good character succeeds in getting in somewhere.

But here begins his danger; he has no home. His wages—six, seven, eight, rarely more than ten shillings a week—do not admit of his securing a lodging with decent people. He is compelled to resort to some poor neighbourhood—perhaps to a common lodging-house, where he is not only in danger of being imposed upon and



A SKETCH AT PELHAM HOUSE.

own way in the world. Sometimes it is the death of their parents that sends them adrift; sometimes the cruelty of step-parents; sometimes the sudden breaking-up of their home by some misfortune; while a large number of lads come up from the country—after the manner of Dick Whittington—in the hope of improving their fortunes in London. All these lads, for the most part, succeed in obtaining employment, for the demand for boy-labour is large, and apparently increasing. Some engage themselves to accompany the carmen, and watch the vans while the men are delivering the goods; others obtain employment as shop and errand boys; a few are fortunate enough (as they think) to become

badly treated, but is compelled to breathe a moral atmosphere poisonous indeed for a man, and for a boy simply deadly. Here is scope for preventive effort! Thank God, Christian people have been found ready to act.

And they have acted wisely: not by rushing in and making lads so situated objects of charity, but by providing them with a comfortable home and wholesome food, in return for a weekly payment proportionate to their earnings. By this means the lads are well fed and well housed, and at the same time have the satisfaction of feeling that they are supporting themselves by their own efforts.

Let me now describe one of these homes. The

home I visited is known as Pelham House, and is situated in Spital Square, near Bishopsgate. This home was formerly a private dwelling-house, and as far as outward appearance goes is so still, the founders having wisely abstained from making any alterations which might suggest a public institution. The superintendent, who, with his wife, undertakes the whole management of the home, met me at the door, and conducted me over the building. First we entered the boys' dining-room, on the ground floor—a comfortable room, decorated with pictures, and furnished with tables and forms. Two or three boys were busy despatching their supper, having just returned from work. On Sundays all take their meals together, but on other days this is impracticable, as they leave work at different times. Descending the stairs, we come to the kitchen, where the matron is busy passing out their meals to some late boys through an opening in the door. Each boy, on receiving his cup of tea and plate of bread and butter, retires with it to the dining-room. On a level with the kitchen is the courtyard, which has been covered in and fitted up as a gymnasium. This form of recreation is evidently very popular, from the number of boys patronising it. One would have thought that boys hard at work all day would scarcely have cared for such fatiguing exercise; but youth commands a large amount of superfluous energy, which even a hard day's work cannot entirely exhaust, but which is innocently expended here.

Leaving this part of the home, we go up-stairs, and find ourselves in a large reading and sitting-room. The merry hum of voices, interrupted by frequent outbursts of laughter, convinces us that the twenty-five or thirty lads seated at the various tables are perfectly at home, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Some are reading, for there is a lending library in one corner of the room; others are absorbed in chess, draughts, dominoes, and such-like games; one or two have retired to the quieter corners, and are busy letter-writing.

I was struck, in this room, as well as in the dining-room, with the elaborately moulded chimney-pieces, which are now somewhat chipped and disfigured, but which show that the house once

made considerable pretensions to ornament. On remarking this, I was told that it was formerly tenanted by a wealthy Spitalfields weaver, who occupied the lower rooms, and, like others of his craft, worked his looms in the attics.

We next visited the dormitories, which occupy the second and upper storeys of the house, and are capable of accommodating about fifty boys—each boy having a bed to himself. The rooms appeared beautifully clean and well ventilated, and one could not help contrasting the tidy beds and wholesome surroundings with the accommodation these poor lads would have to put up with if left to shift for themselves.

It is now 9.30 p.m., and a bell—or rather a whistle—summons all the lads to the reading-room for evening prayers. It is a rule of the home that every lad shall be present, except by special permission. The chairs arranged round three sides of the room are soon filled (for there are forty-eight boys in residence, and most of them present), and the superintendent takes his seat at the central table. First the names are called; then a hymn is sung, which is followed by the reading of Scripture and prayer. As soon as this service has concluded, all retire at once to rest—all, except two or three lads apparently older than the rest, who remain behind in conversation with the superintendent. These, he explains, are lads now old enough to take care of themselves, who have recently left the home for respectable lodgings to which he has introduced them in the neighbourhood, but who are encouraged to pay an occasional visit to their old quarters, in order that they may not be entirely lost sight of. It was highly gratifying to hear the way in which these lads—now young men—spoke of the kindness they had received, and of the happy years they had spent in the home which they now felt it a privilege to be allowed to re-visit.

It need hardly be added that one left Pelham House with a firm conviction that a truly useful work was being carried on there, and with a sincere wish that such institutions might be multiplied tenfold, not only in London, but in every large town in the kingdom.

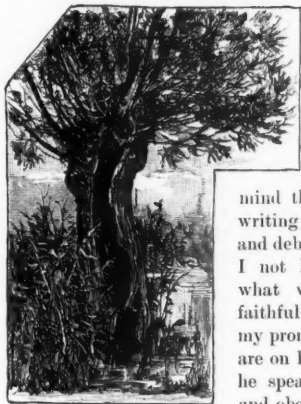
J. H. K.



MISS BASSETT'S AVERSION.

TWO CHAPTERS IN A GIRL'S DIARY.

I.



I AM in a strait betwixt two.

Perhaps it is significant of the confusion which at present exists in my

mind that I pause after writing the above sentence and debate its truth. Do I not know that, come what will, I shall be faithful to Harry and to my promise, that the odds are on his side, that when he speaks I shall listen and obey?

And yet there *is* a conflict, and rival voices contend for the mastery over my spirit. I am swayed first in one direction and then in the other by forces which are so closely allied that it seems passing strange and cruel to find them in antagonism. Gratitude, and all the loyal regard that goes hand-in-hand with that noble sentiment, command me to acquiesce in my employer's wishes. The whisper of, I fear, a still sweeter passion urges me forward on the path of rebellion.

Certain it is that I owe more—much more—than is easily entered in black and white to Miss Bassett. She is eccentric—unkind and careless people call her behind her back a “crotchety old maid”—she is sharp of speech, and given to satire; and yet I doubt if a more generous heart beats this June evening in all Fenborough (Harry is in London), or for that matter in Woldshire. From the time of my dear father's death, five years ago, she has been to me in the place of a parent, and scarce could the mother whom I so faintly remember, have treated her daughter with greater tenderness and care. My old nurse, settled so happily in the bailiff's cottage at Elm Tree Farm, has said times without number that it was the Providence which has promised to be the orphan's stay, that led Miss Bassett into our midst, from nobody knew where, in the year of my great loss. At sixteen I was penniless and alone, and crushed by the sudden stroke that had robbed Fenborough of its genial and, alas! too easy-going surgeon. Of near kinsfolk I had none, and even if I had wished to go to the antipodes, it was the undertaking of months to correspond and arrange with the three farmer cousins who were planting our family name of Retlaw in the new commonwealth of Victoria.

Miss Bassett came to my rescue.

“I want a companion. Moat House is dull; about which fact the advertisement, on the strength of which I took it, didn't say a word. If you can put up with an old-fashioned woman and old-fashioned ways, my dear, I shall be delighted to have your company,” she said.

And I, listening to the counsel of friends, accepted the suggestion, and have never once regretted it.

I do not regret it now, when my guardian's will and my own are threatening day by day to come sadly into collision, and when the hand of this dear protector would close against me the gates of an Eden in which she herself has never roamed.

Stay! For the last statement—entered in the bitterness of my spirit and without thought—I have no sufficient warrant. The reverse may be the truth. Miss Bassett is by nature reticent, and of her past I have learned, in these years of intercourse, very, very little. I have sometimes thought that if the volume of her experience were unsealed I might read therein chapters of strange pathos. She, too, may have entered the lover's Eden; and it may be the fiery sword of disappointment—visible still to her—from the peril of which she would warn others.

Some such explanation appears, indeed, inevitable of the attitude which Miss Bassett has assumed, for I cannot believe that a selfish motive is the key to what she styles her “aversion,” or that she is actuated by a merely whimsical dislike.

Harry has been very patient and good. I suppose it seldom happens that childish playmates become grown-up lovers, and that a hazy, indistinct dream of early youth hardens into the aim and purpose of manhood and womanhood. But our case is the exception that proves the commonplace rule of forgetfulness. As children we were always together, while Captain Maple held the lease of Holly Lodge, the grounds of which adjoined our own orchard. And when Harry went off to be article'd in the merchant service, I promised him shyly enough—innocent lassie as I was—that if he prospered and came back, and some day asked me, I would be his wife. My cheeks have burned many a time at the casual remembrance of that foolish and on both sides presumptuous vow.

But Harry has come back, a handsome, stalwart, sun-browned sailor, and captain in his turn of a steamship under one of the best northern firms. He has explained the long delay and silence since his father left Fenborough, and—and he has won anew a conditional half-promise. The condition is that he will be in no haste to require the final, irrevocable “Yes,” which may occasion a breach between Miss

Bassett and myself. Is it chiefly cowardice, I wonder, that causes me to shrink from the frank announcement of my ultimate intentions, and to fancy even yet, sometimes, that at Miss Bassett's bidding I may consent to revise my decision? I hope and believe that it is rather the dread of inflicting pain and discomfiture on one who I am sure loves me and wishes my welfare.

"I do not like him. I do not trust him. There is something in his face, in his manner, which does not commend Mr. Maple to my judgment. I have a distinct aversion to him—call it prejudice if you please, Jessie."

These were my guardian's words, and no effort or argument of mine could apparently remove, or even mitigate, this brusquely expressed dislike. I believe it is as strong to-day as it was on the evening of the introduction concerning which this verdict was spoken. Harry says she is afraid of losing me, but I am by no means convinced that this is the true key to the mystery—

I broke off here because I heard the rat-tat of Gibbens, our postman, and I thought he might have a letter—from Harry, of course—for me. The guess was right, but my impatience has provoked the very crisis I have so anxiously striven to avoid. My eagerness, and perhaps my troublesome tendency to blush, betrayed me.

"A letter for you, Jessie, and in a masculine hand with which I am not familiar," said Miss Bassett severely. "I hope you are not conducting a clandestine correspondence with that young man of whom I so strongly disapprove."

What it was that suddenly nerved me to ungracious defiance I cannot divine.

"I imagine, Miss Bassett, that I shall be quite within my rights in receiving communications from whom I please," I answered.

And then I began to tremble and to dread the storm.

The tempest did not break. My employer, my guardian, my dear, dear friend stood motionless, silent. I stole a glance at her face; it was working with some hidden emotion that she was powerless to quell. Impulsively I seized her hands.

"Forgive me!" I murmured.

"Very willingly, child," she answered in a voice wondrously low and sweet—as if mellowed by pain and inward strife; "I know what it is to be young and to resent interference; but if I have any claim whatever upon your consideration, I ask you to believe that my first and only thought is of your happiness, and it is because I desire to safeguard that that I earnestly dissuade you from listening to the proposals of Mr. Henry Maple. One day I will tell you more—give you my reasons."

I am sure she is sincere, but I have no clue to the enigma. And Harry is coming here in a week's time "to have his answer."

I am in a strait betwixt two.

II.

YESTERDAY I signed my name for the last time as "Jessie Retlaw," and this afternoon for the first time I have written at the end of a note to Miss Bassett the signature of "Jessie Maple;" which is a woman's roundabout way of saying that a few hours ago Harry and I solemnly took each other for better or for worse. And of the future, if life and health be spared to us, I have little fear.

The odd thing is that my loyalty to "Miss Bassett's aversion"—as I playfully style my husband—has been the means of chasing the shadow of melancholy from the heart in which (next to Harry's) I place fullest confidence. I believe that Miss Bassett thanks the unseen Giver of all good every day of her life for the strange result of my determination.

The story by the telling of which my guardian endeavoured to justify her objection to Harry as my suitor, was as simple as it was sad. Only a woman who is supremely happy or has been supremely tried, can estimate the sacrifice of pride and of ease implied in the unveiling of so bitter a secret. But I was to be saved, and my noble friend did not stay to count the cost of her effort.

There had been another Henry Maple, Harry's uncle, of whom I had never heard, and of whom Miss Bassett declared Harry was the image both in feature and in figure. And, surprising as seemed the coincidence, this Harry Maple, the elder, had in bygone days made ardent love to my guardian, then a London merchant's daughter and presumed heiress. He had prospered in his suit, and the date for the marriage was fixed. But there were breakers ahead on which Miss Bassett's dream of wedded bliss helplessly foundered. Old Anthony Bassett had feared from the first that the young man was a fortune-hunter, and one day he produced a letter in Maple's own handwriting which sufficiently proved it. Miss Bassett dismissed the culprit, and refused even to consider the claims of a rival favoured by her parents. She had staked and lost her all, and was too high-minded to mislead another by encouraging delusive hopes which she could never expect to satisfy. Her heart was not the toy of an hour which she could bestow and reclaim at will.

And of Harry she entertained like suspicions.

"I have a presentiment that in character also he is his faithless kinsman over again," she said, "and you must not think, Jessie, that this is merely a sentimental objection, the product of a disordered imagination. Evidence has come in my way."

And she repeated some words which it seemed she had overheard, quite unintentionally, in the vicarage garden, and which, if spoken, as she believed, by Harry, would certainly have thrown doubt upon the *bona fides* of the dear boy's declarations. I have since discovered that it was Charlie Norton, the vicar's own son, and a sad scapegrace, who really used them, and that I was not in the question as the possible heiress of Miss Bassett's wealth at all. My guardian made a very unwitting mistake, but,

fortunately, one that had no evil consequences. She did not actually succeed in shaking my trust in Harry, and two or three questions when once we came face to face cleared the matter up, and

displeasure—the displeasure of wounded affection—was hard to bear. I felt like a self-willed child persisting in the wrong course in spite of the most kindly and gentle remonstrance, and deserving very



"A letter for you, Jessie, and in a masculine hand." p. 84.

dispelled the cloud in a burst of merry laughter. But it shows how easily, and by the best intentioned people, mischief may be accomplished.

It was a miserable time that followed. I could not possibly say that I accepted my guardian's conclusions, or would surrender the right of private judgment. Yet the burden of Miss Bassett's

different measures. I detected reproach in the most gentle accents, appeal in every stray smile.

And this period of difficult probation was protracted. Harry was prevented from returning to Fenborough as quickly as he had anticipated.

The delay was working for the effectual fulfilment of our brightest hopes. At the end of a fortnight I

received a letter with intelligence that at first fairly stunned me, and then caused every pulse in my body to beat with excitement and joy.

"I have had an adventure," Harry wrote, "and have found a relative long accounted dead. I was named after a brother of my father's, who was once cashier in a large city shipbroking firm, and, as I have understood, in a fair way of becoming a partner; but he suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, and my father—who was then at sea—could find no traces of him. His image upon my boyish memory had grown very faint until yesterday. I had business at Prince's Landing-Stage" (Harry dated from Liverpool), "and while I was there an accident happened. A poor fellow who had just stepped off the deck of a steamer from Boston—not half so grand a boat as the *Ballarat*, my pet—was knocked down and badly crushed. I was one of the throng that went to his assistance, and to my astonishment he gave in answer to inquiries my own name. He is none other than my lost uncle! Of course, I took it upon myself to care for and succour him; he is evidently poor, and broken in health and spirits, and I have discovered the secret of his strange departure. He had been jilted by a woman he loved, through the agency of some lines wrested from their real meaning, and employed cunningly for the purpose by an unscrupulous rival. He only learnt the inner history of the discreditable intrigue quite recently, from the confession in a backwoods settlement of the man who had wronged him. He must have suffered acutely, and the blow seemed to have put him at odds with all the world. He forsook society for solitude, as I might do, if the impossible should happen!" How I rejoiced in Harry's sailor-like assurance. "My unfortunate uncle," he concluded, "is now lying

seriously and even dangerously ill in the ward of a hospital here."

Perhaps I have already made it clear that I am the creature of impulses—foolish or sensible. I acted upon one at this juncture, and with results which I can at least plead as a justification of my bold stroke. I carried Harry's letter straight to Miss Bassett and left it with her.

One hour, two hours passed, and my suspense was growing unbearable. What had been the consequence of my rashness?

Suddenly the door of the boudoir opened, and my astonished eyes beheld Miss Bassett dressed for a journey. She put back her veil, and I saw that she had been crying. Her face wore the look that I remember to have seen in a painting by an unknown artist of the desolate wives of Rama. But with a difference, for hope shone behind these clouds, and Miss Bassett's countenance was instinct with purpose.

"I withdraw all that I said, Jessie," she whispered huskily, "and I am very glad that you have not hearkened to a foolish, blundering old woman."

After that I have a notion that we were clasped in each other's arms and mingling our tears together.

Miss Bassett went to Liverpool, and it was a huge surprise to Harry to learn that my guardian was the one love of his uncle's wrecked life.

Henry Maple, the elder, recovered, thanks in great measure to the tender nursing of one he was slow to recognise. And after many days there came an hour of blessed reconciliation and reunion which promised that at eventide it should be light.

A week this very day there is to be a quiet wedding in a northern church, and this strange, sad, touching history will enter upon its best and happiest chapter.

BIBLE TRADES, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

I.—BUILDING.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "ECCE VERITAS," ETC.



THOUGH at first men dwelt in tents, and their towns were merely a collection of huts, yet skill and labour were very early brought into exercise for the improvement and permanence of their habitations. The erection of the tower of Babel, as recorded in Genesis xi., proves that the primitive fathers of our race had found materials suitable for the construction of a stable edifice, had learned to make and burn bricks, had discovered that the bitumen which abounded in Shinar made excellent cement, and were considerably

advanced in the trade of building. It is supposed that very shortly after the destruction of the tower of Babel the great Pyramid of Gizeh was erected. Professor Piazza Smyth, and others who have devoted particular attention to the study of the Pyramid, think it was built about 2170 B.C. Who the builder was it is impossible for us to affirm. Some say, Seth, others Nimrod, Noah, Joseph, or Melchisedek. Whoever designed and constructed the Pyramid displayed a wisdom and skill well-nigh superhuman. Herodotus gathered from the Egyptians that ten years were spent in building preparatory works, and that some 100,000 men were kept continually at work. The Pyramid still stands a

monument of surprising skill. The walls are so solid, the measurements are so exact, the marble is so highly polished, and the regularity of the whole is so perfect, that it eclipses all structures subsequently erected, and remains the vastest, highest, and most exact stone building ever constructed by human hands.

When the nomadic life of the Israelites ceased, and they settled down in Palestine, the building trade began to prosper among them. David, living in a ceiled house, felt that the Ark of God ought to be deposited in a place in keeping with its sacred character. He began to collect materials for a Temple. In 1012 B.C. Solomon commenced the building. The work occupied seven years. Hiram, King of Tyre, sent workmen. Deep foundations were excavated, and stones of gigantic size were cut and mortised into the rock. Upon this secure basis the superstructure rose. The stone walls were wainscoted with cedar, and covered with gold. The magnificent ceiling, ornamented by carved figures of palms, flowers, and cherubim, was supported by beams of cedar wood. The whole effect must have been surpassingly beautiful. The building was destroyed by fire in 588 B.C., and a second Temple was begun in 534 B.C. and completed 516 B.C. It was built on the same site, and probably after the same plan. But it was stormed and greatly injured by Herod the Great, who, to make amends for his sacrilege, set to work to rebuild the edifice. He selected ten thousand skilled workmen, had some of the priests instructed in the trades of stone-cutting and carpentering, procured one thousand wagons to carry the needed stones, and kept the builders so constantly employed that in one year and a half the Temple was ready for use. It was not, however, completed. Constant additions and improvements were made, so that the words of the Jews to Jesus were strictly true when they said, "Forty and six years was this Temple in building."

These instances alone suffice to show that the trade of builder was prosperous and popular in Bible lands and in early ages. Constant references are made in the Scriptures to the materials used by the ancient builders, many of which are in use amongst us now, and to structural methods then adopted, some of which are yet prevalent. But we are most impressed with the frequent adoption of the figure of building in the Biblical representation of the work of God and man.

In the creation of the world the Almighty One is portrayed as a builder. He says, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof?"*

So the Apostle, referring to the superiority of Christ to Moses, writes—"For this man was counted

worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house. For every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God."*

In the formation and development of the militant Church God is described as a builder. "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." Christ is thus alluded to as the foundation of the Church, the foundation of its faith, its happiness, its hope, and its expectations. So the Apostle says—"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." He also is the "precious corner-stone." "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." Upon this sure foundation God builds His saints. He hews them from the rock of unregeneracy, chisels and polishes them by His providence and grace, and thus, as "living stones," they "are built up a spiritual house," "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit." Thus Paul addressing the believers in Corinth well writes, "Ye are God's building."

Heaven, too, is represented as the product of the Infinite power and skill of the Divine Architect. It is "a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." Into that eternal city the sainted yearn to enter, because they know that there they have "a building of God, a house not made with hands."

Whilst the Almighty is thus depicted as a builder, the same figure of speech is applied to man. Building is his life-work. In that striking parable of the wise and foolish builders, the Great Teacher divided humanity into two classes. All are building; but some are blindly raising a superstructure upon a sandy basis that will not bear the strain of life's cares, death's agonies, and the judgment's investigation. All are builders; but some, even on the good foundation, are using worthless materials. Paul refers to some who build with "gold, silver, and precious stones," but he speaks of others who use "wood, hay, and stubble"—materials that must perish. Happy the man who, coming to the true, tried, unchangeable foundation—Christ—builds a character that Heaven can approve—builds with the gold, silver, and precious stones of faith, hope, and love—materials that the world must admire, and that time will only burnish and beautify.

As builders, let us *count the cost*. Shakespeare says—

"When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection."

* Job xxxviii. 4-6.

* Heb. iii. 3, 4.

But a greater than the bard of Stratford-upon-Avon has said—"Which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build and was not able to finish." Our building should be the result of a deliberate choice, a calm determination, a fixed resolution. It is not a light matter, the formation of our characters. We should not be relying upon superficial feeling. We should begin our religious life with a firm decision to adhere to principle, and, if need be, to make willing sacrifices. We should remember that the choice we make, and the work we begin, is not for a few months or years, but for life—that we are building for eternity.

Then, as builders, let us look to the *character of our workmanship*. It must be *conscientious*. The meanest work must be discharged with the fidelity with which we perform the mightiest. We must be "faithful in that which is least," and then we shall be "faithful in that which is much." It must be *watchful*. There are foes around us ever ready to pull down as quickly

as we build up. Like the builders of old under Nehemiah, who, whilst constructing the wall of Jerusalem, held a weapon in one hand and a tool in the other, we must be ever on the defensive, ever vigilant, and the work must be *progressive*. It must daily advance towards completion. We have seen ancient structures, which have been exquisitely completed in those parts which are nearest the earth, but which have never yet been finished in those portions which are nearest the heavens. The turrets and spires have been left unfinished. Such must not be the character of our spiritual building. We should learn of the lowly nautilus. "As it grows older, it forms a series of new and larger chambers in its spiral shell, until at last it lives only in the uppermost and largest compartment." Leaving the first principles, "not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works," we should rise higher in thought, higher in affection, higher in purpose and more perfect in all things. "Beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

ABOUT MOTHERS.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.



IN reading the biographies of great men we are often struck by the love they had for their mothers, to whom they attributed all their greatness. Curran spoke with great affection of his mother, as a woman of strong original understanding, to whose wise counsel, consistent piety, and lessons of honourable ambition, which she diligently

enforced on the minds of her children, he himself principally attributed his success in life. "The only inheritance," he used to say, "that I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attri-

buted to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was because another and a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind." De Maistre described his "sublime mother" as "an angel to whom God had lent a body for a brief season." He said that her noble character made all other women venerable in his eyes.

"Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

George Washington was only eleven years of age—the eldest of five children—when his father died. The widowed mother had her children to educate and bring up, a large household to govern, and extensive estates to manage, all of which she accomplished with complete success. Her good sense, tenderness, industry, and vigilance, enabled her to overcome every obstacle; and, as the richest reward of her solicitude and toil, she had the happiness to see all her children come forward with a fair promise into life, filling the places allotted to them in a manner equally honourable to themselves, and to the parent who had been the only guide of their principles, conduct, and habits. Mrs. Washington used daily

nder
l of
l in
ever
must
seen
tely
the
l in
The
auch
ing,
ows
pers
the
the
a of
r in
and
up
the
od,
nto

ace
be.
ild
De
an
ief
de

of
er
to
to
of
ss,
il-
e ;
nd
en
ng
ly
ho
n-
ly



"A mother's love is always a sacred instinct."



"They await but one thing—their mother's kiss."—p. 90.

to gather her little flock around her to read to them lessons of Christian religion and morality, and her little manual in which she wrote the maxims which guided her was preserved by her son, and consulted by him as among his most precious treasures.

A mother's love is always a sacred instinct, but for it to become the strength and blessing it may be to the children, the mother herself must have a strong, holy, and well-disciplined character, like that of the mother of the Wesleys. She was

very beautiful, and was married at nineteen to a country clergyman. She bore him nineteen children. To the end of her long life her sons, especially John, looked up to her and consulted her as the best friend and wisest counsellor they could have. The home over which Mrs. Wesley ruled was free and happy, and full of healthful play as any home in the holidays, and yet orderly and full of healthful work as any school. The "odious noise" of the crying of children was not suffered, but there was no restraint on their

gleeful laughter. She had many wise rules, which she kept to steadily. One of these was to converse alone with one of her little ones every evening, listening to their childish confessions, and giving counsel in their childish perplexities. She was the patient teacher as well as the cheerful companion of her children. When someone said to her, "Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" she replied, "Because if I had told him only nineteen times I should have lost all my labour." So deep was the hold this mother had on the hearts of her sons, that in his early manhood she had tenderly to rebuke John for that "fond wish of his, to die before she died." It was through the bias given by her to her sons' minds in religious matters that they acquired the tendency which, even in early years, drew to them the name of Methodists. In a letter to her son Samuel, when a scholar at Westminster, she said: "I would advise you as much as possible to throw your business into a certain *method*, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties." This "*method*" she went on to describe, exhorting her son "in all things to act upon principle;" and the society which the brothers John and Charles afterwards founded at Oxford is supposed to have been in a great measure the result of her exhortations.

The loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. "When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the happy days of infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that was obeyed: 'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

With children you must mix gentleness with firmness. "A man who is learning to play on a trumpet, and a petted child, are two very disagreeable companions." If a mother never has headaches through rebuking her little children, she shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up.

At the same time a mother should not hamper her child with unnecessary, foolish restrictions. It is a great mistake to fancy that your boy is made of glass, and to be always telling him not to do this, and not to do that, for fear of his breaking himself. On the principle never to

give pain unless it is to prevent a greater pain, you should grant every request which is at all reasonable, and let him see that your denial of a thing is for his own good, and not simply to save trouble; but once having duly settled a thing, hold to it. Unless a child learns from the first that his mother's yea is yea, and her nay nay, it will get into the habit of whining and endeavouring to coax her out of her refusal, and her authority will soon be gone.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing, it is for self-entertainment; with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is physical freedom, and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try so hard to make my children happy!" said a mother, with a sigh, one day, in despair at her efforts.—"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbour of mine does."—"And how is that?" she asked, dolefully.—"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practicable, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence, they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state, that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees, and the butterflies, that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good." In order to thrive children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs, and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.

So, again, mothers believe that they are exhibiting the proper "maternal feelings" in keeping their children at home when they should send them forth into the world, where alone they can be taught the virtue of self-dependence. A time will come when the active young man who is checked by foolish fondness will exclaim with bitterness:—

"Prison'd and kept, and coax'd and whistled to—
Since the good mother holds me still a child,
Good mother is bad mother unto me!
A worse were better!"

Far more truly loving is the mother who sends her son into the battle of life, preferring anything for him rather than a soft, indolent, useless existence. Better death than dishonour was also the feeling of the mother of the successful missionary, William Knibb. Her parting words to him were, "William, William! mind, William, I had rather hear that you had perished at sea,

than that you had dishonoured the Society you go to serve."

These duties of a good mother, working, perhaps, against wind and tide, with feeble health, or limited means, or possibly with a husband who thwarts and opposes her endeavours—these duties are, no doubt, very difficult. But she shall not lose her reward.

"THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW."

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D., GOUVERNEUR, N.Y., U.S.A.



O most persons this expression of the Psalmist is probably associated with a feeling of gloominess and dread. It seems like a dark thread in the bright strand of joyous hope which makes up the body of the Psalm, suggest-

ing an evil to be feared, and through which one can safely be carried only by the rod and staff that give comfort to the soul.

But is there not a brighter and more assuring, not to say even a joyous, view suggested by the very words of the expression itself, on which it is most comforting to the Christian to dwell? Let us look at the phraseology, and see.

In the first place, the near approach to the other world is spoken of as walking "through a valley"; not through rough, and broken, and well-nigh impassable courses, where yawning chasms or craggy rocks, interspersed with thorns and briars, encumber the way, and destroy everything like comfort in the progress; but through a valley, where every step of the path is smooth to the feet, and the way is not only easy, but inviting, and there is nothing to obstruct, or weary, or annoy the wayfarer as he goes.

And then it is "through a shadow;" and a shadow was not only never known to hurt or injure, but is often a shelter from the heat, and so a refreshment by the way. And besides, a shadow is always cast by some light from beyond itself; and here, though it is the shadow of death itself, it is only the shadow, and that shadow is cast on the valley by the light of heaven beyond, and every onward step through that shadow does but bring the one passing through it nearer and nearer to the light of heaven, the full brightness of which shall soon beam upon the soul, while the shadow itself is left for ever! So that well might the Psalmist say, and well may every Christian say, "I will fear no evil," for I know and feel that every onward step is but bringing me nearer to heaven beyond!

"Once," said one who had long been an eminent Christian, "once I used to fear and dread the thought of dying, but now the nearer I come to death the more my progress towards it seems but like going home to the Saviour I have so long loved, and the thought of it is no longer unpleasant, but rather comforting to me, for what once seemed a dark valley now seems lighted as by a light from heaven itself." And when the hour came for another good man to die, and his loving wife, in the quiet watches of the night, asked how death now appeared to him, the answer was, "Very much like going into another room, a room in the mansions of my Father's House, which Christ has gone to prepare for all who love Him!" And said another in his departing moments, "Can it be that this is dying? I have dreaded the darkness of the valley, but it is all light now. Glory! glory! I see the light and glory beyond! Heaven is sweetly opening to me. I shall soon be there!"

Well might the Psalmist say, and well may every Christian say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Not the sting of death—that has been taken away; not the power of death—that has been destroyed; not the sorrows of death—they have been exchanged for hope and joy; not the pains of death—they have been loosed by God; not the article of death itself—that is but falling asleep in Jesus; not the issue or result of death—for this, to the believer, is victory, glory, everlasting life! Well, then, in his departing hour, may the Christian say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." At every step through the valley "His rod and His staff will comfort us." And on the other side, as the wondrous visions of the heavenly state shall burst upon our view, the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be with us, and shall lead us to fountains of living waters, and shall wipe away all tears from our eyes for ever!

“Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.”

Words by WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1774.

Music by REV. GEORGE GARDNER, Mus.B., M.A.

Mestoso.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand!

ff Bread of Hea - ven! Bread of Hea - ven! Feed me now and ev - er - more.

2.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield!

3.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee!

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 5. THE TEMPTATION. PART I.

To read—*St. Matthew iv. 1, 2, and various.*



TIME. Immediately after Baptism—just declared to be God's Son. Spirit had descended upon Him. Now His Sonship must be *tempted*, i.e. tested—put to the proof, as precious metals are. God's temptations, such as that to Abraham (Gen. xxii. 1) make proof to give strength when needed—the devil tempts that he may harm and ruin souls.

Temptation came at end of forty days' fast (ver. 2), spent in prayer and meditation—thus prepared for the trial. Other instances of forty days' fast: Moses in the Mount with God (Deut. ix. 9), Elijah before hearing God's voice at Sinai (1 Kings xix. 8).

II. THE PLACE. Wilderness of Judaea, i.e. the uncultivated tract between east of Judaea and west of Dead Sea—wild and desolate—frequented by wild beasts. (See St. Mark i. 13.)

Contrast Christ's temptation and Adam and Eve's:—

Christ alone.	Adam and Eve together.
„ in wilderness.	„ in garden.
„ fasting.	„ abundance of food.
„ resisted.	„ listened and fell.

III. THE TEMPTER. (a) *His names.* Called here *the devil*—most usual name—meaning “deceiver;” thus he deceived Eve. (Gen. iii. 5.) Also means “accuser” or “slanderer.” Other names for the devil—*Satan* or adversary. (Job i. 6.)

Beelzebub, God of flies. (St. Matt. xii. 24.)

Apollyon, destroyer. (Rev. ix. 11.)

Dragon or serpent. (Rev. xii. 9.)

Prince of this world. (St. John xiv. 30.)

(b) *His person and work.* Was once an *angel in heaven*. (2 St. Pet. ii. 4.) But rebelled against God—was overcome by Michael the archangel—cast down to earth. (Rev. xii. 9.) Appeared to Eve as a serpent—came as a man with the Sons of God before the Lord (Job ii. 1)—to Christ in some form not told us. Comes to man now as evil spirit suggesting wicked thoughts and designs—always thus occupied (1 St. Pet. v. 8)—e.g. tempted David to murder, Judas to betray Christ. (John xiii. 2.) So tempts still.

To meet him Christ was *led* by the Spirit—and the tempter *came* to Him. How different to many who place themselves in way of temptation!

IV. THE CAUSE. Why was Christ tempted?

1. To go through all the experiences of man.
2. To be made perfect through suffering.
3. To show how to overcome temptation.
4. To help those who are tempted. (Heb. ii. 18.)

NO. 6. THE TEMPTATION. PART II.

To read—*St. Matthew iv. 1–11.*

I. FIRST TEMPTATION. *To doubt.* Christ just declared God's Son at His baptism. Was asked to work a miracle for Himself—turn stones into bread. Christ was hungry, faint, worn—why might He not do it? It would be—(a) Doubting God's care. Surely you cannot be left to starve? (b) Doubting God's Fatherhood. Can a loving Father treat a son thus? (c) Supplying food in a wrong way and at a wrong time. This was a time to fast—its duration must not be curtailed.

The Answer. Taken from Deut. viii. 3. Israelites suffered hunger in wilderness to prove them. Food was supplied in unusual way by manna daily. God can keep alive in other ways than by ordinary bread. Therefore Christ need not doubt God's love.

LESSONS. (1) Trials are God's way of proving us. (Heb. xii. 6.) (2) The benefit of studying God's Word. (3) Food sufficient will be given to those who fear God. (Ps. xxxvii. 25.)

II. SECOND TEMPTATION. *To presumption.* Show map of Jerusalem and Temple. Christ placed on pinnacle overlooking deep valley of Hinnom—an immense height. To alight unhurt would be miraculous. Temptation backed by verse of Psalm xci., but Satan left out important words “in all thy ways” (Ps. xci. 11, 12). Prophesied that Christ should suddenly come to His Temple (St. Matt. iii. 1). This might now be fulfilled—the Jews would believe in Him. Why might He not do it? It would be—

(a) Presuming on God's care of Him by going out of His ways.

(b) Taking His own time to effect God's plans.

(c) Seeking His own glory, not God's. (See St. John xii. 28.)

The Answer. Comes from Deut. vi. 16. Refers to Israelites tempting, i.e. provoking, God in Massah when in want of water (Num. xx. 7). Means must not “tempt,” i.e. “try” or provoke, God by going out of our way to bring about His promises.

LESSONS. (1) Quote Scripture correctly.

(2) Keep in right way if wish for God's protection.

III. THIRD TEMPTATION. *To unbelief.* Name of high mountain, nature of the sight unknown. The “prince of this world” might easily put together some brilliant picture. Satan offers earthly power and glory to Christ (see St. Luke iv. 6) if only He will acknowledge him as superior. Again, why might He not do it? It would be—

(a) Denying God—King of kings.

(b) Falsifying His own work to destroy works of devil. (1 St. John iii. 8.)

The answer. No argument possible—Satan put to flight.

LESSONS. (1) Resist the devil, and he will flee.

(2) Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart.

NO. 7. CHRIST BEGINS HIS MINISTRY.

To read—*St. Matthew iv. 12–25.*

I. PREACHING. (12–22) (1) *Time*—After John was cast into prison by Herod Antipas, at Castle of Machærus, on east of Dead Sea, because He told Herod of his sins. Why did not Christ go and deliver him? Because—

(a) *St. John's work over, since Christ's baptism.*

(b) *St. John's faith must be tried.* (See *St. Matt. xi. 2.*)

(2) *Place*—Leaving Nazareth—called "His own city"—where for thirty years was brought up—there He preached in synagogue, but was cast out. (*St. Luke iv. 29.*) So came to *Capernaum*—which became His adopted city. (*St. Matt. ix. 1.*) Here had his earthly home in Simon Peter's house. (*St. Mark i. 29; ii. 1, etc.*) Here many miracles were done—healing of nobleman's son (*St. John iv. 46*) sick of palsy, etc. Here Christ preached—fulfilling prophecy of Isaiah ix. 1, 2, as to the Gospel light. This *light*, called Sun of righteousness (*St. Matt. iv. 2*), is to lighten all Gentiles as well as Israel (*St. Luke ii. 32*)—give sight to blind in sin (*St. John ix. 5*).

(3) *Subject*—"Repent ye"—same as preached by Noah before Flood—Jonah to people of Nineveh.

The Kingdom of Heaven—words often used in this Gospel. May mean either—

(a) Christ's visible Kingdom on earth, *i.e.* His Church or people. (*St. Matt. xiii.*)

(b) The Kingdom of grace in a man's soul. (*St. Luke xvii. 21.*)

(c) The Kingdom of Glory hereafter. (*St. Matt. v. 3.*)

(4) *Result*—Two pairs of brothers listen to the great Preacher and follow Him.

For full account of *St. Andrew* and *St. Peter's* first seeing Christ see *St. John i. 35–42.* Notice—

(a) The direct call—of One speaking with authority.

(b) The prompt obedience—of willing disciples.

(c) The giving up all—to serve such a Master.

LESSONS. (1) Same call to repentance made to us.

(2) Same Light shines still to those who will see it.

(3) Same voice bids us follow. Shall we obey?

II. HEALING. (23–25.) Christ preached and healed. Cared for soul and body. Cured both alike. Sometimes did both in synagogues. What were they? Word means a meeting—used of the small places of worship all over the country.

Difference between the Synagogues and the Temple at Jerusalem—

<i>Synagogues</i> —(1) People met inside.	<i>Temple</i> —In the courts outside.
(2) Only used on Sabbath.	Used daily.
(3) Used for reading the Scriptures.	Used mainly for sacrifices.
(4) Rabbis conducted service.	Priests only offered sacrifices, etc.

Notice variety of Christ's cures—all manner of sickness. No wonder people came to Him from all quarters. These places, as seen on a map, show the

boundaries of Palestine. All districts named except one—Samaria. Jews no dealings with Samaritans. (*St. John iv. 9.*)

LESSONS. Christ's miracles have each their own lesson—but all teach about Him—

(1) His power as God.

(2) His sympathy as Man.

And He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

NO. 8. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

To read—*St. Matthew v. 1–12.*

The following analysis will be found useful:—

SUBJECT. *The members of the Kingdom of Christ.*

I. THEIR CHARACTER. (*v. 1–12.*)

(a) *In themselves*, poor in spirit, mourners, meek, hungering after righteousness.

(b) *To others*, merciful, pure, peaceable, patient.

II. THEIR INFLUENCE. (*v. 13–16.*)

(a) *To preserve*—as salt.

(b) *To guide*—as light.

III. THEIR LAW. (*v. 17–48.*)

(a) To fulfil the old law generally.

(b) To fulfil its spirit.

IV. THEIR LIFE.

(a) *Devotional.* (*vi. 1–18.*) Alms, prayer, etc.

(b) *Material.* (*vi. 19–34.*) Trust in Providence.

(c) *Active.* (*vii. 1–12.*) Charitable in judging and faithful in well-doing.

V. THEIR DANGERS. (*vii. 13–23.*)

(a) *From themselves*—falling away.

(b) *From others*—false teachers.

VI. SOLEMN WARNING. (*vii. 24–27.*) Parable of house on rock.

THE BLESSINGS. Notice the following points—

1. *Contrast* between the Law and the Gospel. The Law told of curses for disobedience. (*Deut. xxvii. 14–26.*) The Gospel tells of blessings of obedience.

2. *Progress* of Christian character. Begins by spiritual poverty, then sadness for sin, meekness in submitting to God's will, hungering after righteousness, mercy to others, etc.

3. *Examples.* (a) *Poor in spirit*—inheriting the Kingdom. Hannah. (*1 Sam. ii. 8.*)

(b) *Mourners* (in sorrow or for sin) comforted. Martha and Mary. (*St. John xi.*) Sick of palsy. (*St. Matt. ix. 2.*)

(c) *Meek*—inheriting the earth. Ruth. (*Ruth iv. 13.*)

(d) *Hungering after righteousness*—filled. Zachæus. (*St. Luke xix. 9.*)

(e) *Merciful*—obtain mercy. Solomon forgiving Adonijah. (*1 Kings i. 52.*)

(f) *Pure in heart*—see God. The Virgin Mary—mother of Christ. (*St. Luke i. 28, 30.*)

(g) *Peacemakers*—called children of God. David sparing Saul. (*1 Sam. xxiv. 10.*)

(h) *Persecuted*—theirs is Kingdom of Heaven. Stephen, the first martyr. (*Acts vii. 55.*)

LESSON. Be ye also perfect.

"SPEARS INTO PRUNING-HOOKS;" OR, A DAY AMONG THE IROQUOIS INDIANS.

BY MRS. CLARK MURRAY.



O much of the athletic is associated at the present day with the remnants of the Indian tribes of the North American Continent, that it has been reasonably

doubted whether the physical dexterity and endurance of these peoples can be applied to any form of systematic or productive labour. The policy of the Canadian Government, in dealing with this question

within its own jurisdiction, has thrown some light on the subject; and, although success has not invariably attended the efforts to make this part of the population of the Dominion self-supporting, sufficient encouragement has been received to justify perseverance in the experiment; for there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the recent rebellion among a few tribes may be accepted as an indication of the condition of the Indians generally throughout Canada. The means adopted by the Government have been chiefly *Industrial and Day Schools* and *Instruction in Agriculture*.

These schools are located in convenient localities on the Reserves, and are equipped with neat and substantial buildings, desks, blackboards, slates, etc. The pupils are boarded and clothed; strict discipline is maintained; a plain education is attempted in reading, writing, dictation, grammar, and arithmetic; and the boys are taught trades; while the girls are trained as servants, dress-makers, and milliners. But many difficulties preclude the possibility of rapid progress. In some sections the people are still mostly Pagan, occupied with quarrels among themselves or with their Christianised brethren; and even when an interest in education is at length aroused, parents show a repugnance to have their children separated from them, or compel them to leave the schools after a very short trial. The pupils themselves attend for a few days from curiosity, run about from school to school, or, induced by the wages they may receive for their labour, eventually forsake their instructors altogether. For these reasons, with the additional difficulty of procuring teachers for such isolated posts, it is often found necessary to close or remove a school. However, in other sections, the prejudice

of the parents is overcome by successful experiments with orphans, the attendance is regular, and the number of pupils exceeds the accommodation provided. In some cases the parents not only ask for a school, but contribute towards its support; and the pupils become attached to it, study even during play-hours, express sorrow at leaving, and occasionally go out as teachers themselves.

The other method adopted is the establishment of *Home Farms*, upon which instructors have resided and carried on the practical management of cultivation and stock-raising. These are now gradually being closed, and the overseers are removing to the Reserves to superintend on the spot the operations of the Indians themselves—a much less expensive and more satisfactory method. Hitherto the land has been held and worked in common, but a new incentive to industry is given by the survey of the Reserves into locations for the various families. The Government provides implements, seed, and cattle, and the men supply the labour, erect their buildings, keep them in repair, and make the roads, fences, and bridges. But the ignorance and the indolence of centuries have to be overcome. The embryo farmers kill and eat their cattle and pigs; they illegally rent their land to white men who impoverish the soil; or, under the influence of *fire-water*, make other ruinous contracts, and refuse to give such evidence as might bring their spoilers to justice. The law against selling intoxicating liquor to Indians is enforced as far as possible in a country of such dimensions, with a scattered population and an extensive frontier; but, until stricter measures are concerted and carried out in the neighbouring Republic, little permanent improvement in this matter can be hoped for.

No excuse for these transactions is found under the plea of *compulsory farming*. Should an Indian dislike the avocation, he may surrender his land to the Government, who will sell or lease it for him, and invest the proceeds for his benefit. Large sums are occasionally realised in this way, especially from the sale or lease of islands in the beautiful lake and river scenery of the country, where competition is keen for land for municipal parks, or summer residences of private individuals.

The Fish and Game Laws permit Indians to provide themselves with food at all times, and although trading in the close season is forbidden, during the rest of the year a lucrative support is derived from trapping and hunting for furs, and from fishing. Even in the severest winter weather

small huts may be seen on the frozen rivers and lakes, where tawny savages smoke their pipe of peace over a log fire, and, with lines dropped through a small opening in the ice, reap rich harvests of wriggling and glistening fish. In addition to their own peculiar industry in snow-shoes, toboggans, mooccasins, and beadwork, they sustain themselves also by imitating and reproducing skilled labour, for which they show a wonderful aptitude with the simplest of tools. They sell annually great quantities of straw and chip hats, baskets, axe-handles, and oil from the porpoise and the sturgeon. They navigate rafts of timber down the great rivers; cut railway ties; work in mills, in lumber shanties, on railways in course of construction, or on survey expeditions, for which their endurance renders them more valuable than white men; though large numbers of them are still too indolent to work at all. When the Princess Louise voyaged on Canadian rivers in pursuit of salmon, none but an Indian arm and eye could have been trusted to guide her canoe through the darting rapids.

Although a few bands have not yet been much affected by any of the civilising influences brought to bear upon them, a very decided change has passed over the whole Indian population of the Dominion. The suffering in winter from sickness, and from want of clothing and food, is very much reduced; and though measles, smallpox, diphtheria, and malarial fevers occasionally work sad havoc, the general health of the people is much improved. A few bands who were on the war-path a decade since are now settled to peaceable pursuits, almost every family having its house and farm, or garden, and taking pride in growing crops, and storing them away for use in the long winter. The belief in *medicine men* is gradually being renounced, as well as the indulgence in *Pollachs*, *Tammaras*, and other heathenish customs; and a band, the *Hesquihts*, once notorious wreckers, behaved so humanely at the loss within the past year of an American ship off the west coast of Vancouver Island that the President of the United States sent a gold medal to the chief, and 200 dollars to be distributed among the tribe.

In Ontario, and, with few exceptions, in Quebec, a growing interest in education is evinced, the area of cultivated land is steadily increasing, and comparative comfort prevails; although in the lower Provinces the condition of the Indians is not so satisfactory, as their right to ample Reserves was not recognised there until after Confederation. Several of the Western bands have imitated their nearest municipality, and adopted a code of laws for their government, as far as the law of the country at present permits them to do so, and are rapidly approaching the condition in which they may with safety be granted freedom from the tutelage in which they exist. From one end of

the Dominion to the other they are contented, and loyal to the British Crown. The Queen is their "*Great Mother*," and the late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, was, with full Indian honours, initiated as Indian chief, under the name of "*Kondiarock*."

At the village of Caughnawaga an Iroquois population of 1,400 have 5,000 acres under tillage, and last year reaped 10,000 bushels of produce. To this Reserve belongs the honour of having lately conceived and achieved an Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, open only to Indians, an experiment so novel in its nature, and so surprising in its results, that it deserves more than the local attention it received at the time.

Half an hour's ride from Montreal by rail, and a short, but somewhat perilous, journey across the current of the St. Lawrence, in a small mail-boat manned by Indians, takes one to Caughnawaga. The shore of the river is strewn with canoes in all stages of disrepair, and whilst the men dry out their sails, and bale their fragile craft for the return trip, Indian pigs—jet-black, and brown and black—come grunting and sniffing a welcome, and with a more or less vagrant fidelity, escort the passenger to his destination. In order to reach this, one must pass through the straggling and streetless village, in which, however, wigwams have been replaced by comfortable houses of wood or stone, interspersed with small establishments for the supply of the people's simple daily wants, from the "staff of life" to the latest Yankee nostrum.

The Indians, being close imitators of their civilised neighbours, held their Exhibition in a large field fenced round for the purpose, which was entered by orthodox arches of evergreen, surmounted by suitable mottoes. In the centre of the field an elevated platform was erected, from which a flag-staff displayed the British Standard in two shades of yellow on a basis of red. An instrumental band of Onondaga Indians, dressed in blue with white trimmings edged with red, and white and red plumes in their hats, occupied this platform, and from the most modern of musical instruments produced combinations of sweet sounds, which might have claimed an older civilisation. The firing of a cannon, presented to the Reserve by George III., and the delivery of speeches in English, French, and Iroquois, intimated that the Exhibition was formally opened to the public. The scene was a most striking one, suggestive at once of the past and the future of these tribes. The crowd was composed mainly of Indians, quiet and orderly, lounging in groups, or patronising coffee and dough-nut stalls, and evidently impressed with the novelty of the situation in which they found themselves placed; and it may be questioned if a gathering of British subjects in any other part

of the Empire could have met together and enjoyed themselves for two or three consecutive days with such a total exclusion of intoxicating beverages. The men were dressed mostly in modern tweeds, though not a few of the better class aspired to purple silk cravats and frock-coats of broadcloth. The women, clinging with more tenacity to ancient custom and costume, appeared with uncovered heads, unbraided hair, and navy-blue blanket-squares, edged with green and yellow; the younger portion of them, however, being sometimes unable to resist the temptation of plaitings, polonaises, paniers, and so forth; whilst the children, many of them,

lish Fellows," or "Royal Caughnawagas," as they prefer to call themselves, were there in the full power of the red and yellow attire which struck terror into the hearts of their civilised Lacrosse brethren in England. A Glee Club, modulating their war-cry into the strains of music, presented a varied programme as the result of their evening pastime by the winter log-fire.

And whilst the spears of the aborigines are being beaten into colonial pruning-hooks, the war-dance is preserved as an entertainment for fête-days and favoured guests.

The dance was introduced by a song, under the leadership of one who from time to time shook



THE LACHINE RAPIDS, NEAR CAUGHNAWAGA.

protested against the papoose in favour of Jersey suits and perambulators.

A very limited knowledge of modern Indian life must have prepared the spectators for at least a display of snow-shoes, toboggans, miniature wigwams, and bead-work of every description; but it is doubtful if the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs himself would have been proof against surprise at what was shown as the result of a much sterner life. From the workshop there were agricultural implements, carpentering, and stone-cutting; whilst the leisure hours of the people were represented by penmanship, pictures, and portraits—one of the Huron Chief of Lorette, with tomahawk and canoe-paddle, executed by himself—and by even original poems in manuscript.

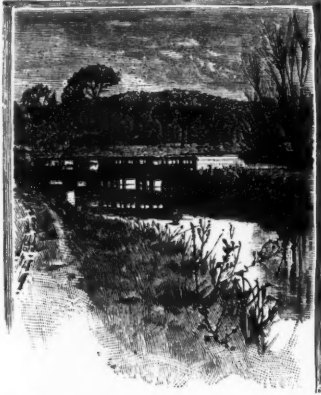
But the Indians have not all too suddenly transformed themselves into farmers, artisans, and poets. They are still barbarous enough to retain some of their relish for recreation, and a genuine capability of enjoying it. So the "Eng-

and rattled a horn filled with small pebbles. Then discussion took the place of music, the dispute growing more and more angry, until tomahawks were raised, and the faces of the combatants had assumed the most threatening expressions, and their bodies the most menacing attitudes. A warrior sprang into the centre of the group, gesticulating, stamping, and yelling, whilst the others told their sympathy and hate by a low monotone of stamp kept up by the feet as if by electricity. This grew louder and more aggressive, until body and soul seemed to be possessed by one set purpose of yelling and stamping, impelled by the desire of blood and the prospect of revenge. The scene, even in mimicry, was too awful to be entertaining, had it not given evidence of having produced delight instead of rage in the breasts of the performers, and had it not been adroitly fused by them into a *finale* of farcical buffoonery, amid deafening rounds of applause.

MARGARET POLSON MURRAY.

MISS WILLOWBURN'S OFFER.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "WHEN WE TWO PARTED," ETC.

CHAPTER V.
DR. VANSITTART.

BEING in such a mood, I feel, of course, that church is the best place for me this evening.

I go into the mother's room before I start. She is better and brighter than I have seen her for many days,

and she speaks thankfully of the marked improvement in Annie's health and spirits.

"It is all that dear Lesbia's doing," she adds. "Is it not a blessing to have her in the house?"

I hope she does not catch a glimpse of my face, for, as I pass the cheval glass, I see that I am not good to look at just now. I only linger to kiss my little Madge, and then hasten off through the shrubbery, and out into the village street.

The June evening is full of freshness and perfume. All the old grandsires are out in the gardens, exchanging greetings with their neighbours; rosy babies have their hands filled with flowers, and quarrel with their mothers for taking them out of so sweet a world and putting them to bed. The servants from Wood Mount pass me, all in smart go-to-meeting rig, as poor Ted would have said; and as I enter the churchyard I see Patience and Dr. Vansittart coming along the side path.

The sight of Patience does me good, and quiets my nerves; and the clasp of her hand comforts me. The doctor is introduced, and says a few words in a deep, musical voice. Then the bell stops ringing, and we pass under the low arched portal, and go to our seats. And again I feel the soothing influence of the old prayers; and the small worries and perplexities of life pass away like shadows. Long before the service is over, I have gained strength enough to be patient and calm again.

Miss Willowburn joins me outside the church, and says she will walk home with me. The dewy sweetness of the evening tempts Dr. Vansittart to accompany us. And although I had wanted to talk confidentially with Patience, I am not sorry that he comes. For it is not every day that one listens to the words of a man who has unravelled many of the

mysteries of life and death; and even when he speaks of common subjects he invests them with a new interest. I enjoy that homeward walk along the lane, between the cottage gardens where the great white lilies and gilly-flowers are filling the air with their rich odour, and the birds have gone to rest in their nests in the ivy, or under the eaves. We say good-night at Miss Willowburn's door, and I return to Cedar Lawn.

Lesbia and Annie are sauntering up and down the terrace, talking in low, earnest tones. Annie is the chief speaker; it seems to me that Lesbia only puts in a question now and then, just to lead her on. I am not mean enough to listen; but I sit just within the open French window, looking at the trees feathering out darkly against the clear saffron sky; and sometimes a word or two reaches my ears. Why is Guy's name introduced so often into the conversation? Oh, my foolish sister, do you not know that love thrives best in silence, and that (like certain delicate flowers) it may decay in its sheath under the blight of human breath?

But, alas! I cannot teach Annie the sad lesson of mistrust. It is a lesson that women (and men too) are slow in learning; and some of the best of them never do learn it, until the need of all worldly wisdom is past. So I sit and fume; and the pair go on walking and talking until the saffron light dies slowly out of the west. Then they come indoors, and Annie puts her arm round my neck, and kisses me in her sweet childish fashion.

"This hasn't been an unhappy day, has it?" she asks. "And yet, as Lesbia says, we cannot forget our loss, even for a moment. Only—as Lesbia says—dear Ted would not wish us to be always depressed; he was so cheerful himself, and so unselfish."

"I am glad to see that you are brightening, dear," I say quietly.

"But you are very silent, Margaret. I was afraid that you thought we talked and laughed too much this afternoon. Lesbia said you looked grave. She made a great effort to be amusing, you know, because I was not in my usual spirits; and men are always dull if they are not amused."

"I hardly think Guy could have expected to be amused, under the circumstances," I answer rather coldly.

"But it was pleasant to have someone here who could talk to him, Margaret. Anyone could see that he liked Lesbia, and her merry gossip about the people in town."

I know that Miss Lambton has left the room, and Annie is alone with me. The twilight creeps in through the window—a fragrant June twilight, full of the scent of orange-flowers—and I see my sister's face growing dim in the dusk.

"Do you think that Guy will be always wanting Lesbia to amuse him when he comes here?" I ask. "You were getting on very well with him before she came. I have often seen him sitting alone with you under the old cedar, and he didn't seem to want anyone else in the least."

She is silent for a moment, and then gives me a shy reply.

"I think he does like being alone with me—generally, Margaret. But I am very young and inexperienced, and there are many things I may learn from an older woman who has studied the world. Lesbia has the art of amusing men, and——"

"You don't need any teaching of hers, Annie. Be content to remain as you are, and Guy will be quite satisfied."

She kisses me again, and shakes her pretty head.

"Perhaps he would get tired of my simplicity after a time. But I shall grow wiser now that Lesbia is here. You are so fond of me, darling, that you don't notice my deficiencies; but I am conscious of them. And oh, Margaret, I don't want him to be conscious of them too!" There is a quiver of intense feeling in the sweet voice, and it goes to my heart. Already I recognise Lesbia's work. She has been trying to make the girl lose confidence in herself, and she has succeeded only too quickly. By-and-by, if all this goes on, Annie will be silent and constrained in Guy's presence, and then an invisible barrier will arise between them.

"Annie," I say earnestly, "do not talk too much to Lesbia about Guy. As yet he is not your acknowledged lover, although we all believe that he will be. Keep silent, dear, if you want to secure your own happiness."

The little hand that I am holding trembles, and turns cold.

"Oh, Margaret," she answers in a troubled voice, "how can I keep silent when Lesbia sees and understands all? She is as anxious about my happiness as you are—every bit. And she is one with us in heart and soul; it would be cruel to doubt her!"

I am silent, bitterly conscious that my warning has come too late. Already Lesbia knows all that Annie can tell her, and has read every page of that open, innocent nature. Already she knows exactly the position in which my sister and Guy Montifex are standing. What use will she make of her knowledge? The future will show; but I am sorely afraid of the possessor of such dangerous powers.

She comes back into the room with her slow, gliding step. Annie goes to the piano, and they sing an evening hymn, their voices blending sweetly. But the music gives me little pleasure, and presently I go up-stairs for the night.

The bright days come and go; they are making hay in the fields, and the roses bloom out in their fullest beauty. It is cloudless weather, and we spend a great deal of time in the open air; sometimes in our own gardens, where the flowers are lavishing away their lives in masses of blossom; sometimes in the hayfields,

sitting among the scented heaps, and watching sun-burnt men and women at their toil, and sometimes in the cool depths of the old beech-woods, where the moss grows thick and soft. Even the mother allows herself to be lured away from her shaded rooms, and led out of doors to revel in the glory of the summer. And when she comes forth, it is on Lesbia's arm that she leans; and it is Lesbia who gains her ear, and gradually acquires an ascendancy over her thoughts.

It soon becomes evident to me that Lesbia means to be the ruling spirit of our family circle. She is not half so clever as some women; Miss Willowburn, for instance, is far more intellectual and cultivated, but Lesbia has shrewdness and tact, and a power of seizing on people's weak points that I have never seen equalled. It is this power which enables her to ingratiate herself with the mother, and lead poor Annie captive to her will. Even I, fortified as I am by my inborn sense of mistrust, am sometimes almost swayed by her judicious flatteries, and deceived by her well-acted candour. But there is one person who has never yielded to her spell for a moment, and is always watching her with a suspicion that cannot be lulled to sleep, and that person is Miss Willowburn.

The bazaar passes off successfully, although we do not go; and Mrs. Montifex laments Annie's absence. But if everything in the shape of gaiety is given up, we still have a great many happy gatherings and friendly meetings, in these golden days.

One afternoon we are all to be found on the velvety lawn of the Vicarage, drinking tea out of doors, and enjoying the sunny calm of the place. Mrs. Longford and the mother are accommodated with a couple of easy-chairs, and the Vicar hovers near them with unremitting attentions. Patience Willowburn pours out tea, and I (as usual) am close to her side. Lesbia and Annie are sitting together on a bench, under one of the elms, and Dr. Vansittart, cup in hand, stands talking to them both.

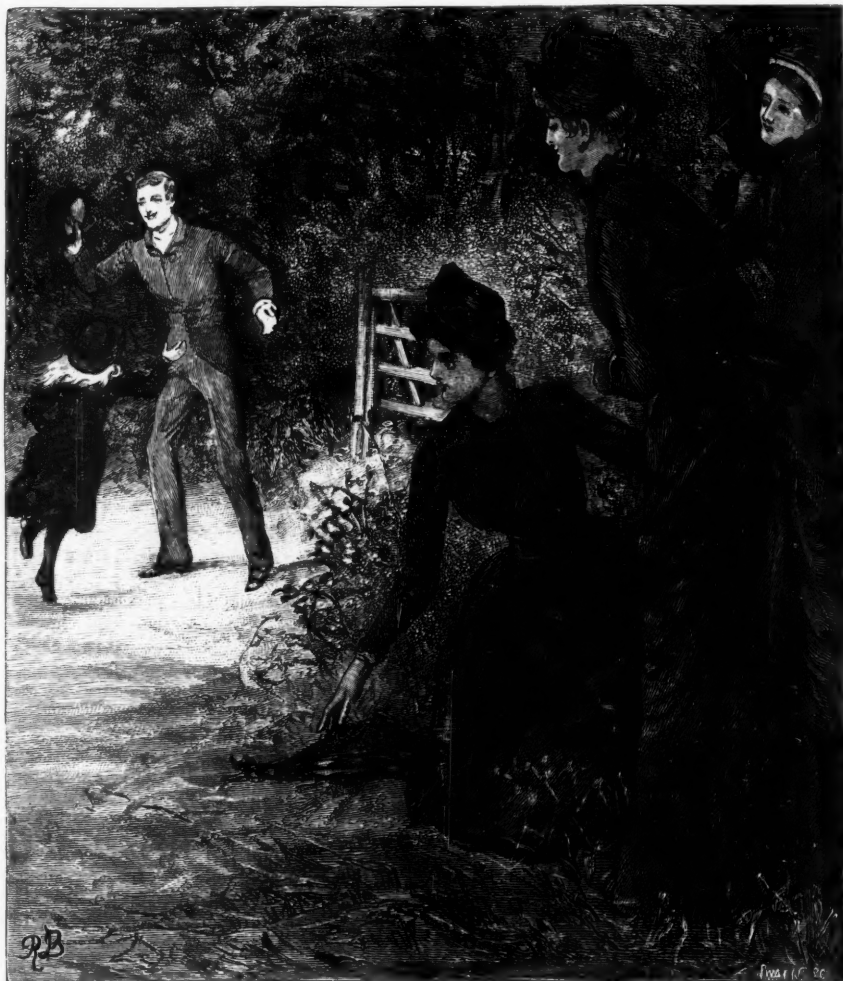
It is an undisputed fact that most men like to see women in black gowns; and I fancy that we all look our best in the soft black draperies of thin material which we are wearing. Moreover, we all wear flowers; Lesbia and Annie are adorned with Gloire de Dijon roses; Patience has chosen *Maréchal Niel*; and I am content with some clusters of white geranium. In my opinion Miss Willowburn is charming to-day as she moves softly about the tea-table, her sweet face bright with a quiet smile of satisfaction; her plentiful dark hair, slightly sprinkled with grey, braided neatly at the back of a shapely head. But (although Annie is in the bloom of her girlish beauty) there is no woman here who can rival Lesbia Lambton, as she sits, leaning back with a lazy grace, against the trunk of the old tree.

I am beginning to understand her ways quite well, and I see that, just at present, she is trying her very utmost to captivate Dr. Vansittart.

But, for once in her life, she is playing a perfectly hopeless game. If there ever is a man impervious

to the wiles of women, it is the great doctor, whose West-End experience must surely have given him a deep insight into the nature of womankind. To Lesbia he is exceedingly courteous—more so, indeed, than is his wont—but there is a certain hardening of his

Presently someone makes a remark about the aspect of the old church at this time of day. It is especially beautiful now, when the shadows are beginning to lengthen, and the peace of eventide creeps gradually over woodland and hill. The low



“‘It’s Guy!’ cries little Madge.”—p. 102.

face when he looks at her, which plainly says that she will never make the slightest impression on him.

When he speaks to Annie he softens, and becomes frank and fatherly in an instant. But to Patience he talks as friend with friend, and there is an unrestraint in his manner with her, which tells me that she stands very high in his esteem.

lights are slanting across the flowery mounds and white crosses, and the ivy on the grey tower takes touches of gold here and there. We all turn and look at the view, so tranquil, so thoroughly English in all its details, and for a moment or two there is a thoughtful silence. It is the doctor who breaks the pause, and he says, very quietly—

"It was from this spot on the lawn that Miss Willowburn made her drawing. I should like Mrs. Bazeley to see the picture, now that it is finished."

CHAPTER VI.

A WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST.

WE, who know Patience intimately, are well aware that she takes a very high rank as an amateur artist; but Lesbia does not know it, and I surprise an envious look on her face as the doctor goes into the house to get the picture.

"I have never seen Vansittart so pleased with anything," says the Vicar to us all. "He was very much charmed with the view of our old church from this spot, and I asked Miss Willowburn to make a sketch for him. But the sketch is a finished drawing, as you will see—one of the prettiest things she has ever done yet!"

The doctor returns, carrying the beautiful water-colour drawing with evident care. Certainly Patience has surpassed herself; the colouring is so rich and soft, the lights and shadows are so faithfully rendered, that we all burst into exclamations of delight. It is a thing that any true lover of art would be happy to possess; it is not only a picture, but a poem, breathing of sacred associations and eternal peace.

"I shall hang it up where I can see it always," the doctor tells us. "It is just the picture that a busy man ought to have before his eyes. I shall let it talk to me when I want soothing."

I see that Lesbia is looking keenly at Patience, and my eyes take the same direction. Miss Willowburn has one of those clear, pale complexions that rarely show any changes; but now I note a swift passing flush, and I feel sure that Lesbia has seen it too.

For a few minutes more we admire the picture and make our comments, and then its owner carries it back into the house.

By-and-by we all go sauntering home, across the scented hayfield, and through the quiet churchyard, now golden with the glow of evening. As we pass down the lane into the village street, Lesbia leaves my mother's side, and joins Patience and myself.

"What a marvellous gift you have, Miss Willowburn!" she says, in her pleasantest voice. "Dr. Vansittart is said to have some fine pictures in his house in Harley Street; but, you see, he means to give yours the place of honour."

"Because he loves the view of his old friend's church," responds Patience quietly.

"He wouldn't have cared about the view, if the painting had been bad," continues Lesbia, with a calm air of conviction. "He is not a man who would let sentiment triumph over good taste. No; he recognises your talent, Miss Willowburn; and his appreciation is worth having."

Somehow, these words, well chosen as they seem to be, do not give Patience any pleasure. She makes a commonplace reply, perfectly courteous, but cold; and then contrives to change the conversation.

When we are sitting in the drawing-room at Cedar Lawn, Lesbia returns to the theme, and addresses me with more animation than usual.

"Dr. Vansittart admires Miss Willowburn," she says. "I am sure you can't be blind to the fact, Mrs. Spencer, for you are her closest friend. What a match for her if it comes to pass!"

"Oh, that will never come to pass," remarks the mother, who happens to be listening. "No man is more unlikely to marry again than the doctor. His profession absorbs him; I have heard the Vicar say so a score of times. He does not want a wife in the least. And I am sure Patience is the last woman to think of him in that way."

"She likes him very much," says Lesbia, with a little smile.

"We all like him," the mother replies quickly. "He is a great man, and we respect him for all the good that he has done. But if he is not a marrying man, Patience is not a marrying woman; and they will never be nearer to each other than they are now."

Lesbia perceives that it will not be wise to pursue this discussion; and so, with her usual tact, she glides off into praise of the water-colour drawing, and then goes on to speak of some artists who used to drop in at Mrs. Bland's. She amuses us all with her stories of their sayings and doings; but, although I laugh at these tales of hers, I cannot forget her remarks about the doctor and Patience. Not for the world would I admit that I had almost permitted myself to indulge in a day-dream about my friend's future. I am sure that the mother's view of the matter is the right one; Dr. Vansittart will never think of marrying again; only—only, if he did, would not Patience be the very woman for him?

And then I lecture myself severely on the folly of this mental match-making, and think how silly it is to want to manage other people's lives.

Next day, the mother chooses to spend the afternoon indoors, and we three young women, accompanied by little Madge, stroll out into a wide field which is near our grounds. Here they are carting the hay, sturdy men and boys working as hard as they can, and making the most of the glorious weather. We sit under a hedge, over which a dog-rose flings its delicate pink flowers, and silently watch them at their toil, while Madge plays at hay-making in a fashion of her own.

"Here comes the Vicar," says Annie, spying a tall, black-coated figure advancing towards us across the field.

He comes up to our group with his quiet greeting, and sits down near us under the hedge. I see that his face looks thoughtful and a little worn to-day.

"I have just come from the Johnsons," he says after a pause. "There isn't much hope, I'm afraid, for little Willie."

"Willie Johnson—isn't that the pretty boy who is wheeled about the village in a chair?" asks Lesbia.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was hurt last year by a fall from a ladder,"

the Vicar answers. "If the injury had been properly treated at once, he might have recovered. But there was something that Mervyn—our doctor here, you know—did not discover. It's too late, I fear, to set matters right. Vansittart has gone to see what he can do."

"Oh, if Dr. Vansittart takes him in hand, I daresay he will be cured," Lesbia says confidently. "In town one is always hearing of his marvellous successes. How glad you must be to get him down for a rest!"

"Very glad," replies Mr. Longford, brightening. "We have been friends all our lives, he and I. First at school, then at college. I always knew he had the making of a great man in him."

"Is he still troubled about his daughter's marriage?" Annie inquires.

"Yes, poor Laura has made a mistake. She was a handsome girl, and had plenty of lovers, but she must needs choose the worst of them all. However, there was nothing bad enough in Major Austen to justify her father in forbidding the match. He did not like Austen, but Laura had set her heart upon him, and she had him."

"And now he will be all alone in his great house," says Lesbia, dropping her heavy white eyelids, and giving the Vicar one of her subtle glances. "But do you think he will always stay there alone? Isn't it possible that he may feel the need of a companion?"

The Vicar shakes his head with a smile.

"No," he answers decidedly. "Vansittart has not leisure enough to be conscious of any needs. His heart is in his work; he has not half time enough to do all that is demanded of him. I never saw a man so thoroughly absorbed in his calling."

After this, there is no more to be said. Lesbia has got her answer, and it seems to satisfy her that her notion about Miss Willowburn is one of the wildest of fancies. I, myself, am half ashamed of having secretly dreamed my little dream.

We suddenly bethink ourselves that we have promised to go and drink tea with Patience at five, and the afternoon is waning fast. The Vicar takes leave of us, and strikes across the field in the direction of his home; and we are just rising from our seat under the hedge, when some one jumps over a gate close by, and startles us all.

"It's Guy!" cries little Madge, running towards him with outstretched hands.

He catches up the child and kisses her. Two pairs of eyes are following the movements of this slight, sun-tanned man, who, in the simple tweed suit and round hat, looks so thoroughly what he is—a soldier, and a gentleman by birth and breeding. Annie's cheeks flush faintly; but Lesbia's beautiful face is cool and calm.

"Are you all coming home now?" he asks, turning first to Annie. "I am going to ask you for some tea."

"We are due at Miss Willowburn's at five," replies my sister; with one of her sweet, shy looks up into his face.

"Then I shall go with you, and ask Miss Willow-

burn for some tea. Did you ever know her refuse anything to anybody?"

He appeals to us all; but his glance rests on Lesbia, who looks dangerously lovely in her soft black gown, with a bunch of mock-orange flowers in her bosom.

"You can come if you will," I say, answering for the others. "If Patience doesn't want you she is too kind to show it. And I happen to know that she will give us some of your favourite almond cakes to-day."

At this Madge claps her hands, and I gently reprove her for greediness as we move on across the field. Guy follows me, walking by Annie's side; and Lesbia I think, has dropped altogether into the rear.

Coming out into the village street, we cross over to Ivy House, and see the windows set wide open, and pretty cream-lace curtains moving in a soft breeze. Patience receives us in the long, low room that I like so well; and gives a frank welcome to Guy. We drink tea out of her ancient china cups, and Guy simulates a schoolboy's rapture at the sight of the almond cakes. But somehow I fancy that he is not quite so natural as usual, although he plays a good deal with Madge, and pays broad compliments to Patience in a rollicking fashion, and seems to be full of gaiety. He does not look at any of us in his old open way, nor does he hover round Annie so much as he used to do. But then Annie herself is just a shade graver than the girl we have always known.

Presently we go into Miss Willowburn's garden, which is, I think, one of the most delightfully prim old gardens that I have ever seen. The yews are marvellously close and fine, and cut into quaint shapes that Patience preserves with the utmost care. At the end of a narrow, pebble-paved walk there is a twig summer-house trellised with hop-vines and a splendid honeysuckle, and over the wall hangs a wealth of those mock-orange blossoms for which Wood Royal is so famous. These flowers always seem to have a curious fascination for Lesbia; she can never see them without gathering some, and she wears them nearly every day. As she hangs over them, inhaling their strong scent, and breaking off spray after spray, I think involuntarily of Rappaccini's daughter in the strange old garden at Padua.

"Lesbia has a passion for syringa," says Annie, watching her. "She despoils all the gardens."

"She stole some from the blacksmith's garden early this morning," Patience tells us with a smile. "She can't deny the accusation; I saw her from a window up-stairs."

"Early this morning!" Annie echoes. "Why, Lesbia, did you go out before breakfast? I would have gone with you if I had known."

A faint colour tinges Miss Lambton's cream-white cheek; and oddly enough I see a dark flush on Guy's sunburnt face. She speaks in a slow, deliberate way, still busy with the flowers.

"The freshness of the morning tempted me," she says, "and I sauntered on without caring where I went. The blacksmith's orange-blossom is not so fine as Miss Willowburn's."

"Patience's flowers are always finer than other people's," Annie declares. "Look at her roses; we have none to equal them."

It is absurd in me to let my mind dwell upon a trifle, I suppose. And yet I cannot help thinking again and again of Lesbia's walk before breakfast, and the unwonted glow on those two faces.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIFT WIDENS.

THE days are waxing more sultry, and June is drawing to a close, when Mrs. Montifex's health begins to fail. The doctor recommends sea breezes, and the Colonel takes his wife away to a distant watering-place. And so it comes to pass that Guy is left alone at Wood Mount.

He does not appear to have any objection to solitude. Anyhow, he never invites any men to come and stay with him; but he walks down to Cedar Lawn four or five times a week. And yet, although he comes so often among us, he and Annie seem to be drifting farther and farther apart.

It is just at this time, when things seem to be going on so smoothly, and yet are steadily going wrong, that we get a letter from one of Ted's old school-friends. Although it awakens a host of tender memories, we cannot help laughing over it a little, among ourselves. For Charley Ashmead was our Annie's first lover, and a very ardent lover, too, at seventeen.

The letter is addressed to the mother (whose letters are always public property), and tells her that the Reverend Charles Ashmead has just been appointed to his second curacy, which gives him the sole charge of the little church at Greenwood, a village about two miles from Wood Royal. He is full of honest regret for poor Ted, and full of honest joy at the thought of coming to live in the neighbourhood of old friends. And at the close of the letter he asks if Miss Bazeley has quite forgotten him?

"No," says Annie frankly. "I don't think any girl ever does forget her first lover; and although I was only thirteen when Charlie used to stay here, I remember that he was a very faithful adorer of mine. He would climb the highest tree to bring me down a bird's-nest; and he had a genius for nutting and blackberrying which I have never seen equalled. I used to laugh at him, of course—but I liked him; and I shall be glad to see him again."

"I wonder why he ever lost sight of you, if he cared for you so much," Lesbia remarks.

"Why, Lesbia, what can there be serious in a boy's liking for a child of thirteen?" says my mother, in surprise. "He went to Oxford after he had done with school; and Greenwood, as you have heard, is his second curacy. He has been fitting himself for his work, all these years. Dear boy! his face will remind me of my Ted!"

Lesbia says no more, and is quiet and thoughtful all the rest of the day. The hours pass on, and

towards evening I catch sight of her, walking down one of the garden paths between rows of standard roses, in the direction of the fields. The sun, getting low, shines upon her golden head, and I watch her with an uneasy heart, wondering what plot is being hatched in that subtle brain of hers. And then I blame myself for these groundless suspicions, and resolve to atone for them by being doubly kind when she comes indoors.

We have dined a little earlier than usual that day; Annie has gone up-stairs with the mother, and the two are holding a consultation with Morton over their wardrobe. I take a new book that has just come down from the library, and sit in my old place by the French window in the drawing-room. But somehow the story does not win my attention; and I muse, looking down the long garden vistas, full of amber mist and mellow shade.

Why is it that my thoughts are always straying back to that May morning when the black-edged letter came? If poor Ted's last request had been less faithfully fulfilled, we should be a happier household at this very moment. There is no falling-off in Annie's intimacy with Lesbia; they seem to be more inseparable than ever; but I fail to see any satisfactory results from the intercourse. The more my sister clings to Lesbia, the sadder she grows; a great deal of her girlish vivacity is gone; she seems fitful, nervous, often depressed. And after Guy's visits, her face looks so strained and pale that it makes my heart ache.

In Guy himself, too, there is a perceptible change. He has never quite dropped that feverish gaiety which he put on, like a mask, when we spent an afternoon at Ivy House. There is always something forced and unreal in his manner nowadays; his very movements seem to lack the old ease and freedom. He is not inattentive to Annie; but he no longer shows the old desire to beguile her away from the rest, and monopolise her society.

I must admit, even in my most suspicious moods, that he does not pointedly seek Lesbia; but I am perfectly sure that he feels the full effect of her beauty. He cannot always control his eyes, and they seek her unconsciously, and dwell upon her as if they could never have enough of her face. How fervently I wish that face of hers had never been seen in Wood Royal!

I am still lost in my reverie when Annie comes down-stairs and enters the room. Her first inquiry is for Lesbia.

"I saw her go down the rose-path about an hour ago," I answer.

"She is always wandering away," says my sister in a discontented tone. "I have been detained with the mother; she might have waited till I came."

"Can't you live an hour without her?" I ask, a little scornfully.

Annie looks vaguely out into the garden, now growing dim with the first shades of dusk.

"She has become necessary to me, Margaret," she

replies, and there is something mournful in her tone.

"How is that?" I say. "We were sufficient for you before she came."

"I can't explain," the girl tells me sadly, clasping and unclasping her hands as she stands before me, straight and tall, in her black gown. And I look at her in silence, with my heart full of pain.

She sweeps past me, through the window, and out into the dewy evening, and I rise and follow her. Swiftly we go down the path between the standard roses, drinking in deep draughts of perfume, and on till we come to the hedge which divides the grounds from the wide field where they made hay.

It is one of those evenings which suddenly lose all the glory of the afterglow, and fade into a grey mist. Like a veil this haze has spread over the great field, until the boundary lines are lost, and the level land might almost be mistaken for a sea. Yet, as we stand and gaze, I fancy that I distinguish a man's figure vanishing into the twilight, but I cannot be certain. And just then, Lesbia's voice sounds close to my side.

"So you and Annie have come to look for me, Margaret?" she says, very quietly.

"Annie wanted you," I tell her in a cold tone.

"I can always be easily found. But I have felt the heat oppressive to-day, and had a desire to escape from the trees, and the flowers with their heavy scents. It is wonderfully fresh and still in the field."

"But it is very lonely at dusk," I say involuntarily. "You did not meet anyone, I suppose?"

"No one. Stay—yes, I saw a solitary man—a labourer, I suppose. He appeared quite harmless; you seem never to have any tramps prowling about Wood Royal."

"We do now and then. Annie and I have had one or two slight alarms. I don't advise you to stray too far alone at dusk."

"Oh, I'm not timid," says Lesbia, putting her arm round my sister's waist, and turning towards the house. "Let us go indoors; I want to try our new duet before bed-time."

"We will go in," Annie answers wearily. "But I am tired, and can't sing to-night."

I follow the pair, and we slowly retrace our steps along the rose-path. In the middle of the walk we meet Jane, the pretty parlour-maid, who seems a little abashed at the encounter. She has some parsley in her white apron, and makes believe that she has come out to gather herbs; but the kitchen garden is not in this direction, and her embarrassed air attracts my notice. I fancy, too, that she sends a swift side-glance at Miss Lambton as she goes by.

"I wonder if Jane is going to meet a sweetheart?" I say when the girl is out of hearing. "Perhaps that prowler in the field was looking out for her."

Lesbia gives a look at me across her shoulder, and breaks into a soft laugh.

"Don't be hard on her, Margaret," she entreats.

"I'm always ready, myself, to look indulgently on servants' love-making. The poor things must have a little philandering, and they don't take their affairs half so seriously as we take ours. If one swain draws back, another advances, and the new one does as well as the old."

"I'm not likely to be hard on Jane," I answer, not well pleased with this unnecessary injunction.

"But if she is thinking of anyone, we ought to know something about him. She is an orphan and a stranger here. Many a girl goes headlong into folly for want of a word of warning."

"Oh, they never thank you for looking too sharply after them," says Lesbia, in her soft, mocking voice.

"And I think warnings are perfectly useless things; people never heed them."

Has she any idea that I have been warning Annie against her? I have never seen her as she is to-night, half-sneering, half-defiant. She has the air of one who is playing for high stakes and is almost sure to win.

We re-enter the house, and I go up-stairs to see if my little Madge is comfortably asleep. I do not return to the drawing-room, but I fancy that Lesbia and my sister sit there for an hour or two in close talk.

July sets in, and scarlet poppies are flaunting in the wheat-fields; yellow snapdragons flourish on every heap of stones and crumbling wall; the moss turns brown; the short-lived bloom of the sweetest wild-flowers is over. The mother complains of the heat, and sits in the house in a tempered light, with doors and windows open. But she is roused from apathy by a visit from Charlie Ashmead.

We are all glad to see him, although we can hardly welcome him without tears. The first sight of him brings back the days when he came with Ted from school, and won our hearts with his frank, good-looking face. It is just the same face now, only handsomer, and more refined. He colours a little when he speaks to Annie, and she, who blushes easily, meets him with a sweet, shy air which is apt to be misleading. But she is no flirt—my poor sister. Her heart is always filled with thoughts of that stately soldier at Wood Mount, whose love for her seems to have undergone a strange chill.

Charlie stays with us for the rest of the day; but, although we talk of Ted, Lesbia is very silent, and Charlie seems to pay her less attention than she usually receives. At this I am a good deal surprised; Ted had never ceased to correspond with his old school-friend; they had met sometimes in town, and there could not have been many secrets between them. Moreover, I know that Ashmead is acquainted with Grey; and Lesbia has already admitted that it was Grey who first brought my brother to Mrs. Bland's house in Curzon Street.

Grey's name comes up in the course of our talk at dinner. We have never seen him, but poor Ted used to speak of him often enough. Those three—Grey, Ashmead, and our lad—were school-chums; but

Grey was older than the others, and I had thought that they were in the habit of looking up to him.

"Do you ever see Percival Grey nowadays?" I ask; and as I speak I happen to glance at Lesbia.

CHAPTER VIII.

ILL AT EASE.

I MAKE up my mind that I will secure Charlie to myself for a few minutes after dinner, although I do



"Her embarrassed air attracts my notice."—p. 104.

She is studying me furtively under her dark lashes, and I turn my gaze quickly to Charlie's frank face. He trifles a little uneasily with the strawberries in his plate, and hesitates before he gives an answer.

"I saw him not long ago," he says. "But there isn't much in common between us. I am a parson, you see; and parsons are not exactly in his line."

not think that he wants me to monopolise him. What he does want is to have a quiet chat with Annie; and Lesbia, in the sweetest and most natural way imaginable, sets herself to frustrate my plans and gratify his wish.

But for once I prove myself a match even for Lesbia; my spirit is thoroughly roused; I fight her

with her own weapons, and she retires vanquished. I show her that I, too, can be sweet as summer when I have an end to gain ; and I rather enjoy my victory as I lead Charlie out into the garden.

"How well I remember these old paths," he says, looking round him half-sadly. "Here is Ted's 'quarter-deck walk'; and there's the arbour where we used to rig our ships. I wanted to be a sailor, too, when I was a small boy."

"But not later on?" I say.

"No; let me see—I must have been seventeen when I came here last; and then, you know, I had found my vocation. Dear old Ted! he always said I was right."

"And so Percival Grey isn't a very great friend of yours?" I remark, after a pause. "Ted used to like his company, I think. You have heard, I suppose, that it was Percival who introduced him to Miss Lambton?"

"Yes, I heard of that," he replies quietly.

Something in his tone seems to intimate that this introduction was not the act of a true friend. He speaks regretfully, and I am quite sure that he wishes Ted had never known Lesbia.

"You have seen her to-day for the first time, haven't you?" I ask.

He looks away down the long vista of the rose-walk, and is silent for a second.

"I have only seen her once before," he answers. "I never spoke to her till to-day."

"Her face is too beautiful to be forgotten. Can you remember where you saw her first?"

"Yes; it was at Richmond. She was with Grey."

"I guessed that she and Grey were old friends, although she doesn't talk much about him," I say gravely. "But she isn't exactly the woman I should have expected our Ted to choose. Do you think she would have suited him?"

Charlie stops short in his walk, and breaks a bit of myrtle from a flowering bush.

"It's hard to say, Mrs. Spencer," he replies. "The dear old fellow has gone where there is no more fear of making mistakes. If he had lived, I think—indeed, I'm certain—that he would have made many a blunder. Anyone who got an influence over him could always lead him into anything. His was one of those reckless, blindly trusting natures which are sure to fare badly in this world."

The sun has gone down behind the beech woods, leaving a deep red flush in the west, and as I look away to that crimson sky, I think of the early sunsets that come to some lives. Why was our boy's day so brief, I have often asked? It would be easy enough for God to answer all our questions at once, but I have generally found that He makes us wait for an answer, or leaves us to find it out for ourselves. This evening, as Charlie Ashmead's words ring in my ears, I know that our Father has done His very best for poor Ted. Better that early sunset than a long day of vain repentance

and bitter tears! Better the heart whose throbs are quickly stilled, than the heart "that breaks, yet brokenly lives on!"

I do not ask any more about Lesbia to-night. We turn back to the house, and Charlie soon takes his departure. But Greenwood is not far off; we shall see him again, and he will come sometimes to preach in our church at Wood Royal. Annie bids him good-night with sisterly kindness; the mother clasps his hands with a tearful look; and Lesbia says her adieu with a coldness that is equal to his own. They do not like each other, these two. If they were to be cast on a desert island, and left together for years and years, I hardly think that they would ever be friends.

"So that is your Charlie Ashmead," says Lesbia, after he is gone. "He is not a very interesting man."

"Ted loved him," Annie tells her softly.

"Yes, dear Ted loved everybody connected with his boyhood. There never was a heart so large as his. The pity was that he used to take unworthy people into it sometimes."

"We always liked his friends," says Annie.

"You did not know them all, my dear Annie," replies Lesbia, with a sigh. "He was too open—too sincere. And yet how one loves the memory of such a man!"

Next day I announce my intention of spending a long afternoon with Patience, and am not sorry that no one offers to accompany me to Ivy House. I want to be alone with my own familiar friend; I have a longing for the low, old-fashioned room where she has listened to many a heart-secret of mine. After my talk with Charlie Ashmead, I am ill at ease; there was something in his manner which told me that he was sorry to see Lesbia a guest at Cedar Lawn. And I can see that she suspects me of having heard things to her disadvantage, and watches me with attentive eyes.

To-day, she has put on a pensive mood which suits her very well. The mother thinks that the meeting with poor Ted's friend has given her a heart-ache, and is full of the tenderest sympathy.

"How well I can understand Lesbia!" the dear old lady says confidently to me. "All the sweetness of her character is most evident when she is sad. And I believe she is often sad, poor girl! In losing Ted, she has lost everything."

Annie and Miss Lambton walk with me through the shrubbery, and out into the village street. Wood Royal is asleep and dreaming in the July sunshine; overhead is a cloudless sky, and the dark woods rise solemnly against the intense blue. The gardens have lost the fresh sweetness of early summer, but they blaze with brilliant colours; and beyond the hedgerows one sees the great fields of fast-ripening grain. Annie wears a large hat of coarse black straw, and I fancy that her sweet oval face is growing more pointed and thin. Lesbia, too, has donned an Alsatian hat; but it suits her well enough, and her rough, red-gold hair looks bright

against the black silk lining. She has a bunch of crimson clove carnations in the bosom of her gown.

"Here is Captain Montifex," she says, in a calm voice; and as she speaks, I see Guy emerging from the lane behind the blacksmith's cottage. The soft bloom deepens on Annie's cheeks for a moment, and then fades, leaving them as pale as the white rose she wears.

He comes up to us, looking more fagged and worn than I have ever seen him yet; but he calls up that gay manner which I have learnt to dislike, and asks if we have a fancy to see snakes? He has just caught sight of an adder gliding away into the hedge; and both girls declare that they will never go through Forge Lane again till the hot weather is over.

"I should like to know how to charm snakes," says Lesbia, stealing a slow glance at us all, and smiling languidly.

"Is it worth while?" asks Guy, suddenly flushing. "You are, I think, pretty well versed in the art of charming most creatures."

I feel that he has merely spoken the truth; and yet I am unwarrantably angry with him for acknowledging her power.

She stands full in the sunlight, with lips that smile faintly, and eyes that shine softly with half-revealed triumph. And I think bitterly of that weird old story of the Lamia, and almost wish for the philosopher with his unwinking gaze.

There is a moment of silence, and then I say adieu, and leave the trio standing in the sunny road. As the door of Ivy House opens, I draw a deep breath of relief. Everything about Patience seems to partake of her nature; nothing is pretentious, nothing is unreal; there is a sense of comfort in this feeling of being in the company of a woman who is so sweetly and entirely genuine. She comes forward, her own calm self, and draws me into the old-fashioned room I like so well.

"How tired you are looking, Margaret!" she says anxiously. "I wish you could come and live with me for a time. You ought to be relieved of all your burdens."

It is pleasant to look into that good, sensible face of hers, after being so unwillingly bewitched by the spell of Lesbia's baneful beauty. If I were a man I do not think I would marry too lovely a woman, although I could not take one who was altogether without attractions. I should choose somebody who was quiet, modest, perfectly well-bred; somebody who was, in short, just like Patience.

"I am tired," I admit, sinking down into her favourite low chair. "It is not the fault of the weather, although I can't stand the heat very well. But I believe it is the fault of Lamia—I mean Lesbia Lambton."

"Lamia! They ought to have given her that name," Patience says, with rather a bitter little smile.

"I wish she would go away, or that somebody would come and make her vanish!" I say childishly. And then my friend soothes me, and brings me a cup of tea, and makes me admire a bowl of geraniums which have been freshly gathered and arranged. I allow myself to be petted and quieted before I pour out my grievances into those willing ears.

"What can I do for Annie? Tell me, Patience," I begin at last. "Her old girlish spirits have deserted her altogether. She doesn't seem to enjoy anything nowadays, and there is a reserve in her manner to Guy that puzzles me very much."

"Did the reserve begin with her or with him, Margaret?"

"I don't know. Before I knew of its existence, there it was, a real barrier between two who had been lovers in heart if not in name. In the early spring—before Lesbia came—he used to seize opportunities of being alone with Annie; now he shuns them. And she is always shy and silent in his presence; yet, if he does not come, I can see that she is looking out for him with feverish anxiety."

"This is a trying year for you, Margaret," says my friend, after a short pause. "You are living too much in the lives of those around you, and thinking too little of yourself and your own needs. They would not take your warnings; had Mrs. Bazeley been wise she would have made some inquiries about poor Ted's sweetheart before she was received into the bosom of the family. And had Annie been wise, she would have opened her heart only to the truest sister that ever lived, and kept it fast closed against a stranger. You are getting thin and white, my dear, and wearing yourself out with anxiety. It is but lost labour!"

"Lost labour!" I echo mournfully. "I wonder if the strength we spend so vainly for others is ever given back to us in another life?"

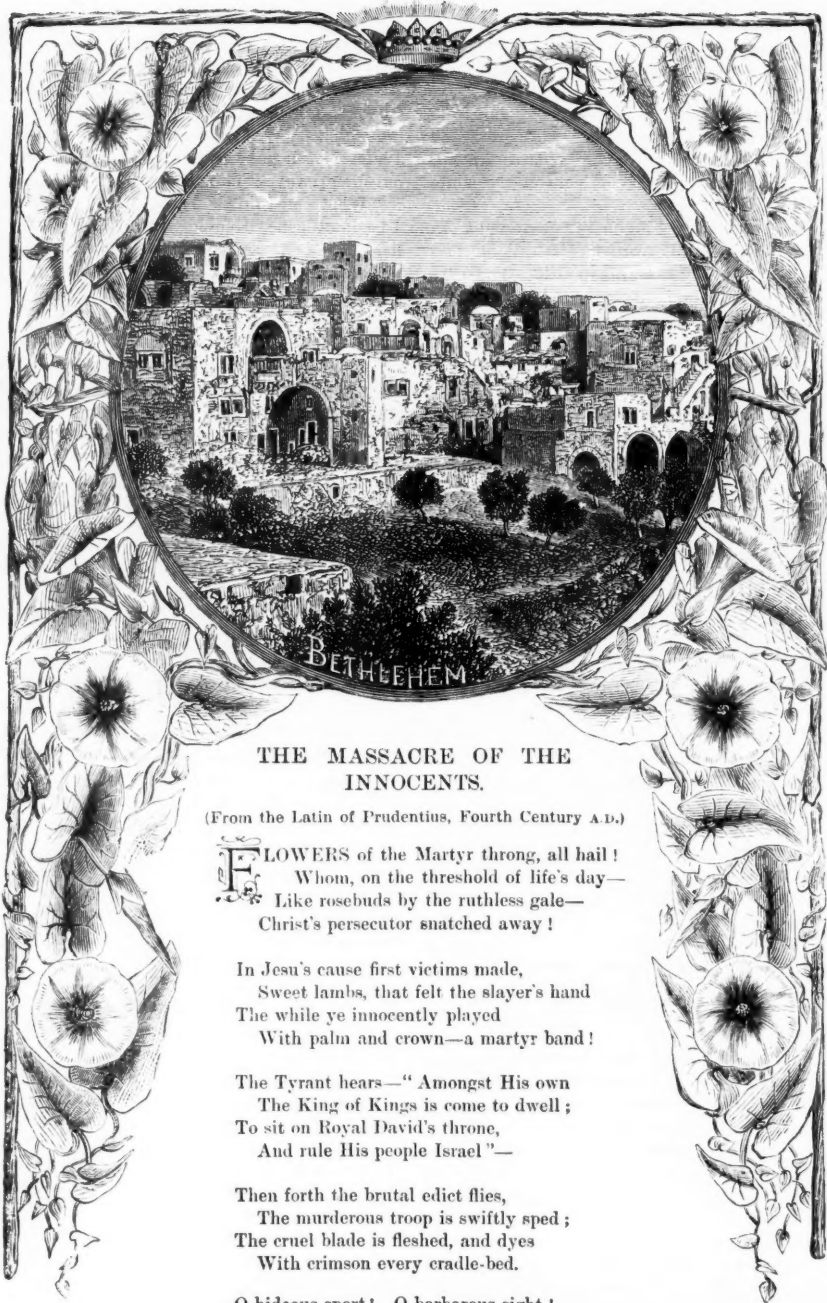
"Everything will be given back," Patience tells me with solemn sweetness. "I love to think of that vast storehouse out of which God will bring treasures new and old. But, Margaret, take my advice, and do not fret too much about people's love affairs, even when the people are your own. A love affair is a thing that is all the worse for watching and handling. Let it alone, and leave it to God."

I know that she is right, and her words fall like balm upon my heart. For a few minutes we sit in silence by the open window, while the golden lights lie peacefully on the garden walks, and the scent of myrtle and heliotrope drifts into the quiet room. And then there is a sound of voices in the hall, and the Vicar and Dr. Vansittart come in together.

"I have good news for you, Miss Willowburn," says the doctor, in his deep, pleasant voice. "There is, I really believe, every reason to hope that little Willie Johnson will get better."

And as Patience lifts her soft eyes to his face, and smiles in her happiness, I think that she looks almost beautiful.

(To be continued.)



THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

(From the Latin of Prudentius, Fourth Century A.D.)

FLOWERS of the Martyr throng, all hail !
Whom, on the threshold of life's day—
Like rosebuds by the ruthless gale—
Christ's persecutor snatched away !

In Jesu's cause first victims made,
Sweet lambs, that felt the slayer's hand
The while ye innocently played
With palm and crown—a martyr band !

The Tyrant hears—" Amongst His own
The King of Kings is come to dwell ;
To sit on Royal David's throne,
And rule His people Israel "—

Then forth the brutal edict flies,
The murderous troop is swiftly sped ;
The cruel blade is fleshed, and dyes
With crimson every cradle-bed.

O hideous sport ! O barbarous sight !
Scarce can the slayer find a space
Where, on those tiny frames, may light
Their weapons in some vital place.

Yet what avails thy wicked deed,
O cruel Herod, quick to slay?
For all so many babes that bleed,
The Christ is safely borne away!

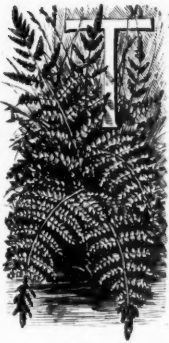
Yea, while the tear of pity starts,
May we our grateful praise attest—
The sword, that pierced so many hearts,
Hath failed to reach His infant breast.

THE EDITOR.

"YEA AND AMEN."

THE PROMISES OF GOD TO THEM THAT BELIEVE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



THE nature of the Promises themselves claims our first attention. Look, then, at the marks of the *Divine* which are so deeply impressed upon them. They survey and traverse the range of the universe; they outmeasure space and transcend the limits of time; they stud the Book of God as thickly as the winter stars people the heavens; they bulge out from very fulness; they gleam like a moving army;

they contemplate the future, and pour their benediction upon the present.

They are Divine in their fulfilment. Yet no patriarch who first of all stood honoured thus by the voice of God received what was foretold. They confessed that there must be something deeper than the words themselves, and they dreamt of immortality, and conceived that life is a pilgrimage of progress. For not one of them asked God why the fulfilment was delayed, and none accused Him of falseness. Solomon declared that not one word of them had failed; and all Israel pronounced and described God as the God that keepeth covenant. For God's grants are made by a separate judgment upon every case. There are two questions that must be answered: the one as to my *capacity* for receiving, and the other as to the *effect* of the blessing upon me. This is God's function, and even myself could not and dare not presume upon an answer. I rest in faith upon my Father, and He gives and withholds as seems good to Him for me.

They are Divine in their development. Life means development, crystallisation means death. The spirit grows with the man, with the age, and with the era. The promises fit in like a spiritual atmosphere around a body that changes from century to century. They are modified during the seasons of

their utterance; they are developed, widened, deepened, as men are able to receive them. They are applicable and applied as year comes after year, with its own sins and burdens, and wearied notes of human sadness. This development is seen chiefly in the two great spiritual epochs of the world.

The captivity of Judah was the spiritual dawn. The period of the Law knew no such spiritual awakening, and consequently the Law became literally dead within a short time from the death of Joshua. But the lessons of the Captivity were never forgotten; and while the Jews groaned and beat their breasts by the sluggish Babylonian streams, they meditated upon the ancient covenants, upon the ringing words that struck their tones deep into the soul of patriarch, and king, and prophet, and they recognised for the first time that a law lay behind the utterance, and that the future was fragrant with the blooming of the world's garden and big for the building of the world-fortresses of men. Isaiah became alive once more. The new heaven and new earth opened their splendours, and the soul of Jacob revived again.

The second epoch was that of our Lord. It may be called the age of centralisation—the centralisation of life. The message He brought was one of life: "I have come that they might have life." The promises sprang once more into existence. "Whoever believeth shall have life," was the new cry. It was not revolution, it was only growth. "The promise is to all that are afar off, as many as the Lord may call," was the new application, and Jew and Gentile were made to rejoice in the common covenant; for the promises belong not to a race, or an age, but to humanity in every day that the heart of man beats its pulses out towards God.

Hence the promises are essentially *human*. They were made for man, not man for them. They belong to him now as much as the universal air. They can be appropriated and restricted no more than the regal sun. Because I am a sinner, the promises belong to me.

See, then, what a character they foster in a man. They teach him what a spiritual life is, as distinct from a worldly and sensuous life. They suggest to him and breathe into him the life of faith. He must—if he appreciates them—depend implicitly upon God. He rests upon Him like a weak man upon his bed. He looks for His will as his own guide: "to please Him in all things" is his life-motto. He goes to the daily work of head or hand because God protects him. His life is hidden—lifted up to heaven—with Christ. Hence the man grows himself. He is filled with love, and love expels fear. Why should I fear? If God be with me, who can be against me? If I am tempted to tricks, policy, underhand action, however much they may seem to work my advantage, I know they are bound to fail, because my God will not bless them. If I do what is right, what the day of judgment will approve, then success is assured.

Consequently the man who relies upon the promises must be a man of candour and frankness. There is purity in his motive, clear like the clearness of the celestial river. There is stability in his opinion and his work, for he is framed upon principles which alter not, and led by laws which neither age nor circumstance can undo.

Look next at the *security* of the promises. St. Paul calls them, in an expressive phrase, "Yea and Amen." He brings the whole array of the Godhead's glory to shine upon them.* They have gushed forth out of the Divine Being: they rest upon the Father's faith, the Son's life, and the Spirit's pledge. The oaths of kings, the treaties of empires, the conclusions of a thousand philosophies, know not such assurance as that.

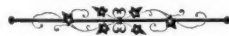
For their *element of existence* is the eternal life of Christ. "How many soever be the promises of God,

* 2 Cor. i. 18—22.

in Him is the yea." Where Christ is, the fulfilment is. In old times all promises converged towards the Messiah. He was the Light that put out all lesser stars. He was the Promise of God. And so, whenever man lives apart from Christ, not a single promise of the whole galaxy belongs to him. And where, like the Gibeonites, they obtain room and bread in the land, or claim the rain and the sunshine of an unrepentant prodigal, the blessing never turns to a benediction. A godly Israelite in the desert, where famine stared him in the face, was a happier man than a godless Israelite who grew fat upon the pastures of Jericho or the cornfields of Esdraelon.

Enjoyment is possible only where there is true life. Try it. You may *use* many things while your soul is in jeopardy. Dying men drink many medicines; but it is only in health that man *enjoys*. And life, healthful life, with pure passions, boundless hopes, noble purposes, owns its solitary birth-place at the foot of the Cross.

Their *confirmation* is in Christ too. This St. Paul calls the *Amen*. As they belong to His life, and are a portion of it, so everyone who seeks that life, and lives it out from day to day, is perfectly certain of reaping the harvest of the promises. Glory—that is, the perfect man living under the highest conditions with the fullest possibilities of existence—Paradise lying around him, the light from the Throne gleaming upon him: this is what Christ takes us to. The promises have risen from that time when Abram listened to the voice which spoke of a Land and a Seed, until St. John listened in later times to a similar voice bidding him go up, and look upon the wonders which Christ has made ready for His own. "The Promises," my brother, "*are unto you.*"



PAINTING THE BRAMBLE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," "THE MAN ON THE SLANT," ETC.
IN TWO CHAPTERS CHAPTER II.

THE next day the ruins were visited, and Donald Penrith got a lesson which taught him more than he had ever known before, and which put another £20 worth on his picture, and, indeed, brought it to pass that it was sold at all. But precious as all this was, it was not on this that his mind was set, but upon the bramble, and the story attached to it.

The bramble lesson, too, was given, and the young artist was taught some of Nature's secrets, which he probably never would have found out for himself; and when all this was over, and his pocket-book half filled with notes and sketches of bits here and there of the bush, then Mr. Airey said—

"Now let us sit down here—here where I painted this bush."

"Listen to me, my young friend, and take home to your young wife all I am going to tell you now.

"Fifty years ago there was a little half-ragged, half-starved boy who used to come from Connisthorpe, two miles at the other side of the Dormerstone ruins. He was a shy, tearful lad, but had grit in him nevertheless, as his after-life proved. The boy's father was dead, and his mother had married again and had other children; and somehow, her love seemed to fail for him. The lad's nature was sensitive—too sensitive for his happiness; it touched him in his mind, and in his health, and he seemed a lone kind of waif and stray in the world.

"Now, there lived in the village in which stands the 'Golden Crown' in those days a certain carpenter named Joice; indeed, he was a kind of factotum in the village, undertaking painting and glazing as well as carpentering, and a trifle of mason-work beside; and this Mr. Joice had a daughter, who was about eight years of age at the time of which I am speaking now. The doctors said that Mary Joice might make a very good angel, but she never would make a good woman—at least, so far as flesh and blood were concerned—and Mr. Joice was counselled to let her run wild, and pick up her education as best she could.

"And thus it came to pass that the clouds, and the winds, and the grass, and the trees were all her schoolmasters, and she grew up afterwards quite unlike all the other girls in the village.

"But I must not go on too fast.

"Mary Joice's favourite seat was under the bramble opposite you—the same which you have seen in my picture.

"And here I found my way one summer's evening when I was wandering about, not caring to go home, for I knew I should have little welcome there.

"I don't mean to make my story long, or tell you all its ins and outs, but after that evening I often found my way to this spot, sometimes finding the little girl here, and sometimes not.

"Well, children are very outspoken, and I soon told her all my troubles, and she told me hers. 'T was a sore fret to her that she could not learn as others did, for she was fond of people who did great things, and she wanted to know all about them.

"Mary Joice soon heard from me all the story of my troubles, and how, worst of all, there was no one who gave my poor heart a morsel of the love which it so craved, and on which it would have lived. I think that in itself made her take still more to me.

"One day Mary said to me, 'Don't you wish to be a great man—any kind, it doesn't matter what, so long as it is something good? I know I long to be a great woman.'

"I think she was a bit surprised when I said 'Yes,' and that so decidedly that it must have looked as though I had had some thoughts upon the matter.

"Her eyes brightened up, and she said, 'What shall it be?' and she clapped her hands with joy.

"A painter,' I answered in a moment.

"But can you draw?' said she.

"Yes, in a way,' I answered, 'as well as I can without being taught;' and the next day I brought her all my bits of sketches done on bits of sugar-paper, and brown paper, and backs of letters and the like, and amongst them was a picture of this bramble.

"I saw the child stop and think, and then she said, 'Watty'—for she had learned to call me by my Christian name—'Watty, make me a present of this picture;' and I gave her the drawing of the bramble.

"Next time we met she had good news for me indeed. 'Watty,' she said, 'you'll be a great man; I know you will, but I don't know exactly how. Only as I go along I hear the wind saying, 'He'll be a great man;' and then I hear it saying, 'And you must help him to be one.' I don't know how it is to be; I only know it will be, and I will help all I can. Perhaps you won't care for it, if you're able to draw, but father will give you a place if you like to come and paint for him. I told him all about you, and he said, "Well, we want a young hand for grinding up colours and doing rough work; he can come if he likes."

"Things were getting worse and worse at home, so I jumped at the offer, and I began by painting farmer Stubbs' garden gate; then I was promoted to painting some window-sashes, and I always did my work as neatly and cleanly as I could. Young as I was, I knew that to begin well was the first step to getting on, and, moreover, I knew that God looks at every man's work, whatever it may be; and, moreover, there was never a job I did but that I was sure to find out that Mary had been to look at it, and I should have been ashamed for her to have seen anything of mine badly done.

"At last I got out of this line. Mr. Joice came to me one morning, and said, 'Watty, I've been making a new signboard for the "Royal Oak," at Langate, but the question is, who'll paint it? Do you think you could do the job? Anyhow, there's no harm in your trying; there's the old oak in front of the stable for a pattern, and why, if you can't get on, 't is only to plane the board smooth again.'

"That was my first rise in life. I studied that tree like a book, and Mary Joice came three times every day to look at it while it was being done. She always had a helping word: that was her mighty power in my life. We've had many ups and downs, but her face was always bright towards me, and her step was light to meet me, and she was blue sky behind every cloud, and looking through it too. Many a day have I come home to her and said, 'Mary, no picture sold to-day, and the rent will soon be due;' but she used to say, 'Well, if to-day's gone, to-morrow's to come,' and though many a time a herring was all she had to put before me, still her sweet smile and helpful word were always the same.

"But I'm going too fast. The Oak was a great success, and Mr. Joice put a sovereign into my hand when it was done, and said, 'My lad, the hand

that did that can do something better, and it shan't be my fault if it doesn't get the chance.' And it was Mary, I found out afterwards, who put him up to that.

"Some little time after that, Mr. Joice gave up my articles, and bound me to a decorative painter whom he had once employed, and with whom he had a great friendship. And partly because of this latter, and also because he himself found out that I had art in me, he set me on one job after another of the best kinds, so that, as I was always trying to improve, I got to know more and more of colour and form every day.

"A good while passed on at this. Then I went as foreman over the works being done at Crawley Castle, and there I got my next lift in life, which made an artist of me. The old lord there took me up; he said, 'Airey, find out what will make an artist of you, and if it's within reason you shall have it.'

"Well, I came to him after I had made all inquiries, and said, 'I'm afraid 't is out of reason, my lord, but I will tell you, as you have been so good as to ask. It would be £2,000.'

"He stopped a moment and thought, and then said, 'Airey, do you see those four panels? Well, they shall be kept for you, and when you think you can fill them, come and do so. That will repay the £2,000, and you'll feel you don't owe me anything but goodwill. I'm not afraid but that the day will come when you will be able to put £500 worth in each of them, and when you can, I know you will.'

"I was given £500 to begin with, but I never received from this source any more. My patron died, and his successors did not feel bound, or inclined, to carry out his intentions. As long as it lasted—and that was a good while—I studied abroad, but at last I came to the end of my resources.

"I do not know what I should have turned to then, had not Mary Joice's father died just at that time. He left her a little money, but not much, for he had met with misfortunes; but that little Mary wrote and offered to me to enable me to continue my work in Rome. She had set her mind on my being a great man, and was always writing about the great picture which I was to paint some day, and not only get fortune, but what she thought much more of—that was, fame.

"My answer to Mary was that if the money came out she must bring it, and stay with it too, and that was what came to pass; and there was not a happier couple than we were, I working, and my wife with her ever-kind look and word keeping me up to the work, always saying that the good time was coming, and that I was going the right way to bring it about.

"At last her money was gone, and I had to take to 'pot-boilers' to get our bread; yes, paintings unworthy of a real artist, for which I got a morsel of bread. But the 'pot-boilers' half-broke my wife's heart.

"'It wasn't to do this,' she said, 'that all the past sacrifices have been made; and you can't do this, and

what you can do, and ought to do, and what I want you to do, besides. Let us live on a crust, and I can earn that; and take a year, two years, three years, aye, five years if need be, and do what you can do.'

"Well, my friend, I should have told you that Mary Joice had grown a strong woman after I left England, and was able to work—and work she said she would. While living with her father she had learned upholstering, and was great at that, as she would have been in anything that was within the compass of her ability. She earned enough for us to live upon, and I painted and she encouraged, and every night she looked at the day's work; and—you can't see them, but perhaps the angels can—she printed many a kiss upon my aching forehead, and said, 'The end will pay for all.' These were like sunbeams brightening a life which otherwise anxieties would have made dark; and they shine still within my heart, and will beam forth from it, and brighten the little home we are going to have now in our old age. But she had another reward besides my gratitude and love. She herself had a hand in the picture which is now called a great picture, and which made my name.

"A great trouble came on me while this was going on, but out of it, as is often the case, came a great blessing. My wife got a fever; it was overwork brought it on her—still the noble woman would not give in. And just at that time I was at a point in my picture beyond which I could not go—it was a foot—and though I made study after study of it, and drew it again and again, come right it would not. I was in despair, and feared all my work would come to naught. I had a little bed put up in the corner of my painting room—studio I can hardly call it, when I see what studios are nowadays—and there I lay awake in the dead of the night, partly thinking over the past, and partly watching lest my wife should stir in the next room. The gas-lamp in the street gave light enough, so I needed no lamp to see what I'm going to tell you now.

"More gliding than walking into the room, came my wife, her eyes wide open and fixed like two balls. She took no notice of me, but walked straight up to the easel on which my picture stood, then putting her foot upon the stool—and a more beautiful model of a foot no painter ever had—she took one of the pencils lying by, and carefully drew from it on the canvas what I had tried to do over and over again in vain.

"I shivered all over, but I dared not awake her; and when she had finished—and it was all done in a minute or two—she walked, or glided I may say, back to her bed again.

"No doubt this part was on her mind—and people in fever, or even in their sleep, do strange things. It was my lot that she should make my fortune. Even in the part of it that I seemed to do myself she had a hand.

"That picture gave us enough to live on for five years; and since I parted with it, it has been sold

twice over again for five times what I got for it. But it did for me all my noble wife wanted—it made my name; and since then we've not only lived in comfort, but have been able amply to lay by for old age.

place in our drawing-room. I have put into it all the skill I have, and if stopping here six months would make it more perfect, I would stay."

Poor Donald Penrith! he went home and told his



"This bramble is the first; it was under it I first met her."

"The old age has come, and now I am going to paint for money no more. She loves my pictures, and I mean to paint for her until I die; she shall be surrounded with the creations which her own love and patience and bravery have been the means of bringing into existence. And this bramble is the first; it was under it I first met her, and no matter what I may paint for her, it shall hold the first

wife the tale of the painted bramble, and she plucked up courage, and became ever afterwards his help; and for a good while they both kept their heads above water by the aid of a friend whose fingers could hold a pen and write a cheque, as well as hold a brush and paint a picture. And as to the good old man himself, home he went with his painted bramble, and had a kind of consecration of his private house,

in which no more money was to be earned. For placing the hand that had painted it on the now silvering hair of the one by whom he had been energised and upheld, he acknowledged that through her, from her sympathy and patience and encouragement, as well as toil—and the former the sweetest of all—had

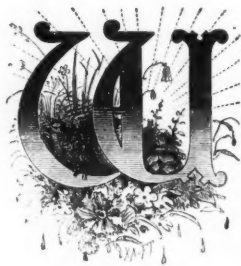
flowed all his blessing in life from the Source of every good; and blessing her with all the blessing that man can give to woman, he hung up, amid many kisses and many tears, the story of his life and the story of her love—

THE PAINTED BRAMBLE.

A BOAT JOURNEY EIGHT HUNDRED MILES OVERLAND.

BY CAPTAIN E. C. HORE, F.R.G.S., OF KAVALA ISLAND, LAKE TANGANYIKA.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.



WE broke up camp and turned our faces westward, with two hundred and eighty men, on December the 2nd. Our first camp was to be at a group of Mgogo villages beyond the Chunya Pass. On emerging through the pass, the carts were to

take a winding path round the mountains, which would take them to camp over a level country, the main body of the caravan taking the shorter but more rugged path over the mountains themselves. Having my hands completely full with the work of starting the caravan, two of my colleagues took charge of the carts; during the morning I had to hurry on to the front to make some arrangements, and return again to the rear. As I came back I found my friends hard at it in the rugged and broken pass, having for some distance to cut an entirely fresh road through a tangled scrub; they had several hours of hard work, but were rewarded at last on emerging upon the smoother plain beyond.

To the next village on our route, the first in Ugogo proper, was a distance of full thirty miles. The first day was an easy march to a watering place; the second, in which we had hoped to reach the village, gave us tough work. A level country on the whole, it is yet covered, at short intervals, with a very dense thorny scrub, through which the porters have to push, hampered and entangled by long straggling branches, continually having to stoop with their loads, and sometimes almost crawling through the tunnel-like openings. The early morning scarce broke before a vigorous onslaught was made with axe and sword upon these obstacles; the sun looked down from the zenith, and still found us at the bottom of a perfect cutting of dense bush, a fine clear road behind, and walls of tangled vegetation in front and on either side. In the afternoon the bush became

thinner, and we made some good progress, when, at four o'clock, a violent storm set in; the path became a running stream, and everybody was soon drenched to the skin. The swampy approach to a river, where the carts sank axle-deep in mud, exhausted the last strength of our wearied men, who bivouacked as they could, while Mr. Swann and myself, crossing the river, joined a large party of the porters, who, lagging behind the vanguard, which had camped further ahead, were also knocked up. The poor fellows were huddled together in groups, standing up close against one another to retain the warmth. Fire was soon obtained, and with it a certain amount of comfort. My companion and myself lay on our boxes under the stars throughout the night, only rousing up now and then to turn the other side to the fire, that all might be equally done.

Morning showed us better the results of the last day's work: many of our men were sick; one actually made a little bower in the bush, spread his mat, and deliberately lay down to die, till we carried him off forcibly. The same obstructions met us this day; for hours we slowly cut our way through the dense bush, leaving a track which, I doubt not, will call forth the gratitude of many a weary porter. Hour after hour the twang of the swords and the thud of the axes were almost the only sounds to be heard, till the train of carts moved slowly on as the way was opened. Towards afternoon the country became more open, and leaving the bush, we followed the track of a rocky river-bed, or rather, a narrow pass along its side; the bush was gone, but more substantial obstructions presented themselves: stout inflexible trunks and branches projected into our path, and sometimes, like iron arms, stretched right across, barring the way. The axes resounded as on an anvil, and rebounded, useless, from these bars of ebony, which only yielded to the patient saw. As the sun descended we began to flag, but help was at hand, and a party bringing food for ourselves and men, we picked up strength and spirit, and finally reached camp about 8 p.m.

The level plains of Ugogo enabled us to make a few splendid and easy marches, which cheered up the men, till they began to think that they "might reach Ujiji after all;" but the carts, as well as the men, had felt the strain; one wheel completely gave way, but, as on two subsequent occasions, I was able efficiently to repair it, and no small part of the interest awakened in the Wagogo by us was as they gathered round while I sat, with a lump of granite before me for an anvil, doing the repairs. Wood, iron, copper, or rope, it mattered not, all were called into service, for a wheel must be made, and it was made accordingly. Some rods belonging to our camp bedsteads happened to be exactly the calibre of our wrought-iron wheel spokes, and were willingly resigned to me, one after the other, for repairing the wheels.

Ugogo past, there lay before us the much-dreaded wilderness of the Magunda-mkali; a steep rocky barrier separates that region from the plains of Ugogo. An ascent of eight hundred feet had to be made abruptly off the plain. The porters preceding the carts already looked like flies upon a wall far above: all hands had to be mustered to one cart, and then return for another till all had reached a safe point. This process was repeated twice or thrice, till, as the day advanced, and no water was found, longer and longer rests were taken. A steep stony slope still lay between us and the top, when men arrived from the front with the doleful news that no water was to be had at the village beyond; however, an effort was made, and the top reached, and by long foraging some little water was found. The cart men camped on the spot, while we pressed on to get food.

Perhaps the hardest work done by our caravan was in the Magunda-mkali; twenty to twenty-five miles was made day after day over oftentimes very broken ground, and through scrubby forests. Water must be had—habitations must be reached, in a certain time, where only food was to be obtained—and 'aggards were in danger from robbers and wild beasts.

On, on went the novel train through weary miles of forest, across the scorched plain, rattling over the hard-baked footprints of the elephant and rhinoceros; on, through grassy glades, where the nimble antelope bounded, scared, out of our path, and the zebra and giraffe were startled by the rattling of these strange disturbers of the desert solitude; on still, through miles of swamp, with its croaking legions; on, through scenes of surpassing beauty, bright flowers, and gleaming birds and insects; on, past the dreary wayside relics of travellers waylaid or exhausted, till the sun creeps up high overhead, and eager glances are cast at green spots where water once had been; on, till the pace grows slow, and the heart sick with weariness and thirst; and still on till it

revives again as the welcome messenger appears in sight with water, or the camp-fires tell of food and rest. Thus we pressed forward, with untold labour, till the outlying settlements of Hiturah were reached, and finally Uyui, i. e. Unyamwezi proper, where we were welcomed by the agents of the Church Missionary Society.

The season was unexpectedly favouring us; unusually early as were the indications of approaching rain, it still held off, although once or twice a heavy downpour told severely on our party. Our great anxiety was to reach the rivers beyond Unyamwezi before they should be much swollen.

The wilderness, the beautiful wilderness, had given us a severe trial; the rich and busy, well-cultivated country of Unyamwezi presented a different kind of obstruction. The industrious natives cultivate every inch of ground they can, laying it bare to the full play of the sun, and raising great ridges in their gardens, with such a narrow path between, that our carts, perforce, must go bump, bumping across them for miles together, causing a weary drag to our progress.

At Urambo we met our colleagues, who had gone on in advance, and elicited the pleased surprise of our friend Mirambo, the chief, who had long been anxious to see the carts of which he had heard. Said Mirambo, laying his hand on one of them, "This boat and these carts are mine, and all Unyamwezi is yours." It was his way of expressing sympathy and interest, and we departed thence, leaving him pondering more deeply than ever over the powers of his friends the white men, and not without substantial evidence of his real good wishes and assistance.

The ruined villages of Uvinza (the next country on our route) spoke eloquently of bloodshed and robbery, and explained to me the cause of fast increasing parties of petty robbers with which the roads are infested. Reduced to poverty and despair by foreign marauders, the one-time industrious villager turns his hand against every man, and the peaceful caravan finds an abandoned country and no food.

The brilliant tropical spring was rapidly clothing the whole face of the country as we proceeded. The swampy ground and general dampness hurried our movements, prognosticating, as it did, the swelling of the Malagarasi, the most difficult river we have to cross. Emerging from the elevated forests to a view of the valley of the river, it appears like a vast level expanse of harmless grass, but the swift, deep, swirling Malagarasi is hidden in its depths, and will give us some labour to cross.

The "hongo," or toll enforced by the natives, being settled, we got under weigh once more, and descended to the river through the long grass. The crossing of this river is effected in tiny bark canoes, managed by the natives on the spot, who

take both toll for the passage and fares for the boats. One old man, a leader amongst these ferrymen, we had especial cause to notice: we called him "the old admiral;" he wore a curious skull-cap, apparently made of bladder, and presenting a most odd appearance; to him we paid a special fee of propitiation for the boatmen. As we proceeded towards the river, the first indication of it, among the long grass, was quiet shallow water on the path; this grew deeper and deeper as we walked on, the water ascending to the armpits, and the grass rising, avenue-like, overhead. At the distance of about a furlong we emerged upon a sort of small island or rising ground, and the river proper was before us. On this little rising ground "the old admiral" superintended operations. The porters all crossed in the usual way, two or three at a time, in the little canoes. The two large carts were floated along the watery avenue by the buoyancy of the sections they carried; the others came, loads and carts, separately. The fare for each load was one yard of calico, but when the carts appeared there was general astonishment amongst the ferrymen, who showed signs of clearing off altogether; "the old admiral" alone was unmoved; his stolid countenance showed no sign, but a deep bass growl of "Doli, doli" ("Eight yards, eight yards") expressed at once his *nonchalance* and his determination, and eight yards we had to pay accordingly for each of the carts.

We had long dreaded the passage of this river, but it was all safely done in a day; two of the bark canoes were lashed together with polls across, and one section or one cart at a time laid on top, and thus all was safely passed over.

Obstacles, which further back had been great hindrances, were now made little of; our success seemed assured to all; daily and hourly the men would rehearse their triumphant entry into Ujiji, and actually ran races sometimes through the forest, steering amongst the trees in a wonderful way, till I feared that collision might bring about the damage which all the difficulties of the road had not effected.

One more difficult river, the Lusugi, we still had to cross; we reached its banks, down a rocky descent, late one night in a heavy fall of rain, which swelled the river before our eyes and made us fearful for the morrow; we waited an hour or two next morning till it had somewhat subsided, and then commenced operations. Two or three volunteers swam over with a stout rope, which was then hauled right across the stream. The porters, holding this rope in one hand, slowly, but surely, made their way across, then the carts and sections were attached to a block running on the rope, and so, carefully attended by two or three men, were floated over in safety.

Ujiji was now only a few marches ahead, and as we approached our journey's end the weather, most fortunately, became quite fine. The well-known view came in sight at last—a narrow strip of the great lake gleaming in the sun in the distance between the trees, and enlivening each member of the party with the assurance that to-morrow we should be in Ujiji; but we had a long and hard day's journey of it, wandering for miles among the long rank grass, in a wide *détour* to the north we were compelled to make to cross the Luiche river at a suitable ford. For hours we crept through muddy paths, the haunts of the hippopotami, until at last we emerged upon the fresh and pleasant-looking river, the last we had to cross. Camp was made at sunset only a few miles from Ujiji, whither we were able to make an easy march next morning in due state.

It was a joyous day to all when we slowly marched into Ujiji in a compact body, with the firing of guns and beating of drums, awakening the whole place to come and look; and well they might, for they had never seen such a sight before.

Our journey was completed as the shores of the lake were reached, in one hundred and four days from the east coast, and the subsequent arrival of the two hundred loads, entrusted to an Arab leader, completed the success of the largest of East African expeditions.

The arrival of the carts and boat sections made a great sensation in Ujiji; the whole town turned out as they came rolling along, fully manned by their crews in gay attire: a sensation only second to that caused by the erection and launch of the boat herself.

Old friends flocked round to welcome us, and chiefs and people recognised, in words and deeds alike, that I had fulfilled my promise of coming back to them again with more of my "brothers," and with a good boat which, named the *Morning Star*, has now been over two years afloat, and well known and welcomed nearly all round the lake.

The London Missionary Society is thus laying the foundation for the introduction of Christianity to these remote regions; east, west, north, and south, parallel efforts are being made.

Africa is longing for the fulfilment of promises. Vague hopes of better things stir the souls of the wondering natives of the far interior, as they gaze on the few white men who are striving to do something for them: hopes which ebb and flow as they see the present small results, or calculate what might be done by beings so good and powerful.

Africa is expectant; may our countrymen not be behind in satisfying her claims upon our Christianity and civilisation!

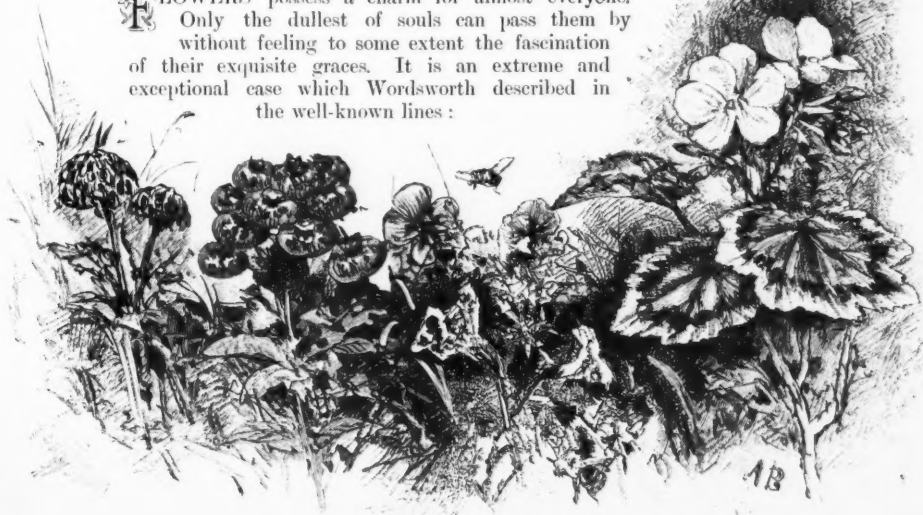


FLOWER-TEACHINGS.

I.—THE ADVANTAGES AND OBLIGATIONS OF TALENT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S.

FLOWERS possess a charm for almost everyone. Only the dullest of souls can pass them by without feeling to some extent the fascination of their exquisite graces. It is an extreme and exceptional case which Wordsworth described in the well-known lines :



"In vain through every changeful year
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing; more."

The majority of humankind have some sympathy with Nature, and respond instinctively to the subtle influence of its emblematic teaching. There are many to whom the floral loveliness of spring, when the undulating meadow is be-decked with white and gold, or the radiance of summer, when every hedgerow wears a crown of glory and the roadside glows with many a fragrant blossom, is an anticipation of heavenly enjoyment. Such as these find moral and spiritual analogies all around them, and are stimulated to healthy reflection upon life and duty even by the simple, tender flower of the field.

Flowers have at all times been used as symbols of man's greatness and glory. The wisest of all teachers said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." These beautiful children of the earth, then, these ethereal denizens of the glade and garden, may aptly be taken by us as illustrations of human endowment or talent; and perhaps we may be able to discover in them some incentives to the wise and diligent exercise of whatever gifts we possess.

The most striking characteristic of flowers, that which attracts notice soonest, is their beauty of colour and form. Colour, though so inconstant, is the feature which more than any other elicits the admiration of the casual spectator, and leads him to a more careful and systematic examination of the objects which have impressed his mind. How various are the hues which adorn earth's bosom when in the genial days of summer the gem-like flowers stud the field and shine out from the emerald-setting of the grass. The star-like daisy, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped," whose crowded rays like beams of light shoot forth from a glowing centre; the delicate primrose, gladdening with its fragrance the fainting heart of many a sick child; the simple buttercup, converting the pasture into a "cloth of gold;" the obscure violet, waiting to be wooed before it discloses its sweetest charms; the spotless snowdrop, harbinger of the spring, though seeming to be but a remnant of winter; the crocus and the daffodil, whose gorgeous yellow is so welcome after the long monotonous spectacle of rime and snow; the graceful hyacinth of the dell, growing in the midst of a sky of blue; the modest lily, hiding its perfections behind inferior rivals; the blazing poppy, making the most of its inimitable scarlet; the climbing honeysuckle and the many-tinted rose, the simple heather and the exquisitely fashioned orchis: these and a thousand

like them combine to make up a scene of almost Edenic loveliness.

There are some flowers upon which it would seem as if there had been lavished every conceivable attraction of hue and shape; and language fails to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. There are those lilies of which our Saviour spoke—the Crown Imperial, or the Yellow Lily, perhaps both—whose glories eclipse the gorgeousness of kingly robes, and which, as Dean Alford remarks, "cover with golden flowers the autumnal fields of the Levant." There is that wondrous water lily too, the *Victoria Regia*, before whose huge and splendid leaves and blossoms, floating on the bosom of the tank in which it grows, so many a visitor to Kew Gardens has stood spell-bound. And who could behold without astonishment the gigantic *Rafflesia Arnoldi*—of which, unfortunately, we have only a model in wax in this country—opening out its massive corolla to a width of three feet, and displaying an enormous nectarium capable of holding twelve pints of water! Not only these prodigies in the plant world, however, but the endless variety of colour and form which flowers everywhere exhibit, show how lavishly the great Creator has endowed His productions with all that they need for the realisation of the purposes for which they exist.

Let us linger here a moment to consider whether there be not a sense in which we, too, are endowed with such powers and gifts of soul as that by proper culture they may make our lives lovely in the sight of men. We would not censure legitimate efforts to increase even personal charms and adornments; but there is a beauty far worthier of being sought than these. The fairest human face and the most graceful figure must ultimately succumb to the ravages of time. There are no "everlasting flowers" here. Like the changeable Hibiscus, the *fleur d'une heure* of the French travellers, which in one day will open with blossoms of white, change to red, then to purple, and finally die at eve, youth begins its morning with almost unspotted charms, develops into the vigour and glory of manhood, and then fades away into the decrepitude of age. "The sun ariseth with the scorching wind, and withereth the grass; and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth" (James i. 11). "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass" (Isaiah xl. 6, 7).

But there are graces of mind and soul that never decay. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, the example of a holy, unselfish character, these ever grow more beautiful, and make all human life more blessed for their existence. The world is full enough of uncomeliness. The grimy tide of its sorrows and sins throbs

wildly along. Like a huge Bethesda, its porches are crowded with the suffering and the impotent. Hope itself seems off to be gone, and were it not that the merciful heavens seem now and then to open, and through them some beneficent angel in the form of a Paul or a Dorcas, a Howard or a Wilberforce, comes to brighten the dull waters of life, men would lie helpless and sad in the ever-thickening shadows of despair. Our whole race is the richer for such unselfish men and women as these, and every one of us, if we will, may follow up their ministry by helping to beautify some obscure spot of earth, and endeavouring to make some needy, troubled heart a little happier.

The murky pond is often graced with a spotless mantle of interwoven crocus blossoms, the troubled stream is smiled upon by the turquoise forget-me-not, the rough hard crag is silvered over by the lichen, and relents under the softening embrace of the saxifrage; so may all that is sinful and unsightly, all that is harsh and sad, be cleansed, and sweetened, and beautified by the presence and compassion of those whose supreme aim it is to cultivate in their own soul, and in the souls of all others, the graces of the genuine Christian character.

It used to be imagined that the colour and structure of flowers were determined mainly for the purpose of gratifying man's love of beauty. As soon, however, as it was demonstrated by geologists that the plant-world presented as much complexity and loveliness ages before man came upon the scene as it now displays, this old notion, like many another born of human ignorance and vanity, was seen to be entirely unsatisfactory. It is now conclusively established that there is an essential relationship between the shape of flowers and the mouth organs of certain insects, and it is probable, as the researches of Sir John Lubbock and others have shown, that the different hues of blossoms serve to attract those various insects whose sucking apparatus is peculiarly adapted to the structure of the plants.

Most astonishing are some of the devices by means of which the friendly bee or moth is guided to the nectary, wherein the coveted honey lies hid. The markings of the petals, the shape of the corolla and tube, the sweet odour emitted from the honey glands, and various other ingenious arrangements, separately or combined, attract the insect to the flower, and enable it to find its way to the sugary juices of which it is in search. And in thus satisfying its own wants, the insect performs an essential service for the plant. The butterfly or bee, in thrusting its proboscis into the nectary, will rub its head or shoulders against the pollen, some of which will adhere to the insect. This is conveyed to another flower or to a different part of the same flower, and even to other plants of the same

species, and brought into contact with the stigmata. It will now be understood how beneficial are the more conspicuous colours to flowers which display their glories in the full blaze of sunshine, as well as the lighter hues of such plants as the white campion, the guelder rose, and the evening primrose (*Enothera biennis*), which are visited by nocturnal insects.

There are other endowments possessed by plants besides those which are concerned in fertilisation. The vital organs of flowers need protection as well as fructification, and this, in some instances, is guaranteed by the growth of hairs, prickles, and thorns, while in other cases the secretion of distasteful or poisonous fluids, the emission of disagreeable scents, or the general conditions of growth, provide a sufficient defence. Moreover, there are ingenious contrivances, such as the pappus of the dandelion, by means of which the seeds are distributed when brought to perfection. The stinging organs of the nettle, and the proverbial thorn of the rose, will occur to everyone. The gay hawthorn and blackthorn, too, as well as the prickly furze and pretty restharrow, are driven to adopt measures of self-defence against the attacks of animal burglars. The virulent poison of the deadly nightshade and the acrid juice of the spurge, are also helpful to the plants in the fierce struggle for existence in which every living thing is engaged. The seeds of bignonia are furnished with wide paper-like wings, which under the microscope are most elegant objects, and when the double valves in which they are enclosed fly open, their buoyant contents are carried off by the wind.

But among all the romances which modern science furnishes, there is nothing more fascinating than the study of what are called insectivorous plants. These are actually carnivorous, and just as we may liken the furze to the hedgehog, so we may regard the pitcher plant, the sundew, and others of the same habit, as the tigers among flowers. It has been proved that some plants perform the function of digestion by the aid of secretions similar to those concerned in the solution of the food of animals.

The value of these numerous endowments possessed by plants cannot be over-estimated. The contest for life is as keen among the gentle flowers as among higher and harder organisms. Their enemies are as numerous, and the need for the effective use of all their advantages is as great as in the case of the animals that wage perpetual war upon one another. The lowliest flower has its relentless parasites, and even the majestic oak may be stifled by the many epiphytes which climb around its stalwart trunk and rugged limbs. The trees of the forest are weakened by lichens and mosses and insect foes, while the most fragile blossom is preyed upon by microscopic fungi. Roots, stem, leaves and buds, all have their

enemies, and the most vital organs of the flower—as, for example, our humble friend the Ragged Robin or campion, whose pollen-bearing anthers are often attacked by a murderous fungus—are all exposed to one kind of danger or another. Any circumstance, therefore, that throws a plant out of harmony with its surroundings, any unfaithfulness, so to speak, on its part, in the use of its endowments, must lead to failure in the performance of its proper part in the plant world, and ultimately to its own deterioration or destruction. It is thus that the gigantic calamites, lepidodendra, and sigillariæ of the carboniferous age have dwindled into the horsetails (*Equisetacea*) and club-mosses of our time; while some of our prettiest flowers, such as the wood-sorrel, violet, and speedwell, show by their cleistogamic, or hidden, inflorescence, that they are to some extent being worsted in the bitter strife.

It is worth our while to pause before these teachers of the garden and the field, as in their own way they illustrate the wisdom and blessedness of an unselfish life. Those flowers which most completely fulfil the functions expected from them, and which afford the greatest advantages to other organisms, are the ones which will be most benefited in return. Nature often does for wild flowers what the gardener is continually trying to do for cultivated forms, and in both cases it is the plan, which most wisely and generously expends its treasures that is most improved. As a rule, flowers which are fertilised by their own pollen retrograde in their colour, vigour, and fertility, while those which provide best for their insect guests, and by their agency distribute their pollen far and wide, make the most rapid progress in the improvement of type.

Many of our most welcome flowers display their charms when all around is bleak and bare,

and open up their storehouse of sweets when Nature's resources are meagre, but they do not suffer for their intrepid liberality. The black-thorn or sloe, the coltsfoot, and other well-known plants, put out their blossoms before the genial days of later spring arrive, and when as yet the leaves give no friendly protection, but they are well repaid, for their flowers are more easily discovered by the few insects that can brave the inclement air, and they escape that severer struggle for existence which has to be maintained by such plants as exhibit their attractions and offer their gifts amid competing crowds.

All this applies to human life, to man's thought and action. He whose aims are self-centred, who lives upon his own fancied greatness, neither replenishing his stock from the acquisitions of other minds, nor giving out from his jealously guarded store what might benefit and inspire those about him, must soon degenerate into an object of pity or contempt, while they whose secret springs of love and power are set flowing by the mystic influences of a pure and lofty religion will themselves be enriched and beloved. No flower can here blush unseen, nor is the sweetness thus exhaled wasted on a desert air. A noble life in obscurity will produce noble results, and itself become the nobler in doing so. Many of the world's best and greatest have, like Elisha, plodded behind the plough, or, like Carey, toiled at the cobbler's bench. They alone have discovered the secret of true greatness and real happiness, who aim at expending their talents and energies in the interests of their fellow-creatures, and everyone who will may do something to make human life a little brighter and sweeter. This we are taught by the beautiful flowers that God has made, and the example given us by the Lord Jesus Christ illustrates and emphasises their teaching for all time.

OLD MRS. WILTON.

A STORY FOR OLD HEARTS AND YOUNG ONES.

FOOR, lonely, and blind! Could anything be more dreary and desolate?

"Blind, blind, shut out from men,
Prisoned from light in a starless den."

Helpless too, with no one to care for her: no one to attend to her wants but the landlady of the house where she lodged—paid by some charitable people for looking after the friendless old woman.

Mrs. Wilton's was a sad story. She had seen better times—happy, bright days in a comfortable home,

surrounded by kind friends—and therefore felt all the more bitterly the privations and loneliness of her present lot.

Failure in business had obliged her husband to leave their native place and seek employment in a strange town. He succeeded in obtaining a situation as foreman in an establishment such as he had formerly owned; and they might have lived comfortably enough could she have ceased to regret her early friends and home—that pretty house and pleasant garden left with so many tears,

But "misfortunes come not singly;" blow after blow was still in store.

First, Mr. Wilton's health failed, and though he worked on as long as it was possible to do so, he was obliged to give up in the end, and sank gradually, leaving a wife and children unprovided for, in a strange land. Then commenced the real struggle with poverty: the mother and elder daughters

higher position. Once more prosperity and comfort seemed dawning for Mrs. Wilton. How happy she used to feel, walking to church on Sunday leaning on her son's arm, and hearing the neighbours praise him, and say she might well be proud of such a good son!

Alas! it was but a transient gleam of happiness.

One evening in spring—every small detail of that evening left an indelible impression on the mother's



"Come here, child; Grannie Wilton wants you."—p. 122.

labouring beyond their strength to obtain the merest necessities of life for the family.

The boys, left fatherless at an age when parental control is most needed, fell into the company of wild, thoughtless youths, and contracted idle, careless habits; the gentle remonstrances of their mother were unheeded, and growing tired of home life, they went off, one after another, to seek their fortunes elsewhere: all but the youngest, Herbert, who clung fondly to his mother, and was the comfort of her widowhood—the mainstay of her home.

After years of hard and patient work, he grew in favour with his employers, and was promoted to a

heart—she had prepared tea, with the addition of some little delicacy that Herbert liked, and stood as usual at the door awaiting his return.

The sun cast slanting beams across the road as, shading her eyes with her hand, she gazed along the pathway as far as her sight could reach. Half an hour passed, and she began to wonder why he was so late. An hour went by, and she grew seriously uneasy. Several hours of suspense and anxiety followed; still he did not appear. The sun had set, twilight came, and passed rapidly into darkness; Herbert had never stayed out so late before.

Unable any longer to endure her uneasiness, dark

as it was, Mrs. Wilton hastened off to the place where her son was employed, and was there greeted with the sad intelligence that the poor boy, in passing hurriedly through the machinery department, had inadvertently stepped too near, and been caught and dragged down by one of the revolving wheels. Of course the machine was immediately stopped, but too late to save poor Herbert.

In answer to the wretched mother's almost inarticulate inquiries, she was told that he had been removed to the nearest hospital; and there, with stunned heart and trembling feet, she made her way, only to find her boy lying crushed and insensible.

Once during that miserable night he opened his eyes, and tried to smile a farewell; and at dawn of day, Herbert Wilton—his widowed mother's hope and stay—was called away from all his sufferings, and she was left to mourn his untimely death.

Hitherto Mrs. Wilton had borne up bravely against her misfortunes, but this last blow was more than her strength could endure. A long and dangerous illness followed, and for months she lay in a state of utter helplessness and prostration.

Her sight, over-taxed by years of exertion and straining at fine needlework, now failed each day more and more. Remedies were tried without avail, and in the end total blindness ensued.

But God's ways are not as ours. He can bring a bright light out of the darkest clouds; and so it was that when the night of earth closed around Mrs. Wilton, the true Day-star dawned in her heart. "The Sun of Righteousness arose, with healing in His wings," and in her earthly blindness she "passed from darkness into light."

Then, and not till then, she could trace a loving Father's hand in all the discipline of her past life: could rest calmly in Him now, and trust with confidence for the future.

And so years went by. One after another Mrs. Wilton's daughters had married or removed to a distance, and she was left alone; yet not desolate, for she had the felt presence of her Saviour—a blessing unknown in the days of her earthly prosperity.

Helpless indeed she continued, but not useless, for God had given her a work to do for Him.

Kind neighbours occasionally visited the poor blind woman, bringing her little presents; other lodgers in the same house, too, looked in when time permitted, and sat awhile to enliven her solitude. To all and each she did not neglect to speak of the Friend she had found in her affliction—"so kind, so true, so tender"—and ended by saying in earnest tones: "And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too." Many good-natured young people came in of an evening to read aloud to her—some, indeed, who would never have thought of opening the Bible for themselves—and sometimes she would ask for a favourite hymn, learned purposely to please her. Then, before saying good-night, she never forgot to ask a blessing on all that had been read and sung.

At length there came a winter of unusual severity,

and Mrs. Wilton became too ill and suffering to receive the accustomed visits of her friends. During this time many changes took place in the house. Old lodgers moved away, others took their places. Little feet pattered about in the room overhead, and sometimes, when the door was open for a few minutes while Mrs. Mervin, the landlady, went backward and forward, a little face peeped in unseen, but not always unnoticed.

"I could almost fancy I heard a child's footstep in the room," remarked the sick woman.

"So you did, I daresay. It's a little girl belonging to my new lodgers: they have taken the room over this. She often peeps in here, and when she thinks I'm not minding she steals across the floor to look at you."

"Oh! do bring her to me; I'm better to-day. It would do me good to hear a child's voice once more. My Herbert was the youngest and the best of all mine. I can see him before me as he was then. Why am I thinking of him so much this morning?"

"I suppose you've been dreaming of old times. Come here, child; Grannie Wilton wants you."

"Is that what you call her?" asked a little voice at the door.

"Yes; because she's old, you know. Come over here and talk nicely to her."

The little one timidly approached the bedside.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Dotie," whispered the child: "that's what mamma calls me."

"Will you stay and amuse poor old Grannie while I'm getting her a cup of tea?" asked Mrs. Mervin; "and then I'll take you up to your mother."

When left alone, the little one fixed her eyes on the pale face of the old woman, and after puzzling over the matter for a few moments, curiosity got the better of shyness.

"Are you asleep, Grannie?"

"No, my dear, I have been awake a long time—indeed, most of the night."

"Are you dead, Grannie?"

"Well, no, my child, not yet. Why do you ask?"

"Because you don't open your eyes. When I wake every morning I open mine; so do mamma and baby; but you keep yours shut always, for I often came over to look when you did not see me. Do please open them just for once. I want to see what colour they are."

"I cannot, dear; my poor eyes are blind."

"Blind, Grannie! I don't understand."

"Shut up your own eyes for a moment, and you'll know."

"Oh! it's all dark. I can't see you, and I don't like it at all. I must open them again."

"Yes, dear; and be thankful that you can."

"Grannie, were you always blind?"

"No. I could once see as well as you, but I have been ill and blind for many years."

"And what made your eyes stay shut?"

"Nothing particular, dear. God took away my sight for awhile."

"Will you ever see again?"

"Yes. My 'eyes shall see the King in His beauty.'"

"What king, Grannie?"

"King Jesus, when He comes to reign."

"Oh! I know Him. He used to make blind people see. Will He open your eyes to see Himself?"

At this moment a voice called from the door, "Come, come, Dotie, breakfast's ready. Mrs. Wilton must be tired of your chatter."

"Oh, no; the little one amuses me."

"I'll be back, Grannie," she called out as the door closed.

Next morning, true to her promise, the child crept into the blind woman's room just as Mrs. Mervin was leaving.

"I'm come back. Are you well yet, Grannie?"

"I shall never be well in this world, dear; but I like to hear your little voice: it reminds me of my own children when they were your age."

"Where are they now, Grannie?"

"All scattered here and there away from me. Herbert is with Jesus, up in heaven."

"Oh no, Grannie. Herbert, our little Herbie, is up-stairs asleep, and I don't think that room is heaven, though mother says Jesus is there every night when we say our prayers. Herbie is the baby, and he's not your little boy; he's mother's."

"I suppose he's another Herbert. Why did your mother call him that name?"

"I don't know. Oh, yes. I heard her say once that I had an Uncle Herbert, who is dead."

"Where is your father?"

"Far away over the sea, but mother is up-stairs."

"Will you ask her, when she has time, to come and see me—and bring her baby?"

Gladly did the child run up-stairs, and persuaded her mother to come down at once to old blind Grannie.

"I hope, ma'am, my Dotie has not been troublesome," said the younger woman, as, with baby in her arms, she seated herself by the bedside.

"No, indeed; I like to hear her voice. She tells me you've a son called Herbert."

"So I have, and here he is, though he can't speak for himself yet," and she placed the tiny soft hand of her baby in the thin, emaciated fingers of the old woman.

"Dear little fellow! the touch of his hand brings back old times and my own Herbert: he was my last baby. Oh! how long ago, though it seems now like yesterday."

"You had a Herbert too?"

"Yes, that's the reason I wanted to speak to you: Dotie tells me she had an uncle called so who is dead."

"Yes, ma'am, he was my husband's youngest brother. He met his death by an accident, and I'm told he was so good to his mother. I called baby after him, hoping he'd be the same."

A little more conversation made it certain that the two Herberts were identical, and little Herbie fell asleep just as he was discovered to be Mrs. Wilton's grandson.

All was soon explained. Henry, Mrs. Wilton's eldest son, of whom she had not heard for years, had married a countrywoman of his own when abroad, and as her health became delicate, judged it best to send her home with the children to await his return. In a wonderful manner they had been guided to the very house in which his old mother lodged—that mother he had supposed dead, and of whom he so often spoke in terms of deep regret for his past undutiful conduct.

And now poor blind Mrs. Wilton's lonely days were over. Her daughter-in-law and grandchildren continued to live in the same house until her son's return. And some time after that happy event, when he, with his wife and little son, removed to a nice situation in the country, Dotie remained with her old Grannie, worked for her, read to her from the good old Book they both loved, nursed her in illness, and was her comfort and constant companion during the remainder of her otherwise dark and starless life. "None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate." S. T. A. R.

SHORT ARROWS.

SCHOOL BANDS.



WHEN the airs are tuneful with rejoicing bells, or the Sabbath chimes float over the far-off hills, or voices echo towards us across rippling water, our very souls confess the spell of music, "that rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea." We may smile at sight of the

motley throng hanging breathless round the street musician, but how shall we put into words what we have felt when in Mendelssohn's sweet mysteries we listen to plashing oars and the voices of the night, or a myriad wakening birds and whispering trees, or when with Beethoven our aching hearts have lifted a burdened cry to Heaven—"Oh, Lord, how long?" Never shall we forget the array of fairy forms that twinkled on branch and bud to our vision

once when the notes of a famed violinist came gushing on the thirsty air : never shall we forget how the very gates of heaven seemed to stand ajar, and army upon army of the ransomed hosts to send up chords of triumph, as once in Chester Cathedral there pealed forth a symphony of praise. Music lifts us from earth ; it holds a sacred key to hope and victory and love and tears and memory. Thanks be to God for His gift of the unfathomable speech of music, "leading us to the edge of the infinite !" There may be some who hold, with Butler, that discords make the sweetest airs, and with Luther, that unskilful fiddlers set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. It is fortunate if such be the views of those who live next door to schoolrooms where drum-and-life bands are practising just now. We have had experience of such, and are aware that in their early stages they have sorely exercised the canine breast. All pipers are not like the small musician of the legend, who declared that his entrancing harmonies "piped themselves." There is wrestling with divers keys, there are races for time ; and when "Home, sweet Home," or "Rule, Britannia," is finally achieved, the triumphant reiteration is apt to become monotonous. But these are small matters compared to the welfare of the young. Drum-and-life bands are powerful to retain our elder scholars, and it is pleasant to notice the honourable pride of the members. Let every school have its band, and if misanthropic spirits sometimes murmur, with Keats, "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," let such remember that practice makes perfect, and that the music of a glad young spirit, kept within Christian influences,

reaches the Heart Divine and re-echoes down in blessing.

RAINY DAYS.

Some constitutions are powerfully affected by the weather, growing nervous and irritable when the wind is blowing in shrieking, noisy gusts, and hopelessly depressed when the splashing raindrops are making mournful music. Others tell us that a walk in the rain is a beneficial spray-bath, so long as we do not lounge about ; and in glowing health and spirits, they set off for a "Macintosh walk." To most of us it is an effort to be merry when through long hours the monotonous rain has been falling ceaselessly ; we console ourselves with the quotation that "some days must be dark and dreary," and find a sort of cosiness in settling ourselves assiduously to indoor occupation. Yet there is a *beauty* too in the showery dance that bathes the woods and waters the earth. Aldrich sings of "tremulous skeins of rain ;" and there are times, after heavy, brooding, threatening hours, when with delight and relief we thankfully watch the raindrops softly dimpling the pools and beating down into the street. Only the wisdom of God could so have arranged that the air like a sponge should pour out the water it can no longer retain, and thus the spreading plains should be abundantly watered. God knows when the earth needs rain ; God knows when, across the sunshine of our life's prosperity, it is well that the clouds should brood, and disappointment darken the prospect, and trouble come upon us like a storm. The dark days are blessed that remind us of our nest within the love that maybe in prosperity we scarcely held so precious. "Hope thou in God ; wait patiently for Him." The rainy, gloomy days are passing from us. Even now, if we lift our eyes to heaven we shall see in the sky "God's glowing covenant," prism of His tender smile and our own human tears ; there is set God's bow in the clouds, and we own that it was worth all the sorrowful rain to behold its "*afterward*," the arch of light and peace, wherein is no shadow at all.

"STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ARE IN HIS SANCTUARY."

Amid carved cherubim and palms and open flowers arose of old the hymn of praise ; beautiful was the temple to which the tribes went up, and strength and beauty are linked evermore in Nature's vast cathedral, where a majesty of power seems to defy age after age, where a glory rests upon hoary branches and old ivy, and the forces of the sea and the everlasting hills. "Look at the clouds," says Ruskin, "and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling." Strength and beauty are enwrapped within their folds ; strength and beauty are set forth in the golden sunshine, fierce enough to dry the brooks and curl the ferns, fair enough to cause the heavens to



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

blossom as a rose. All nature sings the psalm of strength and beauty; Fuller likens the winter frost to God's plough, driven through every inch of ground in the world, opening and pulverising every clod; but which of us has not wondered at the silvery mosses and sparkling arabesques of "the elfin builders of the frost?" Strength and beauty mark the creation of the human form; God has established a fair harmony between the members of our frame, the temple of the Holy Ghost. "Why was not that money spent in mission-halls for the poor?" asked one, turning from a pulpit, lovely as a dream, of marbles of varied hues, most exquisitely carved. The pulpit was a woman's offering; doubtless the critic had reason on his side, but the thought came to us of the alabaster box, the very *choicest* outpoured for Christ. By all means let us multiply mission-halls, but just now and then let some longing spirit breathe its thank-offering into a creation of loveliness; this may perchance have a ministry too. Above all, let the Christian Church *itself* be preaching strength and beauty—fair as the moon, terrible as a bannered host, carrying on the mighty war against evil-doing, like Him who cried aloud condemnation on every form of sin, yet tenderly echoing the invitation that to the *sinner* spake in infinite compassion, "*Come unto Me!*"

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY REVIVAL.

The story of the Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century, as retold by Canon Overton (London: Longmans), loses none of its absorbing interest for Christian readers. As in the case of the companion volume by Canon Perry on the Reformation, recently noticed in our pages, we are unable to endorse some of Canon Overton's views which occasionally come to the front; but apart from this saving clause, we are glad to say that on the whole a very truthful record of this great religious epoch is presented, and that in an eminently readable form. We strongly recommend ministers, and others whose views are formed, to make themselves acquainted with Canon Overton's instructive little book.

"THE FIRM RESOLVE OF REASON."

True courage is the outcome of earnest conviction, and often gathers strength from difficulties and opposition. We give this month the portrait of Dr. Döllinger, the distinguished divine and author, whose career has been so memorable and important. Born in 1799, and educated at Würzburg, he became a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1826 he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Munich University. His writings were soon appreciated as most thoughtful and profound, and theological literature owes much to his ready pen. He was chief among the founders of "Old Catholicism," freeing the Church from the doctrines of Papacy and conducting worship in the vulgar tongue; the old Catholics also abolished confession and fasting, and

sanctioned the marriage of priests. Dr. Döllinger was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Munich in 1871 for assailing the doctrine of Infallibility; he presided over a conference at Bonn, where he declared that the Eucharist is not a continuous repetition or



DR. DÖLLINGER.

renewal of the Atoning Sacrifice. Oxford bestowed upon him the degree of D.C.L., Edinburgh that of LL.D.; his attainments in ancient and modern languages are remarkable. Of course Dr. Döllinger's early friends consider him most heterodox in his opinions, and it may well be believed that his courageous protests have not been made without much mental struggling and pain. It is said of reformers that in disputing the infallibility of the Pope, every man becomes his own Pope, and spiritual union and subordination are impossible; but Carlyle thus answers the charge:—"A revolt against *false* Sovereigns is the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* Sovereigns getting place among us!" The Old Catholics are not all that might be wished, but they have taken more than one brave step in the right direction—God speed them on.

"THE CUPS THAT CHEER."

We prize our winter evenings, when in social, cheery communion the time seems all too short, but how many are there who of necessity must seek the entertainment of some hostelry, and enjoy the warmth of mine host's inviting fire! Coffee-palaces have been started with the best of motives, and in many cases their success is a cause of deep thankfulness, but, to be universally popular, their promoters must be prepared to vie with the gleaming lights of the tavern, the hospitable welcome of the inn, the good cooking for which Mrs. Boniface is famed. It



PATIENT TEACHING.

is not an uncommon thing to see in close proximity a cheery, well-lit tavern, and a dark and dirty-looking abode where temperance drinks can be procured. Human nature is weak, and it is natural that the one should be full while the other is deserted. "Oh," say some, "but they can afford to light the tavern, they make so much money there." And we believe that our coffee-rooms will make money too, if only they are kept so clean as to be attractive, if warmth and light smile from the windows, and, above all, if the coffee really be good. Why should our masses link gloom with temperance? We can scarcely spend time and money better than in brightening and improving our coffee-rooms, seeing to it that the managers are civil, good-tempered people, and that the refreshing cup is not so concocted as to nauseate the guests who are honestly anxious to go home with healthy minds in healthy bodies.

AN AFTER-SUMMER.

Richter maintained that a woman who could always love would never grow old, and that there blooms an after-spring, and later, an after-summer, in the faces of women rendered serene and peaceful by religion. We all remember some sweet, calm, holy face that to our early days seemed to mirror the tenderness of God; it is impossible to estimate aright the influence of woman, and the Christian religion has set her free to enter by deed and endurance "the sisterhood of angels." The possibilities of woman have been shown again and again in Holy

Writ. *Women* spurned the word of Pharaoh, a woman's heart saved Moses, a woman's voice praised God when Israel was freed, a woman judged and ruled the chosen people. Women ministered to the needs of the Incarnate Lord.

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

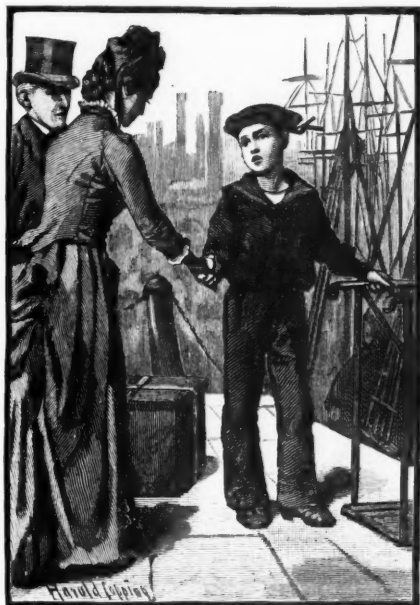
We have read a beautiful account of a rough imbecile boy, churlish and brutish, shaped into peace and gentleness by the Christian courtesy of a quiet matron. "Give the class to a lady!" is still frequently said when lads in the Sunday-school seem to mock masculine control, and to threaten mutiny. We heard once of a lady whose scholars respected her as possessing about the heaviest hand in the school, but we are inclined to doubt the story; by some strange sympathy, a woman seems to *understand* her wild boys better than a man—or is it that she has more long-suffering? Certain it is that there are big youths and strong men to-day who have been led to Calvary by the patient teaching of some Christian woman with feeble body and a heart aflame with love. Woman's work in the Church is ever widening, and if she can do naught else she can cheer those around her with looks of hope and brightness. "Smile on me," was the one request of a sick child to a lady-nurse. Smiles can preach as well as sermons, and let not the humblest woman deem she is useless. As has been well said, "The grass of the field is more useful than the cedar of Lebanon; it feeds mere, it rests the eye better."



"Smile on me."

PUCK IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

All of us who have to deal with the present-day boy will appreciate the remark of the author who has discovered that boys have "an eternal longing to do something." Rest and boyhood are incompatible: we watched the passage of one young gentleman—



READY FOR SEA.

fair type of the rest—to his Sunday-school class the other Sabbath, and we noted how carefully and impartially he bestowed a gentle cuff on the outside member of every form that he passed. We knew him to be a sweet-tempered lad, and realised that the cuffs, placidly bestowed and received, were simply ebullition of steam before the spirit of mischief was fain to subside for a season. Hair-breadth ventures are the boys' delight; if they can hang over a bridge in peril of water or railroad they are entranced—if they can emulate the heroes of their favourite papers, who run away to sea and return as admirals, after the most exciting scenes with various wild beasts and savages, why should they clean knives and boots at home? Thus argues many a budding youth; and we are not surprised to find that our friends of the Boys' Home, Great George Square, Liverpool, in one year returned to their friends more than ninety run-aways, who sought the port in search of adventure. We have noticed this Home before; helpless youths are taken in *at once*, and inquiries are made about them afterwards; some really fitted for sea-life are helped on board ship, others are fed, lodged, clothed, and encouraged to work in various ways. A Liver-

pool magistrate remarked that he did not like to send boys to prison who had committed no criminal offence, nor did he see the sense of sending them about their business when they had "no business to be about." How to dispose of vagrant boys, full of life and energy, and in many cases honest and hopeful in disposition, must ever remain a problem, unless such Homes as this be warmly supported and our friends of the Children's Society be enabled still to assist the young at such critical periods of their lives.

"LET HIM THAT HEARETH SAY, COME."

From every quarter of the world resound the tidings of the Redeemer's victory; from the New Hebrides we hear of "a most marvellous change from heathenism," from Malacca of the natives buying Bibles with avidity, from Pondicherry of many learning to understand the way of salvation by the reading of the Word of God. Nearer home there is no less cause for thanksgiving; we receive news of great things as to the progress of the Reformed Church of Paris. "Seventeen churches or schools—twenty-five pastors at work, each in some appointed district of our great city. Surely, in spite of all our trials, God has been faithful towards us." How many have lived and died in struggling for the life of the French Reformed Church! the Lord has turned the evil counsel of men into the means of helping His servants, and to-day to hundreds of thirsting souls the Water of Life is being offered without money and without price. "I must have a hand in *that*," said a cabman, dropping his coppers into a collection-box on behalf of a mission-hall. Which of us but *longs* to have a hand in the triumph of immortal Love, the spread of the good news of salvation? It is a work in which everyone can share; the humblest can echo the Saviour's call. We heard once of one of our own Sunday-school lads who had died suddenly, and of whose spiritual condition we were painfully uncertain; unspeakably thankful were we to hear of a poor woman at whose house the boy left greengrocery, and whose heart, like that of Archbishop Usher, must have been full of the cry, "Let us speak of Christ." Brought casually into contact with the lad, she had spoken of the Saviour, and reached his heart; that humble effort, that sudden death, formed a solemn lesson indeed.

THE USES OF THE SNOW.

How solemn is the falling of the silent white petals of the snow! The heavy clouds have been hanging above us like "trumpets of the sky," and now softly, quietly, the starry snowflakes glide to earth, veiling its bare, brown clods, silvering roof and field, and robing the dark hill-summits in shining drapery. Earth is a winter palace, and the forest-aisles stand beautiful in stainless sheen: the

redbreast seeks human pity through the still, hushed air, and in God's-acre, on the graves of our dead, the snowdrifts are dropping gently, like garlands that have blown in a purer atmosphere than ours. How



mighty is the force of quietness! The snowflakes have done more than the most boasted human power; descending in beauty, which observation has de-

scribed as sometimes tinted rosily, sometimes luminous, and always marvellously varied, they have folded their wings over city and plain, feeding the mountain streams, tempering tropic heat of summer by cooling the breezes, even sheltering animals in severe climates, and in ours moistening the soil and preserving vegetation. Chilling us like the touch of affliction, the snow yet results in warming the ground and aiding fruitfulness, and, amid its spreading mantle, there are tiny Alpine flowers that every benolder owns as fair and sweet. There is a story of a helpless family, praying through one night of peril that God would be to them a wall and a defence; the dreaded soldiers did not approach them, for in the night the snow came down and built such a wall about their cabin that they were safe. It had seemed as if only a miracle could preserve them, but God had opened His hand, and His snowflakes had been their shield. Well may we all, as we look upon the innocent snow, render praise that to its stainlessness the Scriptures liken the heart that is cleansed from sin. Well may we, one and all, take upon our lips the prayer, of which Miss Marsh sent 25,000 copies on cards to soldiers and sailors—the child's "snow prayer," associated with the memories of a little one's dying bed—"Oh, God, wash me from all my sins in my Saviour's blood, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

11. Where is the first mention made by Isaiah of the Advent of Christ?
12. From what circumstances do we gather that both the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah were directly inspired by God to go forth on their mission?
13. What prophecy of Isaiah seems to foretell that the Jewish people shall never entirely be destroyed as other nations have been?
14. Our Blessed Lord, in one of His parables, speaks of a vineyard let out to husbandmen. What reference have we in the Old Testament to this custom?
15. Quote a passage which shows that the wizards of old pretended to converse with departed spirits.
16. What book was thrown into the river Euphrates?
17. In what words does the prophet Nahum set forth the utter destruction of Nineveh?
18. Who left Hebron for a few days' journey, and did not return for forty years?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 57.

1. In the message to the Church of Thyatira. (Rev. ii. 20.)
2. The prophet Jeremiah says of some that they had sinned so much they could not blush. (Jer. vi. 15.)
3. By burying them in the graves of kings. (Jer. xxvi. 23.)
4. Zedekiah and Ahab by the King of Babylon. (Jer. xxix. 22.)
5. Moses and Samuel. (Jer. xv. 1.)
6. "Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain?" (Jer. xiv. 22.)
7. The island of Cyprus, famous for its excellent boxwood. (Ezek. xxvii. 6.)
8. It is stated they had sails to their vessels of brodered linen, and purple awnings for their boats. (Ex. xxvii. 7.)
9. All large merchant ships, for which Tarshish had been famous in the days of Solomon. (Isa. ii. 16, and 1 Kings x. 22.)
10. The prophet Isaiah, who foretold how God would take away all these and send them into slavery. (Isa. iii. 18—24.)



THE STONE OF HELP.

BY THE REV. A. A. CAMPBELL, MINISTER OF CRATHIE, AND DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO HER MAJESTY
IN SCOTLAND.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 SAM. vii. 12.



HERE is perhaps no nation on earth that has had so chequered a history as that of the Jews. The story is one of ups and downs, of successes and failures, of victories and defeats.

Its history during the time of Samuel was no exception to the rule. Never for long was the sky cloudless and the winds soft. Disturbance seemed to follow disturbance, as naturally and inevitably as one wave follows another. Yet, somehow or other, the nation's way was always cleared before it; its Divine Head at no time leaving Himself without a witness in doing it good.

At this particular period of their history, the Jews were just recovering from a time of long and bitter trial. They had suffered terribly at the hands of their inveterate enemies the Philistines, no fewer than thirty thousand of their number having been slain in one fierce engagement. Worst of all, the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of the Divine presence, had been taken by the Philistines as part of the spoil, thus leaving the people bereft of that which they had ever regarded as their chief glory and surest defence.

But the God of whom they had been too often

forgetful was not forgetful of them. Their time of extremity had come, but He who makes *our* extremity *His* opportunity stood forth for the deliverance of His people. Through His interposition the Ark of the Covenant was restored to its rightful owners, and with the return of this symbol of the Divine presence a happier day seems to have dawned upon the nation. Victory now took the place of defeat; and their old enemies were made to flee, smitten and discomfited, before them.

It was in commemoration of this victory over the Philistines at Mizpeh that Samuel raised his memorial stone, which he called "Eben-ezer," or "the stone of help." He forgot not the sad days, the days of defeat and loss and mourning—the days when everything seemed dark and dreary and hopeless. Yet somehow he felt that, on the whole, there had been a kindly leading; that even in their most forsaken times they had never been entirely forgotten; that a thread of order had always run through the confusion; that the darkness had never been without some ray of light to relieve it. He felt, in short, that, take it for all in all, their past had borne unmistakable witness to a good Providence, guiding, guarding, and assisting them; and deeply impressed with this conviction, and willing to raise

some enduring testimony to the Divine love and care, and goodness, he set up his memorial stone, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

By this simple memorial stone, set up by Samuel, are not some thoughts suggested which well befit this season of the year? When we find ourselves standing at the point where old and new year meet, we not unnaturally look behind and before us. I do not envy the mind that feels no inclination to pause at such a season, both for reflection and anticipation. Such a mind must lose much; for the exercise is one which cannot fail to increase life's earnestness and deepen its purpose. Few such minds I trust there are, and few therefore that will not enter, in some measure at least, into the spirit by which Samuel was actuated when, taking his survey of life and life's experiences, he raised his memorial unto the Lord.

All that the stone set up by Samuel symbolised to his own mind we cannot say; nor would it be possible to specify everything of which it may be regarded as expressive; but there are a few things of which it is so obviously expressive that they will occur to any thoughtful mind.

We shall speak of these three—

1. Confidence in a guiding and helping Providence.
2. Thankfulness for the past.
3. Hopefulness for the future.

As expressive of these three things, let us contemplate, for a little, this memorial stone.

1. The stone, we say, is expressive of confidence in a guiding and helping Providence.

We have already seen how chequered was the nation's career—how marked by much that was disquieting, discouraging, disappointing. Samuel's retrospect was not over a sea of glass, where the winds were asleep, and the waves were lulled to rest. It was rather over a sea of troubles, where deep seemed calling unto deep, and all was turmoil and unrest. But all this does not hide from him the Good Hand that had brought them through it all. So far from this, he recognises the leading of this Hand as he would never have done had the way been all brightness and smoothness. Who is it that is most ready to acknowledge the help of a good Providence—the man whose voyage has been without a storm, and who sails quietly and comfortably into his desired haven? or the man who has come through the fierceness of the tempest and only escapes with bare life from the hungry waves? Is it not he whose life has been in jeopardy, and who barely reaches the welcome shore? So is it often in life. It is not when things go most smoothly and comfortably with us that we are most ready to recognise the leading and guidance of a good Providence. There is no time, perhaps, when we are more apt to lose sight of such things. When things always go well with us, we are apt to take it as a matter of course, and to trace everything to the quiet, unchanging laws of the universe. But when our path is beset with dangers and difficulties, when

our life consists largely of a struggle to avoid these; when we are for ever being kept, as it were, on the edge of the precipice; then we recognise the Good Hand that preserves us, and wards off the evils which threaten us on every side. This is doubtless one reason at least why men like Samuel and David and Paul are far more ready to recognise a guiding and helping Providence than men whose lives are quiet and untroubled. The very wonder of their being brought through so many dangers, and helped on in spite of so many obstacles, fills them with admiration; and they lift up their hearts to God in acknowledgment of mercies which others are receiving, in much larger measure, perhaps, as a matter of course. We wonder not, then, that Samuel, in spite of drawbacks—in spite of the remembrance of losses and crosses such as rarely fall to the lot of men or nations—should have raised his memorial stone, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

2. But the stone is also expressive of thankfulness for the past. We have already spoken of it as expressive of confidence in a guiding and helping Providence. Of this confidence thankfulness will be the natural result. If we can say, "It is the Lord's doing," we shall naturally follow up this acknowledgment by thanking Him for His goodness and loving-kindness towards us. What Samuel had to thank God for, his own heart best knew; and what we have to thank Him for, as we look back across the years, our own hearts best can tell. If we see no cause for thankfulness, it is not because there is nothing to be grateful for, but because the *spirit* of thankfulness is wanting. We have already said that it is often the most disturbed life, and the life most beset by dangers, that has the truest realisation of a guiding Providence; because, being conscious of the danger, it is also conscious of the deliverance. On the same principle, we might here observe, it is often those on whom the mercies are least plentifully showered that are most grateful for them: for, knowing what it is to want, or at least to be in danger of wanting, they know how to value the blessing. "I have remarked," says one, "that people who have received least at God's Hand—least, that is, in the way of earthly blessing—are oftentimes the most grateful. I have seen the poor sufferer more grateful to God for an hour of ease than many a one of us is for a life in which we hardly ever know pain." Let us but look back in this spirit of thankfulness, and shall we not find cause to bless the Lord for His goodness, and for His merciful kindness towards us? The retrospect may not be all brightness and peacefulness and prosperity, any more than was Samuel's. Many dark and dreary days we may recall, as our mind wanders over the past—days of loss, of bitterness, of mourning; days when the very sun seemed blotted out of the heavens; when we felt, indeed, as if he would never shine for us again: days from whose very anniversary we shrink, as we would shrink from some

new trial. How many such days are there in the calendar of many of us? Nay, where is the calendar from which they are entirely absent? Yet, in spite of it all, do we not find large room for thankfulness? Do we not recognise the leadings of One who has never wholly left Himself without a witness in doing us good, Whose love, perhaps, was most revealed to us in the hour when our pain was sharpest, and our path most dreary? and do we not feel, in contemplation of it all, as if we *could* raise our memorial stones, with Samuel, in token of our gratitude, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"?

3. But this memorial was also expressive of hopefulness for the future.

No doubt Samuel only says "*Hitherto* hath the Lord helped us;" but the experience of the past was a pledge for the future. What God *had* done, He *would* do. In the case of fickle man we cannot argue the future from the past. The friend of to-day may be the foe of to-morrow. Were we to say of any man, "*Hitherto* he has been my friend," our words would mean, "I know what he has been, and can speak for the past, but I have no certainty as to the future." But with God it is otherwise. He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. With Him the "*hitherto*" and "*henceforth*" are one. As surely as we can depend upon a law of nature, so surely can we depend upon Him. The Psalmist, in his well-known and favourite Psalm, the twenty-third, grounds his hope for the future upon the experience of the past. God had been his Shepherd, guarding him, guiding him, upholding him, leading him to the green pastures and beside the still waters. And what He had done for Him in the past He would do in the future. This was his argument; nay, in the triumph of his faith he rises to the belief that even greater things would God do for him in the future than He had done in the past. He had protected and upheld him in life. This He would continue to do; but He would do more; He would protect and uphold him in death, and finally bring him into the heavenly fold:—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever."

Though directly, therefore, the stone set up by Samuel was a memorial of the past, it was none the less a pledge for the future. That future might seem very doubtful and uncertain to him as he peered

anxiously into it. Nevertheless, *hitherto* the Lord had helped him, and in this thought he finds an argument for pressing bravely and hopefully forward. He remembers how many of the dangers and difficulties through which he and his country had come looked great and insurmountable as they saw them appearing in front of them; yet through them all God had safely brought them; and what He had done, His servant believes He will again do. He cannot, perhaps, see exactly how it is to be accomplished, nor does he too anxiously try to solve the problem. This he leaves to God, while he quietly and trustfully falls back on the comforting thought, that hitherto the Lord had helped them.

How far each one of us, as he looks back, recognises the leadings of God's Hand, no one can say; but I shall be surprised if anyone who has any reality and earnestness about his life at all, does not recognise at least as much of a Divine leading and a Divine help as will constrain him to say, with Samuel, "*Hitherto* hath the Lord helped me." The way has not been all brightness and smoothness. So far from this, it has often led us through dark valleys, and along rough mountain sides. Still we have never come to an absolute standstill; and we stand to-day, living memorial stones, as it were, to the Divine goodness, declaring by the very fact of our existence, if in no other way, that hitherto the Lord hath helped us.

So let us find, in the Divine goodness to us in the past, a pledge of its continuance for the time to come. Let us find in it a ground of trust that, whatever the future may bring to us, it will bring nothing that can place us beyond the reach of the Divine help. Let it be our earnest desire and prayer that this help may be on our side. It is on the side of all those who earnestly seek it. The weakest shall be strong with it. The strongest shall be weak without it. In this strength let us go forward. Let us not raise our memorial stones merely to sit down beside them. Let us rather make them fresh starting points, from which we press forward to higher and better things. It will not be in vain that we seek the goal if we seek it in humble trust in the help that cometh from on high. "To them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

THE OLD CITY CHURCH.

THE moon and the stars were shining down
On the silent streets of the mighty town,
And I heard the bells from a distant tower
Strike out the solemn midnight hour.

And then, as I stood in the shadows dim,
There came the sound of an old, old hymn,
And my heart was full of peaceful tears,
As I heard the hymn of my younger years.

I know not if I was dreaming there,
But the great streets melted away in air,
And there rose the church where I first had prayed,
I heard the notes of the organ played,
I saw the sun on the windows shine,
I felt my mother's hand in mine,
And my heart was full, and my eyes were dim,
As we sang together the old, old hymn.

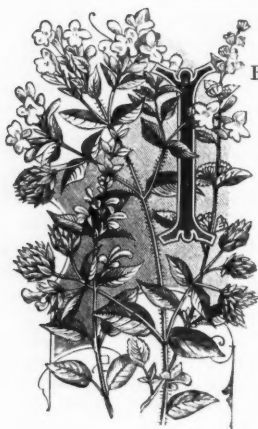
The morning broke, the church was gone,
The tramp of feet once more rang on,
But I turned again to the press of life,
With a heart refreshed for the ceaseless strife;
For I knew that, if only men will pray
With the simple faith of childhood's day,
In crowded city or lonely hill,
Our loving God will listen still.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

MISS WILLOWBURN'S OFFER.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "WHEN WE TWO PARTED," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.



A DRIVE TO CLARE-FIELD.

RESOLVE to take Miss Willowburn's advice, and let Annie's love affair alone. A few days glide peacefully away, and I devote myself to Madge, who shows a decided unwillingness to repeat her A B C, and wants to go rollicking through her small lessons. At last I own myself beaten (not by Madge, but by the intense heat), and allow her to de-

vote herself to her flaxen-haired doll, whose charms will certainly not outlast the summer. One evening, just before bedtime, there is a terrible wail. The doll has been left sitting in the sun for a whole day, and her ghastly countenance is a thing to remember. Annie suggests that she shall have decent burial in the kitchen garden; and I promise Madge a new waxen princess, whose beauty shall make her forget the melancholy fate of her old favourite.

That very evening, when Madge is sobbing herself to sleep, Patience comes to us with a basket of cherries, and follows me up-stairs to my room. We hush Madge to rest, and sit and talk to each other in low tones, while the dusk fills the chamber, and the stars begin to shine out of the soft grey sky.

"Yesterday," Patience tells me, "I saw that cook had something on her mind, and would not be happy till she had unburdened herself. So I asked her what it was. And it seems that she has been interesting herself in that pretty parlourmaid of yours—Jane."

"Ah," I say, drawing a long breath, and remembering the evening when we met Jane in the rose-

walk. "That girl has got herself into some foolish entanglement, I suppose?"

"You have hit upon the truth. Cook, you know, is a shrewd, quiet woman, and has lived with me for years. Jane has confessed to her that she has a lover who does not belong to Wood Royal, and of whom she really knows nothing. He is in the habit of meeting her in the field at the bottom of your grounds."

"Then it is just as I feared, Patience! I was always afraid that the girl's pretty face would attract some worthless fellow."

"We are not quite sure that he is worthless, but we will find out all about him if we can. But Jane made another revelation. She said that she had several times seen Miss Lambton and Captain Montifex together in that very field; and she had thought it strange that Miss Lambton—a new-comer—should meet him out of the house."

We sit in silence for a few seconds, looking at each other in the dusk. And then my indignation breaks out into passionate speech.

"My poor Annie!" I say bitterly. "Must that traitress always stay here and destroy her hopes? Shall I speak to the mother?"

"Certainly not," Patience answers firmly. "You can't bring a servant's testimony against Lesbia; you must just be patient and wait for something to open Mrs. Bazeley's eyes. If Jane's story be true, I am very much disappointed in Guy Montifex. I wish he had gone away to the seaside with his mother; no good ever comes to idle men, and his life here is mere idleness."

"And how about that silly Jane?" I ask impatiently.

"You ought, I think, to make some private inquiries about that admirer of hers. He tells her that he is a clerk in the employ of Harland, the wine-merchant at Clarefield, and gives his name as Arthur Graham. Poor Jane tells cook that he is quite a gentleman!"

"I should have more belief in him if he were a plain working man."

"So should I," rejoins Patience. "And I always distrust these attractive swains who hang about

country houses and make love to the maids. Such love-making is too often followed up by house-breaking."

"Don't suggest such a thing as housebreaking!"

will hire the old fly from the 'Swan,' and then we shall be left to ourselves. It will be best for me to go to Harland, and ask a few questions about Arthur Graham. You need not say a word of our



"'Patience,' I say, with my hands on her shoulders, 'you seem sent into the world to smooth the paths of your friends.'"—p. 134.

I whisper in dismay. "We have only William in this house as a protector, and I shouldn't like his valour to be put to the test. Oh, Patience, what shall we do?"

"What do you say to driving to Clarefield to-morrow afternoon, Margaret? You have promised Madge a new doll, and I have some purchases to make. We won't take the mother's brougham; I

suspicious to your people; just tell them you are going to buy Madge's doll."

It is a five-mile drive to Clarefield, the nearest market town! and at three o'clock Patience and I seat ourselves in the lumbering old carriage from the inn. This fly is a roomy vehicle that can be opened or closed at will; to-day it is opened, and we protect ourselves from the glare with large sunshades,

and lean back comfortably in our corners. The heat is still intense; but the quiet road is shadowed by grand old trees, and sometimes a breath of soft wind comes stealing towards us from fuzzy common or breezy down. We do not talk much; our eyes are busy, and our tongues are still. It is a great delight to get a passing glimpse down the aisle of some deep wood, and see the bracken plumes touched by rare gleams of gold; or to come to a stretch of lovely waste land, flushed with amethyst heather, and hummed over by myriads of bees. To Patience and myself these scenes are a refreshment to the spirit. She looks at them with artist eyes, and later on they will be recreated by her skilful hand; I see them merely as one whose soul is awake, and always ready to rejoice over a fair earth. Both of us have known sorrow; both have said farewell to youth; but I think that in our younger, gayer days we never felt such deep satisfaction in nature as we are feeling now.

By-and-by we come to the outskirts of the old town. Here are battered cottages with thatched roofs overgrown with the gold of stonewort, and walls shaded by alder bushes; then the better built houses appear; and at last we go rattling through a High Street that can boast of many an imposing edifice in brick and stone. The fly stops at the largest shop in the street—a drapery establishment and fancy warehouse combined—and while I go in to choose a doll, Patience walks on to the wine-merchant's office.

When she returns I display a golden-haired beauty at least two sizes larger than the charmer who has met with such an evil fate. Then I select some satin and chintz to be converted into frocks for the new princess, and we get into the fly again with our parcels.

"Well, Patience?" I say, when the horses' heads are turned homewards.

"Well, Margaret, I have seen old Mr. Harland, the head of the firm. He says they have never had any man named Arthur Graham in their employ. But, about two years ago, they had a junior clerk, named Wells, in whom they took a good deal of interest. He was so handsome and gentlemanlike that they were weak enough to take him without the usual references, and he contrived to rob them in a clever way. They sent him off as soon as his misdemeanours were discovered; and they have lately heard that he is believed to be connected with a gang of sharpers in London."

"And they think it possible that Arthur Graham is Wells?" I ask.

"Just possible. If so, he is a dangerous fellow, Margaret. All you can do is to keep a strict watch over Jane. I will tell my cook to be on the alert, and to give the girl all the good advice that she will take. But I am afraid Jane's lover is more than a match for cook."

I have a sincere liking for pretty Jane, who has lived with us for twelve months, and was recom-

mended by some ladies who keep a training-school for servants. She is quick and willing and industrious, and I do not want to send her away because she is not proof against a man's flattery. Remembering the days when a handsome face and soft words influenced me against my better judgment, I am not at all disposed to be hard upon Jane.

We drive homeward through the golden lights and deep shadows, and return to Wood Royal in the first sweetness of evening. The fly sets us down at Ivy House, where tea and coffee await us; and I feel half reluctant to leave the dear old flower-scented room, and go back to my perplexities at Cedar Lawn.

"Patience," I say, with my hands on her shoulders, "you seem sent into the world to smooth the paths of your friends. It is hardly fair that you should be always thinking for others. I wish that somebody—very good and great and strong—would come suddenly into your life, and take care of you for the rest of your days!"

When the words are out, I would that I had not uttered them. They are scarcely spoken before a vision of Dr. Vansittart rises up in my mind—"good and great and strong"—and my cheeks burn, much to my own discomfiture. It makes me still more uncomfortable to see that Patience's calm face reflects the glow on mine.

"Don't make me desire impossible things, Margaret," she says lightly; but there is a tremor in her sweet voice. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

"You are the very embodiment of content," I say, kissing her. "And now I will go home to Madge, who won't sleep a wink unless the new princess shares her pillow."

I go back through the shrubbery, princess and all, and catch sight of Madge awaiting me on the terrace. Her shout of rapture brings the girls out of the drawing-room, and Guy Montifex saunters after them. I fancy that he is more like his old self this evening; he hovers round Annie as she stoops, in childish delight, over the doll; and laughs softly when she strokes its fluffy golden hair and waxen face.

"You are not a day older than Madge," he tells her teasingly. "It was only yesterday that you wore a pinafore and had a doll yourself. Didn't I send it afloat in the duck-pond once, in one of Ted's ships?"

"You were not so kind as Charlie Ashmead," remarks Lesbia, in her gentlest voice. "Annie says that he used to climb trees to get her nests. How long we women always remember the lovers of our childhood!"

She speaks quite naturally, and ends with a soft little sigh. I am vexed to see that Annie blushes, and I am sure that Guy observes the blush. He turns away with a *nonchalant* air, and says he must be going home.

I follow my friend's advice, and keep a strict watch on Jane; but she does nothing worthy of notice. I

ask the other servants whether they have observed any strangers prowling round the house and grounds, and they answer no. The days glide on uneventfully, and Patience tells me that our pretty parlour-maid has made no further disclosures to her cook. But it seems to me that Jane's bright young face is undergoing a change; she looks paler and older, and sometimes there is quite a scared expression in her blue eyes.

As to Lesbia, she is never again seen walking alone in the rose-path, and I fancy that she shuns the field at the bottom of the grounds. But I know that she watches her opportunity, and slips away from Annie as often as she can. In what direction she takes her solitary rambles I cannot tell, and sometimes I find her in the house when I think her missing, and missing when I believe her to be indoors. Yet there never seems to be the slightest mystery in anything she says or does; and the mother and Annie draw closer to her every day.

To everyone but myself she seems an agreeable addition to our quiet household; and her practical cleverness quite astonishes us all. She makes the mother's caps as they have never been made before; and coaxes the dear old lady to take a new interest in her own appearance. And for Annie she invents endless fresh decorations; and insists on taking the task of doll-dressing out of my hands.

"Let me do something for Madge," she pleads. "I am so fond of children, Margaret, and I so seldom get an opportunity of making them fond of me. You don't know how glad I am to live in a house where there is a child."

When I see the charming little costumes that she fashions out of my satin and chintz, and when I hear Madge's screams of delight over her newly dressed princess, I begin to think that I am an ill-conditioned woman, full of fancies and prejudices. Perhaps the mother thinks the same, for she says to me quite gravely, one day, "My dear Margaret, I am afraid you have not entirely opened your heart to poor Lesbia."

CHAPTER X.

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY.

THERE comes at last a Sunday that no one belonging to our household is ever likely to forget.

It is a day of rich, strong colours; overhead there is a sky of intense blue, without a cloud to be seen; and far and near the yellow cornfields warm the landscape with their August gold. The bindweed hangs its large white flowers across the hedges, and the pink blossoms of the wild convolvulus are scattered over the wayside like delicate little shells. The sweetness of jessamine fills the churchyard, and the passion-flower is blooming round the east window. As we pass slowly through the lych-gate we look across the field, and see the great golden heads of the sunflowers in the vicarage garden. Then comes Dr. Vansittart walking along the narrow

field-path with Mrs. Longford, and Lesbia says that he is looking sunburnt and strong.

Charlie Ashmead is to preach for our vicar to-day a charity sermon in aid of the choir fund. After service he has promised to return to Cedar Lawn to luncheon, an arrangement which suits him well enough, although Annie is not thoroughly pleased. Her instincts tell her why poor Charlie has so eagerly accepted the mother's invitation; and my knowledge of woman nature convinces me that the presence of an undesired lover is a heavy cross for her to bear. She will have to listen to Charlie's words while she is longing for the sound of another voice; to walk side by side with him while she is wearying for another companion.

I silently resolve that Ashmead shall not have the chance of walking home with my sister that morning. When we come out of church, I will tell Annie to go with the mother in her brougham. Guy Montifex will have his eyes upon our doings, and, indifferent as he seems, I do not choose to have him think that Annie is encouraging a rival. In that heart of hearts (which Lesbia has never even touched) I know that Guy still keeps his love for his girl sweetheart; and I trust that time will sweep all barriers away.

And yet when Charlie speaks to us from the pulpit—wise, loving words that go straight to the hearts of all his hearers—I think how good a man he is, and how happy Annie might have been with him. But is there any end to the might-have-beens of this life? Truly the tendrils of a young girl's fancy are delicate things, and if you tear them from one support you cannot train them to cling to another hold. I know that I must not wish, even in my inmost self, to direct and order my sister's choice.

The sermon comes to an end, and then follow the hymn and offertory, and the last prayer. The mother's face looks woefully white, and I make a sign to her to leave the church and seek the fresh air as quickly as she decently can.

"Go back in the brougham, Annie," I whisper to my sister in the porch. "I will tell you why I wish it, later on."

"I can't, dear," she whispers back. "Lesbia is going with the mother."

"Why not you?" I demand, a little angrily I am afraid.

"Poor Lesbia felt faint in church," Annie says simply. "Of course it would be cruel to make her walk."

I don't believe in the least in Lesbia's faintness; but my plan is frustrated, and she triumphs. The brougham drives up to the churchyard gate; Guy Montifex is at hand to assist the mother; and, as he puts Lesbia into the carriage, I see that she seizes the chance and says a few earnest words in his ear.

We have got to wait until Charlie Ashmead comes out of the vestry, and we go and seat ourselves on the bench that is shaded by the boughs of the largest yew. Annie sighs heavily. My eyes follow

Guy's retreating figure as he walks deliberately away from the churchyard, and I find myself secretly thinking all kinds of uncharitableness. Annie is the first to speak, and there is an unconscious humour in her remark that forces me to smile against my will.

"It is said that he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," she says dolefully. "Now it seems to me, Margaret, that he who trusteth in another person's heart is a greater fool still."

I look vaguely away to the flower-crowned graves, lying peacefully in the noontide sunshine, and think of all the foolish hearts that have there found a lasting rest. Some of them were girl-hearts, as fond and weak as Annie's own. Close to the grey wall, under the shade of an ivy-wreathed urn, there lies a Dorothy Vere, who was crossed in love, and died at twenty-one. Traditions of her are still lingering about our neighbourhood; and I think of her always as "a fair, meek blossom," too fragile to stand up against the storm-wind that laid waste all the hopes of her young life.

But I do not believe that Annie is in any peril of dying of a slighted love; and the danger that I fear for her is of another kind. I dread an embittered spirit, a soured temper, a listlessness in doing the things that her hands are set to do. These are, I think, the commonest results of an unfortunate love-affair, and they are certainly unpoetical results. After all, it must be a strong nature, rich in the choicest kind of gifts, which,

"... like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe."

It is only certain favoured plants that delight us with their perfume when we crush them. A heart like that of Patience Willowburn can give out balm when it is bruised; but my poor Annie has little of that sweet strength which is the special characteristic of my friend.

Just as my thoughts turn to Patience, she comes up the path to the old yew, and greets us; and I see her glance rest anxiously on my sister's face. Then Charlie Ashmead hurries out of the vestry door, and approaches us with a radiant smile; and he, too, lets his eyes dwell longer on Annie than she likes. She colours faintly under his gaze, and stands up, looking very pretty in her black bonnet with strings tied under her delicate chin.

We four go homeward down the lanes, and I am afraid that poor Charlie has a taciturn companion. Patience glances at me and shakes her head as we walk behind the pair; but she can do nothing to make life pleasanter for either of them at present, and so she talks about the Johnsons and their boy. Dr. Vansittart has so nearly effected little Willie's cure that he can walk comfortably about the village with a crutch. The poor parents are overwhelmed with gratitude and joy; and the child himself—a bright lad—is looking forward to playing some active

part in the world, and distinguishing himself in life.

"Yesterday," says Patience, "he asked me if I thought he would ever be strong enough for a soldier! I told him no, and said that he might find better work to do than soldiering. And then he said that he would rather be a doctor than anything else, because he had found out that doctors could do such wonderfully good things. 'And I'd sooner make people get well, Miss Willowburn,' he added, 'than cut them down with a sword.' I answered that as he had been healed himself, he ought to think about healing others; and I hope he will."

As we pass the farm where the Johnsons live, we see them all grouped in the orchard behind the house, enjoying the shade of the old fruit trees. Willie's merry laugh comes ringing through the still air, and I know what joyful echoes it must awaken in his mother's heart.

"I hope the boy will grow up to be a healer," I say thoughtfully. "But, Patience, it is granted to very few to be such a healer as Dr. Vansittart is. There is the mighty will-force, the iron nerve, the infinite kindness; you don't often find all these gifts combined in one man."

"No," she admits frankly.

"But there are healers who are not doctors," I go on. "You are one. In fact, your gifts in that line are so remarkable that I sometimes think you have something in common with him."

Why is it that I am always harping on a string that I do not want to touch? When I began to speak I had not the slightest intention of making the ridiculous remark I have just uttered. But who does not know those inexplicable impulses that sometimes seize upon our tongues and cover us with confusion? Oh, how hot the air is this morning! Even under the trees, which hang a canopy of full, dark foliage overhead, there is not a breath of coolness to be felt. I hide my burning face under my sunshade, and say hurriedly that I do not know how to go on living through such a spell of tropical weather.

"I don't mind the heat so much as you do," says Patience, in her calm voice. "But it is intensely hot to-day. We shall have an early harvest."

Then the conversation languishes, and we go silently through the village, where the smell of Sunday dinners is more evident than usual. When we get to the door of Ivy House I am painfully conscious of a red face; but Patience looks even paler than she always does.

Charlie's radiance is a little dimmed. I do not think Annie has exerted herself to make him happy, and I take pity on him at once. Moreover, I am secretly vexed with my sister for letting Lesbia spoil her life as she does. A shrewd girl than Annie might well have been misled by Lesbia at first; but I wonder that this morning's trick has not at last awakened some suspicion.

If it were not for the mother's evident pleasure in

seeing Charlie, our luncheon party would be decidedly dull. Lesbia is very silent, Annie manifestly depressed; and my efforts at conversation are of the tamest kind. I fancy Charlie goes away disappointed with his old friends, and my heart aches for him. He departs after an early cup of tea, and later on I walk slowly through the lanes again to evening service.

When I come home it does not surprise me to hear that Annie has gone to bed with a headache, and that Lesbia has promised to sit with her till she falls asleep. Apparently we are a drowsy household that night—a close, sultry night, which makes the closing of doors and windows an impossible thing to do.

There is no moon, and very little coolness comes with the warm, soft darkness. The air is so heavy and still that the rich perfume of the jessamine almost overpowers me as I step out for a moment on the terrace. There is an intense silence everywhere; the creepers do not rustle as usual; no whispers come stealing up from the hushed garden. I go indoors, and William secures the bolts, and makes the common preparations for bed-time.

On my way to my room I meet Jane, who starts when I speak, and looks at me with such wild eyes that I ask if she is ill. She tells me that the heat has made her faint once or twice that day, and as the candle-light falls on her deathly pale face, I see the traces of tears. There is no doubt on my mind that the girl is going to be on the sick-list, and I resolve to send for Dr. Mervyn in the morning.

The door of Annie's room is partly open, and I look in. A night-light burns on the chimney-piece, and Lesbia sits quietly in an arm-chair by the bedside. She wears a pale blue wrapper, trimmed with heaps of lace and bows of satin ribbon, and looks lazily beautiful in her *négligé*.

Annie is lying with one arm over her head, and her large, wakeful eyes stare at me as I enter with a light step. Her attitude betokens a mind ill at ease, and her sweet young face is beginning to show the stamp of trouble all too plainly. I bend over her with a yearning to console, which I cannot put into words.

"Shall I sit with you, dear?" I ask.

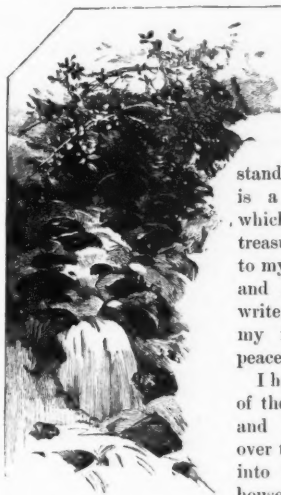
"I am used to staying up at night," says Lesbia's soft voice. "Mrs. Bland has often made me sit with her when she could not sleep. It would tire you, Margaret, but it doesn't hurt me. And there is Madge to be thought of—the heat may make her restless."

What can anyone say to such kind, sensible words? I murmur something civil in reply; and then I push away the pretty brown hair that curls over Annie's damp brow, and softly kiss her.

I hope I am not jealous of Lesbia's influence over my sister. But Annie is ten years younger than myself, and I almost feel to her as I do to Madge. She has always been my child.

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.



I SLEEP in the largest bedroom in the house, a spacious chamber at the end of the corridor; and Madge's cot stands beside my bed. It is a beautiful room, in which I keep many of the treasures that belonged to my brief married life; and here I often sit to write my letters, and read my favourite books in peace.

I have to pass the head of the stairs on my way, and I pause and look over the balustrade, down into the darkness. The house is very still; not a

breath of wind comes in through the open window on the landing; the night is as hot and hushed as the long day has been. Just then the hall clock strikes ten.

I enter my room, shutting the door behind me, but not locking it, and go straight to the pretty cot which the mother's love has made a dainty nest for her only grandchild. In winter Madge sleeps under crimson satin curtains lined with gold; in summer, she has gauzy draperies of pale blue, which make her dream, she tells me, of skies and clouds and angel wings. But to-night these draperies are swept away from her lace-edged pillow, and she lies flushed, with scarlet lips parted, murmuring broken words in her sleep.

I hang over her with all a mother's nervous anxiety in my heart. Is this the beginning of a fever? Is everyone going to be ill? And then I remember hearing someone say that there are several sick persons in the village.

I stand beside the child's pillow many minutes before there comes to me a better mood, and the impulse of prayer sways my spirit. I kneel and pray for all those "who, in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or in any other adversity," and even while the old words tremble on my lips, I feel God's answer thrilling through my soul. "This transitory life!" For my own part I am not inclined to make much ado about its losses and crosses, but am willing to plod patiently onward, keeping the goal in view. It is for the sake of others that my heart is disquieted within me; for them I crave such earthly happiness as I never even dream of asking for myself. It is far easier for me to leave my own concerns in the Father's hands, than to trust Him implicitly with the lives of those I love.

When I rise from my knees, I am conscious of the soothing certainty that He will take thought for them all, Madge—Annie—the mother—Patience—He will order their destinies as it seems best to His Godly wisdom. He may lead their feet into ways they have not known, but His guidance will be a thousand times safer than mine.

Thus comforted I fall into a deep sleep, which lasts about two hours. It is Madge's voice that wakes me, speaking in a half-fretful, half-coaxing tone, and her little hands are pulling at my bed-clothes.

"What is it, darling?" I ask, sitting up with a start.

"Some lemonade," she says, on the verge of tears. "I'm so dedful thirsty. Oh, mamma, get some lemonade."

I get up at once, thrust my feet into slippers, and put on my dressing-gown. There is a large crystal jug of lemonade standing on the dining-room sideboard, and I am going down-stairs to get it without delay. As soon as Madge sees me moving she is quite satisfied. She is not at all ill, she assures me, only so hot, and so thirsty, and she doesn't think she can sleep any more. When I come back, perhaps I may like to keep awake myself, and tell her about the princess who slept for a hundred years. If anything can make her feel sleepy, that story will.

I promise to tell the story from beginning to end; if she does happen to doze off in the middle, I am to finish it in the morning. And then I light the candles on the toilet-table, take a candlestick in my hand, and go out of the room, leaving the door open behind me.

Glancing along the corridor towards Annie's room, I see that her door is still ajar, and the faint ray that issues into the dark passage tells me that the night-light is still burning. Quietly, and with softly slipped feet, I go down-stairs; my wrapper making no rustling as I move.

Ours is a spacious hall, with two doors on each side of the entrance. The two doors on my left, when I reach the foot of the stairs, are those of the dining-room and breakfast-room. Both are closed; and the hall, dark and quiet, is filled with the scent of the plants growing in great china jars. The light of my candle dimly illumines the familiar things around me, and a lemon-plant sends me a fragrant breath as I open the dining-room door.

It startles me to find that the room is not in darkness. A light, burning on the sideboard, falls on the figure of a man who is busily at work on the plate-drawer. My first thought is that this must be William, who has come down to perform some neglected duty. But when he turns and fronts me it is not William's face that I behold. The open French window tells me how his entrance has been effected, and convinces me that, for the first time in my life, I am face to face with a veritable burglar.

I am not half so much frightened as I always thought I should be in such a case. If he had been masked, or disguised in any hideous way, I believe that terror would have overmastered me at once.

But the face that he turns towards me is young and handsome, although it wears, just now, as evil an expression as it has ever been my lot to see.

"Now, ma'am," he says, advancing a step, and keeping his glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine, "do you want me to murder you?"

At these words the fright, which I did not at first feel, takes possession of me in an instant, and sets me shivering from head to foot. I suddenly realise that I am a woman (and not a very strong specimen of my sex), alone at midnight, in the lower part of the house, with a thief.

With a helpless little cry, I back towards the door, and he comes nearer still, the light of my candle shining full upon that reckless face. Before he can touch me, before I can cry out again, someone comes sweeping past me into the room, and seizes him by the arm with a suddenness that almost overpowers him.

"Fly, Margaret!" says Lesbia's voice, "fly up-stairs and call William—don't lose a second."

And I do fly, as fast as my feet will carry me, screaming for help at every step. Yet it seems an age before I gain the head of the stairs, and longer still before anyone responds to my calls. At length the whole household come crowding into the corridor in the wildest alarm; Annie, white as a ghost, appears at one door, the mother at another. The last to show himself is William, that doughty protector of our property and persons, whose courage is now to be severely tried.

"William," I gasp, with difficulty, "there's a man in the dining-room—go down directly, or he'll murder Miss Lambton!"

Instead of obeying me at once, William makes for the door leading to the servants' staircase, shouting out that he is going to fetch "master's revolver." Annie wrings her hands in anguish; it is on her account that Lesbia has gone to the dining-room at this unearthly hour, and she begins to bewail her selfishness. The mother sinks back into the arms of Morton; the housemaid and kitchen-maid scream and cling to each other, and the only undaunted person is cook.

"I'll go, ma'am," she says, descending the stairs as fast as her substantial figure will allow her to move.

I follow her, feeling meaner than I ever did in my life. Have I not basely and ignobly left Lesbia to her fate?

No light proceeds from the dining-room now; but I have never once relinquished my candle, and its flame reveals Lesbia, quietly bolting the shutters. She turns and meets us with a face that is white, even to the lips, but perfectly calm.

"He is gone," she says, panting a little. "I hadn't strength enough to hold him, but he has taken nothing. And now do, some of you, see to this wretched Jane!"

Up to this moment no one has remembered that

Jane is missing. The housemaid and kitchen-maid, who have ventured as far as the hall, now come in, and then enters William with a rush, revolver in hand.

"You don't mean to say he's gone!" he ejaculates with well-feigned disgust.

"Gone! yes, of course he is," says cook, contemptuously; "and you're precious glad of it."

"How did he escape, ma'am?" inquires William, coming up to me, and not deigning to notice his fellow-servant. "Another moment, and 't would have been all over with him. I couldn't have missed him, ma'am, if I *had* fired."

"I shouldn't wonder," says cook, "if this miserable girl let him in! She's well paid out for her sins if she did, poor creetur. Bring me some water, Hannah, as quick as you can."

While cook speaks she unfastens the handkerchief that has been tied over Jane's mouth, and lifts the poor girl from the floor. Then Hannah, the housemaid, comes with water, and we bathe the colourless face, and chafe the cold hands, till consciousness slowly comes back. The blue eyes open at last, and a shudder runs through Jane's frame as she looks round her on all these familiar faces. Lesbia draws near and speaks to her.

"I am sorry for you, Jane," she says kindly. "You must have been basely deceived, and I am sure you meant no harm. If Mrs. Spencer will have you carried into my room, I will watch over you till the doctor comes to-morrow morning. You have had a fearful shock."

"Indeed, Lesbia," I say anxiously, "I am afraid you have borne too much already. You are terribly white and——"

I stop short. As she turns her pale face and gleaming brown eyes upon me, I am strangely reminded of that other evil face, which confronted me so savagely only a few minutes ago.

My imagination, highly excited, doubtless, must be playing me a trick; what resemblance can there possibly be between poor Ted's sweetheart and a burglar? And yet, how strange it is that this burglar has yielded to the power of an unarmed woman, and fled without leaving even the vestige of a struggle behind! If the plate had been gone, and Lesbia left bleeding on the floor, I should not have been in the least surprised. It is her easy victory that astonishes me.

Perhaps, with her usual quickness, she reads my thoughts. Her dark lashes veil the shining eyes for a moment, and then she speaks.

"He was not a very dreadful burglar, after all," she says, with a faint smile. "In fact, I am sure that this is his first attempt at house-breaking. It was so clumsily managed, you see; and he was so easily cowed. And he had no assistants. It is evident that Jane must have let him in without being aware of his designs; but she will tell us everything when she is well enough to speak."

"Poor silly soul," says cook, looking down con-

passionately at the scared young face. "She'd better not try to talk yet, if she wants to keep her senses."

"She will be quiet in my room; I shall know how to manage her, Margaret," persists Lesbia earnestly. "You will do well to let her be with me."

She has her will, and Jane, still dazed and helpless, is taken to Miss Lambton's chamber. When this is done, the house becomes quiet again, and I retire to my room, and lock myself in with Madge, who needs a great deal of soothing, and wants to know why everybody was screaming. I pacify her at last, and then lie down to court sleep, but it does not add much to my sense of security to feel that the valiant William, fully armed, is parading the lower part of the house till daybreak. It is not improbable that Hannah and the kitchen-maid are sharing his vigil, and admiring his swagger; but I do not concern myself about any of them. When I close my eyes I am still haunted by a vision of those two faces—both pale and dark-eyed—with a mysterious resemblance between them. And then I think that I, like all the rest, am out of sorts, and determine to consult Dr. Mervyn to-morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

AT BREAKFAST.



THE morning comes with refreshing showers, and I go down-stairs to see a newly washed and invigorated world. All the flower-cups are full to the brim; the fuchsia

trees have diamonds

added to their coral

pendants; the gold of ran-

unculus and marigold has

become a dazzling splendour. The

rain has ceased, but a thin haze clouds

every garden-vista, and the familiar grounds are changed into a glittering fairyland, just lightly veiled by a sunshiny mist. I stand out on the terrace with Madge, and admire the scene to my heart's content, while the jessamine drops white blossoms on my hair and gown.

Our breakfast-party is reduced to three—Lesbia, Madge, and myself. The mother and Annie remain in their rooms, and both are very much the worse for last night's alarm. Lesbia is endowed with such splendid health and strength as few women possess in these degenerate days; yet she certainly shows some slight traces of all she has gone through. The soft red of her lips is a little paled, there are shadows

under the brown eyes, and her usual good appetite is wanting.

"Come, Lesbia, try to eat something," I say. "You have suffered more than any of us, although you don't make any fuss about your heroism."

"That she was fool enough to consent to let him in at the dining-room window. I suppose she liked the romantic idea of a stolen meeting at midnight. Anyhow, she had not the slightest suspicion that he meant mischief, but his first proceeding was to



"She turns and meets us with a face that is white, even to the lips, but perfectly calm."—p. 138.

"I am no heroine, Margaret," she answers quietly. "As I said before, the man was not such a very terrible burglar, and he did not attempt to threaten me. As soon as you went to call help, he knew that the game was up, and made his escape with all speed. Poor Jane has quite recovered her senses, and she has been making a full confession."

"What has she confessed?" I ask.

tie a handkerchief over her mouth. She thinks there was some stuff on the handkerchief that made her faint, for she lost all consciousness of her surroundings, and knew nothing more till cook lifted her up from the ground."

"The wretch has been making love to her for some time, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, for a good many weeks. He used to

meet her in the lanes, and sometimes in the field at the bottom of the garden. I remember seeing a man prowling there one evening."

Lesbia speaks quite calmly, but I fancy she turns paler as she talks. She empties her coffee-cup, and again I press her to eat.

"Presently," she says, with a slight smile. "But I am thirsty now—a little feverish, I daresay. Margaret, I suppose you will not keep Jane in your service?"

"I haven't decided," I say thoughtfully. "Of course it would be a long while before she could regain our confidence, and all the other servants would mistrust her. I must think the matter over."

"If I were you I would not keep her," Lesbia remarks decidedly. "She says the ladies of the Home would receive her again, and they would get her another place if she proved herself truly penitent. And she feels that the other servants here, as you have said, would mistrust her always. Hannah and William would give her no peace."

"I think she had better go," I say, after a pause. "Did she tell you how she first came to know the man?"

"She met him one evening when she was walking alone on the road leading to Clarefield. He joined her and talked to her, and she was flattered by his notice. That is just how such affairs often begin. I think his name fascinated her as much as his face and manner—it seems that he called himself Arthur Graham. I really believe," adds Lesbia, laughing a little unnaturally, "that the girl has a mania for romance in every shape and form. Her head is full of stories from penny dreadfuls, and bits of sentimental poetry. She has had a severe lesson, but I don't think she will get through life without being caught in another snare. And she is a great deal too pretty for a servant."

Lesbia is right. Poor Jane is too pretty for a servant, and hers is the kind of beauty that is sure to attract notice at the first glance. I think of her delicate, refined loveliness, which reminds one of a sweet-pea or an apple-blossom, and wonder what is to become of her. Even here, in the seclusion of Cedar Lawn, she has been found out and victimised; and what will be her fate if she is sent out unguarded into the wide world?

"If I do send her away, I will not lose sight of her," I say resolutely. "It shall not be my fault if she ever comes to grief."

"You may as well say that it shall not be your fault if this flower withers," responds Lesbia, pointing to a sprig of delicate pink heath, which is already beginning to lose the first freshness of its bloom. "Some women are simply human flowers, predestined to their fate. That girl up-stairs is born to be gathered, and worn, and thrown away; I know it just as well as if I could read her little life, like a book, from beginning to end. Don't vex yourself about her, Margaret; these things always have been, and always will be. You can't alter them."

As I look at Lesbia something rises in my throat, and tears rush into my eyes. I feel that there is truth in her words; and my great sorrow and pity for poor fragile Jane overcomes me.

"I must vex myself about her," I answer. "She may be saved if someone is near to help in the moment of her sorest need. And—and even if she is thrown away, one may keep her from being trampled under the feet of the crowd. I shall do what I can, and I will not believe that it will be done utterly in vain."

In her turn Lesbia looks at me, and suddenly there comes into that fair face of hers an expression that I have never seen on it before.

"You are a good woman, Margaret," she says abruptly. "I almost think that, with a heart of gold like yours, you might save anyone. People have such different ways of doing good, you see. I knew a lady once who picked up a young girl, and educated her, just out of caprice. The girl had a pretty face and a quick brain, and she made the most of all the chances that came to her lot. But she knew, all the while, that her patroness had only singled her out of the crowd because she was beautiful, and helped to furnish a room, just as a statue or a picture does, only in a more lively way. She had to endure a good many humiliations in return for the fine gowns and the education. No one did anything for her out of love—no one ever once tried to soften her heart."

"And what became of her in the end?" I ask eagerly.

Lesbia has come to a pause; and her deep brown eyes, opened more widely than usual, are gazing far away into space.

"I don't know whether there is an end;" she answers, rousing herself, and keeping back a sigh. "All I know is that she grew hard and cold and selfish to the very core. I cannot tell you any more about her."

"Poor girl!" I say compassionately. And then a silence falls upon us both.

Madge has finished her breakfast and has been at play on the terrace for fifteen minutes or more. Now she suddenly rushes into the room, and informs us that "lots of people" are coming to call.

Ill news flies apace, and always gains as it travels. The story of last night's adventure has reached the ears of our friends with some most astounding additions. We never know how it is that Patience hears of the loss of our entire stock of family plate; nor can we find out who has carried to the vicarage an account of a murderous attack on the ladies of Cedar Lawn. Three of us are said to be left dead or dying on the carpet, and our faithful William, after vainly risking his life in our defence, is reduced to a state of hopeless imbecility. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Vicar and Dr. Vansittart take the shortest way to our house, and that Patience (with a garden hat on her head) comes running through the shrubbery in an unwonted state of excitement and alarm.

They pour into the breakfast-room without ceremony, and we tell our tale with some laughter, interrupted by many expressions of relief. Then I ring for hot coffee, and we all begin a second breakfast which turns out to be a far more cheery affair than the first. Patience owns to having an extraordinary appetite, the Doctor and the Vicar are as hungry as huntsmen, and their evident enjoyment of the meal revives my spirits, and does me a world of good. Only Lesbia refuses to sit down with us, and excuses herself on the plea of attending to Jane.

"I have never seen Miss Lambton look so ill as she does to-day," says the Vicar when she has left the room.

"She went through more than I did," I explain. "And she really makes nothing of it all, although she behaved most nobly."

Dr. Mervyn arrives, just as breakfast is ended, and goes up-stairs to see all our invalids. And then the Vicar hurries off to his parish work, leaving his friend with Patience and myself.

Despite all the worry and anxiety that I have endured, I cannot help enjoying these restful morning hours spent with Miss Willowburn and Dr. Vansittart. The former knows everything about myself and my surroundings; the latter comes into my life with his great powers of penetration and sympathy, and wins my friendship without an effort.

"You are over-tired, Mrs. Spencer," he says, at parting. "Over-tired, although you don't realise the fact, and won't realise it until you hear of it from others. Let them all get over their shock without you, and do you go and sleep at Ivy House for a night or two. Take your little girl with you, if you will."

"I am afraid they can't spare me," I answer.

His penetrating eyes look deep into mine, and he speaks slowly and gravely.

"It is better that they should spare you for a short time now than miss you for a long time by-and-by. You have been living too much in their lives, and forgetting your own. Take care, if only for your child's sake. That is my advice, and it is not given lightly."

He goes; and then Patience comes to me, and prays me to give heed to his words. She tells me how anxiously she has watched the signs of failing strength and strained nerves that have been visible in me from day to day. She reminds me of Madge, and her future interests; and at last I yield to her persuasions, and go up-stairs to tell the mother of my plan.

At first I fancy that the mother thinks it strange of me to leave them all after their terrible fright. But Morton puts in a sensible word or two, and Patience enters and repeats Dr. Vansittart's warning. As to Annie, she is quite contented to be left in Lesbia's hands, and Jane is going on favourably.

Guy Montifex rides over to our house in the course of the afternoon, and asks anxiously if the rumours of the burglary are true. He only stays a

few minutes, chatting to me in the drawing-room, and advises me to have the gardener to sleep indoors for a night or two, just to give the mother a sense of protection. He is kind; but I fancy that his manner is constrained; and I ask myself whether, in time to come, I shall ever get back my old feeling towards him.

The clocks are striking five when I find myself in Patience's old-fashioned room, and feel her gentle hands busying themselves about me. Madge, who has already been drinking her milk and water out of a beautiful old china mug, is playing in the long garden-path. Her laugh drifts in through the open window as I lie on the sofa and let my friend pet me as much as she will.

I do not know what subtle influence soothes my nerves and lulls me to repose. The light is mellow and soft, the atmosphere sweet with the scent of rain-washed flowers; a careful hand has arranged the pillow under my head, and gradually I float away from a world of perplexities and troubles, and enter into a tranquil dreamland, where there is neither haste nor turmoil, but leisure and quietness and ineffable peace.

Truly Dr. Vansittart is a wise man when he tells me to come to Ivy House. Perhaps he too has found out that it is a home of rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TIME OF PEACE.



IT seems incredible that a brief stay in a house close to my own home should do me any great amount of good. Yet it is a fact that my short sojourn with Patience does restore my strength in a wonderful way, and helps me to live my life in a calmer spirit.

One morning we plan an afternoon drive to Clarefield in the old fly; and Patience sends a note to the vicarage, asking if Mrs. Longford would like to accompany us. She gets an answer saying that Dr. Vansittart will come instead of the Vicar's wife, if there is no objection to the arrangement. Mrs. Longford is not well enough for the drive; and the Doctor, who has not yet paid a visit to the old market town, will be glad of the excursion.

"And we shall be glad of his company," I say blithely.

But Patience says nothing.

I decide that it will be best to leave Madge at home in the charge of the servants. She is a fidgety little person in a carriage, and maternal fondness does not blind me to the fact that a lively child is generally a nuisance on a long drive. Moreover, she is well

contented to stay with cook (who spoils her outrageously), and the store of treasures contained in Patience's old boxes of toys cannot easily be exhausted. We are ready to start soon after luncheon, and the Doctor comes to the door just before the carriage drives up.

All over our fertile country they are beginning to gather in the harvest—a rich and bountiful harvest this year. The russet gold falls in heaps; the harvesters scarcely pause in their work; the sky overhead is deeply and unchangingly blue. Before us lies the pleasant road, covered with a delicate pattern of light and shade; the briony hangs wild garlands over the hedges; poppies make brilliant spots of scarlet here and there. By-and-by we lose sight of the cornfields; dark woods border the highway; and we see the narrow alleys where the bracken grows high, and the sunlight steals softly down as if it were shining through some cathedral aisle.

Dr. Vansittart is silent when we come to these woods. I think he finds a pleasure in them that he does not care to put into words—a pleasure of peace and restfulness, so tranquil and deep that he is content simply to enjoy it. But later on, when we get into the more open country, he talks to us of scenes in other lands. We listen, and travel with him in fancy through mountain passes or haunted forests—through ancient cities, where

"The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story,"

until Patience's soft eyes begin to shine, and her cheeks take an unwonted tinge of pink that makes her look young again.

At length we rattle into the High Street of Clarefield, and the Doctor admires the west portal of the grand old church, and the quaint almshouses with their low doors and narrow windows. Leaving the fly in the inn yard, we walk about the street, while Patience transacts the business that has brought her here. She goes to the bank; looks in upon her old lawyer for a minute or two; and then enters the office of Harland, the wine-merchant. When she rejoins us we have come to a standstill at the principal bookseller's window, and are discussing some of the new books of the day.

The shadows are lengthening as we drive homeward; warm golden lights are lying on soft hill-side and yellow field; and the spell of peace is resting on our sweet old village. Dr. Vansittart comes back with us to Ivy House, and drinks tea in the old-fashioned rose-scented room; and I fancy that he does not feel inclined to go away.

When we are alone together, Patience tells me that she has heard some news of John Wells, the young man who was once clerk in Harland's office. It seems that one of Harland's men has met him more than once lately, on the Clarefield Road, in the cool of the evening. He has been walking with a pretty young girl—so pretty, indeed, that the wine-merchant's *employé* asked her name of a farmer, who

chanced just then to be standing by his gate. He was told that the girl was one of the servants at Cedar Lawn.

"There can be no mistaking the description of Jane," continues Patience. "Her blue eyes and flower-like face always attract notice. Do you mean to set the police looking after Wells?"

I tell her that the Vicar has already taken the matter into his hands; and then I fall into a reverie concerning the burglar's face again. Patience asks me what I am thinking about. And when I have told her she smiles at my fancies.

"But I have sometimes wondered," she adds, after a pause, "why Lesbia tells us so little about her early days and associations. She must have had some relations, but they seem to have left her quite alone in the world."

"She always speaks as if she had had a sad history," I answer, "only she never tells a definite story. The mother and Annie seem to have no curiosity about her antecedents, and I don't like to ask questions. You know that my people are a little inclined to quarrel with me for not receiving her as warmly as they do."

"They are perfectly infatuated, Margaret. Mrs. Longford was saying so a few days ago."

"What do the Longfords think of Lesbia?" I ask.

"They are struck with her beauty, as everyone is. But they are conscious of a nameless something in her that repels them. The Vicar, especially, has a feeling of mistrust that he cannot overcome. Do you know how long she will stay with you?"

"I don't know—sometimes I fancy she means to stay until she has thoroughly succeeded in fascinating Guy Montifex. Sometimes I think she means to make her home at Cedar Lawn, and rule over the whole household. In fact, Patience, I know so little what to think, that I try to leave the matter alone."

"You are wise," Patience answers. "The art of leaving matters alone is not easily mastered; but we are all the happier when we have mastered it. And the things that we fret over most, and are impatient to meddle with, are just those which only a Divine Hand can set right."

"Patience," I say suddenly, "I think you must have learnt all your hard lessons early in life, and got your schooling over very soon. You are more fortunate than those who have to acquire their bitter wisdom after youth has fled."

"Yes," she says, looking thoughtfully out at the dark yew hedges, and the twilight garden. "Yes, I did learn my hardest lessons very early indeed. And although the learning of them spoiled my youth, I think they have ensured the peace of my maturity."

She speaks in a tone of gentle confidence; yet her words are followed by a faint sigh.

We sit in silence for a time, and see the clear stars shining out of a green-grey sky; and then I go to the piano, and sing one or two of the old songs which my friend loves so well.

Patience sends me early to my room, where Madge

is already soundly asleep. It is not so luxurious an apartment as the room at Cedar Lawn; but I love it for its quaint furniture and old-fashioned arrangements. To me it is like that chamber called Peace in which Bunyan's Pilgrim rested on the way. And as I lay my head on a lavender-scented pillow, I think what a blessing it is to have Patience for one's nearest neighbour! And it is a blessing I am not likely to lose; for is it not more than probable that we shall both end our days in Wood Royal? As I close my eyes I have a tranquil vision of two elderly women, living as sisters in this dear old Ivy House, pottering along the old garden-walks side by side; reading and thinking and working in each other's company, and having but one heart between them.

Ah me! I ought to have known that the life we make a picture of is never the life we have to live. Yet these fancy sketches of the future soothe us sometimes, and help us to bear the troubles and anxieties of the present. And this waking dream of mine is so sweet that it mingles with my sleeping dreams, and colours them with the sunset light of a calm happiness.

Next day I return to Cedar Lawn, and find that the household has gone back to its usual ways. I have a long talk with the hapless Jane, who is still an invalid, and decide to send her off to the good Sisters as soon as she can travel. She is very meek, very penitent, and very grateful for our mercy. As to her scoundrel of a sweetheart, she has no information to give about him, and it is impossible to mention him without throwing her into a pitiable state of agitation.

Lesbia's nerves seem to have been a good deal shaken by that midnight adventure of ours. I see that she starts and turns white at little noises, and I think it odd that she watches eagerly for the postman. Ever since her arrival she has seemed to care very little about letters, but now there is a marked change, and she always gets restless when it is drawing near post-time. I do not know whether she suspects me of watching her, but she grows strangely meek and humble in her manner to me, and redoubles all her attentions to Madge. And sometimes when I meet an appealing glance from those constraining eyes of hers, I fling all my suspicions to the winds, and speak to her in a sisterly tone that calls forth a smile of gratitude.

We hear nothing more of our burglar, and there does not appear to be any cause for further alarm. Jane gets better, and I send her to the Sisters, who are quite willing to take her into their keeping for a time, and then give her another chance. It grieves me to part with the girl, weak and foolish as she is, but there is no good-will towards her in the minds of the other servants, who (with the exception of cook) are all anxious to get her out of the house. So she goes, and I drive with her to the railway station, and put her into the train.

Annie has got over her fright, but she looks thin

and pale, and wanders about the house in an aimless fashion which sorely tries my patience.

The mother begins to notice her listlessness, and wonders whether she ought to have change of air.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing to send her off to the seaside to Mrs. Montifex?" she asks anxiously.

I do think it would be a good thing, and I say so with all my heart; but Annie utterly rejects the idea. She hates the sea, she says with unnecessary earnestness, and she always loves Wood Royal best in the fall of the year. As to illness—we shall make her ill if we are constantly fussing about her. There is nothing the matter with her, and she only desires to be let alone.

"I think you are very much let alone, Annie," I say, sadly.

She gives me a quick look, half-sorrowful, half-angry, and runs away to hide herself somewhere in the garden.

The mother's eyes follow her with an anxious glance. It is morning, and we two—the mother and I—are sitting alone together in the breakfast-room. I am busily mending some old lace, and bend over my work in silence; and my companion sighs once or twice before she speaks again.

"Margaret," she says at last, "doesn't it strike you that Guy Montifex comes here very seldom now? He used to be running in and out so often, you know, in the spring."

"Yes, I know, mother," I answer.

"Well, what do you think? Has Annie been cool to him?"

"Annie does not give me her confidence now," I say. "It is likely that Lesbia knows more about her affairs than I do."

"Lesbia is most kind, most unselfish," says the mother warmly. "But she admits to me that Annie is just a little beyond her comprehension. She has tried many times to bring Annie and Guy together, but somehow she can never succeed."

"Perhaps they would come together sooner if she were to leave them alone."

"Oh, I am sure Lesbia has perfect tact, Margaret! And when she saw that her attempts were useless, she left off trying. Do you know, she is a little afraid that our dear child is thinking about somebody else? Of course if there is somebody else it must be Charlie Ashmead."

"Oh, mother," I say, with sorrowful scorn, "Lesbia must be blind indeed, if she thinks that Annie has ceased to care for Guy! And as to poor Charlie, she almost dislikes him."

The mother puts down her knitting, and looks at me with a puzzled expression on her gentle face.

"I shall be disappointed," she admits frankly, "if she does not marry Guy after all. We have looked upon the match as a settled thing, although nothing definite has been said. The Colonel and Mrs. Montifex have shown their approval of Guy's intentions in many ways. And I felt quite sure of Annie's feelings—I did, indeed—until lately."

"I am quite sure of them now," I say with a sigh.

"But how can you be sure, Margaret, when she seems so changed?"

"The change is not in her, mother; it is in him."

"In him?"

The knitting-needles drop from her delicate hands, and she flushes to the very roots of her silver hair. It seems such an impossible thing that any man can slight her child—her peerless darling—that the idea offends her dignity. Evidently Lesbia has never shown her this view of the case. But I am determined, if I can, to open her eyes to the truth.

"Yes, mother," I say firmly, "the change is in him. Something has passed over his love and chilled it. And it is the consciousness of this change which makes Annie so restless—so sadly unlike her old bright self. The poor girl is very unhappy."

The mother looks at me for some seconds with scared eyes, then her face changes; the flush dies away; her mouth takes the expression it always puts on when she is going to administer a rebuke.

"Margaret," she says, quite solemnly, "I wish you would do more justice to Lesbia's extraordinary powers of penetration. You are a little jealous of her, my dear—I grieve to say it. Because she thinks one thing, you are determined to think another. But

I am quite sure that her opinion of Annie's feeling is the right one."

I have a quiet struggle with my temper, and overcome it in the end. Not a single word will I say in self-justification, and I go on with my lace-mending as diligently as if I had to work for my bread. Out of doors the bees are humming over the mignonne, and the scarlet geraniums are blazing in the noontide sun. The rich breath of the clematis drifts in through the open window, and fills the pleasant room where we sit in silence. Then a great velvety humble-bee comes droning in and hovering round the mother, who starts, and drives it away; and so the hush is broken.

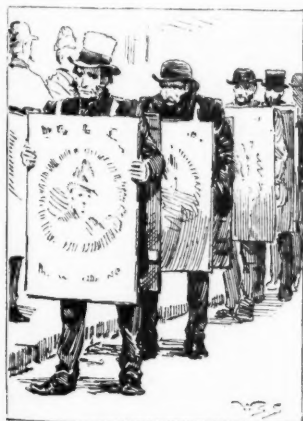
"By the way," she says, "I wonder where Lesbia is this morning? I want to consult her about a new cap for old Mrs. Neale."

"She has gone to the vicarage," I answer. "You said yesterday that you wished to read Bishop Goodman's sermons, and she started off after breakfast to borrow the book."

"How kind she is!" the mother murmurs. "Well, I can arrange about the cap this evening. I am not good for anything in the afternoon, Margaret; this warm weather makes me terribly drowsy. You are looking decidedly better, my dear; Patience Willowburn has a wonderful way of making people get well."

(To be continued.)

A "SANDWICH" SUPPER IN SEVEN DIALS.



Browning's Lecture on "The French Revolution." All dwellers in London are familiar with these poor fellows: a forlorn, depressed-looking race they are, as, in all weathers, they plod silently along our gutters, sandwiched between their huge

"SUPPER to Sandwich-men at Moor Street Mission, the Dials." Such was the announcement we read one March morning under the head of the day's entertainments, and side by side (such are the contrasts of life) with Mr. Oscar

boards—living advertisements hired out at a shilling a day. It was with much satisfaction we read, that in this bitter weather, when there is everywhere so much distress and misery, someone had been found to take special thought for them.

We had often heard of "Moor Street Mission," and of "Seven Dials," but were not very clear how to get there. However, having carefully studied our map, we sallied forth in good time that evening, hoping we might be allowed to help at this supper.

Scarcely more than a stone's throw from Oxford Street, we find ourselves in a different world. A narrow, noisy street, greasy pavements, thronged with children; rag shops, low-looking public-houses every few steps. Here is a dog fancier's, and as we stop a moment to look, a poor, forlorn-looking little terrier stands up in his cage, and gazes at us out of mournful brown eyes, that seem to ask what he has done to be shut up here, and why someone does not come to release him. And here are birds of all kinds, pouter pigeons, canaries, and pink-eyed rabbits

contentedly munching their cabbage leaves ; more public-houses. It was getting dark, and we were beginning to think we had lost our way, but there was a burly-looking policeman at the corner: "Moor Street Mission? Yes, we were close to it. Go straight ahead, and it's on your right-hand side ; you can't miss it."

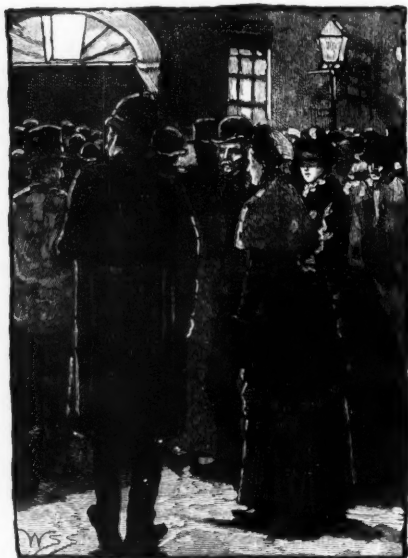
"Straight ahead" we went, up a street thronged with stalls, butchers', greengrocers', fishmongers'—a sort of open-air market. "Turn to your right, and you'll see the Mission—a temporary building." Yes, there it was, standing at the corner of an open space. It was just half-past six, and there was a throng of men waiting.

"Do you think we can get in?" we asked of a constable on the outskirts of the crowd.

"I think so, ma'am. I'll speak to the sergeant."

"Get in? of course you can," said that responsible individual. "This way, ma'am. Come, men : make a gangway ! make a gangway !"

A moment before we had thought it impossible ever to make our way through this mass of men ; but almost instantaneously, as it seemed to us, as the sergeant's word passed along, "Make a gang-



way ! let the ladies through !" the men fell back on this side and that, leaving a narrow pathway right through the midst for us. We must say we were much impressed by the quickness and polite-

ness with which this was done. Safely inside, we found ourselves in a large, cheerful room, with a gallery all round it, and many tables ready spread for the guests. There were several ladies and gentlemen standing about until the time for action came. To them we introduced ourselves. We had seen their advertisement, and might we help? Very cordially they welcomed us. "There will be plenty for us all to do by-and-by."

And now it was half-past six, and the men came pouring in. We were very familiar with children's treats, with girls' and lads' teas, but never before had we seen three hundred men together. It was wonderful the order with which the poor fellows came in and took their seats. There was not a sound, not a word spoken.

"I come down every week to help at the children's dinners," said a lady next me. "It is a very different scene."

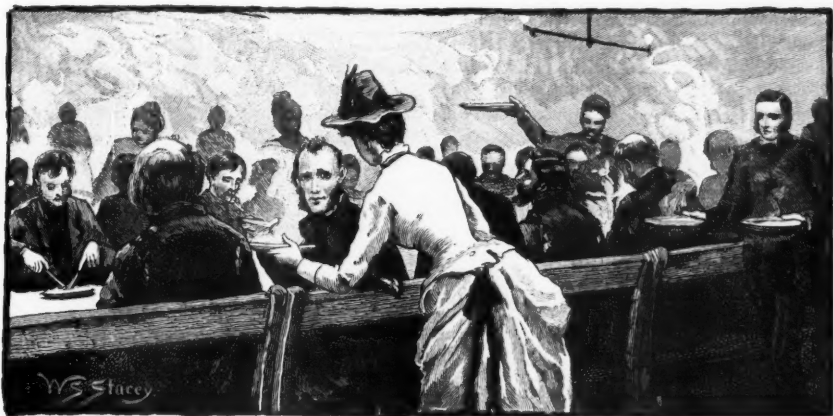
There were a few minutes to wait before the kind givers of the feast arrived, in which we had time to look about us. It was a sad scene in some ways. The very silence was depressing. After all, we should not like our lads and little children to be quite like this. They were of all ages, from quite young fellows, little over twenty, to feeble old men. Some of the younger ones looked strong and bright enough still, but on most of the faces of the elders was the same crushed, weary look, as of men who have gone down in the struggle, been beaten in the race for life. And now there was a little commotion at the door: the hostesses had arrived, and were conducted up to the little platform at the end of the room. The smell of roast beef and baked potatoes had been very tantalising for the last few minutes, but now, there being nothing more to wait for, Mr. William Harrison, the manager of this Moor Street Mission, asked the men to say grace.

Very touching we thought it was to hear the words of the old childish grace that they had perhaps been familiar with in their long-past Sunday-school days, go up from so many manly voices :—

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee."

Grace over, the roast beef was borne in, a steaming joint for the end of each table, flanked by great basins of baked potatoes. And now indeed we were busy, and the carvers' arms must have ached, as joint after joint disappeared from before them, only to have its place filled up by another. Poor fellows! we wondered how long it was since they had had a good hot meat meal. And, the meat despatched, came noble plum-puddings, steaming out of their cloths, firm and round as cannon-balls.

And now warmed and fed, the men's tongues



THE SUPPER.

were a little loosed; they talked to each other, even laughed and joked a bit.

"Ay, ma'am, it's a hard life," said one poor man, with a white face and an eager manner, "specially this bitter weather; you see, our clothes ain't much; and we have to go slow. Nine o'clock in the morning we goes on. We have our regular beats. Depends on the theatres, or what not, we belongs to. You see, if you count up a shilling a day, it ain't much, and to feed yourself and pay your lodging, that don't leave you much for clothes, and then we gets ragged, and if a job does turn up, why, you see, we ain't got decent clothes to go and look for it; and so we've no chance."

No chance, indeed, poor fellow! It is not, truly, easy to see how, when once a man is down to a shilling, or even eighteenpence a day, as we believe some of them get, he can find his way up again. Here at another table is a very old man, almost blind. As soon as his supper is over he drops off sound asleep, and sleeps on quite peacefully through most of the speeches and singing. Poor old fellow! he does not look as if he could totter on between his boards very much longer. "He is hard of hearing, too," one of his neighbours tells us; and yet to-morrow will find him plodding along like the others in the chill east wind.

But looking round on these three hundred men, in spite of ragged coats, of weary, hopeless, even hungry faces, yet are we reminded of something we have often heard said, that among the London sandwich-men are to be found gentlemen, men of education, who, through the demon of drink most probably, have sunk to this.

God knows if this is true. If it be, what pictures it calls up before one! Fancy a man reduced to this, almost forgetting he was ever any-

thing else, until perhaps one day he sees an old friend, an old schoolfellow, perhaps even his old sweetheart, pass him by on the pavement, close enough for him, if he will, to put out his hand and stay them. But it may not be. To show himself now, even though he were once their dearest, would be only to bring shame and disgrace upon them. His place is where he has made it, creeping along the London gutters, an advertisement—no more.

It may not be true; we will hope it is not true; but as we look from face to face through that crowded room, the very thought of it brings the tears to our eyes, a very pain of pity to our hearts.

But whatever they were yesterday, or will be to-morrow, they seem happy enough now. While we have been talking and thinking, the tables have been cleared, a platform arranged at the end for a concert. Two little brown-haired German girls are playing a violin duet, which is listened to with closest attention. There, at the corner of one table, we see an old Irishman, whose face brightens as he keeps time to the music.

And now the prison missionary is making a speech, humorous and full of jokes, but searching and serious too. It is plain to be seen he is a favourite. "He is a working man like themselves," he says, "and he has never had a day's schooling since he was eight years old." There is not one of them in the room, he tells them, who has worked harder, lived harder, or lain harder than he has. He has been a teetotaler for years, and very earnestly he presses the men to follow his example. Some bitter tales he has to tell of his experiences as a missionary—tales that probably every man in the room could cap out of his own experiences. He tells of finding an old Harrow boy in a threepenny lodging-house,

to earn which threepence he had sold fuses in the Strand. Plain and homely and unvarnished are his words, but they are what his hearers like, what goes home to their hearts.

"I want you," he said, "to stand up to the world like men; to try with God's help to be more like what He meant you to be; to give up the drink as a commencement; to make a new start to-night; and, my word for yours, boys, there are better times in store for you."

It seemed to us, looking round the room, that there was a gleam of brightness and hope on some of the faces while he spoke. Loud and long they cheered him. He was so much in earnest himself, it could scarcely be but that he would make some of them in earnest too. Our poor old man wakened up with a start, at the clapping, and looked round him in a bewildered way.

"Twenty years ago, I took the pledge in this same hall," said another old man, starting up from his corner. We hoped he had kept it; but on that point he was silent.

There was more music and singing, and then a lady read them a piece out of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Very charmingly she read, and thoroughly the men seemed to enter into the Cratchits' party. They laughed heartily at little Bob's "three feet of comforter," at the dishing up of the plum-pudding; looked sad over the tap of "Tiny Tim's" crutch on the floor, clapped with a will when it was finished. Who knows: perhaps amongst them is one with a "Tiny Tim" of his

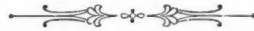
own; and perhaps he will go home to night, with a resolve to make that poor home, God helping him, more like the abode of peace and love that Bob Cratchit's was.

But now it was ten o'clock, and though the evening's entertainment was not over, we were very reluctantly obliged to say good-night, having been more interested than it is easy to say.

A few days ago we were reading a chapter in Isaiah, and echoes of the words are with us still. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry—?"

As we passed out from this gathering into the bitter night air, and took our way through Crown Street into Oxford Street, it seemed to us that these generous-hearted people—father and daughters, as we were told—who planned this treat have learnt the true spirit of this text. And surely it must have been to them reward enough to look round on these three hundred faces, and know that for once at least these poor "sandwich-men," probably the lowest and worst paid of our London workmen, were warmed and fed, and could forget something of their troubles and hardships.

It is not a small thing, even for a few hours to have brought some brightness, some little gleam of hope, and of new resolution, into dull and weary lives; and there is another verse which says—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."



AN ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.



F hero means *sincere man*," asks Carlyle, "why may not every one of us be a hero?" Peace has higher tests of heroism than helm or battle-harness, and if heroine means *sincere woman*, we cannot doubt that life's daily round owns many such—true, genuine workers, the sacred faithfulness of whose hand-labour holds something of the divine. We honour the great and noble deeds of the valiant by fire and flood; yet, in crowning such, we must not overlook our daily, hourly indebtedness to those whom God has

"Anointed with His odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign."

The delinquencies of servants form a popular topic, thawing reserved and silent circles into sociability, as one after another wonders "what servants are coming to, in these days," and lays the blame at the door of School Boards, Emigration Societies, etc. We admit most feelingly that it is possible to suffer the pangs of martyrdom at the hands of our domestics, too often inefficiently trained: we all know the willing help who greets our orders with a beaming smile of amiability, but who has an affectionate propensity for "smuts," and grows blacker and more good-natured every day; and we know, too, the superior girl of refined appearance who turns out to be delicate, and needs to be constantly "spared," and nourished on viands choice and expensive. One of the best-tempered maids we ever met tried us almost unbearably by breathing hard down our necks at mealtime; this was the girl who set so high a

value on our letters that, unless specially warned, she was careful to register them, however trifling their contents. Then there is the light-hearted invalid who meets our anxious warnings as to precautions against cold by the assertion that "a body can die but once"—the pathetic and lachrymose young pessimist who weeps in the most public corners of the house and reduces the family to nervous depression—and the maid of merry mind, who chants so joyously at her work, that with pen in hand, endeavouring to collect our thoughts, we are constrained to follow the tuneful warblings of her melody. Mildly remonstrating with the singer, we once received the cheerful retort that it was habitual to her to be quiet, "having worked in a minister's family, while the master was composing sermons."

Taking domestic servants as a whole, we have proved and believe that in old England still there is amongst us sterling good material; we have nothing to say against education—hands and head are worth far more in a home than hands *minus*

head, and half the battle is won when a worker of any description is taught to think and reason. Our quarrel is with the "penny dreadfuls" flooding our kitchens, and ignoring household work as menial and humiliating; our younger servants read of dukes leading waiting-maids to the sovereignty of their palatial halls, and look round with a sigh upon pots and pans as pertaining to the low and base. To quote Carlyle again, "All work is noble; work *alone* is noble." Is it a low, base office so to guide the household machinery that all works smoothly and musically, to rest the nerves of the family, to win the heartfelt gratitude of the mistress—we say, from experience, no money can pay for some of the service we have personally received—and, above all, to hear the

approving voice of conscience, and the "Well done" of the Lord of all? In bygone days the master and mistress were as the father and mother of families, counting their servants as closely linked with their interests, and binding them to their service by deeds and words of recognition, recompense, and care. The feudal times are gone, but our servants are human beings still, with feelings and failings like

our own—no mechanical automata, whose services are merely clock-like. Gliding noiselessly around us to supply our needs, they may appear at times almost as machines; but let heart touch heart—deal with them as individuals, caring for them and theirs, and *showing* that you care—and your hand will waken music that may move you, perchance, to tears. This loyal ministrant, whom you have secretly blamed as not dressing quite so well as her wages justify, may be supporting an old and helpless mother; this young, forgetful girl, whose thoughtlessness you reprove scarcely so gently as the shortcomings of your own young daughter, may

be striving with all her strength to please you. "How hard it is to be good! what use is it for me to try?" we heard one such cry, weeping, when she deemed herself alone. This gentle, conscientious maid, whom you own as a treasure, may be close to the Master's heart—helped, strengthened, and comforted by angels' whispers—and you have dreamed it not.

Sympathy is a golden key to many a domestic problem. "I almost doubt," says Sir Arthur Helps, "if want of sympathy does not do more mischief than injustice." Mistresses, reach your servants' hearts—you will find it worth your while—you want no slaves obeying you from fear, no hirelings measuring work by wages; you want in your homes throbbing



HONOURABLE SERVICE.

human hearts, warm and alive with the influence of love.

"Whoso findeth a wife," says the wise man, "findeth a good thing;" but what shall be said when the wife lights upon, or, better still, *develops* a thoroughly good servant, who stays with her year by year, taking delight and pride in the order of the house and the well-being of the family? "Why did you leave your last place?" is a question too often answered by, "Why, ma'am, I can't rightly say; I'd been there over a twelvemonth, and thought as how I'd be having a change."

What has become of the old-fashioned race who remained in one family decade after decade, revered by all, and scorning the notion of changing situations? We see mention of such now and then in the obituary columns of the papers: "Died . . . for many years our faithful servant and friend." What a precious memorial is this! What a record of worth! The old song tells us of the warrior, with his trusty

"Sword for aid,
Ornament it carried none but the notches on its blade."

Wrinkled and toilworn grew the old servant's hands in work only lifted from drudgery by the inspiring knowledge, "Thou God seest me," and the lesser inspirations of human love. And when she could work no more, and like the scars of battle the weary seams lined face and brow, then God's finger touched her and she slept—to live eternally in the hearts of all who felt her ministry. Let us not leave it till our faithful servants die, to recognise their worth: in

many a home lives of untold value are toiling day by day, and we, who have sought and found medals for our heroes, would fain distinguish *such* likewise.

It is proposed, in connection with domestic work, to offer prizes for long and faithful service. With the help of our readers we are about to inaugurate a new order—"Our Order of Honourable Service."

The Empress of Germany gives a golden cross to every servant who has filled her post for forty years, and it speaks well for employers that in nine years more than twelve hundred crosses have been bestowed! Our own requirements as to time will be less stringent, and, in addition to prizes, we shall enrol deserving cases (male or female) certified by employers, as *members* of the order. The necessary qualifications will be irreproachable rectitude of character, and service, in one family, of not less than seven years. The counter-signature of a minister of religion will be required. Forms of application may be obtained by any reader on enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. The prizes will consist of Bibles of various sizes and values.

We invite employers to make known to us honourable cases deserving record in our pages. No effort on our part shall be wanting to set forth the *majesty* of work—the prayer and faith that rise like incense from hearts that toil unfainting—the blessedness of everyone with good-will doing service, as unto Christ, the one Master of us all, who made Himself of no reputation, "and TOOK UPON HIM THE FORM OF A SERVANT."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

QUITE comfortable, sir?"

"Yes, thank you, Martin. You need not come back until I whistle."

"Shall I draw the couch higher up the path?"

"No; leave it alone."

"Very well, sir." The man retreated a few steps, only to return. "You don't think that book is too heavy for you, do you, Sir Charles?"

"Oh no, Martin. Do go," I cried; for this constant reference to my helplessness was a sore trial to me, and as the old fellow went off I shut my eyes with a sigh.

It was a lovely spring morning, and the garden

was one vast bewildering sweetness of colour and of scent. The daffodils were nodding by my side as though marking the rhythm of the melody that came from a poplar yonder, where a thrush had lodged its nest; and the soft fresh green of the trees seemed to touch a sky that Doré would have loved for its intensity of blue. Far as the eye could reach, the land was mine; of that stately old house by the farther lawn, with its pictures, its carvings, and its historical associations, I was the sole and undisputed master; lastly, I was young. Tolerably strong qualifications for a happy life, you will say, you who are reading these pages; but as I lay there in the April sunshine I do not think there was a more wretched man on God's wide world than I. Future forests lie

in an acorn, and saddest truths in a couple of words: I was paralysed. Eighteen months ago I had been in the army, engaged to—you know the young lover's liturgy?—the "queen of girls," the "loveliest of her sex." The men dubbed me Adonis; and backed by my good looks, good birth, and above all, by a heavy purse, I had been fêted and caressed, fooled to the top of my bent. And then? A fall in the hunting field, a sharp three months of ceaseless pain, and the doctors' verdict was given. I should only retain the use of my head and my arms; the rest of my body was already dead. And as for the torn crushed face, the scars would doubtless heal in time. A few light condolences, a few heavy cheques, and the worthy gentlemen took their departure. Eighteen months ago! And all that time, with the exception of my own servants, I had not seen a single face. Martin told me that the good folk in the village were sorely troubled at my seclusion. All sorts of tales, he averred, were rife, the most universally accepted theory being that I was mad. What mattered it to me? I could at least protect myself from their staring eyes, from their wonderment, perhaps from—most galling of all!—their *pity*, by keeping to my own grounds. From the one woman from whom I had had a right to expect sympathy had come the hardest blow (for the "extreme nerve-sensitiveness" of my "queen of girls" had forbidden her even to look on me when newly crippled, but it had not prevented a subsequent wealthy match), and so, why should I widen my appeal? No, I would live and die alone in my desolate home!

* * * * *

"What a very ugly man!"

My thoughts—always the same weary thoughts—which, when Martin left me, had dragged back to the same well-beaten round, took flight suddenly as the words reached me; and opening my eyes in terror—for my hermit-like existence had rendered me as timid as a woman—I saw a little child standing at some paces from me.

"What are you doing here? How did you get here? Go away."

My voice, rendered angry by surprise and distrust—for I dreaded that the child should be followed by others—did not in the least seem to frighten the little intruder. She did not answer, but she stood looking steadily at me, and I, in return, looked steadily back at her. Such a pretty little girl! The wind had crept under the big sun-bonnet, and the soft fair hair was blowing about her temples. A straight little nose, the prettiest of baby mouths, and eyes that were a perfect revelation to me in their absolute innocence and trust. Trust? Ay, that was it. This child was looking at *me*, at my twisted and scarred face, at my poor helpless limbs, and yet she was neither afraid nor pitiful. Small wonder that my heart went out to her in a rush of love and gratitude, as, with a dim remembrance of my small nursery friends in the Mayfair of other days, I stretched out a hand.

"Come here, little one. So I am very ugly, am I? Well, now, do you know who I am?"

She nodded wisely, answering me in the soft deliberate voice I was soon to love so dearly.

"Yes, I know: you're the Beast."

"The what?"

She was clasping a tattered picture-book in both her chubby hands, and she now held it out straight before her, peeping over the top with solemn blue eyes. "*Beauty and the Beast*." I read the title, and then took her treasure from her, wondering what on earth she could mean.

"And the house and the gardens were always shut up quite tight. No one ever saw the poor Beast, because he was so ugly he would not come out. But he was very lonely and miserable, and all the time he was hoping that Beauty would come."

"That's it," cried the child delightedly. "Does Beauty ever come?"

"No, Beauty never came. It hurt her to look on me. She was so 'sensitive,' you know."

I spoke very bitterly, but my new friend only smiled in reply.

"That's all right," she said comfortably. "We don't want her, you and me. And now I suppose it is time to have some cake, isn't it?"

This was practical, with a vengeance. I blew the whistle for Martin, and enjoyed his utter amazement at the sight of my little visitor.

"It is little Miss Trent, one of the Vicar's daughters," he told me, "and I am thinking that her pa will be in a pretty way about her. He'll think she is lost."

"Oh! of course he will. Send down to the village at once. Sir Charles Lloyd's compliments, and the little girl is quite safe. If he will allow me to keep her for an hour, I will send her home in the carriage."

Martin only stared in reply. He evidently feared I had taken leave of my senses.

"You will—keep her?" he stammered. "And yet you won't see——"

"Here, go and send someone," I interrupted. "I mean what I say. And bring some cake or something from the house."

The child called after him to be sure and tell papa that he was not to be angry, and that she had crept through a hole in the hedge; and then she proposed clambering up on to my couch, which was accordingly done.

"Now, will you hold me so I can't fall?" she said persuasively: "Hold my frock like that," and with a sudden glow of intense satisfaction I took hold of the piece of pink cambric with which she presented me. It was the first time since the accident that I had been asked to do anything, to be of use in the slightest way; and my self-respect, which in this weary year of self-loathing and contempt had well-nigh died within me, sprang into life at the baby's request. This seems but a trivial thing to write down, but though I am an old man now, and they tell me that my books have prevented my life being altogether a useless one, no kindly letter of thanks

or encouragement I may receive has ever wrought me one tithe of the good that came with her words, "Hold me so I can't fall." It was the first little seed of hope, and I blessed the tiny sower.

Meanwhile she chattered on. Her name was Winifred; she was six years old; and the house

voice broke into little shrieks of laughter, as she told how Jacky had blacked the baby, and how Miss Rose had thought he was a nigger, her merriment grew so contagious that I too joined in the fun, and Martin, returning, stood aghast at the sound of my laughter. "The Vicar's compliments, and he hoped I should



"'Hold me so I can't fall.'"

was so full at home. There was Miss Rose and papa, and Jessie and Floss, and the boys, and the twins, and the baby. "And wasn't I glad the daffies were out? And Jack had tied a bunch to the kitty's tail, and Miss Rose said he was a bad boy. Did I think it was so very bad?" And so on and on, telling me of all the merry, tempestuous life led in the rambling old vicarage. I revelled in her talk. That such life, such jollity, should be at a stone's throw from my own door seemed to bring me once again within the pale of humanity; and when the soft

allow him to call on the morrow." "Not for worlds!" My nervous dread of my solitude being invaded returned with redoubled vigour, and I told Martin that he must deny me as best he could, but that I would see neither cleric nor layman. If Mr. Trent would let his little daughter come to me I should be very grateful, but with her it must end; I would have no visitors. But our happy morning had been disturbed by the very thought. I felt restless and ill at ease, and when Winifred remarked she thought she had better go, I promptly agreed with her. Martin

lifted her off the couch, and then, without the slightest warning, she stood on tiptoe and kissed me good-bye.

"Now the hands." She kissed me on each palm, and then pressed my hands together, holding them close in her own velvety fingers. "When you say your prayers to-night, you'll hold my kisses quite tightly," she said quaintly. "Good-bye, dear Beast."

"Good-bye, dear Beauty;" and Winifred was gone.

"Seems to me, Sir Charles," said Martin, as he laid me in bed that night, "that that parson thinks we are all heathens here!" and the old fellow gave a broad grin. He had lived with my father before my birth, and often favoured me with unmasked opinions. "He has been precious anxious to get in here for a long time past, but I told him to-day that seeing you *was* you, little missy was the better parson."

The Rev. Arthur Trent was even more correct than old Martin knew. I *was* very nearly a heathen in those days, but still, for that night—"You'll hold my kisses when you say your prayers," Winifred had said—and for that night, at least, I did say my prayers.

And the days went on. Spring had changed to summer, and the roses were in full bloom. Little Winifred Trent, or "Beauty," as I always called her, cherishing the pretty fancy that had first led her to me, came to me day by day throughout those summer months. As far as I could gather, she was one of those lonely, rather neglected children of whom there is at least one in every large family; and being a quiet, old-fashioned little thing into the bargain, she was well content to escape the rough games of her noisier brothers and sisters to trot after my couch as Martin pushed me about the garden, or to sit by my side in the old panelled library. What long, delicious hours we passed, we two! Beauty had a fund of quaint, unlearned wisdom, and used to tell me wonderful tales of all that the roses were whispering when their crimson heads went nodding in the breeze. The simplest phases of every-day life were full of unknown marvels to this six-year-old child. She would hide the shadow on the sun-dial under a bed of moss, and then gaze in round-eyed astonishment when the long grey line escaped its green prison, in staid defiance of the busy fingers. A favourite bud would be kissed good-night, and then trick her in the morning by being "quite grown-up." She never woke from her dreams to find herself a woman; and who was it taught the rosebud? And then, when, tired of the sunshine, we crept into the cool dim library, what happy hours we spent, what baby confidences were whispered! Old-world historians made the strongest of thrones, and Ovid served as a footstool. I have a Froisart now, where her favourite picture is stained by the poppies she pressed there; and in a cherished Homer lies a shining curl she cut off for a freak one day, and vowed I must keep for "ever and ever."

I feel I am lingering too much. A helpless cripple and a sunny-haired child are not the *dramatis personæ* of which to make a readable story. Only I can tell

what that innocent little life was to mine. Only I can know how that wee bright ray from another world, as it seemed, opened to me a knowledge of the sunshine that was still existing in our own. The touch of the soft baby fingers, as she traced the scars on my face, healed them in a way that no surgeon's skill had done; and when Beauty, her blue eyes brimming with tears, told me of the village baby who had died that morning, of the tiny waxen face, and the poor mother's red eyes, I entered into my first communication with the outer world by sending help to the sad, poverty-stricken woman. Bit by bit Beauty won me back, if not to my old pursuits, at least to others that might take their place. The news that there was such a funny hole in her nursery ceiling, woke me to the consciousness that it was my business as landlord to keep the vicar's house in repair; and a grateful note from Mr. Trent induced a farther supervision of the cottages round about. Little wonder that the poor blessed that April morning when Beauty first forced her way into the Beast's castle!

"*Only a bit of childhood thrown away!*" How persistently that line of old Beaumont's went running in my head. My couch had been wheeled into the garden, now in the full blaze of its August glory, and Beauty was near me digging in her own little plot of ground, where she sowed shoe-buttons, and where geraniums blossomed in their stead, and where various other marvels took place. I had been lying there idly watching the child. How strong she looked, the very embodiment of health and beauty, with the fair cheeks tanned by the constant sunshine, and her blue eyes dancing with fun and mischief. A sudden wise remark in speaking of the baby-brother at home had led me for the first time to wonder as to what sort of woman my little friend would grow up. Tall, slender, and beautiful exceedingly; sympathetic, sweet, and most gracious. I had spent the morning in such dreamings as these, and now this afternoon all my pleasant fancies and wonderings were put to flight by the ceaseless persistence with which the poet's words rang in my head—"Only a bit of childhood thrown away."

"Beauty: come here, darling, and show me the flowers." I called to the child, anxious to rid myself of the thought, but the industrious little gardener did not hear me. She had wandered farther down the path, and was now nearly out of sight. In the distance I could hear the contented little voice singing a nursery ditty; and, satisfied as to my Beauty's well-being, I was soon lost in my book.

Suddenly my couch began to move!

You who are able to protect yourselves, who have full control of your limbs, and who can guard off any danger that menaces you—you will not understand me when I say that my heart literally stood still with terror. I felt for the whistle: it had fallen to the ground; and at the same moment a joyous bark in the rear told me that Beauty's latest plaything, a blundering Newfoundland puppy, must have broken

loose from the stable-yard, and rushing wildly along the garden paths in search of its little mistress, had come full tilt against the couch, which the impetus of the blow had been sufficient to set in motion. The guiding wheel had been turned sharp round with a view to making it safer, but, alas! for old Martin's care, that guiding wheel pointed in the direction of a slanting side-path, and after a horrible moment of suspense, while the blue sky swung around me and the bark of the puppy shut all other sounds from my ears, the couch started down-hill, rolling somewhat slowly at first, but gaining speed with every turn of the wheels.

"Don't be 'fraid. I'll stop you; I'll stop you!"

The voice, Beauty's voice, rang out clear and shrill. The child had seen what had happened, and now came flying up the path with both tiny arms extended. Terror must have rendered me stupid; for a moment I did not understand the baby's meaning. Then, "Go away, darling, go away!" I screamed, as the space between us rapidly lessened. "Don't touch me! Oh God, save the child!"

The agony in my voice arrested her steps, and for one moment she stood upright and motionless, beautiful as a guardian angel who wards the path of danger; and the next— Ah! how can I write it? She was knocked down, the couch stopped with a jerk as the wheel ground into the little soft body, and then, as it turned slowly over, I was flung out on to the path.

When I awoke to consciousness I was in my own room. "It was only a long fainting fit. He is all right," I heard someone say; and then another voice replied, "I wish the poor little girl was as well as he is."—"She is seriously injured, sir?" It was Martin who asked the question, and it seemed to me a long time before the answer came: "She is dying."

I lay and listened to them as a man in a dream. Beauty was dying! The words did not convey anything to me. I looked at the brass knob of the bedstead: it would make a capital ball, I thought, and Beauty and I would roll it about in the sunshine. How she would laugh when it glittered! But I forgot. Of course she would not play now, for they said that Beauty was dying. I raised my eyes from the brasses, and fixed them on the wall, where, with busy, mischievous fingers, she had pencilled the papered rosebuds. The pencil was still on the mantelshelf, and we meant to finish them on the morrow. But surely there was some reason why we might not finish them on the morrow? What was it? Did Martin know? Where was Martin? Ah! My groping hands had at last lighted upon the poor fellow, who was bending over me, and at the touch of the rough, gnarled hands at last I understood. I understood!

"Martin, take me to her."

"Mr. Charlie, my poor lad! You mustn't go. You mustn't go." It was the old boyish name he gave me as he hung over the bed, with the hot tears

coursing down his furrowed old cheeks. "Mr. Charlie, her father is with her, and the doctor, and the two big physicians down from town. You can do nothing for her, my poor lad, and your heart will break to see her there."

"Martin, I *must* go." I put both arms round his neck, and dragged myself close to him. "I know you can't get the couch, but I'm small and slight. Look, Martin, you can carry me well enough!"

"Carry you? I'd die for you, Mr. Charlie!" and thus carried in the same kind arms which had first held me as a white-robed child, I went to kiss my Beauty good-bye.

She was lying in the library.

At one end stood a pile of books, of which we had built a castle only that morning: a headless doll lay on the mat: a half-finished daisy-chain was on the table. They tell me that the room was full of people, but of them I saw nothing. It did not strike me until long, long afterwards that this was the first time for nearly two years I had looked on my fellow-man. As Martin carried me down the long room I only saw these evidences of the sweet child-life. Of Mr. Trent, of his sister, of the doctors, I have no recollection, but a gaily painted ball that lay in our path is still in my possession: I remember the doll, and the daisies, and then I remember being propped up on chairs by the side of the cushions where Beauty lay.

The child was apparently asleep, and there I waited by her. Someone moved the lamp, and the soft rosy light fell full upon her. All the pretty hair had been shorn from her temples, and her lips were bloodless, but otherwise there was but little change. The warm light falling on the tanned cheeks gave her a semblance of colour, and the lips were parted in a smile. And yet, Beauty was dying! Tick! tick! went the clock on the mantel-piece, and I could almost hear the baby voice counting the bell-like strokes. There was a long-standing jest between us about the big hand doing all the work, and the little hand being such a lazy fellow; and now, as the old clock ticked solemnly on, it seemed to be repeating over and over again the words that had haunted me when we were in the garden. "*On-ly-a-bit-of-child-hood-thrown-a-way.*" Someone (I suppose the doctor) was whispering to me. "I could not catch the words, but he seemed to be telling me that my darling was free from pain, and that very likely she would leave us in her sleep."

"Without one word!"

As I spoke I stretched a hand towards her, and true to the last to the comfort she had ever brought me, Beauty opened her eyes, and looked full at me.

"Read 'Beauty and the Beast,'" she whispered.

"It is almost time to go home, isn't it?"

"Not to-night, my darling! I can't read to-night!" My voice choked as I strove to answer her, but the weak whisper was repeated.

"But you always read it before I go. Do read it to-night."



"For we know that the hearts that are gone, my darling,
Are but lost for a little while."

"IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER."—p. 155.

Tears stood in the sweet blue eyes as she reiterated her request ; and then I felt the book was put into my hands, and I was told to read—"the child must go in peace." Was it the glorious sheen from the wings of the angels who stood waiting to bear her homeward that made the room so bright ? Was it the strange new radiance on the baby face that calmed my sobs and made the printed words grow clear before my eyes ? "Yes, I will read it, Beauty."—"Thank you, dear Beast."

"And the house and the gardens were always shut up quite tight. No one ever saw the poor Beast, because he was so ugly he would not come out. But he was very lonely and miserable, and all the time he was hoping that Beauty would come."

For a moment my eyes grew dim. That very sentence had first brought her to me, and now—? Ah ! Beauty, Beauty !

"And the Beauty and the Beast were very happy together. They loved each other very much."

A tiny sigh broke from the child's lips, and I stopped in sudden fear.

"It is almost time to go home, isn't it, Beast ?"

"Yes, my darling. Very, very soon."

"I'm so glad. Finish it quick."

"Till at last they wanted Beauty to go back to her father's home. And they sent for her, and the poor Beast had to let her go."

With faltering voice and bowed head I had read on, but now—"You needn't finish it," whispered old Martin, and at the touch of the trembling hand on my shoulder the room grew suddenly dark. The angels had flown back to Paradise, and the little child could no longer hear me.

Beauty had gone to her Father's Home !

M. E. W.

IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

WHAT do you see in the fire, my darling,
Gold-haired lassie beside my knee ?

Is it a castle in Eldorado,

Is it a lover from o'er the sea ?

Leave the castle for others, lassie,

Let the lover come whence he may ;

Love is love in the humblest cottage,

Never mind what the world will say.

What is it there in the flames, my darling ?

Do you wonder what I can see ?

The old white house and the little garden,

Oh, how it all comes back to me !

Oh, the sound of the mill-wheel turning !

Oh, the scent of the lilac-tree !

When I was a girl like you, my darling,

When your grandfather courted me.

You will grow old, like me, my darling ;

Time will whiten your golden hair ;

You'll sit at eve in the chimney corner,

Dreaming and watching each empty chair.

You will not weep as you sit and ponder ;

You will remember granny's smile ;

For we know that the hearts that are gone,
my darling,

Are but lost for a little while.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HEART.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.

II.—THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE.



CHEERFULNESS is a blessed thing. It is not, however, a merely spasmodic joy, or a transient hilarity. To be worthy of its name, and to be true and lasting, it must be a right and reasonable cheerfulness ; it must

be founded on peace with God, and peace with ourselves. Quiet and calm as a deep river, ours must be a joy that, as our Saviour says, remains, and a joy that no man taketh away from us.

I do not say that cheerfulness is altogether disconnected with circumstances. These cannot indeed create it, but they can, and do, minister to it. Freedom, through foresight and prudence, from unnecessary anxieties, from the carking cares of debt, and from indulgent habits of thriftlessness and luxuriousness ; all these things have much to do with the spirit of cheerfulness, for the debtor's pillow brings no rest with it, and the balm of an honest man's sleep is essential to the enjoyment of a cheerful and a thankful life. We are not, indeed, masters of all

circumstances. Heavy trials and heart-breaking worries may be superinduced through wasteful and wild children, or through injustice and perfidy, which hurt us through the action of others. None of us, however wise and watchful we may be, can be lords over other consciences or other hearts. We may indeed do much in early manhood to train the character of those who surround us. It is ours, then, to instil into their hearts and minds loyalty to those cardinal virtues which are the pillars of the temple of goodness; and of these pillars, a faithful discipleship to Christ as their Lord and Master will lay broadly and deeply the foundation stones. The sunshine of a Christian heart is the favour of God, and this none of us can enjoy unless we are obedient to the voice which says, "Blessed are they that keep His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life."

Sinfulness in thought, or heart, or life, is the one deadly enemy of cheerfulness, for sin is resultant in deadness of heart; and though in life's meridian we may through prudence insure competence, and through bodily care insure health, and through generosity, amiability, and courtesy secure troops of friends, we shall yet miss the crown of cheerfulness if the still small voice alarms us with its whispers, or if memory brings ever and anon to our minds the picture of a life that has trodden under foot the Son of God.

Cheerfulness is not alone a matter of constitution, though it is *largely* that; nor is it alone a matter of religion, vital as this is. It is also a matter of culture. Habit is a terrible tyrant, and even with good people there may grow up a mood of mind which is, to say the least, an unthankful and disinterested one. Directly we begin to think of mercies denied to us which might have ministered to our enjoyment, or of restraints and hindrances which kept us from some pastime of wealth, or even of some well-striven-for ends which we failed to gain through the treachery or cruelty of others, then the grace of cheerfulness decays and dies. But if we cultivate habits of faith and prayer, if we make God's arm our strength every morning and God's smile our benediction every evening, and if we believe in the good Hand which orders and overrules everything for our highest weal, our cheerfulness will not be altogether conditioned by the harmony of life's circumstances with our hopes and expectations; nay, we shall have such confidence in the Higher Will as to be able to sing—

"Thy will is sweetest to me when
It triumphs at my cost."

The cheerfulness we would cultivate, then, is a blessed ministrant. When the forgiven man was told by our Saviour to be of good cheer, the words were spoken to invigorate his heart in all future conflicts with evil, and to inspire him in the work of bringing others to the same source of life and salvation. Nor, apart from the direct results of cheerfulness, can we fail to see that in every aspect of life cheerful men and women are often unconsciously ministers of God for good. They bring medicine with them to the hearts of weary men, and make every home they stay in something like a sanatorium. Nothing creates indigestion and fritters away nervous energy like bad temper, moroseness, and sulkiness! "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says the inspired Word; and by "merry" is not here meant the use of funny or frivolous expressions, but just what we all mean by bright and cheerful. Unconsciously, men and women lose their worries when in happy fellowship with those whose sunny natures dispel the mists of melancholy, and disperse the gloomy clouds of distrust and doubt.

Many of us who are now in the meridian of life have homes of our own, and we have visited many other homes. How wonderful a difference we have noted between the homes of those who are too sedate to smile, too conscious of what is due to them to rejoice in what is given them, too proper to laugh, and too idle to sanctify morning and evening by common prayer—and the home where children feel no frown upon their glee, and young men and maidens are led to minister to the common weal, by all manner of little contributions to the household joy and comfort, and where visitors are made at home at once, without a novitiate of primness and formality; and where servants are treated with friendliness of feeling, and where joy-bells chime their sweet music in the belfry of every heart. A happy, cheerful home in the past days is not alone an interior for artists like Provis to paint. It is a picture hung on the canvas of memory through all the years, and is an inspiration to duty, fidelity, and love given to the children who come after us, so that, when they in their turn head their own tables, toss their own babes on high, trot out their own children to the country or to the sea, add up the ledger of their own mercies, and take the lead at their own family altars in the after years, they may fulfil the beautiful words—"One generation shall praise Thy name to another, and shall declare Thy wondrous works."

I have read somewhere about what is called the "Melancholia of Middle Life," that which Albert Dürer engraved as a subject. I think it perhaps

means that mid-life has its unfulfilled ideals, and that there is a consciousness of life's fast wasting forces, accompanied by a sense of loss and disappointment. I can understand that such a *melancholia* comes to any man, however upright, moral, and respectable he may be, who has lost his faith in God the Saviour, and in immortality and eternal life; for at midday it does seem but a little way to the end, and when the sun passes the meridian it seems to set in the west far more quickly than it came forth from the east. But, given a sense of the permanence of life, such as that taught us by our Blessed Lord—"And he that believeth on Me shall never die;" given a sense of the coming welcome which our dear departed ones will give us at the doors of the Father's House, as it is written—"They also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" and given a sense of inner meetness for that inheritance, through all the discipline of life, sorrow, and suffering, then I cannot understand the "*Melancholia*" of life's meridian at all. For not alone mid-life, but Christian age—of which I shall write in a future page—is often full of loveliness and cheerfulness, forasmuch as there is no sense of decay in the soul, and no doubt is felt concerning the fidelity of Christ to His promises.

I know, however, despite all that has been written in this paper, that there are histories amongst us which illustrate how difficult it often is—yea, almost impossible—to be cheerful in life's meridian. Wilful, ungrateful, and wicked children sometimes cast, not only the crown of their parents' honour, but of their parents' happiness into the dust; not alone their grey hairs do they bring with sorrow to the grave, but they make *the heart grey* while the hair is yet light; for such parents we have nothing but tender sympathy and reverent pity. God knows how the prodigal child hurts the parent's heart; and if any young people read these lines who have gone but one step in the downward road, if one beautiful boy like Absalom is making friends with some Ahitophel, or if another is staying out late at night and carving lines of care in a mother's face, and is wasting moral substance, or doing despite to the Spirit of Grace—it may so happen that their eyes will see in the image of the fading crown of cheerfulness on the faces of father and mother, a gentle reminder that a kind parent's love and care deserved better treatment at their hands. We can make allowance—we must—for the dearth of cheerfulness in homes that have been cursed with prodigality, crippled with debt, and crowned with shame.

Having thus fairly and frankly noted exceptions, let it not be understood that I forget the fact that the exception proves the rule—and that rule is, thank God, on the side of honourable and Christian homes! The one great disturbing element that militates against an all-persuasive and permanent cheerfulness is often *temper*. What a wonderful part a good temper plays in the economy of life! a beautiful face is but a poor possession, if a bad temper curls its lips and concentrates the light in its eyes and makes a little adder of its tongue. The atmosphere of good temper is the main secret of the cheerful home, and when a bad temper is conquered and brought into subjection to Christ the greatest of all conquests has been achieved. We can look back in the meridian of life and picture many of the homes we have visited and known. Some few were almost mansions, others were rich in rare works of art and *virtu*, others were characterised by well-stored libraries, and others had lovely gardens and orchards all hung with apple-blossoms, and birds that made music as they circled around the grounds; but within these homes there were budgy tempers, sulky tempers, stinging tempers, snarling tempers, satirical tempers, snappish tempers, morose tempers, fiery tempers! Give us, then, the cottage on the hillside, where bloom the wild thyme and the honeysuckle without, if that little home be fragrant with cheerful, sympathetic, thoughtful, gracious tempers within. Alas! how many parties, picnics, excursions, visits, and fellowships, have had their banquet joys spoiled by poisonous tempers!

If men and women would only see it, they would find that we all want more of *Christ* in us. We need, of course, as all our Christian teachers tell us from Sunday to Sunday—a Christ *for* us; but we need a Christ *in* us too. "Learn of Me," He says, "for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls." How cheerful we should be if we could remember and rest upon His cure for all our worrying anxieties—"Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of"—and if, as the memory of old sins comes back to play tyrant over our joys, we could believe His words, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

At the meridian of life, with the pastures of home around us, and the road safely trodden behind us, with the joy of children, the treasures of love, and the blessings of our fatherland, and the title in our hearts to the home beyond, we need to be admonished every day, not only "Be ye thankful," but "Be ye cheerful."

"God the Lord is King."

Words by G. RAWSON.

Music by Dr. E. J. HOPKINS, L.Mus., T.C.L.
(Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Temple.)

1. God the Lord is King—be - fore Him, Earth, with all thy na - tions, wait!
2. God the Lord is King of glo - ry, Zi - on, tell the world His fame;

Where the che - ru - bim a - dore Him, Sit - teth He in roy - al state:
An - cient Is - ra - el, the sto - ry Of His faith - ful - ness pro - claim:

Pia. and smoothly.

He is ho - ly; Bless - ed, on - ly Po - ten - tate! A - men.
He is ho - ly; Ho - ly is His aw - ful name.

3. In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened—
Answered them in all their fear:
He is holy;
As they called, they found Him near.
4. Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts, quickly broken!
Fiercely then His vengeance flowed:
He is holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

5. But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His face once more;
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore:
He is holy;
We, too, will His grace implore.
6. God in Christ is all-forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil:
Come, exalt Him, all the living;
Come, ascend His Zion, still!
He is holy;
Worship at His holy hill.

CHARLES WESLEY IN MARYLEBONE

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "WESLEY ANECDOTES."



EXACTLY opposite St. James's church in Marylebone there is a short street, called Chesterfield Street, which is happily associated with the Evangelical Revival of last century. On the north side of this unpretending place, Charles Wesley,

the Poet of the Revival, spent the last seventeen years of his life. Here the wealth and fashion of London gathered to hear his two talented sons, the famous boy-musicians; here Samuel Johnson, General Oglethorpe, John Wesley, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Mornington visited Charles Wesley in the last days of his honoured life; here news of the death of such friends as Ebenezer Blackwell, Vincent Perronet, and John Fletcher came to the warm-hearted poet; and here he himself died in peace, at the ripe age of eighty years.

A glimpse into Charles Wesley's home is one of the pleasures of Wesleyan biography. Married life was far from a happy thing for many of the Epworth family. John Wesley's marriage was a prolonged martyrdom, and some of his sisters were less fortunate than himself. Charles Wesley's home was without a cloud. Sorrow and death visited it as years passed by, but nothing ever disturbed that union of hearts which began on Saturday, April 8th, 1749, when he tells us, "I led MY SALLY to church." The Miss Gwynne who thus became his wife was the daughter of a Welsh magistrate of wealth and high social position, a tried friend of Howel Harris, the Welsh evangelist, and of the Wesleys. The lady was many years younger than her husband—beautiful, accomplished, pious, and amiable. Though she came from a home where there were nine children, twenty servants, a chaplain, and generally ten to fifteen guests, Miss Gwynne made an admirable wife for Charles Wesley. Her husband received one hundred pounds a year from the profits of the Methodist Book Room. Housekeeping under such conditions was very different from life at Garth, but the young wife bore her changed circumstances without a murmur.

On Friday, September 1st, 1749, their new home in Bristol—for which they paid a rent of £11 a year—was ready. It was "such an one as suited a stranger and pilgrim upon earth," said its new master. He consecrated it by prayer and thanksgiving, then spent an hour at the Methodist preaching-room in intercession. At six o'clock their first guests and nearest neighbours,

Mrs. Vigor and her sisters, "passed a useful hour with them." Then Charles Wesley says: "I preached on the first words I met, Romans xii. 1. The power and blessing of God was with us. Half-hour past nine I slept comfortably in my own house, yet not my own." Next morning, after family prayer at eight, the master of the house passed his usual hour of retirement in his garden, "melted into tears by the Divine goodness."

Such was the way in which Charles Wesley began housekeeping. He calls his home a "convent," but for piety full of joy and gratitude it is still a model for all Christian homes. In his gladness he wrote, "I rose with my partner at four. Whatsoever I do prospers." The angels of life and death hovered over that Bristol home. Five children died there in infancy; three lived to go with them to London. The mother preserved a lock of hair belonging to each of her lost children. Folded and labelled by herself, they lay before Thomas Jackson when he wrote his "Life of Charles Wesley." An inventory of furniture written with her own hand bears witness to the limited scale of the new establishment, and the care with which its young mistress adapted herself to her changed position. This was the home at Bristol which Charles Wesley's family left in 1771, after nearly twenty-two years of happiness. John Wesley had long felt anxious to have his brother near to him. After urging him in vain to come to help him in London, he wrote: "I perceive *verbum finit mortuo* ["the words are spoken to a dead man"], so I say no more about your coming to London. Here stand I: and I shall stand, with or without human help, if God is with us." Nevertheless he returned to the subject. "Is there any need," he asks, "why you and I should have no further intercourse with each other?"

Some years before Charles Wesley actually removed from Bristol, he tried to find another house. The expense was to be met by subscriptions in London and Bristol. In August, 1766, he writes from London to his wife: "Mr. Collinson and my friends here assure me it will greatly encourage subscribers if there is a particular house pitched upon to purchase. Perhaps my Bristol friends cannot find one out because the Master is providing me one elsewhere." A fortnight later he says: "My business here is to get you a house. In order to do this, I must have a list of your subscribers. I have objected to Mr. Blackwell here, to Lord Dartmouth, and every rich person I am supposed to be acquainted with; none but my own children have a right to supply my necessities."

"At present I look no farther than Bristol and Michael's Hill. What says friend Vigor to your mounting this hill? I shall not dislike our being removed farther from the room."

"Let Mr. James know how long my stay here will be, and desire him to write when he has any intelligence to communicate. He is too prudent to show any forwardness for the house, and too friendly to lose time about it, especially as it will encourage the subscribers here, to hear an house is actually secured. I should have his list of subscribers, if any are added, to show ours."

London was fixed upon at last. At first it was expected that they would settle in Hackney or Stoke Newington. When the subscriptions for the purchase of a house were just coming in, his friend Mrs. Gumley, the wife of Captain Gumley, of Bath, and aunt of Lady Robert Manners (formerly Miss Degge), came to his help. She presented the young musician with his first organ, and begged him, in the letter she sent with the money for that handsome gift, to let *her* know if he had any want unsatisfied, that she might have the pleasure of meeting his wishes. He was not to ask anyone else. Mrs. Gumley now came forward, and offered to give Charles Wesley the lease of her town house, No. 1, Chesterfield Street, Marylebone. He writes to his wife from London, on May 26: "To-day Mrs. Gumley told me she has refused several who would have taken her house; that all is ready for you, . . . that she will not put up the bill again till next post brings your final resolution."

On March 30th of the following year he tells her in a letter from Chesterfield Street: "Mrs. Gumley has left this house quite complete. I want nothing but money to keep it. Then you could not refuse to bring me yourself and children, whom I long to see more than Charles (who was with him in London) can do." An important postscript follows: "The first hundred, or even fifty, pounds that is given me, expect a bill to bring you up."

Six weeks later (May 16th) there followed a most interesting letter. Next week he hopes to have "his nurse and playmates," as he once called his wife and children, safely with him in the new home. He had been with his eldest boy to the house in Chesterfield Street, and had returned to dine at Brewer Street. The cleanness of the streets and dryness of the house had struck him most favourably. He is busy with all the cares of a new establishment, before the mistress has arrived to unburden him. The letter has a note of submission which recommends itself to all husbands in similar positions. "Mrs. Ashlin thinks the person now employed in airing the beds, etc., would be a very proper servant. She is cleanly, sober, diligent, an hearer of the Word, though not in society. We shall keep her to keep up the fires, to keep the windows open, to

he in the beds. When you come you will do as you like." He passes on to other matters. His wife was a beautiful singer. In 1750 he had written from London, in the midst of the earthquake panic: "How many of Lampe's tunes can you play? I am offered an exceeding fine harpsichord for sixteen guineas! What encouragement do you give me to purchase it for you?" He proceeds, "Morse will take good care of the harpsichord, but who of the cat? If you cannot leave him in safe hands, Prudence must bring him up in a cage; and if I finish my course here I may bequeath him to Miss Darby." Other messages suitable to such a time follow. This, he says, "is probably my last."

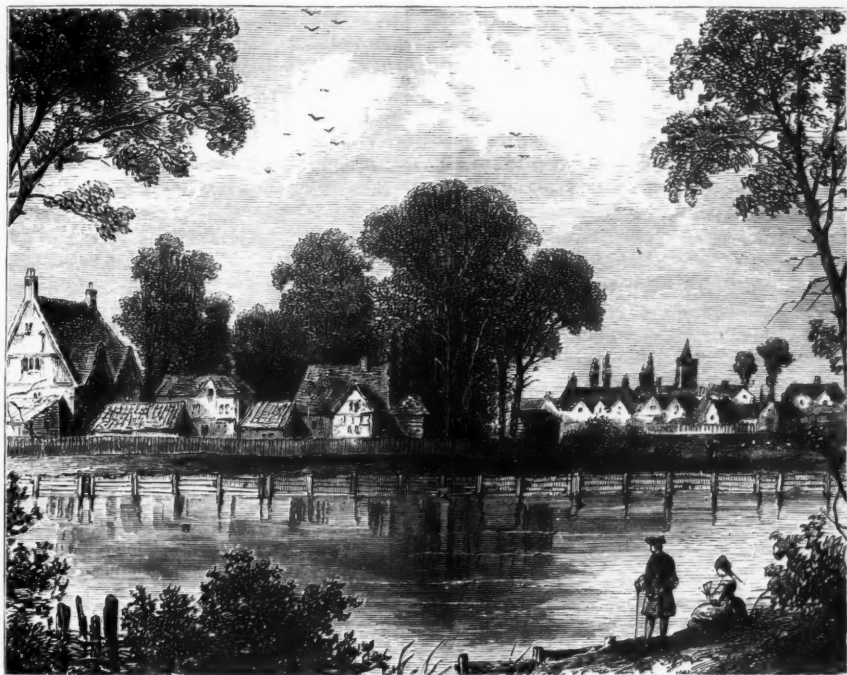
The new home must have presented a striking contrast to their little house in Bristol. It was a handsome town residence, richly furnished and completely prepared for occupation. It was subject to a ground rent to the Duke of Portland. That was the only burden. This generous gift came just at the time when Lady Huntingdon withdrew her friendship from the Wesleys because of the Calvinist controversy. One door thus closed, but another opened. Charles Wesley's new home stood on the right of Chesterfield Street. Great alterations have since been made in the street. The old house appears to have projected almost half-way across the present street.

Marylebone was a rural suburb when Charles Wesley became an inhabitant. Almost at his door were the famous Marylebone Gardens, with their fashionable bowling-green. Here Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was often found among the sharps and gamsters of the day. He always gave the frequenters of the place a dinner at the close of the season, with a parting toast which formed a fair index to the character of the company: "May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again." The gardens subsequently became a public resort, with theatrical exhibitions, music, and fireworks. Beaumont Street, Devonshire Street, and part of Devonshire Place, are built on the ground covered by the once famous gardens. Close to where the Portland Road Station now stands was a famous holiday resort for Londoners—"The Jew's Harp." Speaker Onslow used to visit it in plain dress, and sit in the chimney corner joining in the humour of the visitors, till one unlucky day the landlord recognised him as he was going to Parliament in his state carriage. Onslow found on his next visit that he was treated as a great man, and appeared no more at the tavern. The shady tea-gardens, with tennis and skittle-grounds, were much frequented, and a large upper room with outside staircase was used for balls and parties. Not far away was the "Queen's Head and Artichoke," so called from one of Queen Elizabeth's gardeners, who set up business there. Near to Portland Road station was

a turnstile, which led through green meadows to the pleasant old house. A cluster of small dwellings lay near, but fields were stretched all around. Here also was the indispensable skittle-ground with shady bowers, where delicious cream and tea awaited tired visitors.

The great drawback to the pleasant residence which Charles Wesley had found was its distance from the Foundry. John Wesley was so much engrossed with the cares and labours of his

the true Epworth spirit, though his home was free from the pressing poverty of the Lincolnshire parsonage. When absent from home, he tells his wife, "You, or Charles, or Sally, or Sam may write me a letter every post; and if you can get franks, more than one may write at a time." On another occasion he encloses a frank to Charles, and asks for a punctual account of his proceedings, readings, composings, etc. Another sentence sounds strange in the days of the penny



MARYLEBONE IN 1740.
(From an old Print.)

itinerant life that he could hold comparatively little intercourse with his brother at Marylebone. This difficulty made itself more felt as old age crept on the brothers. In May, 1786, John Wesley writes from Leeds to his brother: "Commonly, when I am in London, I am so taken up, that I cannot often spare time to go three miles backward and forward. That was the *πρῶτον ψεῦδος* ["the initial mistake"]: the getting you a house so far from me, as well as far from both chapels." The previous year he had said, with a lingering touch of regret, "Perhaps, if you had kept close to me, I might have done better. However, with or without help I creep on."

Charles Wesley's care for his children shows

post: "My dearest Sally may write without putting me to any expense. You hear seldomer from me, to avoid postage." Nothing that interests his children was forgotten by Charles Wesley. He was almost as zealous an advocate for early rising as his brother. "Go to bed at nine, and you may rise at six," he wrote to his daughter. "It is good for soul, body, and estate, to rise early." When away from home, he wished to be assured that Charles rose at six, Sally at seven, her mother before eight; and that his scholars went on with their Latin.

His letters to his daughter are singularly beautiful. He seeks to be her confidant and guide. "I think you may avail yourself of my

small knowledge of books and poetry. I am not yet too old to assist you in your reading, and perhaps improve your taste in versifying. You need not dread my severity. I have a laudable partiality for my own children. Witness your brothers, whom I do not love a jot better than you; only be you as ready to show me your verses as they their music." The evenings were devoted to reading with his children, according to some settled plan of study. He corrected his daughter's verses, urged her to commit to memory fine passages of poetry, and interested himself in all her studies.

Miss Sally was evidently a fashionable young lady. Her father speaks of an accident at Guildford, caused by her "narrow, fashionable heels." One of his letters from Bristol also shows that it was hard to find her suitable companions in London. "My brother says, Sally was much awakened while she met some of her equals here. Pity we

could not find her suitable companions in London. Among the serious she would be serious, and more." She met in one of the bands, and seemed to have gained some spiritual quickening, but her father was afraid that she would meet some stumbling-block in the society which might give her an unjust prejudice against religion, and left her to do as she felt best. He took care, however, to point out what she owed to the Evangelical revival. "That you gained by the despised Methodists, if nothing more, the knowledge of what true religion consists in: namely, in happiness and holiness; in peace and love; in the favour and image of God restored; in Paradise regained; in a birth from above; a Kingdom within you; a participation of the Divine nature. The principal means or instrument of this is faith, which faith is the gift of God, given to everyone that asks."

Such were the influences that reigned in Charles Wesley's home at Chesterfield Street.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S BETROTHED," AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER VII.—DICK CUNLIFFE CONFESSES HIS LOVE.



THE days had taken the turn, and were beginning to lengthen. December had brought one of those "green Yules" deprecated in the old saw, but during the last few weeks the weather had cleared and brightened under a touch of frost. One Saturday afternoon, while the declining sun stretched

lengthening shadows before their feet, two young people might have been seen wending their way between leafless trees and bare hedgerows, far too deeply absorbed in each other to feel the want of beauty in the road they traversed with lingering steps. For Dick Cunliffe had ventured at last to tell Jessie that he loved her, and had won from her lips the sweet confession that he was loved in return.

Jessie was proud of her lover; he looked so strong, so courageous and manly, and so infinitely tender as he told the story of his love. She felt herself the happiest and most fortunate of girls, and was inclined to pity other maidens who had no Dick Cunliffe to adore.

"And now you must give me your father's address, my darling, that I may go to him, and ask him for his treasure," said Dick, looking with impassioned

gaze at the sweet, blushing, changeful face, and pressing close to his side the little hand that rested so confidingly upon his arm.

Jessie shrank and shivered with a vague, nameless fear at the mention of her father's name, and the colour forsook her cheeks. "Oh, not yet! not quite yet!" she exclaimed piteously. "Let us be happy just a little while!"

"Why, my dear one, what is this father of yours that you should dread him?" Dick questioned, while the thought flashed across his mind that the father might be someone not quite reputable. This might be the reason why Miss Middleton had adopted her niece, and why he was never made the subject of conversation. Not that he cared a straw who old Middleton was, he said to himself.

"I don't exactly dread him," Jessie replied, though Dick felt that her hand trembled. "But he surely will not object; he cannot. His and Auntie's father was once only a common working mason." She spoke in a low tone, as if seeking to reassure herself rather than addressing her companion.

Dick supposed that she fancied he might shrink from her origin amongst the working class. "Dear love, what does that signify?" he said, drawing her still closer to him. "It is you I love! you I want! What can it matter who your grandfather was?"

Jessie glanced up at Dick's handsome face, so noble and refined; and as she contrasted his distinguished bearing, his winning manners, and

accomplished, highly cultured intellect, with what she had seen of her father, her heart sank within her. But, after all, what was it she feared? she asked herself. She could not define her apprehensions, but none the less they pressed upon her, and damped this moment of joy. It was, perhaps, more than anything else, that the two men would be antagonistic—that her father might treat her suitor roughly, in a way he would not bear.

"If you are afraid that Mr. Middleton will not think me good enough for his daughter, perhaps it is not without cause. We shall not quarrel on that score, for I shall quite agree with him," said Dick fondly. "But, my darling, you must let me go, and at once. I should not feel it right, as an honourable man, to ask you to pledge yourself to me without his consent. Why should we wish for any secrecy? You are not going to be ashamed of me at starting, are you?"

"Ashamed of you!" cried Jessie, lifting her little head, the colour deepening in her cheeks. "Ashamed! Oh, Dick, you don't know how proud I am to think that you should have chosen me above all the world!"

"Shall I tell you how that was?" Dick inquired, bending his tall head so as to look into her sweet eyes.

"Yes, tell me."

"Then it was simply because I couldn't help it," he rejoined. "I believe I was in love with you before I had ever spoken to you. Many and many a time I bless the opportunity that brought me to Miss Carraway's, and the parrot that first made us acquainted, otherwise I might have gone through life wanting the best half of my soul. Darling, I shall be very impatient till I can take my wife home. It will only be a very simple, quiet little home at first."

"Oh, Dick, as if I cared!"

"You are willing, then, to renounce all the pomps and vanities of the world?"

"Is there much merit in renouncing what one has never had?" laughed Jessie. "But I know nothing about pomps and vanities, and I am quite sure I should not care about them. What is it Shakespeare makes Anne Boleyn say? something about a golden grief and a glittering sorrow."

"I suppose there are such things. I do not suppose wealth can do much to stave off the real sorrows of humanity. It cannot purchase immunity from sickness and death, nor can it bring the greatest joy, for it cannot compel love," said Dick gravely. "But poverty is a great evil, and I would not ask my darling to share my lot if I did not feel sure that, health being spared me, I could promise her freedom from those little worrying cares that spoil many lives. We will not set our ambition too high."

"I am afraid I have no ambition in the sense you mean," sighed Jessie. "My father is a rich man—very rich, I believe; but though I never was exactly told as much, I have an idea that my mother was not a happy woman." She sighed again, the sensation

of dread creeping over her once more at the mention of her father.

"Your father is a rich man? I had no idea of that," Dick returned; and Jessie fancied that he spoke in a colder tone.

"He is a contractor, and I understand has made a great deal of money, but I don't know much about it," Jessie observed tremulously.

"Not Thomas Middleton, the millionaire?" asked Dick, startled, and almost dropping her hand from his arm.

"His name is Thomas Middleton. Do they call him a millionaire? I did not know," said Jessie anxiously, seeing that a cloud had overshadowed her lover's bright, handsome face.

"Oh, Jessie, if I had known!" Dick groaned out, in a tone of dismay.

"Well—what?" Jessie demanded quickly.

"I should have given Miss Carraway notice, and have run away before I had ever spoken to you."

Jessie withdrew her hand, and walked quickly on a few paces. Their shadows had disappeared from the road, for the sun had sunk below the horizon, and a chill white mist was rising. A red glow still lingered in the west, but darkness was coming on. With a stride Dick gained her side, and putting his two hands on the shoulders of her sealskin jacket, turned her round.

"What—tears? Oh, my love, is it for me?"

"Why, then, did you speak so cruelly, as if you wished you had never known me?" Jessie faltered, dashing away the tell-tale drops that hung on her long eyelashes. But Dick gathered her in his arms in the lonely, darkening road, and kissed them away.

"Did you suppose it was of myself I was thinking?" he questioned. "Do you not know that if I were forbidden ever to see you again, I should still bless the day that I learned to love you? But, my poor child, I fear you little know your father," he added mournfully. "We shall have a hard battle to fight. Oh, my love, be true to me!" he went on, all his heart in his voice. "I want none of your father's gold. Let him keep his wealth; I only want you! and he will try to take you from me!"

"He never shall!" pronounced Jessie firmly.

"Not even if he commands you to give me up?"

"No," Jessie declared, drawing up her slight figure, as they again walked onwards side by side. "I do not deny that I owe him some measure of obedience, since he is my father. When he summons me, I suppose I shall go to him, and I shall try to do my duty by him as a daughter should. If he refused to consent to our engagement, I should say, 'Let us wait,' and prove to him by our constancy, by our faith in each other, that our love is no evanescent fancy, but the real, true love that is to last our lives. Then—if he will not give way, are we bound to sacrifice our happiness to his will because he is my father? I think not."

"No! a thousand times no!" protested Dick

vehemently. "Love has also its claims, its duties. Only let us be true to each other, and all will come right at last. It must! it shall! I will seek Mr. Middleton without any delay—on Monday, if I can obtain an interview. He shall not have it to say that I sought his daughter in any clandestine manner. But I do not expect to be received with open arms, Jessie," he added bitterly. "I

"Dear Auntie! she will be our friend whatever comes!" Jessie murmured in tender accents.

"Yes, I think Miss Middleton will be our friend," Dick assented. "But, Jessie, do not let us deceive ourselves; do not let us make any mistake," he went on. "Now I know who your father is, so surely do I know that we shall meet with opposition, and I do not know that Miss Middleton will have any power



"What—tears?"—p. 163

have come in contact with Mr. Middleton more than once in the course of business, and we have not always agreed. I have a remembrance of his having called me on one occasion an impertinent young jackanapes."

Dick could not help laughing as he recalled the occasion that had roused the contractor's ire, when he had, on being sent to examine some building materials supplied by the great man, delivered himself of an unfavourable report.

"But, oh, Dick! you will bear with him for my sake?" Jessie implored, turning towards him a face quivering with pain.

Dick reassured her with a caress. "I would bear anything for your sake, my darling," he affirmed. "Oh, Jessie! why are you not the daughter of some simple, kindly man, such as Miss Middleton's brother ought to be?"

to help us; we must help ourselves. Jessie, my beloved, I think you are steadfast: I can read it in your eyes, on your lips. Every scheme will be tried to win you from me, to induce you to place your affections on the gay world your father's wealth will open to you. I know it—I can see it all," the young fellow continued, his voice husky with agitation as he traced the picture. "I know the grand mansion he has built at Nettlewood. We had the plans and elevations in our office. I know how he has fitted up his house in Palace Gardens. He has not laid out his thousands on all this splendour for nothing. Do you think he does anything without a motive? Do I not know his ambition? that he is straining every nerve to gain admission into what are called the higher classes? Do you think he will be willing to allow his daughter—his heiress—to marry a young architect, who has yet both fame and fortune to

create for himself? Pardon me, dearest, if I seem to speak bitterly of your father; it is the fear for our future that drives me to it. For, Jessie, I have heard it said—and rumour is busy with the sayings and doings of a man like Mr. Middleton—that he has declared his wealth shall never go to enrich a mere commoner, but shall serve to connect him with the peerage."

Jessie started as if stung. All this was quite new to her. This view of what might be had never occurred to her. "Never through me, if that is what he expects!" she cried with fiery energy, her cheeks aflame, her eyes flashing. "Does he imagine that I am to be bought and sold? Paraded before the world, ticketed to be disposed of to any bidder who is willing to barter rank for gold? Is that to be my destiny?" she continued, in accents of intense scorn; adding, in a voice that melted into sorrow, "Perhaps you will learn to despise me, Dick, if I go into society in accordance with my father's wishes; you may get to believe that I am a consenting party to his ambitious plans—that my will is weak, and that I have yielded to pressure. Do not believe it, Dick!" she implored, lifting to his her dark eyes, full of passionate fervour. "Do not believe it, even if appearances may be for the moment against me. You see, I may be obliged to yield in minor matters. It would neither be dutiful nor wise for me to place myself in constant opposition. But palter with my truth I never will! Do not believe it under any circumstances. Promise me, Dick."

Dick took her little hand and raised it to his lips, while he registered a vow never to doubt her, but to bide his time in such patience as he could till Jessie had passed through the ordeal, and had proved to her father that her senses were not to be dazzled nor her heart swayed from its allegiance. And he, in the meantime, would strive upwards, until the time came when he could come forward and say again, "Give me your daughter; we love each other. I want nothing of your wealth, only herself. We have been faithful to each other, and we have waited long enough; we have our own lives to lead, our own happiness to consider."—"You will be of age then, and you will come to me, my dearest?"

"I will come to you whenever you hold out your hand for me; in spite of all they can do or say, I will come to you. Do not be afraid, Dick." Thus Jessie assured him in low but firm tones.

"My brave darling!" cried Cunliffe, with all a lover's ardour; then, after a moment's pause, he added, "We want nothing but each other. Your father is not by any means an old man; he may marry again; why shouldn't he? How I wish he would! Then I could carry off my treasure at once to some cosy little nest, and we could have Auntie near us, and defy the world and all its grandeur. Meantime, we must respect his decision, however hard it may be to do so."

The suburban rows of gas-lamps began to glimmer through the mist—a damp, chill mist, that was

growing more dense and made Jessie shiver. Dick began to blame himself for keeping her out in the dark and cold. They hastened their steps homewards, and found Miss Middleton anxiously watching for them.

"You are late," she said, as Jessie bent over her for a kiss.

"Kiss me too, and wish me joy!" cried Dick, going up to the old lady with both hands extended.

Miss Middleton looked from one to the other; then she took a hand of each, and pressed them between her own. "Is it so?" she asked, tears springing to her kind eyes. "I am very glad! God bless you both; and—and be true to each other whatever comes!"

"Yes, whatever comes!" murmured Jessie, throwing her arms round her aunt, and hiding her glowing face on that bosom that had been as a mother's to her since her early childhood. Miss Middleton felt the quick throbbing of the girl's heart, and clasped her close, kissing her fondly, and whispering words of encouragement; Dick, longing to take them both within his strong arms, feeling at that moment as if his love had given him power to brave a host.

Hearing Hannah's step in the passage, Jessie tore herself away and ran up-stairs to her room, to change her damp dress and to compose her spirits awhile. The Miss Hammonds were coming to tea, and they must not find her flushed and agitated. When Hannah had brought in the tea-things and left again, Dick took the opportunity to tell Miss Middleton of the dismay he felt on discovering the identity of Jessie's father with the great contractor, and the fear, or rather certainty, he felt of opposition to his suit. Miss Middleton did not attempt to give him false hopes or to make light of the difficulties that lay in his way. But she spoke of Jessie's loyal character, and assured him of her own good-will and influence as far as it might go.

"I only wish for Jessie's happiness," she said. "I have seen what the misery of an uncongenial, unhappy marriage may be, but I believe you to be kind and true, Mr. Cunliffe."

Dick's answer may be guessed. At any rate, it may be supposed to have satisfied Miss Middleton, by the way she beamed upon her visitors on their arrival.

CHAPTER VIII.—LADY MOUNTFALCON PAYS HER VISIT OF INSPECTION.

MISS MIDDLETON and Jessie seldom stirred from home on the Sunday afternoon, but after returning from morning service, spent the rest of the day quietly by themselves until the evening service. Dick Cunliffe had never been formally interdicted from calling on a Sunday, but he felt intuitively that his old friend preferred being alone. Even on this exceptional occasion, though he met the two ladies at church, and walked home with them,

he left them at the gate, knowing that aunt and niece would have much to talk over together.

Owing to his usual absence from home at this particular hour, his eyes had never been dazzled by the splendour of Mr. Middleton's equipage, with the high-stepping bays in their glittering harness, and the coachman and footman, gorgeous in light blue and crimson. This equipage attracted the inhabitants of Acacia Grove to their windows, by dashing up to No. 9 about four o'clock of the day after that momentous evening when Dick and Jessie had plighted their troth.

"Here is your father, Jessie!" exclaimed Miss Middleton, in a little quiver of agitation. Though she did not confess the feeling to her niece, she could never quite overcome a sort of fear of her brother, or perhaps it was merely a shrinking from his pompous, overbearing manner. "There is a lady with him," she added, as the tall footman sprang from his perch, and after nearly knocking the door down, returned to the carriage, and held up his arm for Lady Mountfalcon's delicately gloved hand to rest upon in her descent.

Jessie looked remarkably well as she rose to receive her father and his friend. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks suffused with a delicate colour, born of her heart's secret. She was most becomingly dressed. A girl's delight in making herself beautiful to meet her lover's eyes had prompted her to put on her best walking-dress, a dark wall-flower-coloured gown in cashmere and velvet. For her only ornament she wore a gold chain and a locket her aunt had given her, containing a photograph of her dead mother. Miss Middleton had never given her any details of her mother's life and death, but, as has been said, the idea had taken possession of her mind that her mother had been unhappy, and this belief increased the almost unconscious antagonism towards her father.

Lady Mountfalcon was perfect mistress of the art of accommodating her manner to the society she happened to be thrown amongst: that is, when it was her intention to please. Otherwise, no one could more effectually freeze with a look from her blue eyes, or repel by a haughty movement of her shapely head, or a sarcastic word. Her dress, too, was always perfect in its appropriateness. Taking into consideration the day, and the unfashionable neighbourhood she was about to visit, she elected to appear in a rich, but simply trimmed, black silk, and a black velvet mantle with a deep border of sable fur. She was all sweetness and graciousness—so pleased to make Miss Middleton's acquaintance! and apologising for intruding on a Sunday afternoon.

"It is all Mr. Middleton's fault," she added, playfully shaking her forefinger at the man of money-bags. "He made me long for an introduction to you and his dear daughter, and I could not resist taking advantage of his escort."

"We are happy to see any friend of my brother's,"

Miss Middleton replied quietly. "He knows we are always to be found at home at this time."

Whilst speaking, Lady Mountfalcon had been taking in every detail of the room. The harmonious colouring, the choice water-colour drawings on the walls, the budding hyacinths on the stand by the window, the white Persian cat coiled up asleep before the bright fire, the parrot who blinked at her with his head on one side while sidling along his perch: nothing escaped her penetrating eyes.

Presently she left Miss Middleton to converse with her brother, and turned her attention to Jessie. Jessie's appearance had taken her completely by surprise, so much so, that for a moment she had been in danger of losing her self-possession. Instead of the clumsy, red-cheeked, awkward, ill-dressed hoyden she had expected to encounter, she saw before her a girl tall, slight, erect, graceful, perfectly dressed, and with a manner as calm and self-possessed as her own. She was much struck, too, with the deep-set dark eyes under the level brows, and the clear, almost colourless complexion set off so well by the bronze-brown hair; for Jessie's cheeks had lost their transient glow on her father's entrance. The only points that were not satisfactory to her ladyship were the broad forehead and the rounded chin, betokening, as they did, a strength of will that might not always be as subservient to that of others as could be desired.

As Lady Mountfalcon engaged Jessie in conversation, other qualms assailed her. The girl's musical voice and perfect articulation, and her brilliant smile, were all so many additional charms; but there was a candour and a truth-compelling look about the dark eyes, raised so frankly to the face of her interlocutor, that gave an uncomfortable feeling that any little shams and pretences would be immediately detected, if not mercilessly exposed. Lady Mountfalcon at once laid aside all idea of overawing Mr. Middleton's daughter, and reducing her to humble submission; but told herself she must meet her as an equal, and win her affections, if she would mould her to the part she required her to play—the part that the viscountess intended should turn to her nephew's profit—and her own.

Jessie, on her side, was inwardly questioning why her father had brought Lady Mountfalcon to see her, for she felt that the visit was to her. Dick Cumliffe's words haunted her mind: "He never does anything without a motive." What was the motive in this instance? She had scarcely thought of herself as of sufficient importance to her father for him to have troubled himself about her appearance, or she would have taken it to be a visit of inspection, and thus have been very near the mark. She supposed that her father intended that she should be dazzled by this elegant woman of rank, but Jessie did not feel much impressed. Her young eyes had detected the assistance of art in her ladyship's still handsome face, and her manner struck her as being artificial; her words, kind and flattering as they were, had not the true

ring to Jessie's unsophisticated ears. But Lady Mountfalcon had no conception of "nature above the touch of art," nor was she prepared for such close scrutiny. The fading light of the January afternoon ought to have protected her. In her own drawing-room she was always careful to preserve a twilight by dropped blinds and half-closed curtains, avoiding the searching eye of garish day.

"I am nearly ready for you in Palace Gardens, Jessie," said Mr. Middleton in a pompous tone, breaking in upon Lady Mountfalcon's colloquy with his daughter. "In a short time I shall wish you to assume your proper station as—ahem—my daughter."

"Very well, father, whenever you wish," was all that Jessie replied; but she flushed and then turned pale, while her mobile lips quivered for a moment. "What would her father say after he had seen Dick?" she asked herself; "would he still wish her to appear as his daughter, whatever that might imply?"

Lady Mountfalcon, with her habit of quick observation, noticed Jessie's change of countenance. "I hope she has not got into any foolish entanglement," she said to herself. "If so, it must be put an end to at once."

"I hear that Mr. Middleton's house is unique in decoration; but probably you are in the secret?" her ladyship suggested.

"No, indeed," Jessie returned. "I knew that my father had taken a house, that was all."

"No?" Lady Mountfalcon interrogated, raising the eyebrows that were pencilled with so much fine art; "now I call that quite delightful! I believe, between you and me, that your dear father has prepared a surprise. I expect to see something very uncommonly magnificent."

"Then you are prepared not to be surprised!" said Jessie, with a smile.

Mr. Middleton frowned. He thought Jessie spoke with far too much ease and freedom in the presence of so exalted a visitor.

"Your ladyship must excuse Jessie," he hastened to interpose. "She has been accustomed, I am afraid, to—ahem—speak her mind a little too freely."

"Where there is nothing to conceal, there is surely no harm in openness of speech," Miss Middleton interposed gently.

"Harm, my dear Miss Middleton! I call it delightful, quite refreshing, in these artificial days!" exclaimed Lady Mountfalcon enthusiastically. "There is nothing I adore so much as candour, and nature, simple nature! and it is so rarely met with!" She ended with a sigh, and her head a little on one side, as if plaintively contemplating the insincerity and falseness of the present state of society. Then she turned again to Jessie and took her hand. "I intend we shall be the best of friends," she said. "I hope we shall meet very often; you must come to me with all your little difficulties."

"You are very kind, Lady Mountfalcon," Jessie returned, again smiling, though this time with an expression not so easily read.



"'Yes, whatever comes,' murmured Jessie."—p. 165.

Tea was brought in; Jessie poured it out, handing a cup first to Lady Mountfalcon, and then to her father, who received it from her with an air of condescension, as if to call attention to the fact that so great a man as Thomas Middleton could stoop so far as to imbibe that modest beverage. He took the opportunity of dilating upon the expensive dinner and tea services that had been supplied for both Nettlewood and Palace Gardens.

"I have not a doubt but that the rascals have cheated me," he observed, flashing the diamond ring on his little finger as he raised his cup. "Your ladyship is a judge of china; you must tell me if it is real Sèvres for which they have charged me a guinea a cup."

"Some of the Sèvres is almost priceless," responded Lady Mountfalcon: "that is to say that no price could be too much for so exquisite a fabric. What do you say, Jessie? I may call you Jessie, may I not?"

"Certainly; I shall be very pleased," was the answer; then she added, "I am no judge of china; I have seen much that I think very beautiful, but also some, that I am told is of great value, that I think extremely ugly."

"I hope you will endeavour to cultivate your tastes, Jessie," said her father, who knew nothing of the subject, but was shocked at hearing anything that was valuable proclaimed ugly.

"I shall always be glad to have it pointed out to me where I am wrong," said Jessie. "I know I have much to learn."

"That is right," said her father, patting her on the shoulder.

Lady Mountfalcon had risen from her seat and proposed that the carriage should be summoned. It had been parading up and down the Grove, to the great admiration of the neighbours. Her ladyship took a graceful leave of Miss Middleton, expressing the hope of meeting her again soon, pressed Jessie's hand with an affectionate smile, and swept out of the room, and down the steps to the carriage, where the blue and crimson footman stood holding open the door. Mr. Middleton followed, accompanied by Jessie.

"I beg that you will pay every attention to Lady Mountfalcon, and that you will endeavour to imitate her as far as possible. You could not have a better model," he said in an undertone. "You must remember that, as my daughter, you will have—ahem—a position to sustain," he added impressively, not to say solemnly. Then he kissed Jessie's forehead, and descended the steps in full-blown dignity.

"What did you mean by telling me your daughter was plain?" asked Lady Mountfalcon, when they were seated in the carriage.

"Do you really find her pretty?" Mr. Middleton inquired, in an accent of surprise.

"No, not pretty in the ordinary way, but she has the power of being wonderfully attractive. I can imagine her looking beautiful at times. She will create a sensation, you will see," her ladyship affirmed; adding, "She has that rare gift of fascination that only about one woman out of a thousand possesses. The question is, will she choose to exercise it?"

"I expect she will do whatever I wish," said Mr. Middleton, with a heavy frown.

Lady Mountfalcon shrugged her aristocratic shoulders. She felt sceptical on that point. "If you require implicit obedience to your wishes, would it not have been wiser to have trained her in such a habit?" she ventured.

"What should I have done with a little girl?" Mr. Middleton replied, in some astonishment at such a remark. "I have had other and more important things to think of."

"And now you will find you have to do with a woman, and one who will have independent opinions, if I mistake not."

"I care nothing about her opinions, so long as she does not air them before me," returned Mr. Middleton, swelling like a turkey-cock. "It is acts I want, not opinions. But what could any reasonable woman object to in what I require of her? She has

the—ahem—power of attracting, your ladyship is kind enough to say? Very well; let her exercise that power. But she must clearly understand that I will never give my consent to her marriage with anyone who cannot make her 'My Lady.'"

Lady Mountfalcon inwardly shuddered at this man's snobbishness and vulgarity, but she assumed her sweetest smile as she responded, "Either in the present or future you mean, as a matter of course? You do not intend to strike from the list of eligible suitors the eldest sons of peers, I presume?"

To this Mr. Middleton gave no immediate answer. He was not quite prepared to say; the eldest son of an earl might do, but it would be small satisfaction to have his daughter only succeed to a title after his death. He wanted to speak of her as my daughter, "Lady So-and-so." And as for Jessie making any objection, he himself was ready to fall at the feet of a marquis or an earl, let him be as ugly as Caliban or as stupid as an owl, and why should he suppose his daughter would be unwilling to do the same? Why had he toiled and moiled, and amassed thousands upon thousands, but with the hope of allying himself with what he pompously called the aristocracy of his country?

And Society proved grateful for his homage, and had shown itself willing to receive him. Society judges of a man by his equipage, his livery servants, his house, the style of entertainments he has it in his power to give, the quality of his guests. As for his moral or intellectual worth, what does Society know or care about them? No, Mr. Middleton made no mistake in his calculations. He could not achieve a title for himself, he could not purify his blood from its plebeian strain, he could not hope to adorn his own brows with a coronet, though a paltry knighthood he might obtain; what wonder, then, that he had so fully resolved to place the magic circlet on his daughter's youthful head?

Lady Mountfalcon kept silence for a few minutes, revolving matters in her own mind, while the softly cushioned, well-hung carriage rolled on its way. Then she said abruptly, as if continuing her thoughts aloud, "I only hope Miss Middleton has not a lover already?"

Mr. Middleton started as if stung. His face became crimson.

"Jessie—a lover?" he exclaimed angrily. "I am sure my sister would not dream of such a thing!"

"It seems to me more to the point to be sure that Jessie does not dream of such a thing," replied her ladyship, with a little rippling laugh. "However, I do not think there is much cause for fear. She will be launched into such a different world from that in which she has hitherto moved, that any little predilection she may have formed will soon fade away. But there is no need to raise ghosts only to lay them. Now for the panoply of war.

Miss Middleton must not enter the field as an ordinary young lady, dressed by an ordinary *modiste*. Her style must be something striking, original. I will, if you give me leave, introduce her to Madame Hortense; she will do your daughter justice, but she is expensive, I must warn you."

"You lay me under deep obligations," said Mr. Middleton, a shade less red in the face, though still a little husky in the voice. "As for the expense, I am willing to give *carte blanche*. Madame What's-her-name has only to name a sum, and if that is not sufficient, she may draw upon me for any amount required," he declared ostentatiously, with a wave of the hand, as much as to say, "A few thousands more or less, what can they matter to me?"

Lady Mountfalcon smiled sweetly in response. Mr. Middleton was not aware that Madame Hortense had become troublesome for her "little account," and that her ladyship calculated that by so valuable an introduction, and the payment of perhaps a hundred pounds down, she would be able to get credit for another season.

"I really do not see the good of these second-rate people, or why they should be allowed to exist, if something cannot be made out of them," she said to herself, in excuse.

By this time the carriage drew up at Lord Mountfalcon's door, and the two allies separated, each perfectly well satisfied as to the compact entered into. How far their plans succeeded remains to be seen.

CHAPTER IX.—MR. MIDDLETON MAKES CONDITIONS.

"WELL, my dear, what do you think of your new friend?" Miss Middleton inquired with a good-humoured smile, as her niece returned to the parlour.

Jessie made a little grimace. "I don't think I like people who smile with their teeth," she said.

"How do you mean, dear?"

"So," Jessie replied, imitating a society smile. "A smile, a real smile, ought to come like sunshine

into the eyes, and beam all over the face. Lady Mountfalcon had no occasion to smile at all. I know now what my father brought her for."

"For what, then?"

"To look me over, just as he would take anyone he considered a judge to look at a horse he intended to buy. I should like to hear what her ladyship is saying just now. No," Jessie corrected herself, "I don't think I should. I don't think I care!"

"Lady Mountfalcon is a very elegant, agreeable woman; I don't know why you shouldn't care for her opinion," Miss Middleton contended.

"But how much was the real Lady Mountfalcon?" Jessie queried.

"My dear, you must not be too severe," her aunt replied seriously. "There are many little shams and pretences, as you might call them, that are supposed essential in society. They form a sort of amalgam, where there are many mixed materials that would otherwise never cohere. If you meet a large number of people, you will have to be content with surface pleasantness. We can only expect to make a few real friends as we pass

through life; for the rest, if people make themselves mutually agreeable, it is quite enough."

"You dear, good, wise old Auntie!" cried Jessie, embracing the old lady, whose gentle maxims she did not always follow. "With you and Dick, what do I want with 'worldly folks,' as Burns calls them? For the rest, never fear. I will learn to pass false coin and make believe it is real, like the rest of them, and I am going to begin practising smiles before the looking-glass.—Oh! how heartless I seem to be, making fun, when I know to-morrow I shall be breaking my heart!" she went on, sinking into a chair and clasping her hands behind her head. "Oh, Dick, Dick! we shall be separated for I don't know how long. Will you bear what you will have to meet with from my father? Will you be true to me through all?"

Jessie had to bear suspense with what fortitude she could muster till Dick came home on the following evening. She ran to open the door as she saw



"You need scarcely tell me what he said, Dick."—p. 170.

him cross the road, and perceived, the moment she looked into his face, that their foreboding fears had not been baseless. He looked pale and agitated, and he held her clasped to him a minute or two without speaking, as if the throbbing of his heart would prepare her for what he had to tell.

"You have seen him?" she whispered, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Yes, I have seen him," Dick replied gloomily, as, freeing herself from his embrace, she took him by the hand, and led him into the little dining-room that looked upon the small back garden.

"You need scarcely tell me what he said, Dick." She released his hand, and laid her two upon the breast of his coat, looking up into his face, her eyes swimming in tears.

"I should scarcely like to tell you, my dearest. But you know what you promised me, Jessie?" Dick said, still very pale, though he tried to smile as he looked down upon her sweet face.

"To be true to you through all," she murmured. "Oh, Dick, there is no merit in that! As if I could ever change! But I cannot bear to think that you should be subjected to mortification, perhaps even to injury, through me!"

"Do you think my love for you is so poor a thing that it will not bear a strain?" Cunliffe asked reproachfully.

"No, I don't think it a poor thing. I measure your love for me by my love for you, and I know it is not a poor thing. But, Dick, I don't ask you to tell me what my father said—I can imagine," she continued, the colour dying out of her face, her lips quivering with pain. "But tell me how we stand—what are we to do?"

Dick drew her to a seat. There was no need for her to entreat him not to tell her. Not for worlds would he have repeated the insults that had been heaped upon his head. Mr. Middleton was Jessie's father, or he would scarcely have used the expressions that had fallen from his lips with impunity.

"We scarcely expected his consent at once, you know, dear," he said, controlling himself, for at the recollection of the interview his indignation flamed up again. "We must not take his refusal too much to heart. We must have patience. It is really true that he intends you to marry a nobleman."

"He may intend what he pleases; but I know what I intend," Jessie replied, lifting her little head proudly. Then she drooped again, adding, "I do not wish that he should think me obstinate or self-willed; but I can never think that where the happiness of a whole life is concerned we are bound to give up to others. I think one must judge for oneself. Don't you think so, Dick?"

"Do I not, my darling? Do you suppose I am going to give you up for anyone, or anything?" he returned ardently, drawing her close to him, as they sat side by side.

"No, we will never give each other up; but we

will first try what patience and persuasion will do, before acting directly in opposition," Jessie declared. "Perhaps when he finds that I am wishful to be a good daughter to him, and to please and obey him in all things except where my heart's truth is concerned, he may relent—in time. If not—if all our persuasions, all our entreaties fail—and when I am of age——"

"You will come to me! You will be my wife, in spite of all! Oh, my love—my love!" Cunliffe breathed in low, passionate accents, resting his cheek against her bronzy-brown hair. "You wouldn't care if your father refused to give you a dowry, would you?"

"For myself, no! But it might be hard upon you, Dick. I must not be a clog and a hindrance to you, Dick."

"If you mention such things, I shall know how to stop your mouth," Dick answered, suiting the action to the word. "Your father told me that if you married me you should never have a farthing of his money, and I answered him that I wanted none of it; that if I had known in the first instance that you were his daughter, I should have avoided danger, and should have gone away when I found myself falling in love with you; but that now it was too late: that you had given me your affections, and that it was not for me to relinquish such a gift. I said I would never give you up until in your own person, and by word of mouth, you told me you wished our engagement at an end."

"My brave, noble boy!" whispered Jessie fondly.

"He said he did not expect I should have long to wait for that: that you would soon come to your senses. I answered him that when that was the case I would accept my dismissal, but it must be from your lips alone I would take it."

"Keep to that, Dick! Promise me you will keep to that!" she cried, a look of determination on her spirited face. "Say these words after me; let me hear them:—'I will not believe anything that may be said. I will not believe even a letter purporting to come from you. I will believe only what comes from your own lips.' Say it, Dick."

"'I will not believe anything that may be said. I will not believe even a letter purporting to come from you,' he repeated after her. "'I will believe only what comes from your own sweet lips.'"

"I didn't say that, sir! You have no business to interpolate. Oh, Dick!" she burst out in an agony of grief, "I shall be forbidden ever to see you, or to hear from you, or write to you. I know I shall."

"Dear, we shall both be in London, and my Jessie will be such a fashionable lady that she will be sure to drive in Rotten Row in the afternoons, and if a certain Dick Cunliffe should be leaning over the rails watching the carriages——"

"Oh, Dick, what a delightful idea!" Jessie interrupted. "Of course we may see each other sometimes; no one can prevent that! And then

you call at the Faulkners' sometimes, and Minnie will be sure to write to me, and I shall have her to come and see me in Palace Gardens. No, we shall not be quite separated, so that we shall not know of each other's existence. That would be too dreadful!"

They remained silent for some little time in the dimly lighted room. A lamp stood on the sideboard, but it was turned down low.

"Dear, this may be our last evening together for a long, long time. You will be sure to hear from Mr. Middleton to-morrow," said Dick at last.

"Yes," Jessie sighed, again leaning her head against her lover's shoulder. "But I can't think of the blank that is to come yet. I cannot realise it as long as you are with me."

"My poor child, we shall both have to suffer for a time, and I would give my life to save you a moment's pain!" said Dick softly, as he caressed her ruffled hair. "But we will look forward to a bright and happy future," he went on, striving to speak cheerily. "Thinking of my darling and her trust in me, I shall have something to work for. Every upward step I take, I shall think that it brings me nearer to my wife. I shall try to make of my future something that she will not be ashamed to share. Jessie dearest, nothing in the world shall tempt me from you. Not for one single waking hour shall I forget you. But tell me once more, that when the time for waiting is past, you will come to me without fear or hesitation."

"I too will think of you but once, and that will be always," responded Jessie in fervent accents. "The moment I may, I will come to you, whether you are rich or poor. There! take my promise and my whole heart with it!"

Their spoken words had not been so many, but between them had been silences and tender caresses, and time was creeping on. As Jessie said, she could not realise the blank to come as yet; neither could Dick, to its fullest extent. The confession of mutual love was still too new for the joy of it to be altogether dimmed by coming shadows. Dick was more keenly alive to the struggle that lay before them, but at the same time he was conscious of his own strength and faithfulness, and had perfect trust in Jessie's truth.

As they sat, their bright young heads close together, too much absorbed to take any note of time, there came the sound of wheels and a thundering knock at the door.

"It is my father!" cried Jessie, starting. "I must go; and you must go away, Dick. Do not let him see you just now."

They rose as she spoke. "One kiss, then, my brave darling!" Dick whispered passionately. The hearts of both were too full for more words. One more kiss, and then Dick left her, and Jessie, dashing away her tears, went to meet her father.

"So, young lady, whilst I believed you were in safe quarters here, I find that you have been making a fool of yourself," said Mr. Middleton, in a loud, dictatorial voice, as Jessie entered the room.

"If there has been any blame, my aunt has no share in it," said Jessie, hastily coming forward.

"If there has been any blame? What do you mean by *if*?" her father demanded, in despotical tones.

"Because I do not acknowledge any," Jessie replied quietly but firmly, standing erect before her father, raising her head with the proud gesture habitual to her, and meeting his eyes unflinchingly.

Her father looked her over from head to foot as she stood before him, as if he had never seen her before. Neither, indeed, had he. He had been accustomed to regard her as a something belonging to him, to be made subservient to his purposes, rather than as a being possessing a distinct individuality, until Lady Mountfalcon opened his eyes, and forced him to see that Jessie had a character, and an independent will of her own.

"Sit down," he said, less roughly, himself setting the example. "I am not here to argue, but to give my directions as to what is to be done," he continued, as if he were speaking to one of his clerks. "This foolish—ahem—I will not call it an engagement, because such a thing could not be entered into without my—ahem—sanction. But this fancy—this—whatever you may call it, must be at an end. I will not have it!"

He brought his hand down on the table as he spoke with a vehemence that made Miss Middleton start, and excited the parrot, who began to shriek.

Jessie made no reply. She sat down at her father's desire, but she did not lift up her voice in self-defence; she had no wish to exasperate: she waited for what should come next.

"How did this—ahem—this extremely ridiculous affair arise?" Mr. Middleton inquired, joining his finger-tips together as his elbows rested on his knees, and looking at his sister for information.

"In the simplest way possible," returned Miss Middleton, taking off her spectacles, and laying them beside her. "Two young people, suited to each other, and likely to make each other happy, happened to meet, and with a very ordinary result."

"Suited to each other!" cried Mr. Middleton, sitting bolt upright, and swelling with offended dignity. "How can a young beggarly nobody be suited to my daughter? Are you mad, Maria?"

"We do not trace our own descent from a very high source," was Miss Middleton's answer; "and from what I have seen, I should not say that wealth will command happiness in married life."

Mr. Middleton winced at this reminder, and became a shade redder in the face. "That, I should say, depends upon whether the party is fitted to occupy a high position," he replied hastily, clearing his throat. "I expect my daughter has been educated to—ahem—adorn any position to which she may be raised."

Mr. Middleton was not yet quite at home in the sort of language he conceived to be suitable to his present station, and the endeavour to find choice

expressions caused him to halt in his speech occasionally.

"Be that as it may," he resumed, as Miss Middleton made no further remark, "I am here to express my wishes to my daughter, and I expect she will respect them."

Jessie bowed her head, still without speaking. There was no sign of contrition on her face, neither of fear.

"As for any idea of marriage with this Mr.—a—Cunliffe, it is quite out of the question. It is quite—ahem—preposterous, in fact. Your sphere and his will be as far apart as—a—as possible." Mr. Middleton was not poetical, and similes and metaphors did not come readily to him. "You must understand this thoroughly, Jessie: it is quite out of the question. This extremely presumptuous young fellow must be told that he is to make no attempt to see you again, or to correspond with you. To ensure this, to remove you from this dangerous neighbourhood, I think it best that your aunt should take you to the sea-side for a month or six weeks, till preparations are—ahem—completed for your presentation. Maria, you hear what I say?"

"I have no objection to take Jessie to the sea-side for a few weeks. I daresay it would do the child good," said Miss Middleton.

"Then it only remains for you, Jessie, to give me your word that you will give up this foolish attachment. As for the young man, if you do not obey me, I shall know how to deal with him," Mr. Middleton went on, in a more threatening tone. "No doubt he has his price. If not, I think my influence is sufficient to crush him should he dare to press any claim your folly may have given him; and I will, too!"

Jessie lifted her head and looked at her father, a swift flood of colour rushing even to her brow,

her lips quivering with the stinging pain of this insult offered to her lover.

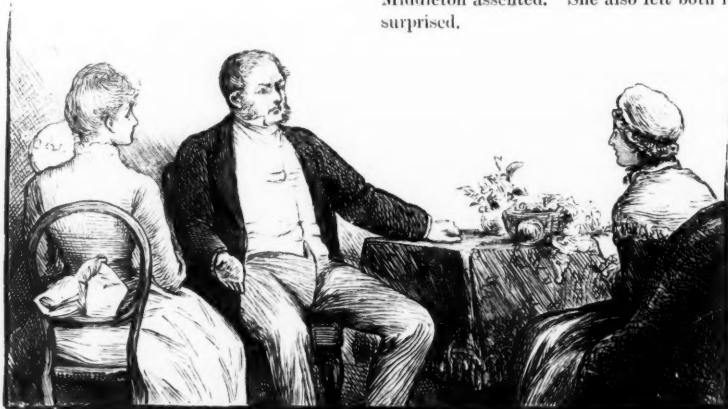
"You do not know Richard Cunliffe," she said, in a low but perfectly firm and clear voice. "Lay what commands you will upon me, and I will obey them as far as lies in my power. If you wish to make proof of my obedience, I will promise, since it is your desire, that for the present I will neither see Mr. Cunliffe nor correspond with him. But I shall never cease to love him, never think of anyone else. But if you insult him, if you seek to injure him, I shall consider myself absolved from my promise, and I will go to him and share his fortunes, whatever they may be."

Mr. Middleton stared at his daughter. If one of the marble figures in his hall had stepped down from its pedestal and defied him, he could scarcely have been more astonished. Jessie prepared herself for an outburst of wrath, and it was evident that Mr. Middleton was undergoing a struggle with himself. He put his hands up to his lips as if considering or remembering something, and then passed it over his face.

"Tut—tut—child! I spoke in haste. I have no intention of injuring the young spark," he said aloud; mentally adding, "Ah! Lady Mountfalcon is right." "You are a good girl, Jessie, to be ready to give me a promise," he pursued, in a much quieter and more conciliatory tone. "For six months—ah—yes—for six months, and then we will speak of it again, if necessary, yes—if necessary." He delivered himself of this sentence as if repeating a lesson, looking at vacancy rather than at his daughter.

Jessie's face brightened; she turned a beaming smile upon her father, finding the ordeal so much less severe than she had dreaded. "For six months?" she exclaimed, almost cheerfully. "Oh yes, I promise you for six months, and Auntie will answer for Dick!"

"Yes, I will answer for Mr. Cunliffe," Miss Middleton assented. She also felt both relieved and surprised.



"This must be at an end. I will not have it!"—p. 171.

Mr. Middleton frowned as the familiar appellation fell from his daughter's lips, but he recovered his complacency. "That is well; now we know what we are about," he declared. "Mind, Jessie, I trust you thoroughly," he added, almost kindly, as he rose and took up his hat, apparently glad that the interview, in which he had not acted quite in accordance with his own will, was over.

"You may trust me, father," Jessie replied firmly.

Mr. Middleton took her hand and kissed her forehead as usual, and having shaken hands with his sister, and told her that she should hear more of his plans on the morrow, he went away, satisfied that he had obeyed directions, but still not quite satisfied at having had to use diplomacy, instead of coercing his daughter into proper subjection as his inclination would have dictated.

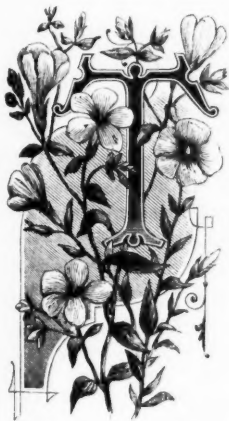
(To be continued.)

THE LORD OUR BURDEN BEARER.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—
PSALM IV. 22.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.



THESE words of the Psalmist would be bright and blessed words wherever we heard them, in whatever part of the Bible they might stand. It would always be glad tidings to anyone who would receive it as a message from God that there was One on whom he could cast his burden, the care, or sorrow, or shame, which was at the

time most oppressive to him—who would sustain him, though in himself he found nothing but a feebleness that could not stand for a moment—who, so long as he sought after the righteousness of God, loving it, and therefore counted in God's judgment as righteous, would not suffer him to be moved from that position: would defend him against all the assaults that tended to disturb him.

This, I say, would be a glad thing for us to read or hear, in whatever connection we might find it. But its position, as we find it in this Psalm, is a very remarkable one, and ought, I think, to make us value it more highly. It does not come in a psalm of joy and thanksgiving, it is no part of a hymn of triumph or the glory of victory. It was uttered by one who when he spoke it was overwhelmed with sorrow, on whom the terrors of death had fallen, who longed to escape from the stormy wind and tempest, and yet saw no way to flee from them. "Cast thy burden

upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," this was the conclusion of that which began in fearfulness and trembling. "He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." This firm trust had to be arrived at by a long and weary path, through encounters with violence and strife, deceit and guile, with the bitterest sorrow of all, the unfaithfulness of one with whom he had walked in the House of God, who was his teacher, his own familiar friend.

It is this very contrast which has often made this Psalm a favourite one with those who know by their own experience the truth of all those expressions of abandonment and desolation with which it opens. They have seen in it the counterpart of what they have felt themselves, that when the world was darkest, and outward things most threatening, then, if they did not harden themselves or become reckless, help was nigh at hand. The light of God's countenance was ready to shine in on them. They have been taught, it may be, as the Psalmist was, to cast their burden on the Lord. They have known the joy of resting in the belief that He will not suffer them to be moved; or else, if they have not reached to this, if they have not attained to that region of calm rest, still it lies before them as a promised land, and the hope of arriving there encourages them, and cheers them onward when else they might be altogether dispirited, and sit down in despondency. They know how exactly their own state is portrayed to them in that fear and dread—that longing to flee away—that hatred of the strife of tongues; and the knowledge that God chose as channels of His truth men who had gone through the same struggles as they themselves

have done, and that they were supported by Him in theirs, gives them the ground on which their hope must rest, that He can and will support them if they will but turn to Him, that Scripture comes from One who knows the secrets of men's hearts, and can have compassion on our infirmities.

This is, I believe, a true account of the general purport of the Psalm—of the common impression on those who are in the habit of so reading Scripture as to penetrate below the surface, to let its heart speak to their heart as a man speaketh with his friend. But there is, you will see, a peculiarity in this Psalm, besides that contrast of which I have already spoken, which distinguishes it from other Psalms. In them we may find expressions, as here, of sorrow, affliction, dread, despondency, or, on the other hand, of confidence in God's love, calmness, repose—or even joined as they are here, in this wonderful yet Divine union; but this Psalm has something which they have not. It describes a sore trial—perhaps one of the sorest which can encounter the faithful servants of God; the feelings which it produces, the bitterness of the suffering, the temptation to which it exposes us, the one way to escape from it all, and to live with a calm and tranquil heart, undisturbed by fear.

We might think at first that the exceeding severity of this suffering lay in the fact that one who had been, as it seemed, a true friend to the Psalmist had proved himself untrue—that here there was another instance of the too common lot—of the disappointment which men have to endure when they come to test a friendship on which they thought they could rely, but which proved treacherous, full of corruption and deceit. Undoubtedly this was part of the suffering, and most of us know by experience something of its nature. Most men—those excepted who are of set purpose the deceivers and the betrayers—must know the suffering which such a disappointment costs them. They have formed friendships in their boyhood; they think that those who were their companions then will befriend them, will at least sympathise with them, enter into their plans and hopes, understand them. They find estranged looks, a cold reserve, altered views; there is a barrier placed between them which they cannot pass; they cannot renew the freshness of their early days—it is withered and dried up. Some, it may be, may have gone through an experience yet more closely resembling that which the Psalmist describes. They may have been not merely estranged from their own familiar friend, but may have suffered from his treachery. They may have received from him some injury which they

could have borne had it come from an open enemy—had it been their adversary who magnified himself against them—but which they cannot bear, coming as it does from one who was their own familiar friend, in whom they trusted. Such persons, or any who have had any trials resembling theirs, will be able to enter, at all events in some measure, into the meaning of the Psalmist's words—to understand the depth of his feelings. They will say, Here is something like what we feel; here are the words of a man who had suffered from man's treachery and ingratitude: who had learnt that bitter lesson which we have learnt—that no man can be trusted.

Yet the real bitterness of the Psalmist's trial would seem to have been other than this—something which entered more deeply into his soul. It was not merely that those whom he had once loved could be loved no longer—that the friends of his youth had become the enemies of his age. The sting of the sorrow is contained in these words, "It was thou, a man mine equal, my guide. We took sweet counsel together, we walked in the House of God as friends." He had found one whom he looked on as a companion and guide for his own spiritual life, further advanced in it, apparently, than himself; more mature; holier. With him he could share his own devout communings together, could work with him for good, could join with him in prayer and praise. At solemn seasons and appointed feasts he might be his chosen companion, fit to share that holy joy to which the world was a stranger, from which all other men were excluded; to join in those musings of a higher wisdom which fools could not understand. He looked for all this—for the guide to strengthen him, for the friend to rejoice with him, the fellow-worshipper to be with him in the House of God—and he found, instead, a subtle and malignant hypocrite, one who put forth his hand against such as be at peace with him; who brake his covenant. All that fair semblance, those devout phrases and looks, were but as the whited wall of the sepulchre, which was within full of all uncleanness; they were the instruments by which he wrought his iniquity. War was in his heart when the words of his mouth were smooth—those very words which though softer than oil were as very swords. Disappointment in the hope which he had cherished in meeting with a religious friend—this, then, was the especial grief of David expressed in this Psalm. It was this which gave rise to that sense of abandonment and loneliness, which called forth that bitter cry of one who mourned and was vexed, whose heart was disquieted within him. And in this, too,

he does not stand alone. His sorrow was not one which shrouded him in kingly solitude. It has been shared by many before and after him. If all do not experience it in the same degree of bitterness, yet in part at least this disappointment—this discovery of the unreality of what we had hoped and trusted—is, perhaps, strange to very few of us. We have listened to the words of one who professed outwardly to follow Christ, whom we believed to be a faithful follower, whom we had been taught, it may be from our very infancy, to respect and look up to. His words have sounded to us as true and good words. They are just such as we wished to hear. We were willing to make such an one our guide and teacher. We have sought for a more intimate and familiar acquaintance; or we have rejoiced to think that such an one was already united to us by kindred or friendship. And then—when the wish has been granted, and the joy entered into, we have seen symptoms of what before has been hidden—selfishness in little things, strange outbursts of temper, angry words, unforgiving thoughts. These have given rise to painful doubts and suspicions that all was not right, that the character had not been changed, was not yet transformed after the image of Christ. Yet these we could have borne with. We might have looked on them only as the remains of the evil that was not quite subdued; the effects of past sins, of long-formed habits still cleaving to the soul that was

endeavouring to get rid of them. But the worst pang was when we began to perceive that there was no endeavour, that the heart was in itself an entirely selfish one, plotting, scheming for itself, provoked by, and hating all that thwarted it; not caring whether its friends were crushed or abandoned by it or no. We have found that we have been living with and reverencing one who has been and is, in the worst sense of the term, a hypocrite. And the effect of this, as was the case with the Psalmist, has often been to make those who experience it doubt the existence of any true goodness in the world. Religion appears to us but as outside show, with no reality. We say in our haste that all men are liars. It is better, we think, to be as the world than to cultivate the friendship of those who wear an outside show only. There is no difference between men: all are living to self. We would rather do so openly than be as the hypocrites, who disfigure their faces, and are of a sad countenance, and for a pretence make long prayers.

Who, that has had much experience of the world, has not often seen that cynical recklessness which has learnt to despise the respectable conventionalities of society, and has not found the realities of which those conventionalities are the symbols? It is the secret of much of the unbelief which now openly parades itself. That is the troubled sea on the waves of which many have made shipwreck of their faith.

A CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

BY F. MORELL HOLMES.



LN a poorly furnished room in the little village of Moulton, sits a man writing earnestly a difficult manuscript. His clothes are worn and threadbare, his frame is attenuated, his face pale and wan and showing unmistakable signs of want and care. Yet there is a fire in those kindly, earnest eyes, a refinement, power, and thoughtfulness on those worn features as he bends over his work that mark him out as quite different from most of his fellows.

If a neighbour come in and glance over his shoulder, the visitor would probably depart with a sneer. Why should such a man—only a village cobbler, village schoolmaster, and Baptist preacher at a salary of £10 per annum—why should he be

wasting his time and energy over the dusky natives of strange countries over the seas? How much wiser to be mending shoes and adding to that scanty income of £36 per annum all told, with which he has to provide for his wife and family! What a fool—oh, what a fool that village cobbler must be! And the neighbour, no doubt, would depart chuckling over his or her superior wisdom.

Yet that book which the poor cobbler was then writing is now worth its weight in gold; and as for its results, no tongue can tell what they are worth. For that village cobbler was none other than William Carey, the Founder of British Foreign Missions as we now know them, and the manuscript was his celebrated and now very rare "Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen."

This epoch-making treatise was written just one hundred years ago—in 1786—in the little village of Moulton, Northamptonshire, where Carey combined the pursuits of cobbler, school-master, and preacher. It is said that the thought came to him again and again while teaching his little scholars geography, and he brooded over it while labouring at his cobbler's stall and preaching to his people. What other mundane influences there may have been we cannot tell. But though the book was written in 1786, he was not able to issue it until six years later, when a Birmingham tradesman gave him a few pounds to publish it. Then it saw the light at Leicester, and, coupled with Carey's own indomitable efforts, had immediate results, for shortly afterwards at Kettering the first purely Foreign English Missionary Society—the Baptist—was formed. True, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was founded in 1701, but its efforts appear to have been entirely confined to sending out clergymen of the Church of England to the colonies, principally to the North American colonies. It was, in short, at that time little more than a Pastoral Aid Society. The Danish and Moravian Missions were the first abroad, and Carey's was the first in England, the chief object of which was the Christianising of the heathen.

Carey's famous "Enquiry" was eminently adapted to the end he had in view—clear, concise, practical, and convincing. He dealt with the four great divisions of the world in succession, and tabulated in four columns the particulars of their area, populations, religion, etc. The need of the nations was clear. Was not the command to the Apostles "to teach all nations" equally clear and equally binding? That seems to have been Carey's point, his unanswerable argument. That he pressed upon his brethren at any and every opportunity, with the most persistent pertinacity, until at last he received an answer.

His estimate was that there were then in the world about 731 millions of people, of whom 174 millions were Christians and 557 millions non-Christians. Of these latter, 7 millions were Jews, 130 millions Mohammedans, and 420 millions were pagans. Of the Christians, 44 millions only could be called Protestants, 100 millions were Roman Catholics, and 30 millions belonged to the Greek and Armenian Churches.

Such were Carey's figures, and recent statistics have shown that his estimate must have been very near the truth. It will not be necessary for us to enlarge on the means which Carey took to arrive at these conclusions; but he was passionately devoted to study, he had read much, and his heart was filled with a fervent faith. Soon after Ryland had baptised him in the river Nen, not far from Dr. Doddridge's chapel at Northampton, he seems to have been much troubled by the thought that nothing was being done to carry

Christianity to those who were sitting in pagan darkness. In the next year we read of the Northamptonshire ministers meeting once a month for prayer for "the spread of the Gospel to the most distant parts of the habitable globe."

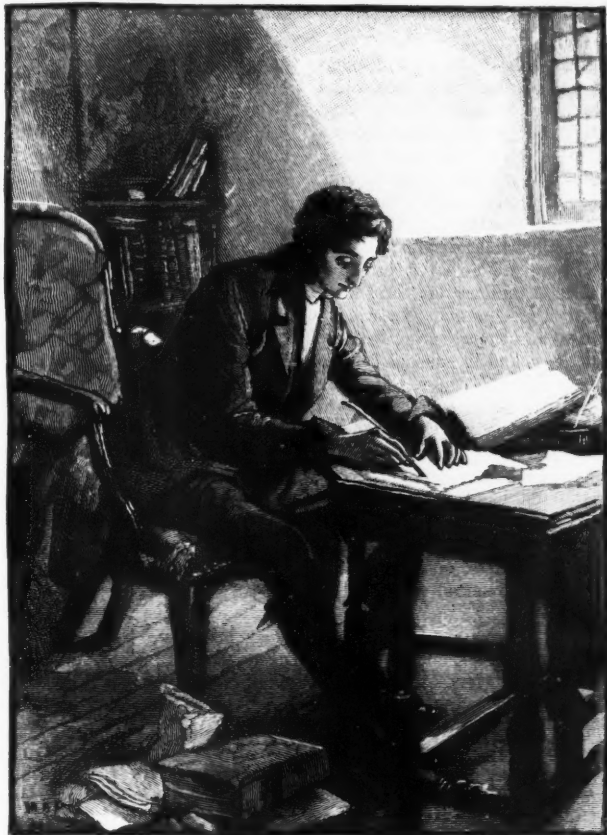
Possibly Burke's grand oration in the House of Commons on the terrible selfishness of the East India Company's government of India had some effect in turning the thoughts of men to the duties England owed to her dependencies. Perhaps, also, the reports of the Danish and Moravian missionaries, which were translated into English, helped in stirring up thought on the subject. And so, as the eighteenth century rolled along fast to its close, it witnessed the birth of a new spirit in the hearts of men, and before the new period of time had dawned that spirit had taken definite form and shape in the establishment of several societies having the specific object of carrying Christianity to the heathen.

Even before Carey's book was published he had brought the subject before a ministers' meeting at Clipstone, in 1791; then on the 31st of May, 1792, at Nottingham, he aroused his brethren by a marvellous sermon, the result of which was that a resolution was passed to prepare a plan before their next meeting for forming a Baptist Society "for propagating the Gospel among the heathen." Four months later, in a little, low-ceiled back room, in the house of a widow woman named Wallis, at Kettering, while the first of the autumn leaves fluttered to the ground in the back garden on which looked the windows of the little room, a small company of ministers met, and on the 2nd of October, 1792, formed the first purely missionary society in England, and took the first missionary collection! The first of the famous resolutions passed that day was as follows:—"Desirous of making an effort for the propagation of the Gospel amongst heathen, agreeably to what is recommended in brother Carey's late publication on that subject, we, whose names appear to the subsequent subscription, do solemnly agree to act in society together for that purpose." That resolution was passed, and the Baptist Missionary Society, now winning such triumphs on the Congo, and in India and other places, was formed. The subscriptions on that historic occasion amounted to thirteen pounds, ten shillings, and sixpence! For well-nigh thirteen years had Carey been praying for the heathen, and now the new era had at last begun to dawn. Fifty years afterwards thousands of people gathered around that little house to hold the first jubilee of modern missions, and many a pilgrim still finds his way to the little, low-ceiled room where they had their commencement.

Three years afterwards, in 1795, the London Missionary Society was founded, and again four years later, in 1799, sixteen clergymen met at the "Castle and Falcon," in Aldersgate Street, and

formed the Church Missionary Society. The reasons for founding it, as stated subsequently in the *Church Missionary Gleaner*, were these:—1. Because they felt laid upon them the Lord's parting command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." 2. Because

Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, would at that time have had a chance of being admitted a member. The name by which this organisation was first known was the "Society for Missions to Africa and the East," and we believe it is a fact that for some few years it was



"Writing earnestly a difficult manuscript."—p. 175.

they desired to obey this command as members of the Church of England rather than join the undenominational London Missionary Society, then lately established. 3. Because, although the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had been founded ninety-eight years before, it was then doing nothing for the heathen, and its income was under £800. 4. Because they could not join that Society and infuse a new spirit into it, for no one known to preach the Evangelical doctrines of ruin, redemption and regeneration, the guilt and helplessness of man, salvation by

unable to persuade any Englishman to go out, and that the first missionaries of the Society were educated in Berlin.

Wesleyan Methodists were engaged in missionary work for some time before they formed the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in 1817, and meanwhile Scotland had not been behindhand. The Edinburgh Missionary Society was founded in 1796, and the Glasgow Missionary Society was also established in the same year. The United States, with Judson at the head of the movement there, followed a few years

later; the Lutherans of Germany in that eventful year which saw the power of the French Emperor finally crushed at Waterloo, organised a Society; and, later still, some French Protestants began to stir in the missionary enterprise. And almost every year since—in point of numbers at least—some new organisation has seen the light, until now there are in Britain, Europe, and the United States, 101 separate societies engaged in taking Christianity to the heathen.

And, now, what has this century of missions accomplished? Of all results, those connected with the spiritual nature of man are the most difficult to estimate. But, so far as figures can estimate them, let us see what has been done. According to the *Missionary Review* of Princeton, United States, which obtains returns from the various societies and compares them, and which is the most accurate and impartial missionary record of which we know, there are now 101 principal societies (exclusive of subsidiary or "Aid" societies, and including the Christian Knowledge Society) or separate organisations seeking to carry out the doctrines of Carey and use means for the conversion of the heathen. Of these, forty-four societies belong to Great Britain, thirty-one to the United States, and twenty-six to the Continent of Europe. The home strength of these societies is given as 119,431 ministers and 28,074,116 communicants; 13,000,000 being taken to represent the communicants of the Church of England. The amount contributed for foreign mission work in 1884 was 10,021,796 dollars, or £2,004,360. These figures, however, do not contain the amounts subscribed in the mission fields themselves, nor the gifts of independent workers. Of this sum £1,238,173 is credited to Europe, and £766,187 to the United States. The average for communicants is much the same in both hemispheres, that in America being 33 cents per member and in Europe 36 cents per member; in round numbers, about eighteenpence each. Thus we are forced to the surprising conclusion that many members of Christian Churches do not give three-halfpence per month to the cause of Foreign Missions; for if we remember that large sums are received in legacies, and that many members give much more than eighteenpence each, the average per member must be much less; indeed, we are led to believe that many members give nothing at all!

Turning to the number of missionaries supported, we find there were in the year 1884, 2,908 ordained ministers, an increase of 153; 699 laymen, an increase of 21; and 2,322 women, an increase of 160. More significant is the increase of native agents. In that year there were 2,362 ordained men, an increase of 19; and 26,637 others—i.e., we apprehend, native teachers, catechists, etc.—a gain of 281; while, most important of all, the number of native communicants

was 769,201, a gain of 127,149, or 19.71 per cent. in one year.

The figures for 1884, therefore, show, as far as figures can, that non-Christians are being won over to Christianity at the rate of 130,000 yearly; in other words, they are increasing one-fifth more every year. But if these are the results that can be tabulated, what of those that cannot be classed? What indication these figures give of far-reaching influence that cannot be so expressed! For every native who comes forward to openly join the new Faith, there must be many who feel the power of Christianity, but yet hang back from such open profession. In some countries the percentage is much higher than that just quoted. Thus, the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., of Calcutta, says that in India the Christian community has increased 86 per cent., and that in about another century of missions at the same rate the whole of that vast population, estimated at 256,000,000, would be Christianised. But we venture to believe that a great crisis in the faith of India will occur long before then. From various sources we observe it stated that a great change is coming over India, and that the faith of the Hindus is being honey-combed to its very core, and one day, suddenly, no doubt, the elaborate structure will totter to its fall with a terrible collapse. What then? It does not follow because a people reject one faith they will embrace another, and fearful indeed will be the state of such an immense nation without faith! But it is hoped the work of the missionary will avert such a terrible calamity.

It will be impossible for us to turn to every point of the vast mission field and note results. But from many quarters—and some of them quite unexpected—come testimonies to the value of missionary labour. Of the work of the agents of the London Missionary Society in New Guinea, Mr. H. A. Romilly, Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific, speaks in terms of unqualified admiration. Not the least of the missionaries' services is the reduction of barbarous languages to writing; while many merchants have also acknowledged the value of the missionaries' work to commerce, and travellers to numbers of the South Sea Islands which were once the habitations of cruelty find them now the abodes of peace, and testify to the remarkable and happy change there wrought.

In many of earth's dark places the senseless rites of superstition and the hideous enormities of heathen wickedness are now known no more. They have gone down before the faith of the once despised Galilean even as the shadows flee away before the rising of the sun. And thus, as this century of missions draws near its close, we see ancient nations of the East, Ethiopians of the Dark Continent, and dusky natives of the islands of the sea, all gradually coming into contact with the patient and persevering Missionary of the Cross.

OUR NEW TESTAMENT NAMES, AND WHAT THEY TEACH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD VERNON, M.A.

BRETHREN.



FROM the very first the disciples of Christ learned to regard one another in the peculiarly tender and endearing relationship of brethren. Christ had taught them to say "Our Father," and they recognised in the expression an acknow-

ledgment of brothers and sisters claiming brotherly love. And so, for the first time in the history of the world, the members of various races and nationalities, hitherto antagonistic in many vital points, became banded together with the most sacred "cords of love"—the bands of brotherhood. They bore the new name with gladness. They regarded one another and acted towards one another as brethren. The relationship was sacred. Each member of the holy brotherhood was in the eyes of another a brother. There is a multitude of references to this fact in the Apostolic writings. St. Paul begins his Epistle to the Colossians thus: "Paul, an Apostle of Christ Jesus, through the will of God, and Timothy our *brother*, to the saints and faithful *brethren* in Christ which are at Colosse." That the name was used with special significance, and not in a general way, is evident from the account we have of St. Paul's initiation into the brotherhood:—"And Ananias departed, and entered into the house, and laying his hands on him, said, *Brother* Saul." This was not meant to be simply a pleasing and polite method of salutation; it was spoken to indicate that the speaker regarded the one-time persecutor as a brother, and was ready to receive him into the Christian brotherhood. St. Paul, in turn, used the name freely ever afterwards. He speaks of "Titus, my brother," of "Epaphroditus, my brother," and when wishing to refer to an unknown member of the Church at Corinth he deems it enough to distinguish him as "Quantus, a brother." There is no name which could be more aptly applied to the followers of the Redeemer, none more becoming the disciples of Him who took a towel and girded Himself, and washed the feet of the twelve, who was not ashamed to call them His brethren, and who loved them and gave Himself for them.

We are brethren because we stand on common ground—have access to God, and call him "Father" through a common salvation. There is no special ground for any man to stand on as a child of the Heavenly Father. If that were the case the Christian brotherhood would crumble and fall

to pieces. The only begotten Son said "My Father," but the privilege belongs only to Himself, being the only begotten Son. We stand not on special, but on common ground, and say with others "Our Father." We are therefore all alike *brethren*.

The way into this holy brotherhood is, of course, only through the new birth. When a man is born again, and has received power to become a son of God, then he is a member of the one family of God in heaven and earth. He carries a badge of membership with him by which he is known; he bears the marks of the Lord Jesus: "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father, the same is My *brother*."

The bond which binds the disciples of Christ in a great brotherhood is thus a principle of mighty power, mightier by far than any other power known among men—a principle which knows no restraint, which bursts through every barrier of nature, and defies every false distinction in society—distinctions which are the very death of all social and brotherly love and intercourse: it knows them not; it utterly disregards them. The noble partakes with the peasant of the same sacred feast; the rich and the poor, the master and the servant, bend the knee in the same worship, and call upon the same Father's name.

Brothers claim brotherly love. In this case it cannot be denied. Where it exists it is an infallible sign of regeneration. "We know," says the Apostle John, in his first Epistle, "that we have passed out of death into life because we love the brethren." Archbishop Leighton says: "They only pretend themselves Christians who remain strangers to this love of the brotherhood, and who continue to be biters and devourers one of another, and will not be convinced of the great guiltiness of strifes and envyings among them. Is this the badge which Christ has left His brethren, to wrangle with and malign one another? Nay, we know it is the contrary: 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another.'"

No sectarian or national differences can hinder this love in the true disciple. It were vain to forbid him to love when he meets a fellow-disciple. His love overleaps every barrier, and bids him stretch out the right hand of brotherly fellowship to everyone who, like himself, rests on a common salvation. He who loves the Father loves the children for the Father's sake.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity."

"SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE."

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY SARAH PITT.



any relatives of the late James Handford, sometime curate of Widston, be still living, they may hear of something to their advantage, by applying to Messrs. Dod and Son, Solicitors, King Street."

Barbara Reed set down the paper with a jerk.

"I wonder if that means me," she said thoughtfully.

"My grandfather's name was certainly James Handford, and I know he was a curate, but I did not know there was any money in the family."

"If you think it worth while, go to Messrs. Dod and Son and find out," suggested a sharp-featured elderly lady, who sat stitching at the table opposite.

"Of course I will! Why, there may be five thousand pounds waiting for me there."

"Or five pounds, more likely," supplemented the stitcher.

Barbara laughed. "I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be much more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more for your advantage, than all the money you are ever likely to get from advertisements, if you had but the good sense to see it," returned that lady significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music-mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promising pupils in it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school-days ended, it being necessary that she should do something towards keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers. Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against that lady's authority, which was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was "quite a child," as Barbara often phrased it to herself.

"She never seems to remember that I am grown up and able to manage my own affairs. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once, she has any right to interfere in this manner now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up while she argued the matter out to her own satisfaction, when someone quietly fell into step beside her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist as she looked round.

"What are you in such a hurry for? I could scarcely keep you in sight," inquired the new-comer.

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonition, her drawing-master—clever enough at his profession, but of his industry and general dependableness she had not the highest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was fast developing a very warm sentiment for the good-looking young artist.

"I am going home to deposit my music, and after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King Street."

"King Street! that is an expedition."

"Isn't it! but I have some idea of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that Barbara speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her first announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?" he said earnestly, with a lingering clasp of the hand, as he left her at the corner of her own street. "I shall be most anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself."

The dingy jolting omnibus that conveyed Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for all she felt of it. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more of those terminable practisings at Mrs. Stewart's for herself, no drawing lessons for someone else. Who could tell but next May there might be a new member in the Academy, a new picture to attract all eyes? No man tied down to mere teaching could have a fair chance. Barbara's face glowed with the thought that it might be her hand that should set the fettered genius free.

The glow was still there when she turned into King Street and ran full against a plain, rather commonplace young man, coming out of one of the warehouses. "Why, Miss Barbara, it's not often you find your way to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand. It was a brown, ungloved hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting it with the well-shaped yellow-gloved one that had pressed hers a little before.

"I came on some business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me: it was advertised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now."

John Grant laughed. "Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara; for myself I've never had much faith in legacies, since I wasted twenty-five shillings once, in answering advertisements about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this," returned Barbara stiffly. "I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

"And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks worth half a dozen of Alfred Lawrence!" said Barbara to

herself as she walked into Messrs. Dod and Son's office. "It seems to be a decided virtue in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and shabby coats."

Her face was several shades longer when she came out again. Messrs. Dod and Son had not received her with by any means the respectful enthusiasm she expected. There had been awkward questions about proofs and genealogies, that she had

"And they did not even give you an idea how much it was likely to be?" he asked.

"Not exactly," admitted Barbara; "but they were so cautious I could tell by their manner that it must be a good deal."

"I don't know if that is altogether a criterion. Those old lawyers are very deceptive sometimes," he rejoined. "However, you can get that paper



"'I am not to come into a fortune after all,' she said quietly."—p. 183.

not been prepared to answer; indeed, she half fancied they took her for an impostor, they had been so reluctant to part with any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must kindly fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

"And I thought I should almost have had it in my pocket by this time," she said to herself ruefully. "Well, I must just have patience for another week or so. It is sure to be settled then; only—only I'd have liked to have something certain to tell Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Lawrence sympathised with her over the delay almost as deeply as she did with herself, when she told him the result of her visit the next day. Barbara was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her feelings.

filled up and sent in, and I would not lose any time about it if I were you," he added.

John Grant was the next person to whom she had to explain her non-success.

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara," he said cheerfully. "One is never sure of a chance of that kind till one has actually got it. I would not build upon it in any way, in your place."

"You don't seem to have had a fortunate experience in that way," retorted Barbara ungratefully. "It is only deferred in this case, and I am in no hurry for a few days."

"Days!" echoed John. "There's a man in our office has waited years, and is likely to wait, as far as I can see."

Miss Stewart was another painful thorn in the path at this juncture.

"Barbara, my dear," she remarked one day, after school was dismissed, "were you paying any attention whatever to the practice this afternoon?"

Barbara flushed scarlet. "I was beside the piano the whole time," she declared.

"Your body may have been there, but your mind certainly was not. Now, my dear, you must really endeavour to put this unfortunate legacy out of your head for the present; you have been fit for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved decidedly the reverse of any advantage to you."

Ten days later came the much-looked-for communication from Messrs. Dod and Son. "They were in receipt of Miss Reed's papers, and could assure her the matter should have their best attention, and were hers most obediently," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It *was* tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would hardly know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attentions and warm interest in the upshot. John Grant's indifference, not to say scepticism, on the subject, threw up his rival's superior qualities in full relief; and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled that Mr. Lawrence went no farther. With all his solicitude and looks that said more than words, he never absolutely committed himself to anything more binding than friendship.

"I can't ask him," she said one day under her breath as she walked slowly home after one of these "accidental" meetings. "But, oh, I do wish he would say straight out what he means, or else keep away altogether. It makes one feel so unsettled."

Poor Barbara was to feel more unsettled still before she reached home. It was a lovely summer evening, and fifty yards farther on she was joined by another cavalier—John Grant this time. She shrank back at first, half afraid of some jesting inquiry after Messrs. Dod and Son, but she speedily discovered that he seemed to have forgotten their very existence. There was something else in his mind, and he lost no time in saying very "straight out" indeed what it was.

"I may not be able to offer you a fine house and luxuries," he said, "but I have saved plenty to begin in comfort, and I think we might be very happy together if you would only try. I have thought about it for the last two years, and worked hard to be able to tell you so."

Barbara looked up at him with genuine tears in her eyes. "I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing—at least, not in serious earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Stewart's. "Besides, there's lots of other better girls you might find."

"That is not the point," he interrupted; "it's you, not other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. I don't want to hurry you, but let me have a line as soon as you can; it means a good deal to me."

Barbara went home in a kind of haze. She had never thought so highly of John Grant and his

straightforward dependableness as at that moment; but, on the other hand, there was Mr. Lawrence with his handsome face and dashing manner, and there was a little undefined sense of resentment against Mrs. Stewart, who had always been a strong if not entirely judicious advocate for John Grant, and—then there was this probable fortune that might be coming to her. Barbara looked at the peaceful evening sky in sore perplexity what she ought to do, or what she really wished. "He said he didn't want to hurry me," she decided finally. "I'll just wait and see how things go."

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disapproval. John Grant was invisible. Only Mr. Lawrence was to the fore with his sympathetic inquiries, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of giving the same response, "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his concern and admiration for her. They did not go deep enough. "If he has nothing more than that to say, he ought not to have said it at all," she reflected, contrasting it half unconsciously with John Grant's very opposite line of conduct.

At last, one Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's, she met the postman, who gave her a blue official-looking envelope. Barbara stood still on the step, holding her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs. Dod and Son's compliments to Miss Reed, and beg to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake has been proved the nearest of kin, and consequently heir-at-law to the £500 left by the late Mr. James Handford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it soberly into her jacket pocket. She had scarcely realised before how much she had been counting upon it. There was nothing left now but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

"Mrs. Stewart," she said, knocking at the door of that lady's sitting-room, before she began her morning practice. "I wanted to tell you I have heard about that legacy at last."

"Well?" Mrs. Stewart looked up from her desk, pen in hand.

"It's not well," said Barbara, trying to smile. "There is someone nearer than I am—a Mrs. Elizabeth Drake. She gets it all—it was £500."

Mrs. Stewart laid down her pen and patted the girl's shoulder kindly. "Never mind, Barbara; you may be glad to have missed it some day, though it's not pleasant now. There are many other good things in the world besides money."

"It would have helped very nicely, though," sighed Barbara.

"No doubt; but it's not to be, so just try and forget it. You know you are not utterly dependent upon it."

As Barbara crossed the hall to the schoolroom that afternoon, she encountered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his light gloves. She saw at the first glance that Mrs. Stewart had told

him of her disappointment. She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to him.

"You see, I am not to come into a fortune, after all," she said quietly.

"So it seems," he said coldly, not looking up from a refractory button. "But it was not much of a fortune, after all. I thought it was to be five or six times that amount."

"I wish I had never heard of it," spoke Barbara, looking at him in scornful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and annoyance."

"Yes, it is rather a pity—disappointing, and waste of time, too. Well, I am going into the country for a few weeks, Miss Reed, so good afternoon if I don't chance to see you again."

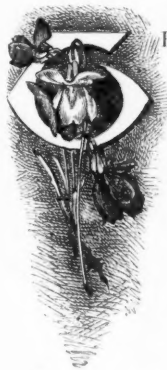
"Good afternoon," returned Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the schoolroom door.

A tiny note was dropped into the pillar-post that same evening addressed to a Mr. John Grant. "Dear John," it ran, "I'm not half good enough for you, but if you still wish it—I'll try."

It was not, perhaps, a great achievement in the way of composition for a young lady who had been under Mrs. Stewart's guidance for so long, but it perfectly satisfied the person it was intended for, and much loftier epistles have often failed in that respect.

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advantage after all," Mrs. John Grant said once, some months later. "I don't know what Mrs. Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the getting it ever could."

SATURDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE POOR.



THE following account of an attempt, which has been successful during the last two winters, both in attracting the class for which the entertainments are intended, and also in clearing a small sum for charitable purposes (after all expenses were paid), may be of interest to those who desire to help their poorer neighbours in this matter, but are deterred by the fear of heavy expenses and great difficulties.

The first step towards these "Saturday Socials" was taken in September, 1883, when a large central schoolroom, holding about three hundred persons, was hired for the winter, at a charge of five shillings for every Saturday evening, from half-past seven till ten o'clock, and ten shillings for gas during the season.

It was proposed to carry out these weekly entertainments for six months, beginning with October and ending with March; thus to provide amusement for all the dark evenings, but to avoid interfering with cricket clubs and other recreations suitable to the summer.

A class-room, opening into the central schoolroom, was found to be very suitable for tea, coffee, and other refreshments, which are provided by the proprietor of a neighbouring "British Workman," at very moderate prices, during the whole evening. A bright fire, with seats near

it, and a large table, covered with the papers of the week, contribute a sense of comfort to this side room, where anyone who wishes to do so, can spend the evening in reading these newspapers, which are kindly lent by various friends, and duly returned to them on Monday morning, being placed under the charge of one of the committee-men.

The entertainment in the central room, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, short readings, recitations, etc., is presided over by a chairman, often a clergyman or minister, sometimes a leading layman. It begins at eight o'clock and concludes at ten, with an evening hymn, in which the whole audience are invited to join; after which they disperse quietly, while the National Anthem is performed.

There is an interval of fifteen minutes, at nine o'clock, during which most of the audience troop into the class-room, take some refreshment, look at the papers, and talk to their friends. The sound of a hand-bell recalls them when the music is about to begin again; but this little break is much to the taste of the many lads and young men who frequent the place, and gives a pleasant opportunity to the rich and poor to make acquaintance.

Perhaps few amongst us are aware how strongly attractive to the poor is really good music. From the first, a scrupulously high tone has been kept up in these entertainments, both as regards the music and the readings; and although everything that is wholesomely amusing is welcomed, nothing in the slightest degree coarse or low is allowed.

Each programme is supervised by a lady; and thus nothing that could offend a refined taste is suffered to form part of the entertainment. Rarely indeed, however, has it been found necessary to exercise this censorship; the mere fact of such a supervision being well known, is usually

fortunate in having among her friends a considerable number of talented amateurs always ready to give their assistance in case of need.

The ordinary charge for a seat is one penny or twopence; a few seats on one side being reserved for those who choose to pay sixpence. These



"A front seat for a penny."

quite sufficient to ensure a high tone throughout. Probably the secret of the success of these evenings lies in the fact that many choirs, both of church and chapel, each contribute one or more entertainments during the season, thus constantly supplying the necessary variety of performers, and keeping up a friendly rivalry as to the quality of the entertainment provided.

The whole arrangements are made by a committee of about a dozen working-men, with one or two gentlemen and a lady who is certainly

charges include the entrance to the side-room, with seats by a cheerful fire, and an abundant supply of newspapers; and as money is not the primary object, one side of the room is entirely devoted to penny seats, to ensure to the poorest who choose to be punctual, a front seat for a penny. This privilege is much appreciated by several poor old men, who being "dull of hearing," would not otherwise so fully enjoy their evening, and their quiet delight is good to see.

Notwithstanding these low prices, the sum of

thirty-six pounds was taken at the doors last season, the number of those who attended exceeding six thousand.

The average cost of each entertainment may be given as thirteen shillings and fourpence, including the hire of a piano, cost of firing, and a small payment to the caretaker of the schools.

Thus there was a surplus charitable fund, (after paying all expenses for twenty-seven entertainments) of eleven pounds at the end of the first season, and of eighteen pounds after the second series.

It has never been found necessary to secure the attendance of the police, although a large proportion of the audience consists of workmen and lads.

The presence of ladies, who are known to take some trouble in arranging these entertainments, arouses the latent chivalry in these rough men, and any attempt at disturbance is quickly quelled by a few quiet words. As a proof of the refining effects of these evenings, it may be mentioned that not once during the two seasons has any rude or objectionable expression reached the ears of the lady who makes it her business to move quietly among the audience at intervals during the evening, so as to keep order by her presence and influence.

It is, no doubt, a sort of revelation to many of the company to find that they can thoroughly enjoy an evening's amusement in the company of

ladies, and without any "drink," or low jokes or other bad language. But surely such a discovery must tend to elevate temperance, purity, and culture in their minds, and to lead them, insensibly, perhaps, in the first steps towards still higher good.

Direct addresses on the subject of religion, or even on that of temperance, do not form a part of these evenings, yet the whole moral atmosphere is that of Christian refinement, and the reverence with which the audience stand up and join in the closing hymn, is a proof that religious influence is not absent.

It is an abundant reward to those who arrange these social evenings, to observe the bright faces and hearty enjoyment of the poor people who attend them. Week after week the same happy faces may be seen there, enjoying the one bright spot in their week-days, to a degree which may be incomprehensible to those whose ordinary life is surrounded with comfort.

There are the parents, to whom it is delightful to see "Our Johnnie" standing among the other choir-boys on the platform, being "encored," and perhaps distinguishing himself in a solo; the old people, who regularly creep in to hear the music and enjoy the warmth; the little lads, who rush into the side room to get the first peep at the illustrated papers; and the multitude of toiling folk, who have little that is bright in their daily lives, and who come thankfully to enjoy so pleasant an evening at so small a cost. I. L. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

19. How long did King David reign over Judah before he became king of Israel?
20. Where is the first mention made of "money" being used by merchants in trading?
21. What command is spoken of in the Bible as the "Royal Law"?
22. Prove that the children of Korah were not destroyed in the punishment which came upon Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.
23. As the Levites had no possessions given to them in the land of Canaan, how many cities were set apart for their residence?
24. What female ancestor of our Lord was born in the country of Moab?
25. What lawyer is mentioned as being one of St. Paul's fellow-workers?
26. What proverb expresses the danger of entering into other people's quarrels?
27. What miracle did St. Paul perform at Troas?

28. Why was Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, struck dumb?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

11. Isa. iv. 2.
12. It is said of Isaiah that the angel was bidden to take a live coal and lay it on the mouth of the prophet, to purge him from his iniquity; while of Jeremiah it is said, "The Lord touched his mouth and said, Behold I have put words in thy mouth." (Isa. vi. 6, 7; Jer. i. 9.)
13. Isa. vi. 13.
14. Solomon speaks of "a thousand pieces of silver" as the hire of a vineyard; and in Isaiah we read that a thousand vines were let for that amount. (Cant. viii. 11; and Isa. vii. 23.)
15. Isa. viii. 19.
16. Jer. li. 60-64.
17. Nahum i. 14.
18. Joseph. (Gen. xxxvii. 14, and l. 7-14.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SPECIAL LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

To read—1 Cor. ix. 24—27.



INTRODUCTION. A new year—how bright it seems—how many such have we seen? Last year, with its troubles, cares, sins—gone beyond recall—this year stands before us with its hopes, struggles, joys, and sorrows. Is like a blank page in a

book—what will be written on it? All striving for something—but what? To get on with lessons? To get more money? To succeed in life? Quite right to try, but something else far more worth trying for—viz., to win the heavenly prize. St. Paul compares this trying to two things:—

I. THE RACE. Most children fond of running races—very old custom. Near Corinth a great race-course—people from all over Greece came to see the races, running, boxing, etc. Prize was only a crown of laurel leaves—yet thought greatest possible honour to win this. How is the Christian race *like* this? (a) *Wants determination.* Determine to run—not keep back at last minute—determine to win—to reach the goal—receive the prize. Therefore must run with patience. (Heb. xii. 1.) (b) *Wants training.* What had these runners to be? (Verse 25.) So must Christians be temperate, sober, honest, virtuous. They wanted long years of training—Christian's whole life must be so. Then best to begin early—acquire good habits—makes much easier to persevere. How is Christian race *unlike* this? (a) *All win.* In other races how many get prize? Others come in behind—have gone whole course, but receive no prize. (b) *Lasting prize.* Crown of laurel soon fades—this prize never. What is it? A crown of glory—i.e., a home in heaven perfectly holy, happy, joyful. Saints and angels for companions—above all, presence of God. (1 Pet. i. 4.)

II. THE BOXING-RING. (Read verse 26.) Refers to another kind of match, boxing and wrestling—carried on with strict rules—if these broken, combatants dismissed with disgrace. So with our combat. (a) *Real enemies.* (See Eph. vi. 12.) St. Paul specially speaks of the sins of the *body*—often subject to temptation. What can we do? Keep under the body—literally “bruise my body.” No victory possible without an attack—therefore must train the body, not pamper it. Also have to subdue *spirit*. All have one besetting sin—what is it? Envy, sloth, pride, temper? Make special effort this year to conquer it. Have definite aim—use special helps—prayer, reading God's Word, communion with God. Look to Christ for help—He watches each effort, helps each struggle—rewards everlastingly. Then will indeed have “Happy New Year.”

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 9. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (II.)

To read—St. Matthew, v. 13—30.

I. THE CHRISTIAN'S INFLUENCE. (a) *To preserve.* Compared to salt. What are its qualities?

1. It is necessary to life.
2. It preserves from corruption, e.g. the sea.
3. Is symbol of friendship. (Num. xviii. 19.)

But if lose savour, i.e. goodness, is not good for salting—can only be thrown away.

So Christians must by holy lives keep world from corruption. Examples:—Little maid in Naaman's family. Daniel and friends in Babylon. Therefore, take care not lose purity and be destroyed like Judas.

(b) *To guide.* Compared to light. Cities often built on hills, e.g. Jerusalem. Also beacon lights.

So too candles (i.e. lamps), made for object of giving light—not to be hid. So Christians must first receive light, i.e. truth, from Father of lights (St. James i. 17), then show it to all. Not do good works for praise of men, but for glory of God.

II. THE CHRISTIAN'S LAW—general and particular.

(a) *General.* (17—20.) Christ as model Man came to fulfil Law. Therefore was circumcised (St. Luke ii. 21)—presented in Temple (St. Luke ii. 22)—obedient unto death (Phil. ii. 8)—fulfilled prophecy by doing all things predicted, e.g. compare Isaiah liii. with story of crucifixion. All God's Law must be fulfilled even to *jot* (smallest letter) and *tittle* (point of a letter). Therefore Christians must strive after perfection in themselves and others. As succeed in getting God's laws observed, so shall have greatness in heaven.

Righteousness must exceed that of Scribes. Why? Theirs was mainly words without deeds. (St. Matt. vii. 21.)

Theirs was merely formal. (St. Matt. xv. 8.)

Done for praise of men. (St. John xii. 43.)

(b) *Particular.* **LAW OF MURDER**, sixth Commandment. Forbade outward act. Christ, new Teacher, shows Law reaches to inward thoughts. Steps leading to murder—anger without cause—hatred—malice or plotting evil—bitter words—acts. So gradation of punishment.

The judgment, i.e. local court.

The council, i.e. Sanhedrim of seventy elders.

Hell fire—word Gehenna refers to narrow valley south-west of Jerusalem, where bodies of criminals thrown.

Duty to God—sacrifice of self, but must first be at peace with man. (See Ps. xxvi. 6.) So in Lord's prayer, “forgive us as we forgive.”

Duty to man—peace. Better make friends before case comes to law-courts. So make friends with God and await the Great Judgment without fear. (Ps. ii. 12.)

NO. 10. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (CL).

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAW—continued.

To read—*St. Matthew v. 33—48.*

I. THE LAW OF OATHS. (33—37.) Refers to third Commandment.

Sanction of God's own example. God to Abraham. (Gen. xxii. 16.)

Commanded in Law of Moses. (Ex. xxii. 11.)

Instance of Abraham. (Gen. xiv. 22.)

Oaths must be kept. (Eccles. v. 4.) Instance of Hannah vowing Samuel. (1 Sam. i. 28.) St. Paul at Cenchrea. (Acts xviii. 18.) Not to be made rashly, as Jephthah. (Judg. xi. 30.) Jews in habit of frequent oaths on all occasions. Christ condemns this. Jews thought no harm in oaths if God's name not mentioned. But what is oath? Solemn appeal to God's knowing all things. Such an oath as Christ made Himself before High Priest. (St. Matt. xxvi. 63, 64.) Should be kept for solemn occasions, such as Court of Justice. In daily life let words be few and simple.

II. THE LAW OF REVENGE. (38—42.) Eye for an eye, etc. (See Ex. xxi. 24.) Law allowed exact retaliation in kind—so did all primitive nations—allowed not for revenge of individual, but for good of community generally—simplest method of punishment. Christ teaches new law—overcome evil with good. Five examples:—

1. Resist not evil. So David to Saul. (1 Sam. xxiv. 4.) 2. Submit to personal injury. Christ Himself. (St. Matt. xxvi. 27.) 3. Give pressed service willingly. Simon the Cyrenian. (St. Matt. xxvii. 32.) 4. Be willing to give alms. Early Christians. (Acts ii. 45.) 5. Lend when asked. Mark of a righteous man. (Ps. xxxvii. 26.)

Coat or tunic—under-garment with sleeves. *Cloke*—the upper or outer garment.

Principle is to be willing and ready to help others.

III. THE LAW OF LOVE. (43—48.) Old law said "Love neighbour." (Lev. xix. 18.) Rabbis added "Hate enemy." Christ teaches true spirit. Show love by—

1. Kind *words* in return for curses—e.g. David. (1 Sam. xvii. 45.) 2. Kind *deeds* for injuries. Joseph. (Gen. xlv. 8.) 3. *Prayers* for persecutors. St. Stephen. (Acts vii. 60.)

Result of so doing—become true children of God—copy His example who does good to all—giving rain, sunshine, food, earthly blessings even to those who love Him not.

Three kinds of return possible—

1. Evil for good—is work of the devil. Example—Jews to Christ. (St. Luke iv. 22.) 2. Evil for evil, or good for good—is natural to man. Example—Spies' treatment of Rahab. (Josh. vi. 23.) 3. Good for evil—is to be like God. Example—Moses and Israelites. (Ex. xxxii. 32.) This Christian charity to be shown even in outward politeness.

Treat all and greet all with civility.

Example—Boaz and reapers. (Ruth ii. 4.) Thus

in all things, however small, strive after perfection and Spirit of God.

NO. 11. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (IV.).

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEVOTIONAL LIFE.

To read—*St. Matthew vi. 1—18.*

I. ALMSGIVING, or Duty to Neighbour. (1—4.) (a) *General caution.* Alms not to be done for the sake of being seen. Greek word also "righteousness." English word means "mercy."

What are alms? 1. *Feeding* the hungry. Christ and the multitudes. (St. Matt. xiv. 14.)

2. *Giving drink* to the thirsty. Rebekah. (Gen. xxiv. 17.)

3. *Clothing* the naked. Dorcas. (Acts ix. 39.)

4. *Teaching* the ignorant. Aquila and Priscilla. (Acts xviii. 26.)

5. *Visiting* the sick. St. Peter. (Acts ix. 36.)

6. *Burying* the dead. St. Stephen. (Acts vii. 2.)

And any other act of mercy, pity, or love to others for Christ's sake. Hypocrites or actors sound trumpet, i.e. blazon good deeds abroad. *Where?* In Synagogues—subscription lists, etc. *Why?* To get praise of men. *What* do they get? Their reward in full, i.e. what they sought. *What* do they not get? Praise of God either here or hereafter.

(b) *Particular caution.* Give secretly, willingly, liberally. Jews required to give a tenth. (Gen. xiv. 20; Mal. iii. 8.) Christians taught to give as hearts are disposed—not grudgingly, but cheerfully. (2 Cor. ix. 7.)

II. PRAYER, or Duty to God. (5—15.) *General directions*—(a) *Privacy.* Private prayer here referred to, not the temple worship. Are to seek retirement.

Examples:—Peter on housetop. (Acts x. 9.) Nathaniel under fig-tree. (St. John i. 50.) Christ on mountain-top. (St. Matt. xiv. 23.) St. Paul by the river-side. (Acts xvi. 13.)

(b) *Simplicity.* Not mere foolish repetition of same word, as priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. (1 Kings xviii. 26.) So Christ gives model prayer.

Notice—1. Three petitions for God's glory, four for man's needs.

2. "Our Father" implies universal brotherhood. 3. Simple words as from a child to a parent. 4. Unless forgive others, cannot be forgiven. 5. Christ used part of this prayer Himself in Garden of Gethsemane.

Debts, i.e. sins, for often omitting to pay God what is due to Him. (Mal. iii. 8.)

Temptation, i.e. testing above what we can bear.

Evil. The evil one and all evil things.

NO. 12. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (V.).

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY LIFE.

To read—*St. Matthew vi. 19—34.*

I. HEAVENLY TREASURES. (19—21.) Not to accumulate worldly things—caution against:—

1. Lust of gain, as Gehazi. (2 Kings v. 20.) 2. Lust of spiritual power, as Korah. (Num. xvi. 3.) 3. Lust of temporal power, as Absalom. (2 Sam. xv. 4.)

Why this caution? Because earthly things may:—

1. Be destroyed by rust or thieves. 2. Put to an end—as Absalom's rebellion. 3. Give no real happiness. Gehazi and leprosy. (2 Kings v. 27.) 4. Turn soul away from God. (1 Kings xi. 4.)

Contrast with heavenly treasures, *i.e.* knowledge and love of God. Never lost, never fades, gives peace now and hereafter.

II. SINGLE SERVICE. (22—24.) Eye is lamp of body, *i.e.* gives light to it. If eye is single, *i.e.* free from specks, gives pure light, but if eye diseased, body receives no light. So must have pure perception of God's truth—then will give Him single service.

Example:—A man cannot be slave of two masters. May try to, but one will be supreme. Cannot serve God and mammon (wealth) at same time. Some have tried but failed. Examples:—

Israelites to serve God and Baal. (1 Kings xviii. 21.)

Judas—Christ's disciple and greedy of gain.

Ananias and Sapphira. (Acts v. 3, 4.)

But as God's servant need not be anxious. Why? Because:—

1. He is Master—bound to provide. (25.) 2. He cares for lower animals. (26.) 3. He cares for flowers and grass. (28.) 4. We can do nothing without Him. (27.) 5. He is our Father and loves us.

Instances of God's care:—

1. Lower animals spared. (Ex. ix. 20.) 2. Grass and flowers blessed. (Deut. xxviii. 11.) 3. Righteous Noah saved. (Gen. vi. 18.) 4. Elisha's life preserved. (2 Kings vi. 16.) 5. Hezekiah restored to health. (2 Kings xx. 5.)

Therefore all must seek first God's Kingdom, and then may trust and not be afraid. Leave to-morrow's cares to to-morrow.

NOTES. 21. *Rust*, because money often buried in earth in Eastern countries.

25. *Take no thought*, *i.e.* be not over-anxious.

26. *Fowls*. Old English for birds.

28. *Lilies*. Probably anemones.

30. *Oven*. Made of clay, often heated with grass.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"IN FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH."



REMARKABLE testimony to the prevailing power of prayer was given by a Christian lady, speaking amid a little company of believers. Long ago an intimate friend of her own was in deep distress concerning her brother, an officer in the army, who was utterly careless and worldly. The friends sympathised with each other, and solemnly agreed to pray for the conversion of the young man, who cared nothing for religion. Years rolled on; the lady who related this experience married and met many changes, but she

and her friend were alike faithful to their promise, and day by day their pleadings arose together. At last the sister wrote in greater trouble than before: her brother had married a worldly wife, and seemed almost a hopeless case, having plunged into folly more deeply than ever. But they could not, would not, believe that God refused to hear their cry, and still they brought their petition to His feet. After fifteen years, the sister sent this message: "My brother was ordered to India; there he has been taken very ill, but he has been raised up, converted to God." The impressions of that time when he was brought so near eternity were used by

Divine mercy to change his whole life. Later on came the news: "His wife has also become a Christian;" and both husband and wife have since been working together to the glory of God.

"WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN."

There is Scripture warrant for systematic charity—"Upon the first day of the week," says the Apostle, "let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." It has been truly said that sometimes impulse is mere luxury; an eloquent sermon may elicit a generous contribution, but systematic charity, founded upon principle, may be of higher cost and richer worth. The habit of regular giving reminds us constantly of our indebtedness to God, and promotes self-denial and thrift; what we cannot afford we learn to sacrifice, in order that we may have something to render to the Lord. "The tenth is not enough," says many a heart in secret, laying by thank-offerings, firstfruits, and many a coin unseen save but by One. Let us not forsake a careful, cheerful system of charity, but never let it become mere routine work, for there must be times and seasons with every Christian when we cry, "It is not enough." Let us not be backward to remind those connected with us of the Master's claims.

A MESSAGE FROM INDIA.

In writing to thank us for some copies of THE QUIVER, a lady missionary working in Delhi tells us that healthy, cheerful literature is a great boon to the

English troops laid up in hospital, and a most welcome gift to the men attending the Bible class in the Fort. At the hot season the soldiers are necessarily confined to barracks for several hours; time is heavy on their hands, and this is the opportunity when helpful reading stores their minds with useful and interesting matter. Our correspondent writes as to religious work among the natives. What a blessed change has been wrought by prayer and tireless effort in the social life of India! A while ago the condition of our Eastern sisters seemed to mortal vision almost hopeless, but He Whose name is Love has put it into Christian hearts to toil and intercede till the breaking of the dawn. "You are leaving off all the customs of your ancestors," said one in the East Indies to a convert; "what is the reason?"—"I am a great sinner," was the reply; "I tried the Hindu worship, but I got no good. After a while I heard of Jesus—say, did any of your gods show love like His? Did Doorga, or Kallee, or Krishna die for sinners? I heard of Jesus. I thought, What love is this! And here I made my resting-place."

"WITH GOD AND FOR OTHERS."

Lord Brabazon and Lieutenant Smith, R.N. (83, Lancaster Gate, London) are the hon. secretaries of a new offshoot of the "Ministering Children's League." The latter association was started in 1885, and has taken firm root both in England and America. The "Gordon Division" of the Ministering League aims at inspiring in the hearts of our older boys those chivalrous and benevolent feelings which mark the Christian gentleman. The members "must endeavour to lead useful, unselfish lives, and try to do at least one kind deed every day"—the mere *trying* is in itself the observance of the rule. Branches might well be formed in connection with schools and colleges, and, should no special scheme of benevolence be already adopted there, some form of charity should be brought to the notice of the boys, who could also be encouraged in their holidays to make some article that would be prized in the houses of the poor. There are many societies for influencing men and boys for good, but youths of the upper classes have been hitherto somewhat overlooked in this respect. It will make a great difference to our native land whether the boys of to-day grow up luxurious and selfish, or helpful and self-denying, battling with temptation, crime, and wretchedness.

A LOVING HEART.

The monthly letters of Miss de Broen's Belleville Mission (3, Rue Clavel, Belleville, Paris) are full of interest for all who rejoice in the triumphs of the Gospel. "Religion is to decay and die in France," has been the decree of many in positions of power and influence. A Government teacher was dismissed because a religious book was found lying on a school-desk. "Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom," says the

Psalmist, and no decree of earth is able to withstand it. Miss de Broen's Mission was begun in 1871, and consists of a medical department (at which the annual attendance is computed at 30,000), Gospel meetings, schools, sewing classes, tract distribution, etc. The Medical Mission alone opens each year eight thousand new homes to the Christian visitor. Richly



MISS DE BROEN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. A. Weston, Stratford.)

have Miss de Broen's loving, earnest efforts been blessed. She tells many a little history of converted souls, and of careless ones who have now in their own circle become as missionaries. Of one of these, no longer welcome at the houses of her former friends, we hear that she "takes her revenge" by praying for them.

Of a family rescued from extreme want by the evident interposition of Providence, we read that the mother goes about the house singing, "Sur Toi je me repose, mon Sauveur," till now her landlady has learnt it, and sings it after her. A German woman, who had been very ill, exclaimed, "Every day is better than the day before, and brings me nearer to Christ and home." Another woman, full of suffering, said, "I tell the Lord I will not murmur; I think that when I do so He knows it is not me, but my weakness."

"PERSUASIVE SOUND."

During these long, pleasant evenings, many sacred concerts are arranged, and on the wings of music the "old, old story" is borne to many a listening heart. A friend of Miss Havergal's, who had laid her vocal gifts at the Master's feet, thankfully related that a young girl heard her sing, "Oh, come, everyone that thirsteth," and went away to pray that *she* might come; and soon she drank of the living waters. The Master uses such simple means sometimes to effect such glorious issues—"The consecrated song finds echoes in heaven, bringing joy to the angels and glory to God." The practice of sacred singing is of untold value, for even if the holy words seem just now to fall from thoughtless lips, some of them may abide in the memory and whisper in time to come their real and solemn meaning. Friends with musical gifts can scarcely use them better than by arranging one of the services of song now so numerous and in many cases so beautiful. A simply arranged but effective oratorio is "The Christian's Armour."

by Mrs. Alexander Roberts (Hutchings and Co.), for which suitable music to the Scriptural descriptions of Christian conflict has been supplied by Mr. Roeckel. Mr. John Farmer, Organist to Balliol



PERSUASIVE SOUND.

College, has also composed appropriate sacred part-songs. Young and old will alike be found ready to help in the performance of the melodies, and substantial additions may thus be made to the funds of Sunday-school, library, or temperance society. "How can I sing the Lord's song?" perhaps some heart may ask just now, that once in more prosperous days was filled with melody. A good pastor reminded such that in teaching a song-bird sweeter notes, the master often covers up the cage, lest the bird's attention be drawn away; in the darkness it listens to the master's notes, and presently it sings the same sweet song in the light.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

The Sunday-school library is a most useful adjunct to the class work of the Sunday-school. The privilege of borrowing from its shelves should at all times be regarded as a recognition of good conduct; at the same time it must not be forgotten that a good book is a kind of silent missionary in

many a home, and, if it be attractive as well as instructive, will find many readers besides the actual borrowers. We therefore earnestly recommend Sunday-school committees and managers to maintain, by every means at their disposal, the efficiency of their school libraries. Happily, nowadays the cheapness of books for young people renders comparatively easy the task of getting a library together, as several instances before us may testify. Miss Emma Jane Worboise is a gifted and experienced writer of didactic fiction, and the two stories just issued, "Fortune's Favourite" and "Helen Bury" (James Clarke and Co.), show that her pen retains as fully as ever the power "to charm and to teach." Miss Sarah Tytler's "Comrades" and "In the Fort" (Hodder and Stoughton) are both stamped with that strong originality of style which enchains the reader's attention from first to last. From the same publishers we have "The Master Hand," by "Pansy," and "When we were Girls Together," by Miss Sarah Doudney, the author of "Miss Willowburn's Offer," now appearing in our own pages. Under the title of "The Golden Motto Series," the publishers (Cassell and Co.) have issued a series of very attractive volumes, "Aim at a Sure End," "Nil Desperandum," an excellent boys' book, by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, and "Bear and Forbear," by Sarah Pitt, a name well known to our readers; "Honour is My Guide," by Jeanie Hering, and "Foremost if I Can," from the witching pen of the author of "Doddlekens," a story over which many a reader of THE QUIVER has smiled and wept. The "Sunday-school Reward Books" series (same publishers) is an excellent idea; the titles ("Frank's Life-Battle," "Rhoda's Reward," "Rags and Rainbows," "Pretty Pink's Purpose," etc.) sufficiently indicate the character and scope of the undertaking, which cannot be too highly commended. "Through Trial to Triumph" (same publishers), a touching story, is intended for girls of from fifteen to twenty. Youths of the same age will be all the better for reading Dr. Thain Davidson's new work, "The City Youth" (Hodder and Stoughton), which contains a world of good advice pleasantly given. All these volumes are especially welcome at this book-giving season, and all are eminently suitable for the shelves of our Sunday-school libraries.

"A SHELTER FOR THE LADS."

Under this title, Mrs. Watts-Hughes has written a little pamphlet, describing her homely fireside meetings for vagrant boys, many of whom she has tried to get into various institutions, but unsuccessfully. "So," says she, "I have done for them myself what little I could, sheltering them from the streets for a few hours every evening." These are the sort of boys to whom the passing policeman would almost inevitably utter the command, "Move on!" Where to are they to move? They can only move on to some low lodging-house, some van, or stable-corner to rest among the chaff; many can only move on to another

street, to be roused again very soon by the same authoritative tones. We hear that when admitted to the warm schoolroom provided by Mrs. Watts-Hughes, they stare at the fire as if they had never seen one before, and find it for some time a superior attraction to the illustrated papers, drawing-books, and copybooks provided for their use. Mrs. Hughes has to say "Good-night" again and again before the room begins to empty. She explains their manner of proceeding thus:—"Directly 'Good-night' is said to them they walk off, and you fancy they are going out of the room; but, instead of going, they turn back after passing me, and once more mix with the others, so that next minute the same lads are to be seen again, some of them comfortably seated round the fire."—"Won't you let us stay and watch that there lump o' coal out? We'll be good, and them boys wot's gone won't know," are the pleading words heard from persistent lingerers. Their kind friend knows it is better for them to watch the lump of coal go out than to wander in the streets, so she often lets a few remain behind for a while, longing in her heart that she possessed a place where she could offer them clean beds and a well-ventilated sleeping-room, saving them from the association of public-houses and common lodging-houses. Some of these boys have been excluded from the poor provision of their own homes by drunken fathers. "There ain't no room there for me," is too often the true statement of hungry lips. It must be at the cost of

FAMILY PRAYERS.

"The daily and public recognition of God in the Household" is, as Dr. Macduff truly observes in his preface to his new book, "Morning Family Prayers for a Year" (Nisbet), the great object of the institution of family worship. Dr. Macduff is to be thanked for this book, which will be acceptable to many who desire a separate collection of morning prayers. We fear that there is a tendency now-a-days to rely overmuch on "manuals" of devotion, especially for private use; but such books as the one before us are undoubtedly helpful to those who are new to the exercise of prayer in the midst of the assembled household.

CHANNELS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Tact and patience are needed in large measure by those who visit the poor; faith and prayer remove mountains, though Christian efforts may seem to be all in vain. Sometimes we deal with demonstrative natures that overwhelm us with domestic details and words of welcome, but more frequently we come in contact with reserved, suspicious people, whose hearts seem almost as stone. Who knows what experiences of toil and want may have chilled and hardened them? Let us be patient, for there is One who can break the iron and the brass asunder; with Him all things are possible. We have heard of district visitors inspecting the pot to find out just what the



"I will bring you something else."—p. 192.

much personal convenience that work like this can be carried on in a private house, and few would be found ready to throw open their doors to wandering boys. "For them as for us," says Mrs. Hughes, "Christ died. Shall we, who know His love, not strive to bring them to find in Him the rest and peace they so sorely need?"

dinner was to be, insisting on a diet of rice, reproving the presence of butter, and in such ways becoming a most unwelcome presence in the poor man's house. After all, even the garret demands some amount of respect as to ownership, and counsel can be given in such a way as not to savour of offence and interference. A lady carried a weekly tract for some time

to a man who refused it; at last he burst gruffly out that he did not like that sort of reading. "I am sorry for that," said the lady pleasantly, "but I will bring you something else," and henceforth she carried a little publication with a picture which he could not resist. Now he and his wife talk of attending the religious service. A friend told of a visit he paid to a family where father, mother, and five children, received him coldly and sullenly; they did not know that he was bearing an offering from the Dorcas Society. He brought out the basket, and, before he proposed to read and pray, he put socks on the bare little feet, showed his store of warm clothing, and practically bade them "Be ye warmed and fed." The ice broke down; they fell on their knees; the way was open for instruction concerning Him who deigns to sue to us for alms for His needy poor. Angel visits indeed to our less fortunate brethren and sisters seem the glimpses of love and sympathy which we sometimes try to bear. Their appreciation is deeper than we dream. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, told of a poor woman who heard him preach, that she was asked her opinion of his sermon. "Eh, well enough," was her reply; "when he got to his *very best* he reminded me just a little of our lady who comes and talks to our mothers' meetings."

"THE VOCATION OF THE PREACHER."

A posthumous work by Paxton Hood must always have an interest for thousands of readers who have been fascinated by his former writings. In the book which, under the above title, has recently been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the author exclaims, "Would that we had some Vasari or Lanzi, some Sterling or Jameson, to tell the tale of the pulpit, as those delightful writers have told the tale of the art of painting and its triumphs and glories!" He "who being dead yet speaketh," has actually done as much as any man can do towards supplying this want, in the "Throne of Eloquence" and in the enthralling volume now before us. The

future historian of the pulpit will scarcely fail to refer to these two books, which will give him not only most valuable material, but also inspire him with the true spirit in which the task should be undertaken.

"A MESSENGER OF GRACE."

Tennyson tells us that

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above."

Many a beautiful lay has been penned by the subject of our portrait concerning the blue, bright floor of heaven and "scenes of sweeter day." The Better Land is a favourite theme with Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose name, so dear to Scottish hearts, has now become world-wide property. Most of us know the lines in which he asks to pass away gently, quietly—

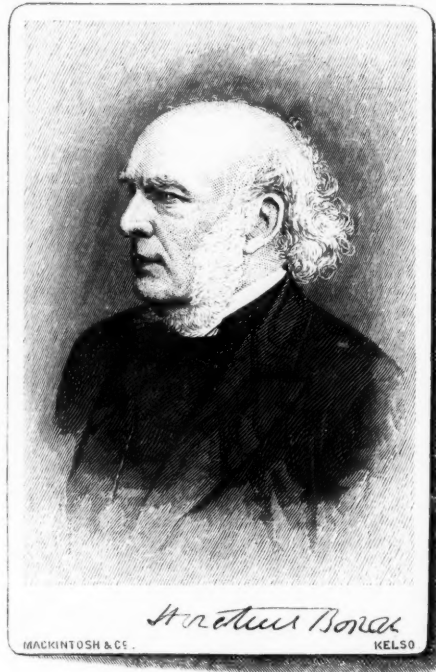
"Only remembered by
what I have done."

There was one who, seeking immortal influence, exclaimed, "Let me make the songs of the people;" and the hymns of Dr. Bonar, so familiar throughout the Church, will be to him an everlasting memorial. As a preacher and a prose writer he is always earnest, thoughtful, strong, not speaking down to us from the heights of superior gifts, but struggling against evil at our side. His

hymns and songs, however, will, to our thinking, weave him the sweetest garland of all. Who has not felt the dews of rest compose the spirit in breathing his well-known hymn, "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm"? Who has not felt the tender beauty of those lines, "I was a wandering sheep,"—and who has not joined in the old, ever-precious strain,

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me, and rest?"

Dr. Bonar's melodies enforce the truth that the source of true poetry is *love*, and that its healing waters are surely reached in ascending the ladder of Revelation.

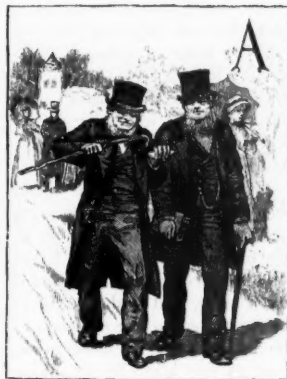


WHY DO PEOPLE WISH TO BE RICH?

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.



"I suppose you are here seeking siller."—p. 195.



MINISTER preaching against the love of money had frequently repeated that it was "the root of all evil." Walking home from the church, one old person said to the other — "An' wasna the minister strang upon the money?" — "Nae doubt,"

said the other; and added, "Ay, but it's grand to hae the wee bit siller in your hand when ye gang an errand." We quite agree with this, and believe in the "needful" so far as it is needful. It's grand to have the price of food and clothes, and we are not at all averse to a little pocket-money, but after a modest sufficiency has been realised, what is the good of fretting and working for more? Is enough not enough?

Nature has placed a limit to the personal indulgences of each, and it is impossible for any one to consume more than so much. We may spend £5,000 or £10,000 yearly, but the bulk of

it must return to whence it came, in the payment of labour or profit to the distributor. The money is beneficial to many, and not solely to its possessor.

"When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?" A rich man is an agent who manages what he is pleased to call his property for the good of others. Burke used to say that the "dependent pensioners called the rich are trustees for those who labour, and their hoards are the banking-houses of these latter."

There is sound philosophy in the answer a king is related to have given to a stable-boy. Meeting him one morning, he asked him, "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" — "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." — "Be content," replied the king; "I have no more."

In a meeting assembled to make arrangements for the last preaching campaign in London of Mr. Moody, the American Evangelist, one of the speakers expressed his hope that Mr. Moody would "do something for the miserable poor of London." "I will try and do so," was the preacher's reply; "and I hope also to be able to do something for the miserable rich." "The miserable rich!" Some would think the expression almost a contradiction in terms, but it is not, for the rich have many things to render them unhappy. The poor in sleep forget their misery, but too often

the rich are tortured by sleeplessness. They suffer from *ennui*, "that awful yawn which sleep cannot dispel." The French financier exclaimed, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

Bacon said that money is "like muck—not much use unless spread." It is nothing to him who does

"For twenty years and more I have thought this little *salon* a model of good taste. Claire, when we go into a large house, we will keep the old furniture all in a room by itself, whither we can go and remind ourselves of the past. If we are to be rich, we must never forget that we were once poor and happy."

A man who becomes rich will on looking back to his youth confess that he derived more enjoyment from one shilling then than he did afterwards from a hundred pounds. A day at Epping Forest or Greenwich was something to anticipate with delight for months beforehand, and think of afterwards; it is a bore now to know where to go, and a few weeks abroad are soon forgotten. The other day I was told about the beautiful property of a man who had risen from the position of a common labourer to be a man of wealth. Charming residence, extensive grounds, lovely garden, well-appointed stables: everything, one would think, to make life agreeable; and yet that man acknowledged he was a far happier being when he was earning a couple of shillings a day than he is now, although rolling in abundance.

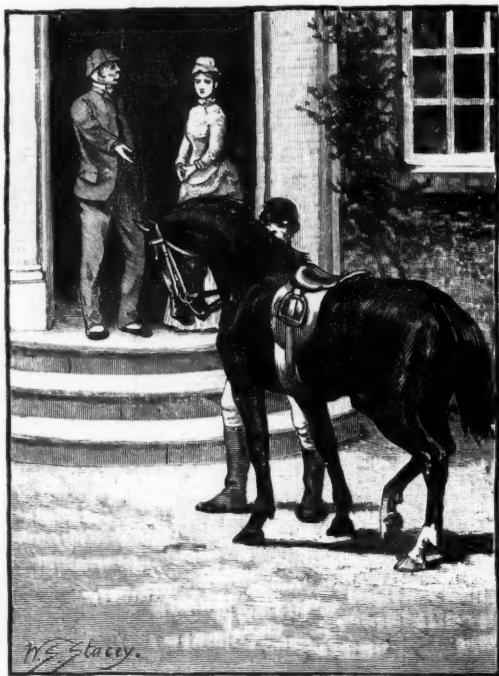
We have false ideas of happiness. What will make me happy—contented? "Oh, if I were rich I should be happy!" A gentleman who was enjoying the hospitalities of the king of finance, Rothschild, as he looked at the superb appointments of his mansion, said to his host, "You must be a happy man." "Happy?" said he, "happy! I happy—happy! Ay, happy! Let us change the subject." Great wealth is a heavy burden, the life of a rich peer being described as "made like the life of an attorney by the extent of his affairs." Every new possession becomes an additional

something to be looked after, and adds almost as much to our anxiety as it does to our comfort.

A friend of mine had a very valuable horse, which he exercised every day himself, not liking to trust it to a groom. So intolerable did this daily task become that one day he exclaimed, on seeing the animal led to the door—"There is my horse, the only enemy I have in the world!" It is proverbially difficult for a lady to be "mistress of herself though *china* fall;" but if the sound of breaking *delf* rise from the kitchen, "Another plate!" is her indifferent remark. Who ever heard of a beggar going mad from anxiety?

"The rich look forward to the year, the poor think only of the day."

A man with the reputation of riches is besieged with applications for support, of such a kind that



"The only enemy I have in the world."

not know how to use it wisely, and on the other hand poverty is nothing when it is not felt. If you mix with people better off than yourself, you feel poor; but it may be only by contrast, for perhaps you do not really want more than you have. In one of his stories a well-known writer describes the effect upon a poor teacher of a legacy of £1,200 a year. Suddenly the cottage he has lived in for so many years seems to have grown very small—the furniture looks old and worn. Claire had never remarked the fact before, but she now perceived clearly that there was no longer any possibility of tracing the pattern of the carpet, that the curtains were dingy, the coverings of the chairs faded, the table rickety. "The poor old furniture!" said Claire, "must that go? Yet it is frightfully shabby."—"The poison is eating into our souls," her father went on, with deeper gloom.

he will soon understand why the poor think better of mankind than the rich. Circular follows circular, pointing out in the most attractive manner how he may become richer, by investing his money in plans and shams of all kinds. A rich person, however worthy, can never feel sure that he is respected or loved for himself. In Dr. Guthrie's "Autobiography" there is a good illustration of the unhappy state of cynicism into which the rich are prone to fall. There he relates how, in a winter of extraordinary severity, he made an appeal to a lady who had succeeded to a prodigious fortune, on behalf of the starving poor of his parish. On being ushered into her room, she turned round, and showing her thin, spare figure, and a face that looked as if it had been cut out of mahogany, grinned and said: "I am sorry to see ye. What do you want? I suppose you are here seeking siller?"—"The very thing I have come for," was the Doctor's frank reply. Her next remark demonstrated how little power her riches had of conferring happiness, and with all her wealth of flatterers, what a poor, lonely, desolate, miserable creature this possessor of more than a million sterling was. "Ah!" she said, "there is nobody comes to see me or seek me; but it's money, the money they are after."

The question, "To whom or to what cause shall I contribute money?" must be a very anxious one to conscientious men of wealth. "How are we to measure," we may suppose rich men to ask, "the relative utility of charities? And then political economists are down upon us if by mistake we help those who might have helped themselves. It is easy to talk about our extravagance; tell us rather how to spend our money as becomes Christians:" that is to say, for the greatest good of the greatest number. The fact is, riches must now be considered by all good men as a distinct profession, with responsibilities no less onerous than those of other professions. And this very difficult business ought to be learned by studying social science, and otherwise, with as much care as the professions of divinity, law, and medicine are learned. No one should wish to be rich who objects to the trouble of conscientious money-spending.

If money, even when honourably acquired, may become a burden, what are we to say about that which is gained by deceit and dishonesty? Job's language regarding the fraudulent man is literally true: "He swallowed down riches, but shall vomit them up again." When money comes easily it goes easily; having been obtained without an effort, it is spent without a thought. Who ever heard of a professional thief having an account with a banker? "As a partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Alas! for the man who lives and dies worth much money, but worth nothing himself; the poorest Christian ought not to envy him. "Though

a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is poorer." He may enlarge his premises, but that very night his soul may be called away; and whatever monument with flattering title his heirs may erect over his grave, God shall write his epitaph in one word of four letters—"Fool."

When Whitfield was preaching on one occasion, and just as he stood up to pray, the clerk at the desk below read out the intimation, "The prayers of this congregation are earnestly requested in behalf of a young man who has just fallen heir to a large fortune." Much did that young man need the congregation's prayers, for there are many temptations in the time of wealth from which only God's grace can deliver us. For many reasons those who are born rich are to be pitied. When children, they are petted and pampered so much that they cannot as a rule grow up as strong and independent as those who were more fortunate in having to acquire a fortune. Unearned money induces a distaste for labour and activity: it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which *must* be done, will be the safest and best.

We are aware that as much, or even more, might be said against the condition of penury, but as this is generally acknowledged to be an evil, there is no need to refer to it.

Were we wise, we would desire with Agur neither poverty nor riches. What can be better than the golden mean? He is the rich man who has few wants. A man may be rich in a cottage, and poor in a palace.

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!"

It is said that a great king was deterred from a destructive war by the observation of a philosopher. "I shall invade such a kingdom," said the monarch.—"And that taken?" asked his friend.—"Then another province."—"And that added?"—"Why, then I shall pass such and such a river, and add the whole country beyond."—"And that attained?" continued the questioner.—"Why, then I shall rest quietly at home."—"Could you not do so now, without undergoing all that fatigue and danger, with a very questionable issue?"—"Ah!" returned the king, struck with the observation, "I never thought of that." When a man has made enough money to satisfy reasonable wants, he would rest himself and give a chance to another if he had enough sense to think of this.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S BETROTHED," AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER X.—A CHANGE OF SCENE.



R. MIDDLETON had been persuaded to alter his coercive measures by Lady Mountfalcon. He had hastened to declare his injuries to her sympathetic ear, but she made light of them.

She explained to him that it was all the better for his object that Jessie should imagine herself in love. "Had she been wholly heart-free, she would probably have been caught by the first adventurer who chose to make love to her. Her present fancy will be a protection to her till the excitement of her new position, her awakened pride and vanity, has time to work in your favour. Depend upon it, before the season is over she will have forgotten that she ever cared about this young fellow."

She then went on to advise, that instead of treating his daughter harshly, he should compromise matters, and Mr. Middleton listened as to the voice of an oracle. After a very little further discussion, and some hesitation—the idea of employing diplomacy in his domestic affairs having never before presented itself to him—he consented to act according to her ladyship's counsel, with what result has been seen.

When Dick Cunliffe heard the terms that had been agreed upon between the father and daughter, he rejoiced, for he had not expected any conditions. He had good news to tell in his turn. Information had just reached him that his design for the new town-hall at Northborough had been accepted; he would have to be continually there to superintend the erection, so that in any case he could not have seen much of Jessie during the next six months. It was hard that they could not correspond, but he had the same faith in Jessie that he had in himself, and he would be working for her—a blessed thought that would sweeten both absence and labour.

Mr. Middleton called again the following evening, and quite took Jessie by surprise, his manner was so kind. He brought her a present—an exquisite set of ornaments of pink coral and brilliants.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Jessie exclaimed, with all a girl's delight in pretty things, as she opened the case. "Thank you, a thousand times, father!" Then she hesitated. The colour that had flushed into her cheeks with pleasure paled, and she closed the case whilst she said, half-frightened at her own daring, "I don't know whether I ought to take them. I will hold to the promise I gave you, to the very letter, but I must not let you think that it will be possible for me to give up Dick."

Mr. Middleton's heavy face reddened ominously; he

frowned; an explosion of wrath was imminent, but he controlled himself. "I trust to your promise, child," he said roughly. "There is no need to speak on that subject again till after the six months. Keep the ornaments; they are nothing to what you shall have if you please me."

"Then I shall be delighted to have them. It was so kind of you to think of bringing them, father," returned Jessie gratefully, her countenance brightening again.

Then they began to discuss their visit to the seaside, and Brighton was definitely fixed upon. Miss Middleton proposed to take Minnie Faulkner with them as a companion for Jessie. This was agreed to, and Mr. Middleton departed, well content with the part he had played.

"Lady Mountfalcon was right. A wonderfully clever woman that," he muttered to himself, as he stepped into his carriage. "It is, after all, a mere boy-and-girl fancy; I should have been wrong to take it too seriously. Six months!" he continued, with a chuckle, and rubbing his hands; "in six months Miss Jessie will sing a different tune, I'm thinking. Her ladyship—my daughter. Hah-hah! A dreadful nuisance Lord Hamlyn being an invalid, and more than half an idiot to boot. Lady Hamlyn of Hamlyn Court." He rolled the words over his tongue as if they had a sweet savour, uttering them half aloud. "Well, well, that can't be, but there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught in the net, that's one comfort;" and as the carriage rolled on he fell to musing about the standing in society a titled son-in-law would give him, castle-building in a way that he would have severely condemned in another as idle waste of time and thought.

Dick Cunliffe, from behind the curtains of Miss Carraway's parlour, watched the carriage drive off, and shook his head at its owner, with some expressions between his teeth not complimentary to the man he hoped would be his father-in-law. But then he had just been separated from his lady-love without even the opportunity of a farewell, so no wonder if his temper was slightly ruffled, in spite of his good prospects at Northborough.

Minnie Faulkner was exuberant with delight when she received Miss Middleton's invitation to accompany them to Brighton, and her father and mother were scarcely less pleased. She had been growing fast and studying hard, and this change and relaxation were just the thing for her. The intervening few days would be fully employed in putting her into rather more womanly attire, and for once Minnie took so great an interest in the subject of her dress, that when the afternoon came when the new costumes were expected home she could not rest, but set off to the railway station to ascertain if the box had

arrived. On her way back, Mr. Cunliffe overtook her, and she breathlessly told him the news.

"I have never been to Brighton, and I have scarcely ever been to the sea-side. Father has no time to go anywhere, and mother does not like to leave him," she said; adding, "You will be coming down to Brighton some of these days, I dare say. Won't you, Mr. Cunliffe?"

"No; I don't think so," Dick replied, not, however, thinking it necessary to confide to the young lady his reasons for remaining away.

"Not? Oh, I'm sorry," she returned, with an air of disappointment. "I thought you would have been sure to come, and then you could have taken us out in a boat."

Dick smiled. "Is your regret for the loss of my company, or for the loss of the sail?" he inquired good-humouredly, amused at the girl's frankness.

"For both, I suppose. Why won't you come?" she persisted. "I am sure Jessie would have been glad. Bob will be sure to come, but then I am afraid she doesn't care for Bob. She never will go out with him." This ruefully.

"That's hard upon Mr. Faulkner. For myself, you see, I shall have work to attend to that will take me to quite another part of the country, so I couldn't come unless you could teach me how to be in two places at once."

Minnie shook her head. "I am glad it is not because you don't care," she said. Then, as they walked on together, and she looked up into Mr. Cunliffe's face, she made the inquiry, "Are you well, Mr. Cunliffe?"

"Yes, quite well. Why do you ask?"

"Because you look pale, and—and sorry, somehow," Minnie answered.

"Perhaps I am sorry that you are going to have a holiday, and that there is no holiday for me," Dick suggested.

"No," replied Minnie sagely. "I am sure that is not it. That would be mean, and I don't believe you are mean one bit."

"Thank you for your good opinion, Miss Faulkner," Dick returned, laughing. "Have you been up to town?"

"Oh, no. I only came to make sure that some things had arrived that we expected. Good-bye,"

and she held out her hand as two roads branched off, the one leading to Dr. Faulkner's house, the other to Acacia Grove.

"I shall call and see you some day when I run up to London; and you must tell me all about your visit," said the young man, as he shook hands with her.



"The two girls took long walks by the sea-shore."—p. 198.

"Will you really? That will be nice of you!" responded Minnie, elated at the prospect of having a caller on her own account; and then they separated, Minnie little knowing that she was viewed as the link between two loving hearts for some time to come.

Miss Middleton and Jessie had not much time for speech with anyone during the few days before their departure, so many were the business matters that had to be attended to. On their return they would go direct to Palace Gardens, and all their personal belongings had to be packed ready for removal. Hannah, who was left in charge of the house, together with an elderly woman who had been engaged to keep her company, undertook to see to their safe transfer, together with Miss Middleton's pets.

It was on a cold, bright morning in the beginning of February that Miss Middleton, with her two young companions, left the home of so many peaceful years, but it was not till they were comfortably seated in the railway-carriage that Minnie's tongue was let loose. She related her meeting with Mr. Cunliffe, adding her opinion that he did not look well.

"Won't you ask him to come to Brighton, Miss Middleton?" she pleaded. "I am sure it would do him good to come."

"I think Mr. Cunliffe will have something else to do," replied Miss Middleton, quietly changing the conversation.

But Jessie's face was turned towards the window. She did not wish her aunt to see that the very mention of Dick's name had power to overcome her self-control, still less did she desire to betray the state of her heart to Minnie; so she became absorbed in what was passing, till she had gained composure.

The apartments engaged for them were at a family hotel, so they had nothing to do but to enjoy the ever-changing scene and the sea-breezes, and to the younger members of the party the enjoyment was unaffected and thorough. Miss Middleton could not have taken a wiser step than to bring Minnie with them. Her exuberant animal spirits infected Jessie; her vivacity was the very best antidote against depression. Not that Jessie had any inclination to give way to melancholy; she struggled bravely against regret, setting the hope of reunion constantly in view. Moreover, it is not in the first moment of separation that the grief of it is most acutely felt. Memory for a time almost takes the place of the beloved one's presence. Looks and tones are still so vivid that they can be recalled and dwelt upon with a sort of sad pleasure. It is as these begin to fade, as all things mortal fade, that the sensation of a dreary blank appals; the void that there is nothing on earth to fill, or that is too often filled by doubts and fears as well as longings. This time had not yet come for Jessie.

When the weather was fine the two girls took long walks by the sea-shore, or coaxed Miss Middleton into some excursion about the neighbourhood. But Jessie and Minnie delighted even more in the boisterous weather, when they would go down to the beach, feeling the roaring wind and leaping spray string their nerves and stir their blood. Miss Middleton for the most part was content with her knitting and a book, and the cheerful outlook from the window of their sitting-room; busied, too, with her own thoughts, which were not always cheerful. She knew that Jessie's agreement with her father was only a truce, that the time would come when they would be in direct opposition, and she could not but shrink in alarm from the impending contest. She had had sufficient evidence of her brother's violence and selfishness and tyranny, and though Jessie had too firm and courageous a character to sink under it as her more feeble-minded mother had done, it was certain that there would be many painful scenes to

encounter, and the end of it all she could not clearly foresee. Would Mr. Cunliffe remain steadfast through the trial? Would his love subdue his pride, and enable him to bear the rebuffs, perhaps insults, he would meet with when the six months had expired, and he came forward again to claim his bride? What sort of a position would he have made for himself by that time? Would this work he was now undertaking really give him the opening he expected? And would Jessie remain entirely unaffected and unspoiled by the new sphere she was about to enter, and would she be content to return to a more simple mode of life? These reflections occupied the old lady's mind many an hour while the girls were wandering on the shore, and the knitting lay idle in her lap, and the leaves of her book remained unturned.

Miss Middleton kept these thoughts to herself. It could do no good to trouble Jessie's mind with fears aroused by her own past experience, nor did Jessie speak much to her about either past or future. They seemed mutually to avoid touching on tender topics, and there was always enough in what was passing around them to make conversation, Minnie taking her full share. Minnie developed wonderful talent as a narrator, and her merry or bright descriptions of what they had seen and heard, when they came in from their long rambles, amused Miss Middleton, and allowed Jessie the occasional luxury of silence.

Thus February and March slipped away and spring arrived, and Jessie was surprised to find that a third of the probationary time had already passed. When her father's letter arrived summoning them home, she felt as if the worst was over. It would have been unnatural had she been without curiosity and interest as to what lay before her; and in London she might have a chance of seeing Dick; had he not spoken of watching for her in the park? Whenever he came to town he would surely be there, and just to catch a sight of his face now and then, to make sure that he was true to her, would enable her to bear up patiently to the end. Little did she think how far her faith would be tried by the time the six months had passed away!

CHAPTER XL.—LADY MOUNTFALCON EXPLAINS HER PLANS.

LADY MOUNTFALCON sat in her dim, rose-tinted back drawing-room alone. She had no pretence of occupation in her fingers; she was evidently expecting someone, for at every sound she assumed a listening attitude, and then, when disappointed, sank back in her chair with a weary sigh. Lady Mountfalcon's face, when not dressed in smiles for society, showed unmistakable lines of care, and signs of the ravages of time, in spite of art. Hers had not been a very happy life, and happiness does more to preserve youthful looks than violet-powder and "bloom of Ninon." She had great cause to be satisfied with the

result of her last speculation. Madame Hortense had not only ceased to press for the settlement of her bill, on the introduction of such a customer as the daughter of Mr. Middleton, the millionaire, but had furnished several new costumes for her ladyship without demur. A draft on the millionaire's bankers had enabled her to satisfy others of her most troublesome creditors, but still ends did not meet. There was a wide gap left, a gap that her ladyship was more than ever determined should be filled by her nephew's marriage with the heiress.

Ulric Falcon had been disporting himself in the French capital, and had not at once obeyed Lady Mountfalcon's summons home. She was most anxious to see him and to impress her scheme upon his mind before Jessie's arrival in town. However, he had now returned, and had notified his intention of waiting upon her that morning. He it was she so eagerly expected. The little French *pendule* on the chimney-piece had tinkled out the half-hour after one, when the door was opened, and Mr. Falcon was announced.

Ulric Falcon was eminently handsome, inheriting the southern type from his mother, who had been an Italian lady. Not above the middle height, and slight in figure, he had an indolent grace of movement that harmonised well with his refined oval face, his olive skin, his dark, languishing eyes shaded by long dark lashes, and his small, silky, black moustaches. He had an engaging smile and a musical voice, with a slight drawl in his speech when not roused into especial animation; and this was rare, he having outlived all sources of interest, according to his own theory. As for moral principles, he had absolutely none, though he had few vices. Lady Mountfalcon never doubted this man's power of winning Jessie's heart, if he only chose to set about it in good earnest. She would throw all her influence into the scale, and made certain of carrying off the prize. Jessie's present engagement she ignored as unworthy of consideration; Ulric Falcon's attentions would surely soon obliterate any lingering remembrance of her former and plebeian lover.

"My dear aunt, you are one of the immortals; you actually look younger each time I see you," said Mr. Falcon gaily, as he advanced into the room, and taking Lady Mountfalcon's hand, raised the jewelled fingers to his lips. He knew better than to touch her cheek.

"Do you know, you naughty boy, what anxiety you have given me by delaying your return so long?" Lady Mountfalcon queried, looking admiringly at her handsome nephew; the man who stood in the place—as she sometimes thought with a sigh—of a son of her own.

"I was not aware that the matter on which you wished to see me was of immediate importance, or I should certainly have hastened over," replied Mr. Falcon, in his slight drawl, and sinking languidly into a chair. "There were some interesting sales on hand, but upon my honour I am sorry if you have had any anxiety or trouble on my account."

"You have never found me sparing of myself when there was anything to be done, Ulric," said the lady reproachfully; "and you might have been too late."

"Too late for what? I am all impatience to read this riddle, my dear aunt; it becomes almost interesting. Pray explain."

The young man leaned forward as he spoke, his dark eyes bent on Lady Mountfalcon's face, but without any great expression of curiosity.

"I should think you must be almost tired of your present mode of life, Ulric," her ladyship observed, lifting a scent-bottle that stood near, to her aristocratic nose.

Mr. Falcon shrugged his shoulders. "Have you taken the trouble of sending for me in order to make that suggestion?" he inquired, in a rather sarcastic tone. "Have you anything better to recommend?"

Mr. Falcon could be sarcastic at times, but he never heedlessly wounded anyone's feelings; not that he would have gone much out of his way to avoid doing so, but his long training in the school of manners had given him a fine tact, that enabled him to steer clear of offence—a tact that often serves its possessor in the place of the charity that "thinketh no evil."

"Yes, I think I have," replied his aunt, a little coldly.

"What is it? Really, you are keeping me in a most unjustifiable state of suspense."

"An heiress; it is time you settled down, Ulric: you—the heir to the title."

"An heiress! oh, that is not a very original idea, is it?" Mr. Falcon returned languidly. "Heiresses are generally so vastly unattractive, and so consummately stuck-up with the idea of their own value, for which they require a full equivalent. And then there is so much competition—"

"And you are too idle to enter the lists," Lady Mountfalcon interposed. "Agreed; but this is something exceptional. Listen." She then proceeded to set before him Mr. Middleton's vast wealth, that would all descend to this only child. She told him how completely she was in Mr. Middleton's confidence; that she had undertaken to introduce his daughter, and had no doubt of gaining great influence over her. She described to him the simple manner in which Jessie had been brought up, and represented to him the opportunity that would present itself in the girl's being under her chaperonage, for him to make a bold move, and to secure the golden prize before others had a chance of coming forward as his rivals. She did not conceal from him the fact that Miss Middleton had formed, or supposed herself to have formed, an attachment, but she treated it as a girlish fancy not worth taking into account. "The young man, whoever he may be, is no doubt quite a common person, and Jessie will soon see her mistake when she once begins to associate with those of our class," she concluded,

Mr. Falcon listened attentively; when Lady Mountfalcon spoke of Jessie's lover, he smiled while he stroked his silky black moustaches. "Ah! some lawyer's clerk, probably, or perhaps her music-master," he suggested, indifferently, as if no such being could stand in his way. "Upon my word, your programme is tempting," he added, after a pause. "That is to say, if the girl is not quite too dreadful."

"She is not dreadful at all," Lady Mountfalcon hastened to assure him. "I do not say that she is regularly handsome; perhaps at first sight you may think her almost plain; that depends. But she is self-possessed and graceful, and expresses herself well in a remarkably sweet voice."

"You are really placing quite a captivating picture before me, my dear aunt," responded Ulric Falcon. "And you say there is really an opportunity of winning this fair *demoiselle* with her millions?"

"Don't I tell you, the very best of opportunities?" her ladyship insisted. "Not only will the girl go out with me constantly, but I shall have the selection of guests to be invited to her father's house. You will be in attendance as a matter of course. It will be your own fault if you allow competitors in your way."

"And then?" Mr. Falcon inquired, with a look that she perfectly understood.

"You are the heir. It would be to your interest to restore Mountfalcon to what it was a few generations back. Your uncle is failing, Ulric. It is not likely to be long before you enter upon your inheritance—a very poor one at present."

"Is my uncle worse?" Mr. Falcon asked, with some show of concern.

"He is no better. You know the life he leads," said her ladyship.

"I know the life we all lead, for that matter," Mr. Falcon remarked.

"As Lord Mountfalcon, as circumstances stand at present, you would really be a poorer man than you are as Ulric Falcon," observed his aunt.

"An unpleasant fact, but undeniable," Mr. Falcon acquiesced. "Well, my dear aunt, I owe you thanks; I will at any rate reconnoitre the situation, and if the girl is presentable, why, the temptation is great."

"The girl is perfectly presentable," Lady Mountfalcon affirmed, "but the father is a horror. However, he has had nothing to do with his daughter's bringing up, fortunately. I do not imagine she can have any real affection for him. You would not find it difficult to separate your wife from her former connections."

"And this rustic or cockney Corydon, whichever he may be, will he be putting in his claims?"

"Miss Middleton has been forbidden to see him, or correspond with him, for six months," replied Lady Mountfalcon. "She has given her promise, and I believe will keep it. It must be your part to make the keeping it easy to her. Long before the six

months are out I am confident she will wonder what she can have seen in her former pretender."

"I am rather sorry the poor beggar is not to be visible; there would have been more amusement in cutting him out then," Mr. Falcon remarked amiably.

"If you require a rival to stimulate you to exertion, you will find others to your hand, I have no doubt," returned her ladyship in a vexed tone.

"Spare me!" exclaimed her nephew, in mock consternation; "you know I hate exertion of any kind."

"Nevertheless, I am going to ask you to exert yourself now," said Lady Mountfalcon. "I want you to go with me to the jeweller's; I have undertaken to select some ornaments for Miss Middleton, and I wish them to be original, or at least artistic in design."

"Indeed, this becomes interesting," replied the *dilettante*. "I will go with you with pleasure. I saw some quite lovely earrings the other day in the form of *écureuilles* with diamond eyes."

The aunt and nephew drove first to one or two jewellers', and then to other establishments where money is easily tempted out of the pocket, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly, in a languid way. Before they separated, Mr. Falcon had completely surrendered himself to her ladyship's scheme for his aggrandisement, and began to look forward almost eagerly—for him—to his promised introduction to the heiress who was to have the honour of restoring the fallen fortunes of the Mountfalcons.

Lady Mountfalcon could do no less than invite her nephew to remain to dinner, after accompanying her home, but he, warned by past experience of the meagre state of his lordship's *cuisine*, declined, and said he would seek his uncle at his club. After his departure, Lady Mountfalcon set herself about another task she had undertaken on Jessie Middleton's account—that of providing her with a waiting-maid.

Pinches, her ladyship's own maid, was thoroughly accomplished in her duties, and a steady, reliable person to boot. A good understanding had always existed between mistress and maid; Lady Mountfalcon, not having much else to give, was always courteous and considerate towards her dependents. She knew the value of a kind word, and as kindness cost nothing, she could afford to be liberal. She was therefore liked by her servants, and was consequently better waited upon than those are whose relations with their domestics are merely sordid. Pinches, however, was no longer in her first youth, and she had begun to hint at the necessity of transferring her services where better wages and more perquisites were to be had. This put the idea into Lady Mountfalcon's head of placing Pinches with Jessie Middleton. Such a transfer would suit her in more respects than one. She would have a confidential person about Jessie, who would report upon what she observed, and she would at the same time be able to seek her skilful aid if required for any especial

occasion. A young French girl, who had been employed occasionally to assist Pinches with her needle, would be glad to take her place on merely nominal wages for a year, in order to gain experience; Pinches undertaking to initiate her in her duties.

Pinches was pleased with the idea of being maid to a young lady like Miss Middleton, who was just coming out, and with whom she expected to have much of her own way. Lady Mountfalcon had fixed her rate of wages higher than Pinches herself would have demanded, feeling sure that Mr. Middleton would make no objection; so Pinches felt herself under an obligation to her lady, and was quite ready to make some return.

When Ulric Falcon had left, Lady Mountfalcon went to her dressing-room and rang for her maid, though it was yet too early to dress for dinner.

"I think you might call Annette, and let her dress my hair," she said, as Pinches obeyed the summons. "You quite understand that I expect you to put her in the way of her duties?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Pinches willingly.

"And I think I have explained to you that Miss Middleton is quite new to the world. You must try and gain her confidence; you may be of great use to her."

"Yes, my lady, just so," Pinches answered, feeling flattered.

"I think I ought to tell you that Miss Middleton has some unfortunate entanglement—I hope it has not gone so far as an engagement—with a young man not her equal," her ladyship went on. "She has promised not to correspond with him; but he may not be so honourable—these third-class people seldom are. If any letter should come for Miss Middleton through any private channel, you will be sure to know."

"Certainly, my lady," Pinches assented, knowing as well as possible that she was not only to make herself acquainted with Miss Middleton's correspondence, but to report to Lady Mountfalcon anything she might find out.

"And, Pinches," her ladyship resumed, after a moment of hesitation, "I may as well tell you, too, that there is the prospect of an alliance between Lord Mountfalcon's nephew, Mr. Falcon, and Miss Middleton. If you can, by the influence you may gain, assist him in any way, I need not say that any such assistance will be gratefully remembered, on the occasion of his marriage."

"Oh, my lady, I am sure such

a handsome, elegant gentleman as Mr. Falcon can need no assistance in winning any young lady he may choose," said Pinches, quite sincerely, Mr. Falcon being just the lady's-maid's ideal of a hero; adding, "but if I can do anything, you may depend upon me, my lady, without thinking of reward."

Pinches in this hoped that her professions would not be taken quite literally, though, as the reward would not come from Lady Mountfalcon, she could lose nothing by a civil speech. She need not have disquieted herself, however; her ladyship quite understood, and was satisfied that an occasional present from Ulric would gain him a valuable ally.

Thus Jessie Middleton was already more deeply in Lady Mountfalcon's debt than she was at all aware of, that lady having not only provided her with an outfit and a waiting-maid, but with a future husband. And now the time came when they were to meet, and the great business of the season was to be begun.

CHAPTER XII.—LAUNCHED INTO FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THERE had been several weeks of bitter east wind, with absence of sunshine, and gloomy skies, but when May came in it brought a burst of summer all at once. The trees hastened to put forth their leaves, and, like them, the ladies shone out in their newest and gayest toilettes. Jessie Middleton had by



"You must try and gain her confidence."

this time been whirled into the vortex of fashionable life. All she saw and heard was so new to her that she could not fail to find enjoyment in the glittering scene, and Lady Mountfalcon was correct in her prognostication—Jessie Middleton was a success. Her slight, erect figure, full of health and vigour, her countenance radiant with pleasure, she appeared at her very best, and was pronounced to be charming, attractive, fascinating; and yet Lady Mountfalcon was not by any means satisfied.

Women of the world seldom guess the clear-sightedness with which a girl simple in her ideas of straightforwardness and rectitude, and guided by Christian principle, can penetrate through disguises, and Lady Mountfalcon did not know how far Jessie had already taken her measure. Jessie liked her in a superficial sort of way: she saw many she would have liked far less as a chaperon. She admired her ladyship's invariable grace of manner, though the stereotyped smile was sometimes a little wearying. Then Lady



"It would have been hard to find a man more self-confident."

Lady Mountfalcon had feared that she would be forgotten by the world, well knowing how soon the world forgets those they do not see constantly and everywhere. Now she had no fears on that score. Invitations poured in upon her, as it was only through her that access could be gained to the brilliant young heiress, and to the magnificent entertainments given by the millionaire in Palace Gardens. But she felt that she had gained no real hold upon Jessie. She watched her narrowly, but the more she watched her the less she could understand her. She had fully expected to see her carried away out of herself on the flood of pleasure and excitement. She had fully believed that when Jessie found herself elegantly dressed, decked with jewels, the object of attention, she would become a new being, and that the splendours and gaieties of the present would soon obliterate the past, and whether this was the case or not her ladyship could not make out to her satisfaction. She had no fault to find with her; Jessie always treated her with consideration, always expressed herself grateful for her assistance and countenance; but she was quite aware that she had not advanced one step in gaining her confidence. What Jessie really thought or felt about either past or future was a sealed book to Lady Mountfalcon; whatever might be locked in the girl's heart, she did not possess the key to open it.

Mountfalcon never let her feel that she was condescending to her, and in setting her right in any little points of etiquette or fashion had never humiliated her in so doing, always treating her own knowledge as a necessary result of the life she had led from her earliest years. So far all was well, but still the ladies each took a tolerably correct gauge of the other's character. Lady Mountfalcon found that Jessie Middleton would not be so easily moulded to her will as she had anticipated, and Jessie described her chaperon to her aunt as an empty vase finely enamelled on the outside.

Ulric, too, was ill at ease. It would have been hard to find a man more self-confident; he had not entertained the slightest doubt of winning Jessie should he choose to devote himself to her. But though he had so chosen, he could not flatter himself that—though she was always kind and courteous in a friendly way—he had made any progress in winning her affections, and, unfortunately for him, he found that in wooing her his own heart had become involved in the question. Had the change in her mode of life taken place only a year previously, he might possibly have succeeded in his suit, for she liked him up to a certain point; but her love for Dick Cunliffe seemed to hold an aegis before her eyes, protecting her not only from Ulric Falcon, but from the petty snares of vanity and worldly ambition from which

otherwise she might not have escaped so well. Moreover, she was clear-sighted, and whilst acknowledging much that was good, and very much that was delightful, she also perceived that high life had its shady side.

She was much annoyed by her father's persistent efforts to push himself into what he considered the best society. For, though people of rank visited at his splendid mansion and partook of his costly banquets, Jessie saw plainly that they considered they condescended, and she detected the shrug of the shoulders, the covert sneer, and it made her unspeakably indignant. She knew perfectly well, too, that her father could have no real pleasure in the society he had chosen. He was not of them; he and they had no tastes and pursuits in common. He had never entered into politics; art and literature were sealed books to him; nor had he any skill in indoor games. In his office or works he had been a happy man; but in his present mode of life he was falling a victim to that worst of diseases—*ennui*.

In another respect Lady Mountfalcon was disappointed. Pinches had quite failed in gaining her young lady's confidence, and Pinches was dissatisfied. "There's something about her, though as civil as can be, that keeps one at a distance," she reported to Lady Mountfalcon. She had attempted to put in a word for Mr. Falcon, and had found herself coldly repulsed. At the same time, she assured her ladyship there was no private correspondence, or she would have been sure to find it out. She ended by saying that she could not understand it; and neither could Lady Mountfalcon understand it. She felt that she had been somehow out in her calculations; but there were still two months before the season would be over, and she did not give up hope.

At the end of May an event occurred that produced some sensation in the circle in which Jessie Middleton now moved. This was the death of the Earl of Roedale, quickly followed by the death also of his son, Lord Hamlyn. This news excited Mr. Middleton greatly; he spoke about it to everyone with whom he came in contact, making inquiries as to the next heir; but no one seemed able to gratify his curiosity.

"Some quite common fellow, I believe," said Ulric Falcon, in his drawing tone. "Some Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Pity such an old title and fine place should go to a cad!"

"There may be some difficulty in tracing the heir," Lady Mountfalcon suggested. "No one seems to know anything about him."

"If anyone knows, it will be Bygrave, Roedale's secretary," observed Lord Mountfalcon. "Bygrave was thoroughly in Roedale's confidence."

This conversation took place at Mr. Middleton's dinner-table. Jessie took no part in it, but it went on upon the same topic in an intermittent sort of way. Mr. Middleton seemed unable to leave the subject alone. It was a way he had, when anything interested him, to go on talking about it after

everyone else had done with it and wanted to change the topic. He was too obtuse to perceive that he made himself a bore. Jessie, finding that Lord Mountfalcon was willing to finish his dinner in silence, fell into a reverie. Hamlyn Court was nothing to her, except that she knew it from the engravings as a magnificent old place; but the name brought back vividly to her mind that happy evening when Dick Cunliffe had brought the volumes of plates, and they had looked over them together—that evening, as she thought, when they had already begun to know and love each other. For Jessie, going back in retrospect, dated her attachment to Dick from a very early stage of their acquaintance; and had not he told her that he had been in love with her even before he spoke to her?

The elder Miss Middleton was in the drawing-room when they went up-stairs. She had excused herself from the dinner-table on the plea of a cold. She kept herself very much to her own apartments, where the Persian cat, the parrot, and canaries were installed, knowing that her brother preferred Lady Mountfalcon's chaperonage of Jessie, and being contented with living under the same roof with her darling, and that Jessie always knew where to fly for an hour's repose or sympathetic chat. Miss Middleton knew that, as heretofore, she had Jessie's full confidence. They neither of them spoke much or often upon the subject nearest their hearts, but they perfectly understood each other, and when Jessie sat at her aunt's feet and felt the kind hand laid caressingly upon her head, it comforted and strengthened her as much as words would have done.

Lady Mountfalcon was always very attentive to Miss Middleton. It might have been that she really liked the sweet old lady, or it might have been that, knowing her influence over Jessie, she felt it well to be on friendly terms with her. Perhaps partly both reasons. Human motives are seldom quite simple, but are generally mixed. She sat down by her when she entered the drawing-room, to inquire after her cold, and then to speak in warm terms of praise of Jessie, the surest way to Miss Middleton's heart. She quite hoped to gain her partisanship in favour of Ulric, but the time was not ripe yet. She could not persuade herself that Ulric had sped in his wooing as she had anticipated, though neither did she credit that Jessie's former fancy—as she termed it to herself—still held possession of her mind. She had once or twice hinted to Jessie that she was aware there had been some sort of an engagement that her father disapproved, treating it lightly, as a mere caprice, a whim which would pass as easily as it had come, thinking—as she endeavoured also to impress on Mr. Middleton—a jesting and airy treatment the most judicious. Jessie never mentioned the subject to her, never made her feelings in any way the topic of discourse between them. But she was satisfied that Jessie was happy, that whatever regret she might have felt was forgotten in the bustle and hurry and novelty of her new

situation, and that no former impression could last while fresh trains of ideas were so quickly forced upon her mind—ideas as dissimilar as possible from those associated with her life in Acacia Grove. She did not know the talisman that charmed either society or solitude into a golden dreamland—did not know what it was that so often, when listening to music, or, more frequently still, when quietly engaged in some feminine work, called the happy light to her eyes, the smile to her lips.

How should Lady Mountfalcon know? Her creed was the same as many men's creed—that the feminine temperament is unstable, ready to be consoled. She only spoke from the measure of her own experience, and from observation in her own set. How could she suppose that Jessie Middleton would remain more steadfast under trial, or more inconsolable under disappointment than other girls? Jessie would get over her ridiculous love affair, and the best means of promoting that desirable end would not fail to be the attentions of a new lover, handsome and winning, like Ulric Falcon.

Lady Mountfalcon was talking to Miss Middleton, these thoughts occupying her mind the while, when Ulric Falcon came into the room. Lady Julia Hawkey, one of the dinner guests, and Jessie were seated together on an ottoman making conversation about the pictures of the season, the last new book, and so on, with an effort on Jessie's part. She longed to be alone with her own thoughts, that she might dwell upon the image of her absent lover brought so forcibly before her by the mention of a name. But as Mr. Falcon came towards the

ottoman where she sat with her friend, and sank into a seat by her side, she turned towards him with a frank smile.

"You have forsaken the dining-room?" she said.

"Yes, here's metal more attractive," he returned, taking in both the girls with his glance, but his eyes resting with a tender expression on Jessie's face.

Lady Mountfalcon watched her narrowly. If she could have perceived the slightest change of colour, the slightest flutter, even the quiver of an eyelid, she would have rejoiced exceedingly, but this smiling indifference vexed her beyond measure. As the other gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lady Mountfalcon changed her seat, so as to be near enough to Lady Julia to speak to her and draw her attention from the others. After a while she asked her to sing, and Captain Fanshawe, another guest, hastened to arrange the music-stool and prepared to turn over the leaves. She chose a Neapolitan canzonette, where a girl describes the attentions and the presents she received from a youth she had supposed to be her lover, each verse ending, "And yet he loved me not."

"There are male flirts in rustic as well as in polite life, it seems," Jessie observed with a curl of her lip.

"I fancy every man is a flirt more or less, till he loves sincerely," returned Mr. Falcon, who had taken Lady Julia's vacated seat on the ottoman beside Jessie.

"Is it not sometimes rather difficult to know when the time for sincerity comes?" said Jessie, with an involuntary glance towards Lady Julia.

Mr. Falcon coloured through his dark skin. "I hope you do not believe everything you hear, Miss Middleton," he said in a low voice, bending towards her. "I cannot believe it to be difficult to know when either a man or woman is really in earnest. Don't you know what the song says about 'eyes that speak the truth so well'?"

"I am afraid your quotation is unfortunate, as that song was addressed to one who was false, after all," returned Jessie, with an amused smile.

"And you can laugh?" exclaimed Mr. Falcon in an aggrieved tone, under cover of a brilliant rondo that Lady Julia was now playing. "Your incredulity is no laughing matter to me, Miss Middleton."

Jessie looked at him with something of wonder in her eyes; for the first time it struck her that he might really be in earnest, and the idea made her uncomfortable. She answered playfully, "You, for one, are well known to be a most desperate flirt. No woman in her senses would ever take your pretty speeches seriously."

"Indeed, indeed, you do me wrong, Jessie—may I not call you so? What can I do to induce you to believe me when I say that I love you, and you only?"

Ulric Falcon's voice had sunk to a whisper; his dark, languishing eyes were bent upon her face with an expression so intense that Jessie drew back,



"Pinches watched her young lady descend the stairs with a mixture of admiration and discontent."—p. 205.

o
a

y
z

e

g
r
-
n
a
g
o
r
g
e
l
l

e
r

l
l
e

n

I
s
s
v
t.
s

t
n

n
o
y

n
t
-
e
n
s

I
o
n

s
h



"WHEN I WAS A BOY."

"I hope you will do nothing to induce me to believe it, as I should be sorry," she replied, seriously now. Then she rose from her seat, and joined Lady Julia at the piano.

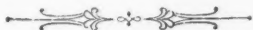
Mr. Falcon was too much the man of the world to allow his discomfiture to appear. He crossed the room to his uncle, who was half-asleep in an arm-chair, with a question as to whether he was going to the club that evening. Mr. Middleton, having given up the attempt to engage his lordship in any further conversation upon the Hamlyn inheritance, stood, large and portly, with his back to the fireplace, twirling the gold chain from which his eyeglass depended. He had not noticed the by-play between Mr. Falcon and Jessie. Lady Mountfalcon had never mentioned to him her scheme for bringing her nephew and his daughter together; she did not feel quite sure that the millionaire would be sufficiently satisfied with only a prospective title, to give the sanction of his approval in such an unqualified manner as to have any weight with Jessie. So she thought it better to delay until Ulric had made his offer, and been accepted. That such would be the end she did not doubt, but she could not help wishing that it was over, and all well.

Lady Mountfalcon and the two younger ladies soon went to have some finishing touches put to their toilettes. They were going to the Duchess of Tadcaster's reception—one of the great events of the season. Lady Julia's maid had arrived. Lady Mountfalcon, in her rich peach-coloured satin with point-lace lappets and diamonds, had not much to do. Jessie had on an exquisite dress that looked like frosted gauze; the flowers and ornaments had to be

added. She was a little impatient under Pinches' hands; Mr. Falcon's manner that evening had both startled and annoyed her, and she wished she was not going to meet him there. Perhaps—she thought as she ran down-stairs—he would understand what she said as a warning not to go any further, and would not seek her again. Knowing his character, and his habit of making pretty speeches to women, it had never before occurred to her that he might have serious intentions towards herself. She was sorry. She had already refused two offers without compunction, believing them to have been proposals for her fortune, rather than for herself. But she liked Ulric Falcon well enough to regret having to give him pain, though he was not the man she would have chosen for her husband, had there been no Dick Cunliffe in the world.

Pinches watched her young lady descend the stairs with a mixture of admiration and discontent. It was her opinion that a lady's maid had as good a right to be trusted with her secrets as with her jewels, and Pinches felt defrauded of her rights. She shook her head as she returned to the dressing-room to put things straight. "I should like her if she only spoke to me confidentially, and took a little more interest in what I do for her," she said to herself. "She's as kind as kind, and I can see she isn't always as happy as she looks in company; but, 'Never mind, Pinches,' 'It will do very well, Pinches,' with scarcely a look at the glass, is what I can't bear. Her heart isn't in it, that's what it is; and that my lady will have to find out before long."

(To be continued.)



"WHEN I WAS A BOY!"

"WHEN I was a boy," the grandsire said
To the bright lad by his knee,
"Of the victors crowned with fame I read
Who triumphed on land and sea!
And through the years, from the deathless page,
A summons has sounded long:
To youth, and manhood, and hoary age,
The message is this—'Be Strong!'"

"When I was a boy—" he paused and said
To the listener by his knee,
"Of the men who were as lights I read
In a dark world's history!
They prized the truth, and were loved of God,
And no fear of Man they knew:
And still, from the glorious heights they trod,
The message is this—'Be True!'"

J. R. EASTWOOD.



"O Spirit of the Living God."

Words by J. MONTGOMERY.

Slowly. $\text{♩} = 52.$

Music by C. L. WILLIAMS, Mus.B.

(Organist of Gloucester Cathedral.)

1. O Spi - rit of the liv - ing God, In all Thy
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the
3. Be dark - ness, at Thy com - ing, light; Con - fu - sion,

plen - i - tude of grace, Wher - e'er the foot of man hath trod,
rec - on - cil - ing word; Give power and unc - tion from a - bove,
or - der in Thy path; Souls with - out strength in - spire with might,

De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.
Wher - e'er the joy - ful sound is heard. A - - men.
Bid mer - cy tri - umph o - ver wrath.

4. God from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall His salvation see;
To be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd through Thee.
5. Great First and Last, Thy blessing give;
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done.

CHARLES WESLEY IN MARYLEBONE.

SECOND PAPER.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY," ETC.



ANY interesting incidents are associated with the home in Marylebone. Here Charles Wesley's old schoolfellow, Lord Mansfield, then the most eminent of English judges, renewed his intimacy with his former friend. At

Westminster Charles Wesley was distinguished by his courage and skill in fighting. James Murray's ancestors had taken an active part in favour of the Pretender, and he suffered much ill-usage from the schoolboys on that account. Young Wesley became his champion, and thus won his lasting gratitude. The judge and his old friend now had much pleasant intercourse. Charles Wesley sometimes consulted his lordship on questions affecting the relations of the Methodists to the Church of England, and the great lawyer expressed his readiness to render any service in his power to him and his brother. He proved himself a consistent and powerful supporter of the cause of religious liberty, fighting really on the same side as the despised Methodists.

Two letters from Dr. Johnson were preserved among Charles Wesley's papers. The first is an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley and their daughter to dine with John Wesley and Mrs. Hall, in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. The other is a note to Miss Sally Wesley about a visit she is to pay him, and asks her to bring her aunt with her, if possible. The Doctor once called on Charles Wesley, and asked to hear his boys play, of whom he had heard so much. When they began he took a book which lay in the window-seat, and was soon rolling about absorbed in reading. When the music ceased he seemed to wake as from a dream, and walked away, saying, "Young gentlemen, I'm much obliged to you."

In 1777 Charles Wesley visited Dr. Dodd with his brother, and took a deep interest in the fate of the popular preacher and writer, who suffered capital punishment for forgery under such distressing circumstances. The poetry that he wrote during Dr. Dodd's imprisonment, and on and after the day of execution, shows his lively sympathy in that event, which so greatly moved society in London. To the end of his life Charles Wesley retained the tender interest in condemned malefactors which marked him in earlier days. The ghastly scenes at Tyburn in the last century were enacted not far from his home, at the bottom of what is now Edgware Road. The last publication which he sent from

the press was a tract of twelve pages, printed in 1785, and entitled, "Prayers for Condemned Malefactors." It consisted of hymns adapted for their use. A touching MS. note appended by him to one of these hymns, says: "These prayers were answered Thursday, April 28th, 1785, on nineteen malefactors, who all died penitent. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me!" This shows that Charles Wesley retained to the end that care for the prisoners which snatched so many as brands from the burning last century. Courtied as he was in aristocratic circles, he did not forget those that needed him most.

Henry Moore says that Charles Wesley became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Villette, the Ordinary at Newgate, and had full liberty given him to visit the prisoners during the last three or four years of his life. He frequently preached the condemned sermon. Moore went with him once, and witnessed, with feelings which he could not describe, the gracious tenderness of Charles Wesley's heart. When he composed a hymn for the malefactors, he would come to City Road, and after reading it to the preachers there, would call them to unite by prayers for those outcasts. When they arose from their knees, he would ask, "Can you believe?" When they answered, "Yes, sir," he would flourish his hand over his head, and cry out, "We shall have them all!" and immediately hasten away to the cells, to hold out life to the dead.

In old age Charles Wesley rode a little white horse, grey with age. It appears to have been brought every morning from the Foundry—an arrangement which its master did not like, but which it was impossible to avoid. He was somewhat stouter than his brother, but not corpulent. Henry Moore says that he wore winter clothing even in summer. When he mounted his horse, "if a subject struck him, he proceeded to expand it and put it in order. This he used to write on a card in shorthand with his pencil." Not unfrequently he used to come to the house in the City Road, and, having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out, "Pen and ink! pen and ink!" When these were given him, he proceeded to write out his hymn. This done, he looked round on those present, saluted them with much kindness, inquired after their health, and then gave out some short hymn.

What impression he produced on strangers may be understood from William Wilberforce's account of his first interview with the venerable poet, at the house of Hannah More. He says: "I went, I think, in 1782, to see her, and when I came into

the room Charles Wesley rose from the table, around which a numerous company sat at tea, and, coming forwards to me, gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears, unable to restrain myself."

When City Road Chapel was built, Charles Wesley preached there or in some other Methodist chapel every Sunday morning and afternoon, except when he was supplying the congregations in Bristol, or was laid aside by his growing infirmities. His ministry was solemn and awakening, yet full of tenderness for the mourners. When in good health and under the special influence of the Spirit, as he often was, he was fluent and powerful. He used short, pointed sentences, full of Scripture sentiment and phraseology. "In prayer he was copious and mighty, especially upon sacramental occasions, when he seemed to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus." If his thoughts did not flow freely, he was very deliberate in the pulpit, making long pauses, as though waiting for the Spirit's influence. "In such cases he usually preached with his eyes closed; he fumbled with his hands about his breast, leaned with his elbows upon the Bible, and his whole body was in motion. He was often so feeble as to be under the necessity of calling upon the congregation to sing in the course of his sermon, that he might partially recover himself, and be able to finish his discourse." Till within a few months of his death he continued his ministry in the London chapels.

On the 29th of March, 1788, the sweet psalmist of Israel died in Chesterfield Street, at the age of eighty. For some months he seemed loosened from earth. He spoke very little, and wished to hear nothing read but the Scriptures. The February previous he had been reduced to a state of great weakness, but was still able to go out occasionally. His brother, who had bidden him good-bye, set out for Bath. They were to meet no more on earth. Mr. Wesley wrote, suggesting that he should get out every day, and urging him to spare no expense. But nature was utterly exhausted. Mr. Wesley also wrote to his niece about his brother:—"I wish he would see Dr. Whitehead. I am persuaded there is not such another physician in England." Dr. Whitehead was called, and has left this interesting record:—"I visited him several times in his last sickness, and his body was indeed reduced to the most extreme state of weakness. He possessed that state of mind which he had always been pleased to see in others: unaffected humility, and holy resignation to the will of God. He had no transports of joy, but solid hope, and unshaken confidence in Christ, which kept his mind in perfect peace."

Every lover of Charles Wesley's poetry has been touched by the dying effort of his muse. For some time he had been lying quietly on his bed. At last he called for Mrs. Wesley, and asked her to write the following lines at his dictation:—

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into Eternity!"

On Saturday, the 29th of March, his happy spirit fled. Through the whole week the restlessness of death had been on him. He slept much, without refreshment. On Tuesday and Wednesday he was not entirely sensible. His end was what he particularly wished it might be—peace. "No fiend," he said to his wife, "was permitted to approach him." Someone observed that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed. "Not with Christ," was his answer. He spoke to all his children with affection and hope of their salvation. Samuel Bradburn sat up with him the night but one before his death. His mind was calm as a summer evening. On the Saturday, all the family stood round his bed. The last words which they could catch from his lips were, "Lord, my heart, my God!" With his hand lying in his daughter's, the old saint passed home so gently that the watchers did not know when the spirit fled. It was afterwards ascertained that John Wesley was in Shropshire, and at the moment of his brother's death he and his congregation were singing Charles Wesley's hymn:—

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

Samuel Bradburn, one of Wesley's most eloquent preachers, sent him a "short and unsatisfactory" account of his brother's last hours. It only reached Mr. Wesley at Macclesfield on April 4th. Had the letter been directed to Birmingham, he would have taken coach on Sunday night, and have been with the bereaved family in their trial. Now it was too late for him to reach London for the funeral. Eleven or twelve days had passed since he heard any news from Chesterfield Street. His niece's touching account of her father's last days, written on April 4th, gave him fuller information.

On Saturday, April 5th, Charles Wesley was buried in the little churchyard of St. Mary-le-bone. Bristol, the home of his early married life, had a large place in his heart, and he would gladly have returned to spend his last days in that city. But his sons could not leave London. His brother John expressed his desire that they should be buried together in the ground connected with the new chapel at City Road. But that ground was unconsecrated, and Charles refused to rest there.

He sent for the clergyman of the parish, and said, "Sir, whatever the world may have thought of me, I have lived and I die in the communion of the Church of England, and I will be buried in the yard of my parish church." At his request, his wife and daughter, with his two sons, stood

spent an hour at Chesterfield Street, with my widowed sister and her children. They all seemed inclined to make the right use of the providential dispensation."

John Wesley intended to write his brother's life, and began to collect material, but other



CHARLES WESLEY.

(FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM GUAEL)

around the open grave. Eight clergymen of the Church of England supported the pall.

Mr. Wesley did not return to London till July, but he was in frequent correspondence with Chesterfield Street. From Blackburn, April 21st, he writes: "You will excuse me, my dear sister, for troubling you with so many letters, for I know not how to help it; I find you and your family so much upon my heart, both for your own sakes and for the sake of my brother." He was a true and generous friend to the family as long as he lived. On Saturday, July 19th, he says: "I

duties prevented his accomplishing it. He, however, drew up the following brief obituary: "Mr. Charles Wesley, who, after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham's bosom. He had no disease; but, after a gradual decay of some months,

"The weary wheels of life stood still at last."

His least praise was his talent for poetry, although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that that single poem, 'Wrestling Jacob,' was worth all the verses he himself had written."

OUR LORD'S DIVINITY INCIDENTALLY PROVED.



THE direct Scriptural proofs of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ have been so ably and exhaustively examined and established, that nothing further, it may be safely affirmed, is needful for the confirmation of a Christian's faith. In our own day the Bishop of Derry,

himself a fine scholar and a distinguished genius, in a volume which has recently appeared in the series of "Helps to Belief," deals with this great subject with a power as remarkable for its condensation as for its clearness—with the severity of a logician and the fervour of a poet—with a felicity of illustration and a beauty of imagery that charm while they convince, and make us feel that he has added a valuable contribution to the body of literature which has grown through ages round this stupendous theme. But while we have all these direct proofs, it seems to me that somewhat is still left which an earnest and humble student of Holy Writ may discover in the way of indirect proof, which haply has not engaged the attention of those whose robuster intellect and larger vision were occupied with loftier views. As one who, travelling along an unfrequented by-path, raises not his eyes to the lofty and distant mountain tops, whose sunlit splendour is too bright for his vision, may perchance detect some flower on the path-side not trodden down by the feet of wayfarers, or some pebble that needs but patient industry to rub off its outward roughness to find a gem: so it is that I believe I see, in what I am about to offer for consideration, an indirect proof of the Divinity of our Lord, all the more convincing that it lies so little on the surface, and falls so aptly and congruously together in all its parts.

In the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, from the tenth to the sixteenth verses, both inclusive, we read that when St. Peter went up upon the housetop to pray, he fell into a trance, or, to render the Greek more literally, an *extasis*—a going out of the mind from the body, as St. Jerome rightly translates it, "a departure of his mind (or soul) befell him." While in this state, a voice which Peter believes to be, and answers as, the Lord, desire him to kill and eat. He refuses, as he has never "eaten anything common or unclean." The voice (the Lord) then tells him, "What *God* hath *cleansed*, that call not thou common." Thrice was he thus addressed, as Christ thrice addressed him after His resurrection (St. John xxi. 15—17). Who then is God, who cleansed these things? Not

God the Father, for we know that He never declared *them* to be clean which He had declared to be unclean. The following considerations will tell us.

The *cleansing* in the vision seems evidently to refer to the words of Christ (St. Mark vii. 19, R.V.), where He declared that what enters into a man cannot defile him; to which the Evangelist adds, as a comment: "This He said making all meats clean." It is to be observed that this comment is not found in St. Matthew's account of the incident, the only other Evangelist who records it (St. Matt. xv. 17, 18).

Now we have reason to believe that St. Mark wrote at the dictation, or under the supervision, of St. Peter, whom he accompanied in his missionary labours, and it is highly probable that this explanatory comment was dictated by that Apostle. And as we find no other reference to the cleansing of what was unclean in the New Testament, it seems difficult, if not impossible, to resist the conclusion that the statement in the vision, "What *God* hath cleansed," refers to the words of Christ in the incident mentioned, and to the meaning attributed to them by St. Mark. Thus, then, we have Christ declared to be God.

Again, we have Christ in the new dispensation *cleansing* (declaring to be clean) that which God in the old dispensation declared to be unclean. None but God could annul or revoke the Law of God. Therefore Christ is God.

Let us observe, too, that this asserting by Christ of power as God is in consonance with His dealing with the Decalogue given as a Law by God—amplifying some of the commands, and giving a new spiritual meaning to them, as in the case of the sixth and seventh, openly working on the seventh or Sabbath Day, and declaring that He was "Lord of the Sabbath."

It is interesting to note how characteristic of the old spirit of St. Peter is his reply in the trance, "Not so, Lord:" that spirit of presumption which led him to rebuke Christ, "Be it far from Thee, Lord," etc. (St. Matt. xvi. 22). This spirit, it would seem, revived in him while in a trance, though dead in him when awake, as is abundantly evident in his Epistles. Psychologists have recorded many similar instances of the mind, or spirit, during a trance, resuming modes of thought, and recalling matters of knowledge which had been altogether forgotten.

Let me conclude by quoting an excellent reflection of Dean Plumptre's upon this subject: "To the trance of Peter we owe an indelible truth stamped upon the heart of Christendom—that God is 'no respecter of persons.'"

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

A TWILIGHT VISIT.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, AUTHOR OF "OLIVER LANGTON'S WARD," ETC.



AM glad papa comes back to-morrow," said Doris Vyvyan, closing her book and stretching out her clasped hands with a pretty little gesture of *ennui*; "it is not so easy to amuse oneself alone all day as I had expected to find it."

And then she rose, walked over to the oriel window of her dainty little boudoir, and kneeling upon the cushioned seat below, threw open one lattice and leaned out in the still summer twilight.

Doris was the only child of Mr. Vyvyan, of the Manor House, and dear to him as the apple of his eye. She had grown up unspoiled, however, in an atmosphere of indulgence and luxury that would have been the ruin of many natures; and despite the fact that she was at once the mistress, the queen, and the darling of the whole household, and had hardly known an ungratified wish in all her life, she had retained all the sweetness and unselfishness of a truly lovable nature, and was never so really happy as when bestowing happiness upon others.

One thing in particular, perhaps, had helped to keep her unspoiled amid so much indulgence, and that was the fact that she feared her father almost as much as she loved him, and that while showering upon her anything that could add to her happiness, and lavishing upon her a wealth of deep affection, too deep for many words, he was still a stern-faced, taciturn man—a man who could not but inspire awe as well as reverence, a man withal whose look and manner suggested the idea that he had known some great trouble, or that some dark shadow hung over his past.

Doris, however, had grown up in too great familiarity with his aspect to ask questions about it even of herself. She was her father's constant companion, seldom many hours out of his sight, the sharer of his walks, his rides, his quiet hours of study. He had superintended her education himself, and had been her principal teacher, and the bond that existed between them was peculiarly strong and tender.

It was seldom indeed that Doris was left alone in the quaint old Manor House—the only home she had ever known. She almost always accompanied her father wherever he went, but two days ago he had been summoned hurriedly to town on legal business, and he had judged it best to leave Doris behind, as he had hoped only to be detained a single night, and the girl was sure she should not be either timid or depressed. The three days, however, to which his absence had now extended, had given her time to weary somewhat of her loneliness, and upon this last evening she had begun to feel just a little dull.

She had dined in solitary state at the usual hour,

but the great drawing-room looked so very big and empty that she had afterwards retired up-stairs to her own little octagon boudoir, and had tried to interest herself in a new book. The attempt, however, was not entirely successful, and presently she laid it down with the remark quoted before, and took up her station at the window.

Doris's oriel overlooked a quiet, secluded shrubbery. Tall trees rose up in stately stillness against the clear evening sky. Beneath was a thick, well-kept undergrowth of evergreen and flowering shrubs; the air was sweet with the fragrance of syringa and the heavy perfume from the shaded lily-bed beneath the girl's window.

All was very still and quiet, as at that hour was to be expected. The gardeners had long been gone, and no footstep ever trod the dim shrubby walk at such a time save that of Mr. Vyvyan himself or his daughter.

Great, therefore, was the surprise of the girl when the silence was suddenly broken by the sound of a cautious tread, approaching the house by the most sheltered of the laurel walks. She held her breath in astonishment as she listened, half-fancying her ears must have deceived her; but no—somebody was evidently approaching, though very stealthily, and presently the sound of muffled voices in earnest converse became audible in the evening stillness. Evidently the intruders, whoever they were, were approaching the house, and must soon emerge from concealment. Doris drew back quickly within the shadows of the room, but looked down with eager curiosity to see what would happen next.

The next thing that happened was that a man stepped out from the dark shadows of the undergrowth, and looked about him with keen, quick glances. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with an air of youth in his easy, upright carriage; but the girl could not see his face, and the rough blue pilot coat he wore gave no indication as to what his rank in life might be. Nevertheless Doris's mental comment was, "He has the look of a gentleman," and she felt the more surprised at his present conduct, which was certainly of a highly suspicious character.

After he had looked cautiously about him for a few seconds, she heard him say in a low voice, "The coast seems quite clear, mother," and next moment a woman, dressed in black and closely veiled, stood plainly revealed in the clear summer twilight.

She spoke a few words of what sounded like passionate, broken-hearted sorrow, and her son seemed to try and comfort her. Doris felt like one in a dream. She was utterly baffled and bewildered. She felt as if some mystery were being enacted before

her to which she had not the smallest clue. What could it all mean? What were those strangers doing there? Why did the woman in black weep so bitterly when she looked round her? What had she to do with the Manor House that it should awaken such sad memories?

What Doris would have done had the intruders retired as quietly as they had come (as was evidently their intention), will never be known. Most likely she would have let them go unchallenged, and have soon forgotten the whole circumstance, but as the strangers turned at length away, a deathly whiteness swept over the mother's face; she clung for an instant to the arm of her son, and then sank fainting to the ground.

Doris hesitated no longer. She summoned no servant to go to the assistance of these trespassers. Some instinct of courtesy and sympathy deterred her from taking any step of that kind. She herself hurried from the room, ran lightly down a little winding staircase that led straight to the shrubbery, and the next moment she was bending over the prostrate figure upon the ground, her eyes full of tender compassion, her soft, fair hair ruffled by the breeze, as she raised herself the next moment and looked at the young man, who had started back at her approach, and stood silently in the shadow.

"Can you carry her?" asked Doris; "it is only a little way to that door. She should not lie on the ground; the dew is falling."

The young man's manner was very curious. He did not appear at all grateful, and answered haughtily—

"She has only fainted from weakness. She has been very ill lately. A little water, if you would be good enough, would revive her, and I will take her away at once. I am aware we have no right here."

"Do not mind about that now. We must attend to—to your mother. She must be taken into the house at once."

"Into that house! Never!"

He spoke with such passion that Doris was startled; yet she could be firm enough herself when there was need.

"Do you wish to kill her? She *must* have proper attention without delay. If you will not lift her yourself, I shall summon the servants."

The death-like look upon his mother's face, perhaps even more than the girl's imperious words, settled the young man's scruples. He took the wasted form in his arms and carried it easily to the housekeeper's room, which was close to the garden door at this side of the house. The fainting woman was laid upon the sofa, and Doris rang the bell.

Bewildered as the girl was growing by all that was going on, the greatest shock was in the words of the old housekeeper, who came at her summons. She gave one glance at the unconscious face upon the couch, and then burst out into the following exclamation—

"Oh, Miss Doris, love, what have you done? It is your own aunt—the master's sister—our own dear Miss Gabrielle that was. Whatever is to be done?"

And Doris never knew she had an aunt!

Great as was her astonishment, she repressed all outward sign of it, and answered calmly—

"You must put her to bed, Barton, at once. Let her have the south room with the oriel. She has been very ill, and wants the greatest care. I will leave her to you for a little time, and come and see her when she is better."

But the worthy housekeeper approached her young mistress with an apprehensive face.

"But, Miss Doris, love—your father—I don't really dare. What will he say when he hears?—he turned her from the house thirty years ago, and has never seen her face since! I really dare not."

"You must obey orders, Barton," said Doris, with the little touch of queenliness in her manner that became her so well. "Do as I have said. I will answer for it."

And then turning to the young man, who was bathing his mother's forehead and endeavouring to rouse her to consciousness, she said, in the same gently commanding way—

"You had better leave her now to Barton. She shall have every care. Will you please come into the garden with me? I want to ask you a few questions."

He followed her into the summer twilight, and stood bareheaded before her, revealing pale, proud, handsome features, that softened as if involuntarily at the sight of Doris's fair, sweet face.

"Will you tell me your name, please?"

"Gerald Eastcourt."

"And we are cousins?"

He bent his head.

"Will you tell me what you were doing here?"

"You have a right to ask. We came because my mother was bent on saying a last farewell to her old home, which she has never ceased to love. Next week we leave this inhospitable country for ever. I have an appointment in the Colonies, which will keep us from— She could not be induced to leave without one more glance. I dissuaded her, but she would come. We had seen your father in town, and believed that the house would be empty. You know what has occurred, and the kindest thing you can do now is to let me take her away quietly before she can be a second time ignominiously expelled."

"Her offence was—?"

"Marrying my father."

"And he?"

"Is dead."

A great deal of thought was concentrated into a very few minutes. Doris felt as if she had grown years older in an hour.

"Your mother cannot leave the house to-night. I am afraid she is very ill. She must stay, and you will stay with her."

"I cannot."

"I think you can." She paused, hesitated, and then said very gently, "Surely you have learned that it is bravest and noblest to forgive those who



"Doris looked down with eager curiosity to see what would happen next."—p. 211.

trespass against us? You will try to forgive, will you not, any wrong that may have been done you?"

* * * * *

Next day Mr. Vyvyan returned, and was met in the hall by Doris, who looked pale, he thought, though her eyes were very bright, and her smile was unusually sweet.

"Have you been pining, little one," he asked tenderly, "after your old father?"

"I have missed you, papa, of course; but everything will be right now. I have tea all ready on the terrace under the cedar-tree."

Very soon father and daughter were seated in one

of their favourite retreats, and Mr. Vyvyan, after a brief sketch of his journey and his occupation, called upon Doris for her history, guessing from her absorbed air that she must have something to tell.

"Papa," she said, looking straight at him with her sweet, serious grey eyes, "would it grieve you to hear that whilst you had been away from me, I had forgotten the lessons you had taught me from childhood, and had acted contrary to the teaching you have always impressed upon me?"

"What do you mean, Doris?"

"Would it grieve you to hear that I had seen sickness and suffering at our very doors, and had held out no helping hand? that I had closed my heart

against the sight of unhappiness that I could well alleviate, and had turned my back on those who with the eloquence of silence and patience had claimed my aid?—you who have brought me up to think of others, to help and to comfort them; to love our neighbours as ourselves, and to see in every suffering human creature a brother, or a sister" (there was a little involuntary quaver in the girl's voice there), "to be thought for, worked for, loved." Again came a brief pause, and then another question, "Suppose you had heard that I had forgotten all this, had turned away coldly and scornfully, when everything combined to make my duty plain, what would you say to your child then?"

"I should be sorry, Doris," he answered; "I should be grieved; but it is hard to believe that my child could forget so soon a duty impressed upon her from her earliest childhood."

Doris stood up quickly; she looked a little pale.

"Papa, will you come with me, please? Yesterday I was called upon suddenly, by sore need at our very doors, to put in practice one of those lessons of Christian love that you have taught me from childhood. I had to act upon my own responsibility; perhaps I showed hospitality in rather a primitive, unquestioning fashion; but I did what I thought was right. If I have done wrong, I can only ask you to forgive me."

Her eyes met his in a glance of tender appeal. He saw that she was agitated, and he followed her into the house and up the stairs in the silence of surprise; but the sweetness of his child's manner had made his heart unusually soft. At the door of one of the south bedrooms she paused, looked at him earnestly with pleading, eloquent eyes, and then motioned him to pass in alone, closing the door behind him when he had done so.

"Oh, Miss Doris, love!" cried the agitated housekeeper, emerging from the shadows of the landing, "what will come of it all! Our poor dear young lady come back widowed and worn, and like to die—and he so truly fond of her till she ran away and broke his heart. He doesn't doat on you, my lamb, much more than he did on his sister once, until it all turned to hatred. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What will be the end of it all?"

Doris looked up smilingly through a mist of tears. "I believe it will all come right now. He is so noble and so good, and she is so dear and sweet. We have been praying, Aunt Gabrielle and I; and you know we cannot do more than that."

"Bless your angel face!" said the old servant, as the girl ran swiftly down the great staircase. "Well, well, I don't believe as the good Lord would say 'Nay' to such prayers as yours."

In the summer twilight, three hours later, Doris saw her father approaching in search of her. She came and stood before him, and looked at him very earnestly.

"Papa dear," she asked tremulously, "you are not angry with me?"

For answer he folded her tenderly in his arms.

"My dear child, my own child! God bless you, my love, for bringing us together at last—my only sister, whom I so dearly loved, yet whom, until to-night, I had never truly forgiven."

"And now?"

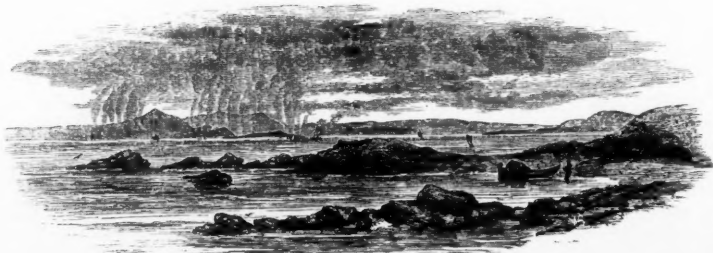
"Now all is made plain between us, all the misunderstanding that pride and anger could never let us explain before. Now my dear sister is in her own home once more, and she will not leave it again, at least unless her health is fully restored, and she is able to join her son. You will not grieve at having a new inmate in your home, Doris? Your aunt tells me what friends you are already."

A sweet smile beamed over the girl's face.

"I think it will make home quite perfect having Aunt Gabrielle here. She is so sweet and good; but will she not miss Gerald dreadfully, if he goes to Australia? She does love him so."

"He is not going to Australia. I shall get him a post in the diplomatic service. He is a very clever young fellow, and will rise, and though he will be abroad for the most part, he will be within easy reach of home. Oh yes, Doris, we will not do things by halves. My life was shadowed by the loss of my sister; now it shall be brightened by her restoration to me by my own child."

Doris smiled tenderly and gratefully at him, and in the sweet silence of the summer twilight they paced the garden together in the happiness of perfect love and trust.



PROMISES FOR THIS LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

"Ye shall eat the good of the land."—ISAIAH i. 29.



THE Songs of Degrees, as our old Bibles call some of the Psalms, are among the most joyful in the whole book. They were sung by the people going up to Temple Hill at the great festivals, while they thought upon the history of the past and the glory which the future had in store. The Promises and Covenant were very near and real to them.

But to the traveller who makes for Jerusalem by that northern road, which was consecrated not once nor twice by the sacred feet of the Holy One, Jerusalem lies, or appears to lie, at indefinite distance. One hill is climbed after another, and the hills are rolled and tossed as it were so as to conceal the prospect and outweary the impatient pilgrim. This is a true picture of the Promises to most, and of Christian life to all. There is no Pisgah sight. Gifts and trials rise and fall like these common hills, and we have now and then felt that it is somewhat commonplace and very dreary. But each hill that hides the future is like God's general dealing with us. He sends troubles, sorrows, and joys, not in couples, but singly. They may run close, but they never run together. One is the preparation for the next. Each trial gives us new strength; each blessing new humility and gratitude.

Sometimes difficulties and dangers rise tumultuous. They run deep and strong, and battle against obstacles and threaten ruin and death. Then one great Promise is rung and rung again upon all the bells of revelation. It was so with the emigrations of Abraham and Jacob, with the fears of Isaac, and with the bondage of their children in Egypt. When the excitement is past, and life sinks down into an uneventful Dutch flat, the promises also subside, and become sluggish as a Dutch canal. All is easy again. But ease is ever a danger. A Church at ease is dying; maybe is dead. Then God's trumpet—true as the Resurrection blast—speaks out. Ebal and Gerizim are reproduced. An Isaiah appeals in deathless tones to the heart and conscience of mankind.

There is yet another epoch. It comes when the temporal and local disappear; when the hills of Gilead and the shores of the Great Sea are no longer

the limits of God's people. The earth is conceived as a drill-ground—a school for learning and discipline, while the true, full life lies beyond. Life, in fact, becomes intermingled with eternity; death is lost in immortality; man is united to God. Hence the promises become spiritual. Not one speaks of this world or of the body; all contemplate the spirit and spiritual existence. This is the New Testament stage; and it is a blessed one to those who have ears to hear.

But it is thick-beset with danger; for we are liable to the thought that God takes cognisance only of the future, and that He forsakes the earth and the present to the great enemy. Such a fancy is foolish, and if it swells into a thought it is perilous. Did you ever study any little bit of this earth we live on, not where the city flags echo the noise of hurrying feet, but where the fields and gardens smile beneath a beneficent sky? Did you ever paint or dissect a flower from calyx to root? Did you ever lie, thoughtful, under a noble beech while the June sun shone and every bough was murmurous with life? Did you ever trace the course of a mountain stream, and try to count the years it has been rippling downward to the meadows? Or have you reflected upon the men and women in their unnumbered crowds who have toiled and sighed and loved within the little circuit that you yourself have moved in? And could you—can anyone—dream that God deserts His beautiful creation, His own sons and daughters, to the power of the wicked?

Or look at this from another point: for if I think that God is not here—here with me to-day, here in my work and my enjoyment—then I am desolate indeed, and all promises fade into a visionary future. Well, God possesses in this earthly kingdom many liege subjects who are ready at any moment to surrender all for His cause. On the other hand, He grieves over many a rebellious one whose disposition and works are in direct opposition to the welfare of his fellow-men. Is it then conceivable that God will deprive His faithful children of every good thing in the world, and fill the unrighteous with them all? And that when the good sink in weariness or sickness, when the heart is beaten down and the spirits are ebbing like a November tide, God keeps a cold disdainful silence, and offers

no encouragement nor presents any prospect to His beloved ?

All argument runs against this superstition. The matter, in all verity, stands thus :—The spiritual promises are the greater ; and the greater contain the less. Love and life are the wealth of a man ; and if a father gives these to his child, the child never questions whether he will get his bread. He that spared not His Son, how shall He not with Him give us all things, and give them freely ?

But many promises do not belong to the soul at all. No spiritualising is possible when we read them. They are as *materia* and temporal as the manna ; as bodily as the healing touch of Christ. Such were the early promises to Abram. There was no Messianic element within them until the temporal promises were established in his mind. They belonged to himself—the Arab Chief—and they spoke of a definite gift that lay towards the setting sun.

Look, then, at two promises in Isaiah, which stand midway between the epoch of the earthly and that of the spiritual. They speak to me of my bread and of the fruit of my hands. "Bread shall be given him" is one (Isa. xxxiii. 16). This tells me what my Saviour's prayer puts into my own lips. It is the earliest want of humanity. It is the commonest cause of apprehension and uneasiness. Most of our possessions are not necessities. We might halve our wardrobes, empty our cellars, pull down our bookcases, empty our drawing-rooms, and yet live. But bread belongs to man's chief claim upon existence. A few days' want would end all. Our Father knows that we have this need ; and Jesus—with that sweet brotherly sympathy He showed so often—

takes up the promise for us, and awakens fresh faith. Behold the ravens ; ye are much better than they. And again He reasons thus : If ye know *how* to give (though sometimes ye have not the power to give) good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father give good things (for He *can* give them) to those that ask.

Then take the second promise, which stands as the motto of this paper. It is contained in the first chapter of Isaiah, and it runs thus : "Ye shall eat the good of the land." What idea did this present to the Jewish mind ? It did not ask him to over-leap the earthly life and look for the good in immortality. It meant that here he should enjoy good things as the result of labour, and that he should have good things of all kinds bestowed upon him. I think the same idea is contained within, and is the very germ of, the promise of a new earth. Whatever the exact condition of things may be there, one point at any rate is beyond question—that all personal wants will be supplied.

There are, however, two conditions which may not be thrust aside. The first affects our *disposition*. "If ye be willing and obedient" (Isa. i. 20). The second appeals to our action : "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly" (Isa. xxiii. 15). With these the Promise will be realised ; without them there is no promise at all. And these are two conditions which cannot be put on of a sudden. The one lies in the depths of our manhood, and the other pervades every action of life. Eternal life is the man's life. Heaven is the life purified and trained, and they that possess this Life shall hunger and thirst no more.

SOME GREAT BIBLICAL SCHOLARS.

REMINISCENCES OF DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

THE VERY REV. DR. STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

OF Dean Stanley I might say more than I could of any other of the Revisers. This results from the fact that I saw a great deal of him at St. Andrews, when he was Lord Rector of the University, from 1874 to 1877, and from the further fact that I occasionally stayed with him at the Deanery, when attending the Revision meetings in London. But I shall beware of trespassing too far on the indulgence of the reader.

Let me first call to mind some recollections of Dean Stanley as a member of the New Testament Revision Company.

Though the Dean manfully and powerfully supported the cause of Revision in Convocation, I do not think that he was very deeply interested in the actual work. Some of its accessories attracted and pleased him more than the work itself. He delighted to see representatives of different Christian communions brought together round one table, and learning to know and respect each other while

engaged in a common work. I am inclined to think that the most interesting of all events to the Dean, in connection with the Revision, was that Communion Service with which the work was commenced. He himself was the celebrant on that most impressive occasion; and as he saw bowing round the Holy Table in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and receiving the sacred symbols of Christ's body and blood from his hands, divines belonging to so many different denominations, I have no doubt he felt an intensity of satisfaction which was never equalled by any other events connected with the Revision.

Accordingly, Dean Stanley did not much care to be present as the ordinary work proceeded. It was little to him whether one or other of two almost synonymous Greek words should be accepted in the text, or whether this or that English tense should be preferred as the exact translation. There being easy communication between the Deanery and the Jerusalem Chamber, he could reserve himself for comparatively important occasions, and he generally did so. But he scarcely ever failed to be present when there was any really interesting question of interpretation, as, e.g., at St. Matt. v. 22. I remember that he did me the honour of asking beforehand what I thought of the *Raca* and *More* which occur in that verse. He knew that I had given special attention to the language of Christ, and he consulted me accordingly. I had no hesitation in saying that I believed both expressions to be derived from that Hebrew *patois* prevalent in our Lord's days, and from which, while generally making use of Greek, He naturally adopted some expressions in His discourses. This view, however, did not commend itself to the Company. They regarded *Raca* as Hebrew, and *More* as Greek, so that the passage stands in this strangely mixed form in the Revised Version—"Whosoever shall say to his brother, *Raca*, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, *Thou fool*, shall be in danger of the hell of fire."

Another thing which distinguished Dean Stanley as a Reviser was the tenacity with which he clung to

old forms of expression, and to all that had a *history* in connection with the Authorised Version. He was the author of the expression, "innocent archaisms"—old, and perhaps obsolete forms, which were, however, still well understood; and he took care that these should be religiously preserved. He also shrunk very sensitively from touching any expression which called up an incident connected with the past, even though that incident may have been of a somewhat ludicrous character. Thus it was, for instance,

when we were dealing with St. Matt. xxiv. 17, which runs thus in the Authorised Version:—"Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house." When this verse had been read as usual by the Chairman, one of the Company remarked that he thought it desirable the translation should be changed, because of the absurd use which had been made of the verse in the times of the Commonwealth. It appears that even during that austere period, the ladies had not quite abjured all pomps and vanities

in the way of personal decoration, and that they were especially given to the wearing of an ornament for the head known as a "top-knot." One zealous preacher, determined, if possible, to put an end to the practice, endeavoured to prove that it was unscriptural. For this purpose, he took part of the verse which I have quoted, and, fixing on the second half of the word "house-top," he found, or formed, a text pat to the object he had in view—"top not come down," and from this delivered a furious discourse against the object which had so roused his indignation. "Let us, then," said one of the Revisers, "change the translation of the words, to get rid of their connection with this ludicrous story;" but "Not so," cried the Dean, with his characteristic love of all that could claim to be historical; "let us keep the verse as it is, all the more on account of the strange use once made of it;" and he succeeded in preserving it from much alteration.

And now let me give some reminiscences of the Dean in his own home, and as he appeared among us at St. Andrews,



DEAN STANLEY.

(From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker.)

One month of May, some twelve or fourteen years ago, I happened to be one of his guests at the Deanery. He was, of course, very much occupied, having engagements of one kind or another for almost every evening, so that we did not see much of him in the latter part of the day. But we usually had a delightful time at breakfast, and after it, until the Revision Company met at eleven o'clock. On the special occasion to which I refer, the conversation



DEAN BLAKESLEY.

(From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker.)

turned, as it often did, on Scotland and Scottish literature. The Dean was ever eager to add to his knowledge of the Scotch language, and he encouraged me to talk to him in the native Doric. Lady Augusta, who was then alive, always mindful of gratifying him, and seeing how he was treasuring up every Scotch word which was new to him, asked me, after breakfast, to read some part of Burns' poems to them. I gladly consented, and selected "The Twa Dogs" as the subject. As I need not say to any reader of Burns, both the humour and language of that story are admirable. The Dean became intensely interested in it, and took care to have every word explained which was strange to him. The two lines which most amused him, and which, in his peculiar tones, he repeated oftener than once, were those towards the end of the tale, when, after a review of the miseries which beset human beings, both rich and poor, we are told of Cæsar and Luath that—

"Up they got, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs."

I never saw the Dean in a more genial frame than on that occasion, though soon afterwards we were to have much pleasant intercourse with him at St. Andrews.

He had long been deeply interested in our most

ancient Scottish University. He was proud of being enrolled among its honorary graduates, and when, elected its Lord Rector, he rejoiced to speak of it as "my own St. Andrews." Besides the Inaugural Address which, according to custom, he delivered in 1875, he gave a special address to the students of theology two years afterwards, and also preached in both the town and college churches. All these utterances were eminently characteristic, but the most striking of all, I think, was his Inaugural Address. He chose for his subject "The Study of Greatness," and handled it in most masterly fashion. He spoke of great associations, great institutions, great men, great books, great ideas, great teachers, great authorities, the greatness of the Bible, great actions, greatness of manner, and the greatness of occasion. Perhaps the most thrilling passage in an address which kept the audience spellbound throughout was the following on "the greatness of occasion:"—"It sometimes happens that we can best illustrate the grandeur of an opportunity to be sought by our regret for an opportunity that is lost. One such we will give from the history of this place. Of all the names in ancient Scottish ecclesiastical history, there is none which has a more tragic interest than that of the young Alexander Stuart, who was raised to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews at the early age of eighteen, by his father, King James IV. He was the pupil of Erasmus, and that great man has left on record his profound admiration of the Scottish youth, who had been his companion and scholar in the stately old Italian city of Siena. Tall, dignified, graceful, with no blemish except the shortness of sight which he shared in common with many modern students—of gentle manners, playful humour, but keen as a hound in the pursuit of knowledge in history, theology, law, above all, in the new Greek learning—an accomplished musician, a delightful talker, high-spirited, and high-minded without haughtiness, religious without a particle of superstition—born to command, yet born also to conciliate—such, according to Erasmus, was the future Primate of Scotland. Already the University of St. Andrews had felt the stimulus of his youthful energy; already the enlightened spirits of the North were beginning to breathe freely in the atmosphere in which he had himself been nourished. Had that young student of St. Andrews (for so, although Archbishop, we may still call him), had he lived to fulfil this wonderful promise—had he, with these rare gifts and rare opportunities, been spared to meet the impending crisis of the coming generation, instead of the worldly, intriguing, and profligate Beaton—had he been here enthroned in this venerable see, with the spirit of our own Colet in a higher post, the aspirations of our own More without his difficulties, ready to prepare the way for the first shock of the Reformation—what a chance for the ancient Church of this country! what an occasion of combining the best parts of the old with the best parts of the new! what a call, if indeed its doom had not been already

fixed, to purify that corrupt Episcopacy! what a hope, if moderation in those times had been possible, of restraining the violence of the iconoclast reaction! But, alas! he was slain by his father's side on the field of Flodden. Of all 'the flowers of the forest that were' there 'wede away,' surely none was more lovely, more precious, than this young Marcellus of the Scottish Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier."

THE VERY REV. JOSEPH WILLIAMS BLAKESLEY, B.D., DEAN OF LINCOLN.

ONE of the happiest series of events which occurred during the existence of the New Testament Revision Company was the frequent promotion in the Church which took place among its members. Again and again did simple "reverends" develop into prebendaries, canons, deans, or even bishops, as the years passed over us. These advances in ecclesiastical dignity were always very gracefully referred to by the Chairman at the opening of our sessions, and among others whom he had to name as thus promoted was the subject of our present notice. When the Company was formed, the Rev. J. W. Blakesley was simply Vicar of Ware and a Canon of Canterbury, but in 1872 he was appointed to the Deanery of Lincoln, in succession to Dr. Jeremie, and he continued to occupy and adorn that high position until his death, in 1885.

Dean Blakesley possessed one of the acutest intellects in the Company of Revisers. Long before I had the honour of knowing him he had been addressed by Lord Tennyson as a "clear-headed friend," in one of the Laureate's earliest published poems. And often did I admire the power of lucid and logical statement which Dean Blakesley evinced. His views of many passages of Scripture were somewhat peculiar, and often failed to commend themselves to others; but, after listening to him, none, at least, could mistake what his views were, or help being struck by the remarkable ability with which they were stated and supported.

All this was signally illustrated by a dissertation in Latin on St. Luke xxii. 17—20, taken in connection with 1 Cor. xi. 17—31, which the Dean had privately printed in 1850, and a copy of which was presented to each member of the Company. No one could read this prelection without being impressed by the extraordinary acumen which it displayed, while, at the same time, no one probably was ever convinced by its arguments. Dr. Scrivener, whose abounding good-nature is not incompatible with an occasionally incisive touch, after speaking of this "most instructive discussion by the Dean of Lin-

coln," ultimately remarks.—"The scheme of Dean Blakesley is put forth with rare ingenuity, and maintained with a boldness which is best engendered and nourished by closing the eyes to the strength of the adverse case."

The late Dean of Lincoln was more familiar with classical than Hellenistic Greek. His edition of Herodotus is a learned and laborious work, highly esteemed, on several grounds, by scholars. But he appeared to me to have given comparatively little attention to Biblical questions. I remember that one day, when the language generally used by Christ was under discussion by some of us, the Dean threw out the idea that it was probably Latin! He seemed never to have carefully considered the subject, and spoke simply on the impulse of the moment, resting on the mere fact that the Jews then lived under the government of the Romans. He was not aware that the view he thus hastily expressed had been seriously maintained by the Jesuit priest Hardouin and a few other writers, manifestly, however, without the slightest foundation, and more in the interests of party than of truth.

I never became so intimate with Dean Blakesley as I did with most of the other Revisers. The chief reason for this probably was that he generally left the Jerusalem Chamber during the happy half-hour allowed for lunch. That was the time when we had an opportunity of chatting pleasantly together and of becoming really acquainted with each other. I can recall only a few occasions on which I had the happiness of enjoying such familiar talk with the late Dean of Lincoln. Some of the shrewd remarks he then made can never be forgotten. As he had shown in the once famous letters to the *Times* of "A Hertfordshire Incumbent," he took a very keen and intelligent interest in all social and political questions. Some of the forecasts of the future on which he then ventured in my hearing have already been remarkably fulfilled; and there are words of his still lingering in my memory which point to coming changes in the condition of our country that, judging by the signs of the times, are likely ere long to be realised.

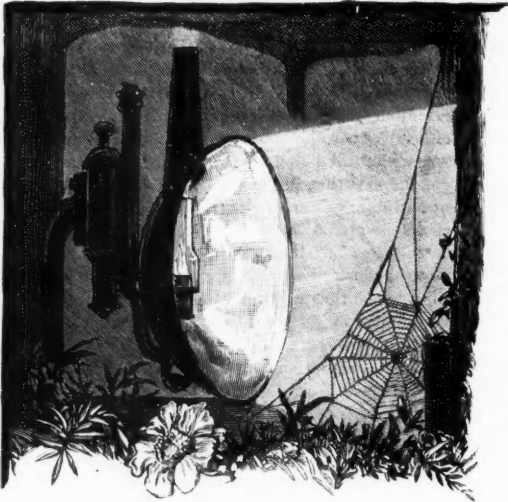
Altogether, Dean Blakesley will be remembered as a very able man, who did not accomplish anything quite worthy of his great powers. How high were the expectations formed of him by those who knew him in youth appears from that poem of the Laureate which has already been referred to, and the entire first verse of which stands as follows:—

"Clear-headed friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds,
The wounding cords that bind and strain
The heart until it bleeds:
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
Roof not a glance so keen as thine:
If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain,"

THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWER.

A MODERN PARABLE.

BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS IN VERSE," ETC., ETC.



IT was a solitary life, and no mistake, shut up at the top of the lighthouse tower, and what wonder, after the noise and bustle of workshops, the coming and going of many feet, the constant movement and friction to which of late it had been subjected, that the large reflector found the loneliness oppressive?

"Is this, then, the life for which I have been educated?" it sighed, "for this that I left the dark places of the earth, and by fiery trial, stinging blows, and forces over which I had no control, have been fashioned into shape? Why, even the lantern my keeper carries in his hand is happier than I!"

"How do you make that out?" inquired a spider, as she busily wove her web amongst the beams overhead.

"Is it not a light-holder, carried from place to place? Does it not take part in the home life? The children clap their hands and greet its advent as the gathering twilight wraps their books and toys in gloom; the mother's eyes brighten as by its aid she bends once more over her sewing; the father whistles as he cleans it and trims the wick within, whilst I, in my loneliness, have not even the merit of originality—am naught but a reflector, and in such confined space, too," it murmured as it shot forth its borrowed light into the furthest corner of its white-washed abode.

"Not so circumscribed as you imagine," continued the spider; "for does not your light shine far across the waters, a beacon to warn and to guide?"

"It may do so; I know not; for, after all, I only see my surroundings," it answered somewhat scornfully, "and as far as I know, I do but help you to spin, and the mice to play, notwithstanding all the pains that is daily spent in polishing my surface: a noble object in life, truly!"

"I thought our object in life was to shine, to illuminate," breathed the light hesitatingly, for it was only a small flame, after all.

"To shine, yes, but alone! To illuminate, yes, but an empty, overgrown lantern! It is not the work I complain of, but its limitations," snapped the reflector.

"Are you sure you can measure them?" queried the flame more boldly; "behold, the moon shining down upon us from the blue vault above but reflects the light she borrows from the sun; yet who can limit the extent and power of her rays as she lightens the darkness of the night? And I, am I not content to efface myself that you may shine through me? Have I not the power within me to consume, to destroy? Yet am I not the servant of all, and is it not in serving that I win the blessings of many? Uncontrolled, unsubdued, am I not a terror indeed?"

"And I, have I not also my bounds?" roared the sea, as it dashed itself high against the tower; "yet who can doubt my power, or the mightiness of my works!"

Faintly, softly shone the evening star upon the discontented one, whispering, "I murmur not because my rays do not illumine as the moon. I ask not to see the result of my labours; enough if I do but reflect to the utmost of my power the light entrusted, so that those who look on me may be led to glorify the Source of all."

* * * * *

On the distant shore two girls sat by an open window gazing out into the starlit night; the evening breeze, heavy with the scent of flowers, played around them, the splash of waves sounded in monotonous cadence on the beach below, an occasional song of a nightingale broke the stillness, and far away on the horizon bright beams from the lighthouse made a pathway on the deep.

"How still it is! and oh, how calm and beautiful!" exclaimed the elder of the two.

"And yet so vague, so restless, so inscrutable," replied the younger, "it seems to me like the future, deep, vast, unknowable, and yet ever beckoning one forward into the unknown, the impossible; yearnings which are to be unfulfilled, hopes unrealised, duties undone, all the possibilities of life and its disappointments!"

Oh, Lucy, I know you will laugh at me, but I cannot tell you how the loneliness and the limitations of life oppress me at times."

"What a cynical speech for a young woman of eighteen!" laughed her friend. "But I think I understand a little what you mean—

"Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own, Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh."

Is that some of the loneliness? and—

"No great thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received
No true painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived."

Are those some of the limitations?"

"Yes; and then if one thinks how beautiful life might be, and how humdrum it generally is, and," speaking more rapidly, "when one has realised its awful responsibility, one so longs to lead others to feel the Love one has learnt to prize oneself; and what can a girl like me do to make the world better for my being in it?"

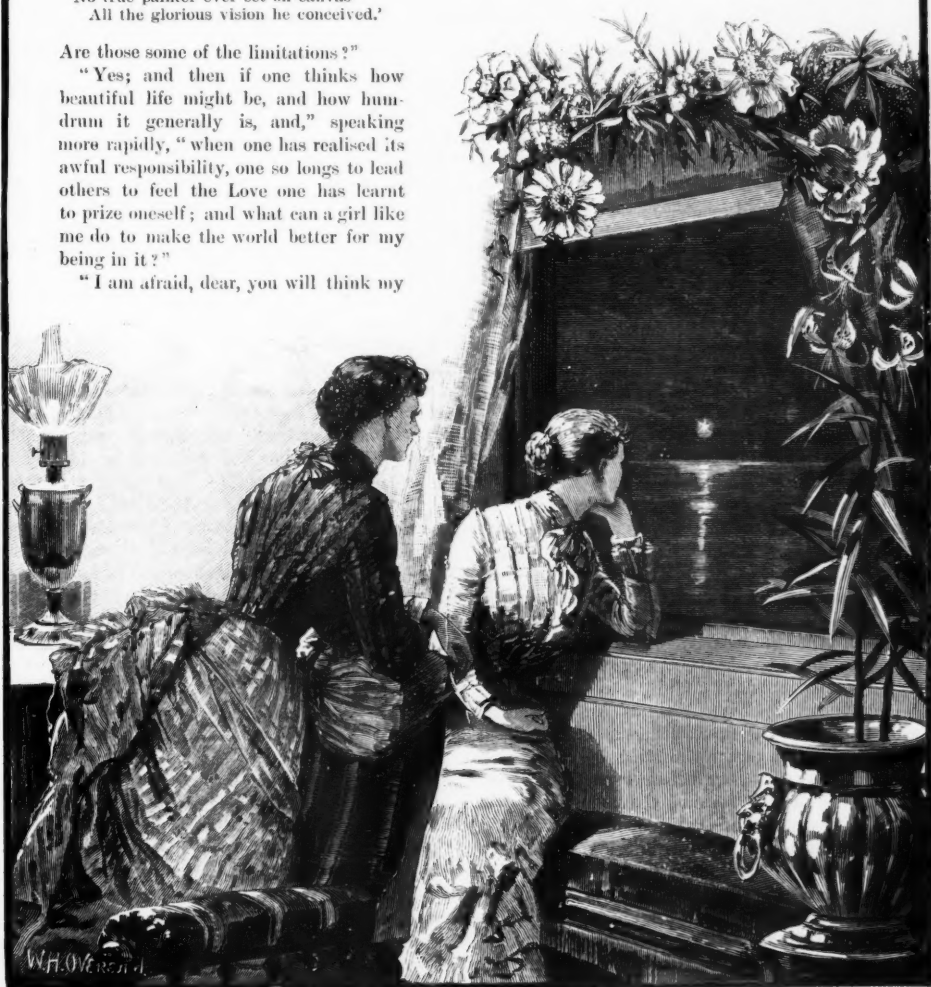
"I am afraid, dear, you will think my

answer very humdrum," she replied, smiling down upon the eager face at her side—

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

"But somehow that always seems to me a little selfish; surely we may wish to work, to lead others, as well as to be holy ourselves."

"Does not the one necessarily entail the



other? must we not receive before we can give?"

"A kind of moral lighthouse," she replied, as she leant on the window-sill. "Yes," she continued musingly, "in reflecting the light within, it knows not how many may be influenced by its rays, the homeward bound welcomed, the outward cheered, the passer-by warned of perils, the storm-tossed guided, and all not by hurrying to and fro as the ships, but just by shining at home."

"Yes, and in its appointed place," continued her

friend, "it has its appointed work brought within its influence. Even its apparent loneliness and limited sphere is subservient to that end. Were it differently situated it would be comparatively useless. May we not also learn from this that, if life's possibilities seem to end but in disappointment,

"Yet to the faithful there is no such thing
As disappointment; failures only bring
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say,
His purpose stands, though mine has passed away?"

FLYING, RUNNING, AND WALKING IN CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.



T he close of that most sublime chapter, the fortieth of Isaiah, there sparkles a beautiful gem—or rather three gems in one—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." It is one of the marked features of Isaiah, that, however rich and poetical his language, there are always solid ideas under it. With a wonderful power of heaping words, and of producing the sense of gorgeous profusion, he never heaps words for the sake of sound, but always to express thought. There may be some difference of opinion as to the precise ideas which he associated with the various modes of motion—flying, running, and walking; but certainly these are not mere rhetorical or poetical flourishes—each mode of motion stands for something specific in the Christian life. To ascertain and illustrate the forms of Christian activity which this threefold symbol stands for, will be our object in the present paper.

In the days of Chrysostom and his contemporaries, it used to be a question, whether the contemplative or the active Christian life was to be preferred. It was long before even Chrysostom decided the question against the monastic and in favour of the active life. Isaiah would have had no such difficulty. To his burning soul there was nothing like activity. Yet not activity pure and simple. It was activity as the outcome of contemplation—the outcome of devout communion with God. In fact, the object he has in view in the close of the chapter, is to contrast the activity which is not the result of communion with God with the activity which is. Where

there is no spiritual fellowship with God, no "waiting on the Lord" in meditation, faith, and prayer, any activity that may be shown in well-doing comes to a speedy end. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall." Such activity is but "as the morning cloud and the early dew." It is the common story of many a man who tries to pull himself up, under some sudden rebuke of his conscience, turns from his besetting sins, gives up his favourite pleasures, takes to serious ways of life, and seems a new man; but, by-and-by, finds the new life so hard and irksome, and feels the attractions of the old so irresistible, that he is back like "the dog to his vomit again, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Activity inspired by mere human force is no activity at all. The true activity is that which comes of "waiting on the Lord," of asking in humble dependence and faith for those supplies of strength and blessing which, through Jesus Christ, He is ever ready to give. The locomotive would soon be weak as a child if it did not stop from time to time, and lay itself alongside the cistern and the coal depot, for new supplies of the motive power. So man, if he would be strong, must wait on the Lord. Activity must spring from contemplation. But when activity has its source in God, there is no limit to its achievements. The imagination of Isaiah just revels in the fruits of that connection, when he sees poor, frail human creatures in vital fellowship with the Omnipotent. See that company of them setting the law of gravitation at defiance, mounting up with wings as eagles, and careering through the sky; see that other company despising the infirmities of the flesh, leaping and running like young deer in the fulness of their strength, with no sense of fatigue; or look at that third company, strong and steady, like a Macedonian phalanx, advancing with firm tread over the rugged

path of life, spurning alike the burning sun at one time and the fierce wind at another—"they walk and are not faint."

The first symbol is that of flying or soaring—"they shall mount up with wings as eagles." We have no quarrel with those who interpret this of the ardour of young converts, burning to convert the world, and full of that noble enthusiasm which so inspired the young Reformer, until he found that "old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon." But is it not more natural to understand it of the achievements of those who attain a high degree of spirituality, whose souls acquire the hue of heaven, and whose character becomes so saintlike, that we wonder whether they were truly flesh and blood like ourselves? Men and women of true saintliness, like St. John, St. Bernard, Madame Guion, Samuel Rutherford, Robert Leighton, John Albert Bengel, Edward Payson—what figure is more fitted to describe their career than "mounting up with wings as eagles?" Dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, realising the promise, "if a man love Me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come in unto him, and make our abode with him;" caught up from time to time as it were into paradise, and hearing unutterable words; so overcome by their spiritual emotions as to say, like the bride in the Song of Songs, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love;" breathing out on their fellow-men odours of love and benediction, "their garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces;" have not these favoured souls been taught to mount up with wings as eagles? How otherwise could they have got to the gate of heaven?

But is this experience really to be accounted for in this way? Is not this very high and rare attainment the fruit of temperament? Does it not flow from something constitutional, from a light, ethereal frame of spirit that contrasts beautifully with the dull, lumpish, lumbering temperament which is so common among us? We do not deny all force to this consideration. Temperament has something to do with the quality of the spiritual life, just as the brain has something to do with the quality of the intellectual life. But the brain does not originate intellect—it only modifies it. So temperament does not originate spiritual life and activity, but only modifies it. Temperament alone would never have given the soaring power in the spiritual life, the power to mount up with wings as eagles. The essence of that power could only have come from waiting on the Lord. And very probably when some of those who have acquired it began to wait on the Lord, they experienced the same difficulty that many of us do. Who can tell whether when first they went to pray, they did not speedily catch their minds wandering

among the frivolities of earth? They rallied, they asked forgiveness, they began again with a determination to be more earnest, but almost immediately they again caught their souls in some other miserable cave of the world. And this may have gone on till they were tempted to say that it was no use trying to pray, they could not pray; but if that temptation beset them, they brushed it aside, they besought the Spirit to help their infirmities, they continued at the footstool, until at last their souls, penetrated through and through with Divine influence, mounted up beyond the region of interruption and distraction, and the whole energies of their being were thrown into the business of prayer. Be this as it may, it is certain that without waiting on the Lord, no one ever acquired the power of soaring to the gates of heaven. Such an achievement is only the result of power from on high. No particle of vapour could ever rise from the surface of the sea, or be woven into beautiful lacework over the mid-day sky, or help to form his crown of glory for the setting sun, if it were not for the influence that comes down upon it from the sun, ninety millions of miles away. All power of rising upward, in opposition to gravitation, natural or spiritual, must come from above. "Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of spirits, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning."

The next symbol is that of running: "They shall run and not be weary." Now running is a mode of movement that involves a strain beyond what is natural to us, at least after the years of youth; a mode of movement which soon exhausts us, and in which therefore it is impossible for us to continue long. Symbolically, it seems to stand for those duties and exercises of the Christian life that involve great strain, and are far beyond the measure of our natural strength. Sometimes the strain comes in the form of enduring, and sometimes in the form of labouring. It may come in a long, trying, painful illness, the illness perhaps of the head of a family, doomed to see those dearest to him in the greatest straits through want of the supplies his labour used to bring; and ever and anon, as he seemed to be recovering, having his hopes dashed to the ground, and relapsing into his former weakness through fresh attacks of illness; yet preserving invariably his peace of mind, and calm submission to the will of God; never uttering an impatient or murmuring word, but serenely trusting God, of whose love and grace he has a continual remembrance. How comes he to acquire this superhuman endurance? How are we to account for this moral miracle—the sweeping of fierce gusts of trial over him, like a hurricane over a lake, without disturbing its glassy surface? "Waiting on the Lord, he renews his strength."

Sometimes this marvellous power of endurance

is seen in the case of Churches, in times of fiery persecution. Year after year the bitter blast assails some Church, nay, generation after generation. Look at the Waldensian Church, with thirty distinct persecutions, it is said, during four hundred years; or look at the Bohemian Church, when for five successive generations (1621—1781) the very name of Protestant brought death or banishment; where the most infamous tortures were used to break the spirit of the faithful remnant; where men had to meet in caves and cellars, and smuggle their Bibles in holes, or loaves of bread, or under pie-crust in the oven, to escape the eager hands of the inquisitor, and ask how they were able to endure so long what even at the first it seemed impossible for them to bear for an hour—the answer is still the same, “Waiting on the Lord, they renewed their strength.”

But it seems strange to explain “running” of what is merely or mainly passive; more naturally, surely, it denotes the strain of active labour in the service of the Lord. As when, in district visiting, one gets a loathsome set of people to care for, yet goes on labouring, and praying, and loving, till the place becomes a paradise; or when the Sunday-school teacher keeps toiling along, in spite of all manner of discouragement and great weariness of spirit; or when one has to nurse by day and night a stricken, helpless relative, in whom the paralytic stroke that shattered the limbs has seemed to take away all that was sweet and amiable, and leave nothing but crustiness and impatience; or when the missionary or the nurse deliberately surrenders every fireside comfort to undertake a most irksome task in some heathen country, or in some dreary hospital where terrible disease reigns in every ward and in every bed. How comes it that such persons are able to persevere? How is it that they can take so joyfully the loss of all comfort, and rejoice so confidently, because they have in heaven a better, an enduring substance?

Or look at Flinedner with his great Kaiserswerth institution: study Bost with his village of asylums; or Harms with his college of missionaries; or George Müller of Bristol with his swarm of orphans; see them day and night occupied with the thousand details of administration; always adding to their burdens and responsibilities; building a Bethel this year, or a Bethesda next; their charge increasing till they are almost frightened to think how much money is needed for the necessary outlay of a single day: how comes it that such men are able to live and labour at such frightfully high pressure? What keeps them from being worried to death by the innumerable troubles and difficulties, great and small, of such gigantic charities? Why don't

they take the wings of a dove and fly away and be at rest? Dr. Fleming Stevenson gives the answer in the very title of his book—“Praying and Working.” They wait on the Lord; in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving they make their requests known to Him; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Lastly, it is said, “They shall walk and not faint.” Now walking is our ordinary mode of motion; and the promise here is, that in “the daily round, the common task,” we shall be so upheld by the Divine arm, and so guided by the Holy Spirit, as to go on steadily and unweariedly in the faithful discharge of ordinary duty. But is there the same need for Divine power here? Are we not quite equal to the ordinary work of life? Can we not be honest, sober, truthful, and diligent by the mere exercise of our own native power? Does not the prophet make a slip in rhetoric, as well as in fact, when he closes his climax by this reference to work so truly commonplace?

But let us think a moment. After all, walking is not so very easy. To walk in the marketplace without a trace of dishonesty or deceit; to walk in society without a stain of evil-speaking or detraction; to walk in the high places of fame and influence without a touch of pride or vanity; to walk in the midst of prosperity, and yet keep the affections set on things above; to walk in the midst of trouble, and yet keep the spirit ever serene and trustful; to see others on every side plunging into this indulgence and that, yet deny one's self and take up the cross and follow Christ; after all, is this so easy? Who is sufficient for these things? How is such a walk to be maintained but by very close and earnest waiting on the Lord? By daily prayer for daily grace; by using our means of grace, public, private, and social, as channels of communication with the unseen—real wells of salvation, from which we seek to draw the water of life, enabling us, whatever we do, to “do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.”

And this waiting on the Lord must be a habit of our life, a habit of every day. The food that sustains our body to-day does not sustain it for more than the day, and must be followed by a similar supply to-morrow. The grace that renews our spiritual strength is subject to the same law. “Give us this day our daily bread,” is as applicable to the spiritual as to the natural life. “Pray without ceasing,” must be our rule. “Abide in Me and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.”



A FEBRUARY SIMILE.



ACROSS the hills the drifting snow-cloud
speeds,
And soft warm flakes fall on the frozen
ground ;

Anon fierce winds pass o'er with sullen sound,
And whirl the snow on high in glittering beads ;
And then the west wind, tender with good
deeds,

Touches the streams' great storehouses, and rills

1083

Laugh downward to the plains, till 'neath the hills
A waking river warbles 'mongst its reeds.

So wakes the God-gift Conscience in a man !

Oft through a dreary winter of his life
It sleeps frost-bound—dead for a little span ;

Then, roused by sleet of sorrow and by strife
Of varying winds of anguish and of pain,
It leaps to fulness of spring strength again.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

MISS WILLOWBURN'S OFFER.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "WHEN WE TWO PARTED," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE ARBOUR.



JUST before luncheon I persuaded the mother to come out into the air and sit awhile under the shade of the great cedar. There is coolness under these wide-spreading boughs, and the flower-beds, with all their splendour of scarlet and pink and gold, are spread out before our eyes. Presently we see a tall figure, in a cream-coloured cashmere gown, trimmed with bows of black ribbon, coming out of the shrubbery. It is Lesbia, who wears a cluster of scarlet geranium in her black straw hat, and walks slowly towards us with a book in her hand.

"Dear Mrs. Bazeley," she says, "I have brought the bishop's sermons. There is a second volume."

The mother takes the book gratefully, and we both look with genuine admiration at the face under the large black hat. Lesbia is at her very best to-day. Her brown eyes shine, her glorious hair catches the light on its stray curls, her lips are parted in a faint, sweet smile. I wonder what that smile means, and whether it betokens a recent victory.

Annie appears on the terrace, and beckons us indoors to luncheon. On our way to the house Lesbia talks quietly about Mrs. Longford's health, and remarks that she has certainly gained strength of late. And then she goes on to speak of the Vicar's poultry-yard, and descants upon the merits of his feathered favourites, until I come to the conclusion that she must have spent all the morning at the Vicarage.

The mother spends the afternoon in the cool retirement of her dressing-room, and I, finding that Annie has taken possession of Madge, put on my hat, and set off through the shrubbery to Ivy House.

The housemaid tells me that her mistress has gone to sit in the old arbour at the bottom of the garden, and thither I go to seek her. This summer-house is a favourite resort of hers, and is so comfortably furnished with cushions that she can read or work here in the summer days. But to-day her books and work are lying neglected on the rustic table, and she has fallen into so deep a reverie that she does not hear my approach.

"Why, Patience," I say, laughing, "I don't often catch you indulging in a day-dream!"

She starts and looks up, and her face is so pale and grave that I see it is no pleasant dream that I have broken in upon.

"I am glad you are come, Margaret," she says, sighing. "I was thinking of sending you a message. There is something I want to tell you."

She makes room for me on the cushioned seat, and lays her hand on mine. The hand trembles a little, and I know that some unlooked-for event has ruffled the calm of her daily life. What can it be? I look from her face down the long, narrow path, leading straight to the glass doors of the drawing-room, and wait for her to speak.

"This morning," she begins, abruptly, "I took my sketching materials, and started off to Wood Mount. You know, Margaret, that I have long intended to make a drawing of the Monks' Walk, which terminates in a bit of old monastic wall and a bricked-up Norman arch."

"Yes," I say, "and I know, too, that you wanted to make your sketch in the absence of Colonel Montifex. I can fancy how he would fidget an artist by hovering round with a hundred and fifty suggestions."

"That is true. Well, the Monks' Walk is, as you will remember, divided from Mrs. Montifex's rosery by a thick yew hedge; and at the entrance to the walk there is a little arbour cut in the yew, just large enough for two persons to sit in. It was in this arbour that I seated myself with my sketch-book, and began to work in good earnest. No one knew that I was in the grounds save old Hobbs, who had met me in the park, and had admitted me by the door in the kitchen garden."

Old Hobbs is one of the gardeners constantly employed at Wood Mount. Patience is, of course, well known to all the Colonel's servants, and is always liberally supplied with fruit for the sick poor who are under her especial care.

"I never saw the beech avenue look more lovely than it did to-day," she continues, with all an artist's enthusiasm in her tone. "I don't wonder that the old monks loved to walk there; it is so cool and still, and the lights and shades are so varied and soft! I soon got quite absorbed in my task; and I think there must have been a conversation going on for some time before I distinguished the voices. Those voices came from the other side of the yew hedge, Margaret—two persons were talking in the rosery."

She pauses, and I wait impatiently until she speaks again.

"I hardly knew what I was doing when I began to listen. It was Lesbia Lambton who was speaking, in a pleading, passionate way that set my heart throbbing with a sort of shame and surprise. A

woman who can talk like that to a man can have no self-respect at all! Every word was distinctly uttered; I could hear as well as if I had been by her side."

Excitement is a most unusual thing in Patience Willowburn; but she is evidently excited now, and her voice, always clear as a bell, is raised a little above its natural pitch. Her hand has sought mine again, and she holds my fingers in a tight clasp as she goes on—

"Guy," Lesbia was saying, "there is no need to concern yourself about Annie any more. She never gave you her heart, although you won her fancy for a time. She is a mere child, Guy, and she keeps all her child-love for her old sweetheart, Charlie Ashmead. But I—oh, Guy—you know that I am ready to give you the devotion of my whole soul!"

"Patience," I cry, my breath coming and going in quick sobs, "how could you bear it? The cruel, false traitress—the serpent that we have warmed in our bosoms!"

"I could not bear it, Margaret," she answers, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. "I heard only a murmur in reply—a murmur of fondness from a man's lips—and then I seized my belongings and fled away down the Monks' Walk. I never stopped till I reached the door in the kitchen garden (which old Hobbs had left unfastened for me), and came out into the park, and paused to think and rest. I don't know how long I sat under an old oak, quite still, with the deer feeding near me in the solitude of the place. I only know that I felt strangely spent and tired when I rose up and walked home."

There is nothing more to tell; and we both sit in silence, holding each other's hands, and gazing intently at the warm lights resting on the garden path before us, and the bees hovering busily over the prim flower-borders.

Quite suddenly, yet softly, a tall figure in a cream-coloured gown glides across the path in front of us, and pauses at the entrance to the summer-house. It is Lesbia herself—Lesbia, whom I have just denounced as a traitress—and at the sight of her I cannot repress an exclamation and a start. Even Patience, self-controlled as she always is, is taken by surprise, and does not utter a word. But there stands our enemy, paler than usual, perhaps, yet calm and smiling, looking down upon us with eyes half-veiled by silky lashes, and speaking in a quiet voice.

"Mrs. Bazeley has sent me with a message," she says, in quite a natural way; "she wants to see you this evening, Miss Willowburn, to consult you, I believe, about some of your poor people. And she will be very glad if you will dine with us."

"Thank you," replies Patience steadily; "I cannot dine at Cedar Lawn to-night. But I will come and see Mrs. Bazeley after dinner."

She has risen, and stands up calmly confronting Lesbia. There is no false warmth in her manner to Miss Lambton; she is simply pleasant and courteous, that is all. And as she has never made any over-

tures of friendship to our guest, there is nothing marked in the slight formality that pervades her little speech.

Lesbia does not tarry with us long. She says something in praise of the well-kept garden; asks leave to gather some scented geranium; and then, after smiling graciously at me, she walks off down the narrow path, attended by Patience, who ceremoniously accompanies her to the hall door.

There are two or three paths leading from the house to the summer-house; for Patience's large garden is traversed by several narrow, pebbled walks, all tending to the same point. The housemaid who admitted Lesbia, had told her where Miss Willowburn might be found, and she had approached us by one of these walks, unheard. Has she listened to our conversation? I do not know; but I have a strong suspicion that she has overheard everything. And if she has, I am only too sure that she will be the deadly enemy of Patience to the end of her days.

When I am left alone, I rise, and go cautiously to the right side of the arbour, and examine the ground with attentive eyes. The syringa, which flung its blossoms so lavishly over the little summer-house, has had its day; but a wealth of jessamine covers roof and sides with feathery foliage and fragrant white stars; and a sweetbriar has shot up close to the back of the building. The briar tendrils are prickly and strong, and have a trick of holding fast all that they take hold of. I see something dark clinging to one of the thorny boughs, and find, on closer inspection, that it is a bow of black ribbon.

"A trace of Lesbia," I say to myself, as I disengage the bow, and take it into my own keeping. "She must have been very close to us before she made herself visible; that is quite certain."

When Patience comes back to me, with a grave face and a slow step, I show her the ribbon, and it only confirms her own suspicions. Lesbia knows that there are two persons who see her in her true colours; but she has established herself so firmly in the hearts of my mother and Annie, that it is doubtful whether Patience's testimony will be believed against her. Moreover, there are many things that she can and will say in self-defence. She may gloss over the impropriety of her stolen visit to Wood Mount, or she may declare that Patience was altogether mistaken, and that the voice heard was not her voice at all.

"If I speak," says my friend, "she will find a way of disproving my evidence, and making it appear that I am absurdly mistaken. As to Guy, if she appeals to him, he will think it a simple matter of honour to say anything that may serve her purpose. She is a beautiful woman; he is a vain man, and all men are disposed to be lenient when their vanity is concerned. I know it is hard, Margaret; but we must decide to keep silence."

"How will it end?" I say dolefully. "Is she to be allowed to triumph?"

"No," says Patience, taking me by the arm and

leading me back to the drawing-room, where tea is ready. "Mrs. Montifex will return in a fortnight, and then we shall secure a staunch ally. Let us be patient, Margaret."

"I shall never like Guy so well as I did in the old days," I say hotly. "Even if everything is set right, and he comes back to Annie, I shall always despise him secretly in my heart."

"He is no hero," responds Patience, bringing me a cup of tea. "And he would never have made a St. Anthony, that is certain. But don't be too hard on him; he is no weaker than other men of his class. You must not forget that Lesbia Lambton is an uncommonly lovely woman."

CHAPTER XV.

FAWN-COLOURED PAPER.

I GO back to Cedar Lawn with a heavy burden on my heart. It is hard to face Lesbia at the dinner-table, and hear all the kind words said to her by the unsuspecting girl whose lover she has estranged; but I play my part as well as I can, and Lesbia is as pleasant to me as ever. If it had not been for the bow of ribbon on the briar-bush I should be inclined to think that she had overheard nothing. But she could not have been so near the summer-house without hearing the conversation that was going on within; and Patience had spoken in a louder key than usual. No; it is quite certain that she knows herself to be detected, and it is my belief that she will make haste to finish the game.

Once or twice I am tempted to seek an interview with Guy Montifex, and warn him against trusting in Lesbia's misrepresentations. And then I remember that he has never been my sister's declared suitor, and that I can hardly meddle in the matter without sacrificing Annie's dignity. Moreover, I do not know how much he is under Lesbia's influence. That he is led captive by the charm of her beauty, I do not doubt; but is he infatuated enough to fling himself and his fortune at her feet? I cannot tell. Men have done rash things under the spell of such an enchantress as Lesbia Lambton.

For the thousandth time I wish that we had left poor Ted's sweetheart in her place as Mrs. Bland's companion. Leaving Annie out of the question, have we not done the Montifexes an ill turn by throwing this designing woman in Guy's path? I think of the brave old Colonel, whose boast it has ever been that the women of his house have all been good and pure, and the men *sans peur et sans reproche*. Is Lesbia Lambton, with her obscure past, and her deceitful nature, the right girl to take her place as mistress of Wood Mount? I know how bitterly Guy's father and mother would resent such an alliance; and I picture all the misery that must ensue if Lesbia gains her point.

Well, I must wait—wait. When Mrs. Montifex returns, Patience will tell her everything.

While these thoughts are working in my brain, I am sitting in my old seat by the drawing-room window, with a shaded lamp on a little table near me, and one of Madge's frocks in my lap. There is a rent in the frock, and I am going to mend it; but to-night I am not in the right mood for needlework. Presently Lesbia crosses the room with her gliding step, and comes quietly to my side.

"Margaret, you are tired," she says in her gentlest tone. "Give me that little frock, won't you? I love to do things for Madge."

Just for a moment her eyes meet mine, and I remember that only an hour or two ago she has heard me calling her a traitress and a serpent! It is impossible not to admire her perfect self-control; but I am not so good a dissembler as she is. Do what I will, I cannot throw any warmth into my manner when I decline her assistance. My refusal sounds cold and ungracious, even in my own ears; and I know that the mother and Annie are listening.

"Margaret is the most independent person in the world," says my sister, with a forced little laugh. "Haven't you found out yet, Lesbia, that she will never let anyone do anything for herself or her child?"

"She has let me do things sometimes," responds Lesbia softly. And then she goes off to the piano, and invites Annie to come and sing.

I spend a troubled night, and dream of stormy skies, and boats adrift upon an angry sea. It is a relief to wake, just before break of day, and find Madge sleeping soundly in her pretty cot; and I fall into a deep slumber which makes me late for breakfast next morning.

When I go down-stairs, Annie has seated herself before the urn with a face that plainly expresses disapproval of my conduct. I am late; and however pardonable that offence may be in other people, in me it is to be counted as a deadly sin.

"I am afraid the coffee is cold, Margaret," she says, rising, and giving me my seat with an air of offended dignity.

"It does not matter," I say cheerfully; and Lesbia looks at me with such a sunny smile that I am almost grateful for her pleasantness. I know it is unreal; I am sure that this beaming expression of hers is called up at will; and yet it has so bright an influence that I can momentarily forgive its falseness.

"Margaret," she says, while I am still basking in that fictitious sunshine of hers, "I want you to do me a favour. I am going to set up an autograph album, and I should like to begin with Dr. Vansittart's. Has he not written you a note or two?"

"Oh, yes," I answer readily. "You can have his last, written to accept an invitation to dine here. I will hunt it up for you presently; and I have some valuable letters from authors and artists—friends of my husband. You may like to add them to your collection."

"How kind you are!" she cries gratefully.

"Sometimes we had a lion or two stalking about Mrs. Bland's rooms. But I was always mortally afraid of them."

"I don't believe you are ever afraid of anyone,

is a celebrity. Even Patience gets on with him, and she is a retiring woman."

"Miss Willowburn can hold her own with anybody," Lesbia says, with a grave sincerity that



"His firm hand takes the letter from my trembling fingers."—p. 232.

Lesbia," says Annie, who is in a cross humour this morning.

"Yes, I am—of lions," she replies. "I never know how to treat them. I am always nervous when Dr. Vansittart comes, and yet I am sure he is the kindest of men."

"Absurd!" Annie answers tartly. "No one is afraid of Dr. Vansittart; he makes one forget that he

impresses me. "She is my superior in every respect. I am shallow; she is thorough to the core."

"You need not run yourself down," rejoins Annie. "But of course we all know that Patience is nearly perfect. Hers is a rare character."

"Rare indeed!" murmurs Lesbia, with a sigh.

After this tribute to Patience's merits, I give her

the Doctor's notes, and some other letters, with hearty good-will. I know that she is a deceitful woman; I am well aware that she has come between Annie and her first love; and yet these few well-timed words of hers sink deep into my heart, and make me dream of the possibility of her repentance. No traitor is so dangerous as he who can speak the simple truth on a fitting occasion. There are those who can reverence good even while they make war against it with all their might.

We do not see much of Lesbia for the rest of that day. Annie goes several times to the door of her room, and finds that it is bolted. At luncheon she confesses that she has a violent headache, and is trying to cure it with solitude and rest.

"Come, Annie," I say at last, using a tone of authority. "Let Lesbia alone this afternoon, and stay in the drawing-room with me. Mrs. Longford is coming to-day, and she is not often well enough to call. You know you are a favourite of hers, and she will be disappointed if you are not visible."

And Annie obeys me, somewhat sullenly, it is true. And Lesbia, shut up in her room, is left to her own devices in peace.

Another day comes, and Lesbia has got over her headache. But she seems to have passed it on to Madge, who complains loudly when I sit her down to her morning lessons, and cries so piteously over her easy tasks that I am obliged to set her at liberty.

The child is fretful and languid in the afternoon, and takes it into her capricious little head to cling to Lesbia, who makes much of her, and humours all her whims with exemplary patience.

"I wish you would get a nap, Margaret, and leave Madge to me for a little while," she says coaxingly. "Just see if I don't bring her into a good temper before bed-time."

It happens to be one of my weary days, and I go away thankfully to my room to rest and be alone. Sleep comes to me at length; and when I go down-stairs again I find that Lesbia has been as good as her word. Madge's beaming face is a proof that all her ill humours have been skilfully charmed away.

The child is ready for bed at an earlier hour than usual. She goes up to her cot in good spirits, babbling incessantly of the pretty pictures that Lesbia has made for her, and the stories that she has been hearing. And then, out of the pocket of her dainty frock, she takes a little roll of papers, and puts them into my hand with an earnest injunction to "keep them very safe."

Willing to satisfy her, I slip the papers into my desk, and she is soon peacefully asleep.

Later on, when we are all retiring for the night, the mother reminds me of a certain letter which ought to have been written for an early post. I own my negligence, and resolve to perform the neglected duty before I close my eyes. And so it comes to pass that, as soon as my chamber door is locked, I go straight to my writing-table and open my desk.

The first thing that meets my eyes is the roll of papers that Madge entrusted to me an hour or two ago. I do not know why I touch them at all; it is certain that I am thinking of other matters when I unfold and straighten them out one by one.

They are merely crude drawings of men and women—dandies with eye-glasses, girls of the period dressed like the plates in a fashion book—but it strikes me that there is a certain rough cleverness in them all, and that Lesbia has the touch of a caricaturist. I determine to paste them into Madge's scrap-book to-morrow, and so I go on mechanically smoothing them out on the table before me.

All at once my glance is arrested by an autograph written repeatedly on the back of one of the drawings: "L. C. Vansittart." When did the Doctor write his name four or five times on a sheet of notepaper in our house? I examine the signatures closely, and see that they are not all quite alike. The first is somewhat feeble, as if the writer were not sure of his hand and pen, but the last is bold and clear.

The notepaper is not like any that we are in the habit of using. It is of a pale fawn tint, slightly perfumed, and I feel sure that it never came from Annie's desk or mine. How strange that Lesbia should ask for the Doctor's autograph when he had already given it to her? But stay—is this handwriting really his? I look again and again, and then I get a magnifying glass, and at last I am convinced that these signatures are done by Lesbia herself.

Most probably they were done in an idle mood, merely to pass away the time, but it shows that she possesses great skill in imitating handwriting. It is rather a dangerous gift, I think, as I take the marked drawing away from the rest, and put it carefully into my pocket-book. If Madge misses it to-morrow I shall not let her have it. I want to keep it, and yet I cannot give any reason for my fancy.

But when the morning comes, Madge is perfectly contented with the other sketches, and says not a word about the one that is missing.

We go on quietly enough for three days. And on the morning of the fourth day I wake early, and find Madge with her blue eyes open, already longing to get up. We wash and dress, and go down-stairs before the others make their appearance, and I see a pile of letters lying on the hall-table.

One of these letters gives me such delight that I feel I must carry it to Ivy House at once, and let Patience share my pleasure. It comes from an old schoolfellow of mine, a poor clergyman's daughter who has confided all her troubles to me. I have been able to help her in my little way, and she now writes to tell me that she is well and happily married. It is such an unexpected bit of good news that I am quite overwhelmed with satisfaction.

"They will not be coming down-stairs yet," I say to Madge, who is busy already with her bread-and-

milk. "It will only take a minute or two to run over to Patience."

I am fortified by my early cup of tea, and the warm morning air is very sweet as I speed along through the shrubberies, and out into the village street. The hall-door of Ivy House is open; you can look straight through the house into the garden, and see the geraniums blazing in the early sun. I run in unannounced, and enter the breakfast-room as freely as the wind.

Patience is there alone, standing quietly by the table with an open letter in her hand. It seems to me that the post-bag must be laden with blessings this morning, for there is a look of such intense joy on her face that I pause, and gaze at her in surprise. How young she is to-day, and what a charming smile she has! Surely I have never done full justice to her good looks until this moment! At the sight of me she blushes like a girl, and greets me in a sweet, tremulous voice.

"What has brought you, Margaret?" she asks. "You are an early visitor, and you were never more welcome than you are now."

"I come with a letter from Mary Willis. But you have something to tell me, Patience," I say eagerly. "And your news is more important than mine."

She draws a deep breath, and looks at me with shining grey eyes, while the soft colour comes and goes in her cheeks.

"A moment ago I was wishing for you," she says, still speaking tremulously. "And now that you are really here I hardly know what to say. Read this letter, Margaret, and it will tell you everything."

What is it that suddenly reminds me of the sheet of fawn-coloured notepaper on which Lesbia had dashed off one of her sketches? It must be the subtle perfume which clings to this letter that Patience has just put into my hand. It is not a long letter, and it is written on plain white paper in Dr. Vansittart's handwriting. It takes scarcely more than a moment or two to read it from beginning to end, and see that it is an offer of marriage from the great doctor to Miss Willowburn.

My cheeks, too, begin to glow, and my heart beats fast with joy. The dream which I did not dare to cherish, has suddenly become a reality. My friend lays her hand on my shoulder, and smiles to see me so glad.

"I had no idea that this was coming, Margaret," she says, after a little pause. "Yet he must have had it in his mind yesterday afternoon when I met him at the Johnsons' gate. He spoke only of common things, and there was no change in his manner—it was friendly, and nothing more. How could I possibly dream that so great a blessing would come to me to-day?"

I read the letter again; it is one that any sensible man might have written under the circumstances; manly, straightforward, and very brief. So brief, indeed, that I almost wish he had added a few more words, and had made his epistle just a shade more

lover-like in tone. And then I remember that he is an elderly man, writing to a woman who has done with youth, and say to myself that he does well to avoid anything in the shape of sentiment. And yet—and yet when hearts are young, men and women may surely be excused for forgetting that they are growing old!

"You are very happy, Patience," I say, kissing her. "I am hard to satisfy, for I have always thought that no one on earth was good enough for you. But even I am contented now."

"Contented!" she repeats. "Margaret, I wonder what I have done to deserve such a gift as this? It overwhelms me. He is so noble—so great and good."

"But not too good for you," I declare stoutly. "How fortunate for him that he happened to come to this out-of-the-way corner of the world. He little knew what a treasure he was going to find at Wood Royal."

"The Longfords will be as much astonished as I am," Patience goes on, still in an unsteady voice. "I am sure they have never thought of such a thing. And indeed there has never been anything in his manner to me to make one suspect his intentions. Even now I can hardly realise that he has made me an offer."

I read the letter for the third time; and while I read I am conscious of a horrible fear that is creeping cold and snake-like, into my heart. This handwriting is bold and clear; but is it *quite* as free as his? And the autograph—the autograph—I recall Lesbia's desire to have it. I remember the fawn-coloured sheet in my pocket-book on which she has repeatedly imitated his signature; and like a sickly breath comes that subtle perfume which lingers about every note that she writes.

No doubt she thinks that she has cause to hate Patience; and Lesbia Lambton can be a dangerous hater. Even in her gentlest moments I have always felt that

"Her revenge is like the tiger's spring,
Sudden and quick and deadly;"

and if this be indeed her revenge on my poor friend, she could hardly have conceived a more cruel punishment. Gentle as she is, Patience has all the intense pride of a highly sensitive nature; to a woman of her stamp, such humiliation would be worse than death.

Loving her as I do, knowing all her goodness as I know it, how can I let her run the risk of getting a terrible heart-wound that will never be healed so long as her life lasts? And, if my suspicions are correct, how can I bear to feel that this wound is deliberately dealt by the hand of one who lives under our own roof?

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, my resolution is taken. Still holding the letter in my hand, I kiss Patience again, look tenderly into that softly blushing face that has never seemed so dear as now, and speak in my most persuasive tone.

"Dear Patience, the mother has not been well lately. Let me show her this letter; it will revive

her as nothing else can. I will be gone only a few minutes—do consent, Patience.”

I know it is hard for her to say yes, but her sweet unselfishness prevails as it always does. Naturally she wants to be alone with her letter, and feast her eyes on every word that it contains. But she yields without a moment's hesitation, only stipulating that neither Annie nor Leslie shall get a glimpse of her treasure.

Having gained my point, I turn and fly, hearing Patience laughing softly at my childish eagerness.

It is now nearly nine o'clock, and the village is flooded with sunshine. On I run, in my morning gown and rough straw hat, across the road, nearly knocking down a toddler of two who has escaped from one of the cottages, and into the scented gloom of our own shrubberies. From the shade of the thickly growing laurels I emerge into a side-walk which leads to the bottom of the grounds, and then I scramble over the boundary fence, tomboy fashion, and find myself in the wide field where the shorn grass is growing again.

Across the field I scamper till I come to a gate, over which I climb without the smallest regard to appearances, and am now opposite to the churchyard. At the lych-gate I pause for a second to take breath, and even now, when my mind is in a turmoil, the quiet of this hallowed spot falls like a benediction on my spirit. More slowly I pass along the gravelled path between the flowery mounds; a little wind brings the jessamine petals fluttering down in white showers, and fills the air with sweetness; and the shadows are deep and cool under the wide-spreading boughs of the old yew.

Under that old yew there is a man sitting, apparently in a quiet reverie, looking out across the graves to the sunlit tower. At the sight of him I come suddenly to a standstill, and find myself trembling from head to foot. For this man is the very person I have come to seek, and to meet him here, unexpectedly and alone, is almost more than my over-taxed nerves can bear. How can I dare to speak to him? How shall I say all that I have to say? Ah, it must all be said for Patience's sake—for Patience's sake. We may be cowards when our own interests are concerned; but we must be dastards indeed if we cannot be brave in the cause of a friend.

The Doctor hears my footstep, and comes forward to meet me with his genial smile. He seems surprised to find me heated and breathless, and proposes that I shall sit and rest for a while on the bench under the tree. I seat myself in silence, pressing my hand on my heart to still its beatings, and he places himself by my side with an air of kindly concern.

“Is anything the matter, Mrs. Spencer?” he asks, in that deep yet tender voice which has soothed so many fluttering souls.

“Something has happened,” I say, trying to speak steadily, and not venturing to meet his glance. “There is a letter from—I mean that my friend, Miss Willowburn, has received a letter by this morn-

ing's post. Did you—oh, Dr. Vansittart—did you write to her?”

“No,” he says quietly; “I have not written to her.” And then he waits for me to go on.

My worst fears are confirmed. Patience has been lifted up to the summit of happiness only to be dashed down into the depths of humiliation. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?

It seems as if hours go by before I can pluck up nerve enough to speak again. And all the while he is silently waiting, and the white petals are drifting about in the sunshine; but I can hardly see the quiet mounds for the mist that rises to my eyes.

“You know how good Patience is,” I begin desperately at last. “You know how little she deserves an insult. But someone who is her enemy has played her a cruel trick to-day, and sent this letter.”

Not a muscle of his face moves as his firm hand takes the letter from my trembling fingers. But, when he has read it deliberately from beginning to end, there flashes from his eyes just one gleam of fire.

“This is an impudent forgery,” he says in a quiet tone that seems more terrible to me than any violent outbreak of anger. “Have you any idea who has done it?”

“I have proof,” I answer. “It will not be difficult to fix the guilt on the culprit. But that is not what I am thinking about—my heart is breaking for Patience!”

When, with a great effort, I have uttered these words, I can no longer restrain my tears. I daresay the Doctor thinks me a poor fool, utterly wanting in self-control; and I feel myself a very pitiful creature as I sit here crying under the yew. I wonder what he will say next; it seems an age before he speaks again.

“Does she really believe that I wrote this letter?” he says at last; and this time there is a slight tremor in the deep voice. “Be frank with me, Mrs. Spencer; am I to understand that—that she will be disappointed if she discovers that I did not write it?”

How sweet the air is as it comes sweeping softly across those quiet graves! How gloriously the sunshine gilds the old grey tower! My heart ceases to throb wildly, and my tears are stayed; but although I am growing calm again, I cannot think of any fitting words in which to frame my reply. And so it comes out bluntly, and my cheeks burn while I speak.

“Dr. Vansittart—she—will be—more than disappointed.”

For a second or two I hear nothing but the gentle whisper of the old elms that stand like sentinels around the church, and the far-off voices of the labourers at work in a distant field. Then the Doctor rises, and stands full in the sunshine, looking down at me with a smile that I shall never forget so long as I live.

"Mrs. Spencer," he says, with his grand and simple courtesy, "I owe you a debt of gratitude which I shall find it hard to repay. And now I am going straight off to Ivy House to ask Miss Willowburn for an answer to this letter."

CHAPTER XVI.

TRIUMPH.

I HAVE nothing to say in reply to those last words of his; I can but take the hand he holds out to me, and meet his glance for a moment. And then I hasten away down the churchyard path, and retrace my steps homeward across the quiet fields.

Being conscious of a flushed face and a somewhat disordered aspect altogether, I enter our house as noiselessly as I can, and steal up-stairs to my chamber before I venture to present myself in the breakfast-room. There is no need to be in haste to return the letter to Patience. Knowing as I do that Dr. Vansittart is even now on his way to Ivy House, I feel that she will scarcely have time to think again about the false thing that has so strangely proved to be the means of securing her happiness.

If our friends sometimes bring us woe, does not bliss come to us now and again through the hands of our enemies? Surely, in a world where sorrows and blessings flow from such unexpected quarters, we may well tread the straight path without looking to the right or left! The cistern long trusted in may hold no water, but from the stern rock there may gush forth a living stream that will refresh and sustain us even to our journey's end.

When I come down-stairs I find Annie listlessly dawdling over the end of her breakfast, and Lesbia fully occupied with the *Times*. The former tells me in a languid tone that I had better ring for hot coffee, and the latter gives me a brief but pleasant greeting, and returns to her paper at once.

"Madge said that you were gone to Ivy House," says Annie, in that weary voice which falls so sadly on my ears. "Why did you rush off to Patience at such an unearthly hour?"

"Because I had a letter from Mary Willis," I answer, quietly watching Lesbia. "It was full of good news. I will read it to you by-and-bye, if you will let me."

"I don't want to hear it, Margaret," she replies. "I never believe in good news, somehow. I think I am gradually losing my belief in most of the pleasant things of life."

"I am not," I say brightly. "I know of one pleasant thing which you will soon hear and believe in."

Lesbia shoots a side-glance at me, and then goes on reading. My sister, still languid, asks what I can possibly mean?

"I will not tell you just yet," I answer. "Wait a little while, and then you will know."

Lesbia does not show the faintest interest in the

subject. She reads on as if the columns of the paper absorbed her entire attention, and yet I do not think that she sees a single word.

"Oh, I can wait well enough," Annie rejoins coldly. "You are welcome to keep your secret as long as you like."

"It won't be very long," I say, rising from the table, and going to summon Madge to her lessons.

As soon as the short tasks are done, I dismiss the child to play, and busy myself about household matters till the hands of my watch point to half-past twelve. Then I put on my garden hat again, and walk quietly out of the hall-door on my way to the shrubbery path.

Lesbia is sitting on the terrace, just under the shade of the verandah, with a work-basket by her side and her lap full of laces and ribbons. The light foliage of the creepers is drooping round her golden head, as she looks up from her work with a sunny smile, and speaks in her softest voice.

"Perfect weather, Margaret," she remarks. "Have you heard when the Vicar means to have the harvest festival? I am longing to help in the decorations."

"I don't think he has decided yet," I say quietly.

If I yield to my impulse I shall tell her that she must find another home before the festival comes to pass. The words leap up to my lips, but I keep them back, and pass on. I want to see Patience again, and hear all about her interview with the Doctor before I expose Lesbia's shameful forgery. And it is only the mother and Annie who must know the story of the false letter. Patience must never know it—never. The secret will be faithfully kept in our family circle, and Lesbia will receive a quiet intimation to quit Cedar Lawn.

As I cross the village street, I see Dr. Vansittart coming out of Ivy House. He does not catch sight of me, and I watch him walking away with a very contented look on that calm face of his. No need to ask how he has sped in his wooing. I know well enough that he has left a happy heart behind him.

I find Patience alone in the old drawing-room, sitting in a corner of the old-fashioned sofa, and looking as if she did not belong to herself any more. Her eyes welcome me when I enter, but she does not rise; and for some seconds we sit side by side in silence.

"Is it all settled, Patience?" I ask at last.

"Yes," she whispers. "Margaret, I did not think he would come so soon. He came a very little while after you were gone. The morning has flown away like a dream," she adds, looking at the timepiece with quite a startled air.

I spend twenty minutes by her side on the sofa, and then go back to Cedar Lawn with the false letter still in my pocket. She has forgotten to ask for it.

When we are sitting down to luncheon I triumphantly announce the fact of the engagement; and even Annie is startled out of her apathy, and looks at me with flushed cheeks and eager eyes. The

mother is at first half-credulous, and then delighted beyond measure.

"When did it happen?" inquires the mother, after a little pause. "Let me see—this is Thursday. I daresay he asked her on Sunday, when he saw her at the Vicarage. It is a wonder that Mr. Longford hasn't been here to talk over the news with me."

"Mr. Longford did not know anything about it," I rejoin, steadily watching Lesbia's face. "It was settled only this morning. The offer came in a letter."

Lesbia meets my glance, and smiles an innocent, frank smile.

"More dignified to write than to speak. That was like the great Doctor," she says. "And she has written to accept him, I suppose?"

"No," I say, in a very distinct voice. "There was no need for her to write. After breakfast this morning he came to Ivy House, and took his answer from her own lips."

"Quite as eager as a young lover!" cries the mother, in delight. "My dear girls, I think these elderly men understand the art of love-making better than the young ones!"

Lesbia does not speak, but the warm cream-tint of her face changes into pallor, and the dark lashes veil the eyes that met mine so boldly a moment before. Her revenge has been snatched from her by an unseen hand. The crown of thorns that she had prepared for Patience Willowburn has been suddenly changed into a myrtle-wreath. And I am sure that she knows herself detected.

Later on in the afternoon she is missing; but I am resolved to have a talk with her before the day is over. At half-past four I stroll down the rose-path, and meet her there alone.

She fronts me calmly, defiantly. It is evident that she has foreseen this interview, and is prepared for it.

"Well, Margaret," she says, looking me straight in the eyes, "have you heard any more good news to-day?"

"No," I answer coldly. "But I have come here to tell you, Lesbia, that I know the writer of the false letter sent to my friend. When you gave your sketches to Madge, you did not notice that there was some writing on the back of one of them. You did not see that on one side of the sheet of notepaper you had imitated Dr. Vansittart's signature."

At this she starts a little, but will not give way.

"Go on, Margaret," she replies. "You want to prove that I wrote that letter, I suppose?"

"I can prove it," I say.

She pauses, and her beautiful face seems to harden, and grow cold and cruel. Her brown eyes glitter with an evil look when she answers me.

"Supposing that you have proof, Margaret, and that you choose to use it against me? Do you mean to let Miss Willowburn know that the Doctor's offer was an unreal thing after all?"

"It is not an unreal thing!" I cry indignantly.

"It is your exertions that have made it a reality. Do you imagine that my mind does not follow you? I know that Patience believed in her letter, and you doubted it. I am sure that you went straight from Ivy House to the Vicarage, and frankly stated the case to Dr. Vansittart. Am I not right?"

"You are right," I admit, trembling with anger. "But let me tell you that Dr. Vansittart said I had done him a kindness which he could never repay. He was in love with Patience—I am certain of it—before that disgraceful trick occurred to you."

"Men like the great Doctor don't fall in love, Margaret. Their lives are so full that they don't feel the need of affection as meaner mortals do. But he is a chivalrous man, and having made up his mind to do a noble thing he does it gracefully."

"I believe he is more in love than you think," I say stoutly. "You forget that Patience is no commonplace woman."

"No, I don't forget it." Her smile is very evil now. "A commonplace woman would never trouble herself about the Doctor's reason for proposing. But let the faintest doubt of his love creep into Miss Willowburn's heart, and she would reject her happiness at once. She does care for him—I have seen it from the first—but she is as proud as Lucifer, and if she knew that you had pleaded with him to spare her a humiliation, she would never forgive you. Prove, if you will, that I sent the false letter; get me turned out of Cedar Lawn; and I will go to Miss Willowburn and confess the trick that I have played!"

I turn cold in the warmth of the summer air, and feel what a powerless creature I am, after all. At any cost, Patience must be spared the knowledge of that cruel fraud. If she ever does know it, I am convinced that the happiness of two lives will be sacrificed. For, let Lesbia say what she pleases, I am certain that the Doctor loves my friend. I am conquered; and my face confesses my defeat. Turning away, I begin to retrace my steps to the house; but Lesbia follows closely, and lays a hand on my shoulder.

"You have always disliked me, Margaret," she says, in quite a new tone. "But I have never hated you. I don't like Patience; had it not been for her I might have succeeded in conquering your prejudice. If I am studying my own interests only, and playing a purely selfish game, it is because I can't afford to be generous. Every advantage that I have, I must use to the utmost; I am too poor to let slip a single chance of improving my position."

I draw back from her touch; and yet there is something genuine in her voice that almost moves me.

"Lesbia," I say suddenly, "you may yet prove that generosity and upright dealing pay best in the long run. You have won a shameful victory to-day; for my friend's sake I shall keep the secret of the forged letter. But defeat may come to you in some other way."

"There are several ways in which defeat may come to me," she answers mournfully. "And if it does come, I shall not have a friend left in the world. Will you never think a little kindly and pityingly of me, Margaret?"

I escape from her, and go flying down a side-walk, and so reach the house. The day's events have unnerved me so much, that I shut myself into my room, and ring for tea to be brought up to me. Lesbia and I do not meet again till the dinner-hour, and then we are both perfectly composed; but I go early to rest, and muse over all the strange things that have come to pass.

Next morning the mother begins to plan a little dinner-party in honour of the newly betrothed pair. Dr. Vansittart calls in the afternoon, and I think our warm congratulations really gratify him. Afterwards the Vicar drops in, and expresses his joy and astonishment in broken sentences which call up a furtive smile on Lesbia's face. But the smile fades quickly, and she seems unusually quiet and grave.

"Did you know," says the Vicar, pausing when he gets to the door, "that the Montifexes came home last night? The housekeeper had a telegram early in the morning, and Guy was taken by surprise. He didn't expect them yet."

"I wonder what has brought them so suddenly?" the mother remarks.

"I shall hear presently," he replies. "I am going up to Wood Mount this evening."

We are told, later on, the reason of this sudden return. The Montifexes were occupying a furnished villa near the sea, and through the carelessness of a servant a fire broke out in the night, destroying a great part of the house, and driving its inmates away in haste. On Sunday we see them in church; Mrs. Montifex is looking all the better for the sea-breezes, and by her side is a handsome, languid man, who has an unmistakable air of fashion, and looks decidedly bored.

After service we all gather in a group in the churchyard, and it surprises me to see that Lesbia shrinks away from everyone. The new-comer favours her, I fancy, with a most impertinent stare, and as he walks out into the road with Captain Montifex, he says something which makes Guy look crestfallen and ill at ease.

"Did you notice that good-looking dark man with Mrs. Montifex?" the mother asks me at luncheon. "He is her sister's son, Hugh Mortimer. She had not seen him for a long time, but they came across him one day by the sea, and the Colonel asked him here."

"I thought he looked at you, Lesbia, as if he recognised you," says Annie. "Have you ever met him before?"

She hesitates for a moment, and then answers quietly enough—

"I don't know—I have a vague remembrance of his face."

The calm hours of the Sunday glide slowly away,

and in the evening I am sitting alone in my own room up-stairs. It is at all times a peaceful retreat; but on a summer Sabbath it always seems to have a special tranquillity which is not to be found elsewhere. From the open window at which I sit I can see the grey tower between the trees, and nearer lie the warm yellow fields, shorn now of the glory of the harvest. The air is still and sweet, and a sense of rest comes to me in the solitude and quietness; and hope comes with rest. These anxieties of mine—how soon they may be taken away! These clouds that have been brooding darkly over our little household, how quickly some unexpected breath may dispel them all!

I am still looking out across the newly reaped fields, when I hear the door-handle turn, and the door open gently. It never occurs to me that it can be anyone but Madge; and yet it is not often that the child enters so quietly. I turn my head slowly, half-sorry to be disturbed, even by the dearest thing on earth; and then I see—not Madge, but Lesbia.

I suppose my face tells her that she is not welcome; yet she advances, with that stately, easy step which is one of her many charms, and speaks in a low voice.

"Margaret, I have come to tell you that you will be delivered from my presence at last. I am going away to-morrow."

"Are you really?" I say doubtfully. "Do the others know of this intention? Have you given any reason?"

"The others do not know yet. But they will know to-morrow when I receive a certain letter," she answers, with a faint smile. "Do you remember my telling you that there were several ways in which defeat might come to me? Well, Margaret, it has come; and the only resource left me is to fly. Are you satisfied now?"

"I am glad you are going, Lesbia," I tell her frankly. "But I don't understand your motive for flight. It seems to me that you are encompassed with mysteries."

"That is true," she says, bending her graceful head, and looking at me sadly. "Ah, Margaret, how little you know how I envy your clear, straightforward path! If you *did* know how much I suffer sometimes, you might almost afford to pity me."

"I could have pitied you," I say in a cold tone, "if you had not shown that you were capable of intense malignity. When I want to be sorry for you I think of that sham letter, and then—God forgive me—I feel as if I had no compassion left!"

There is a minute's silence, during which she stands before me with arms folded and head bent, her deep-brown eyes fixed on my face with a mournful look that will haunt me for many a day.

"Yes," she confesses, at last, "you are right. I am capable of intense malignity, and all the evil that is in me was fostered from the very beginning. The ill weeds were encouraged to grow apace, and they have grown. But I did not come here to talk about

myself, and make excuses for my badness; I merely came to say good-bye. To-morrow morning I shall say it formally, before the household—to-day I want to say it alone with you."

"It is too late for that," she answers sadly. "But thank you, Margaret, for your kind words and your blessing."

With slow footsteps she crosses the room; the door



"I am going away to-morrow."—p. 235.

I rise from my seat, and for a moment we stand fronting each other. She does not move an inch nearer to me, nor will she break the silence. It is I who am the first to speak, and I hold out my hand.

"Good-bye, Lesbia," I say in a trembling voice. "Good-bye, and may God bless you, and help you to clear away those ill weeds from your life."

opens and shuts, and I am once more alone. That night I do not see her again. She tells Annie that she has a racking headache, and goes early to rest.

The next morning, soon after the postman's visit, all the household is discussing a startling piece of news. Miss Lambton is going away. A letter has come from Mrs. Bland, written in so shaky and blurred a hand as to be scarcely legible, begging her

to come back to Curzon Street without an hour's delay. The old lady, it seems, is dangerously ill, and longs for the presence of her former companion; it would be inhuman, indeed, to disregard such an urgent request. No one, save myself, has the least suspicion that the letter is not genuine. But Morton is heard to remark—long afterwards—that it is strange Miss Lambton declines her aid in packing, and gets through that business in a wonderfully short time.

And so, before we can thoroughly realise the fact that she is going, *Lesbia* is really gone. The news runs like wildfire through the village, and reaches Wood Mount before the morning is over. On the afternoon of the same day, Guy Montifex comes to see us, bringing a note from his mother; and when he has been five minutes in Annie's presence I detect a new change in his manner. He is humble—subdued—eager to atone for some fault which he will probably never acknowledge to his dying day.

If there is any anger in Annie's heart against him, it very soon dies out. She forgives him, I think, a great deal too easily for that long coldness and inexplicable estrangement. But she is young, and he is her first love; and the affair is settled all the more quickly because of that mysterious barrier which had arisen between them. For my own part, I can never succeed in getting back my old affection for Guy; and I fancy that he suspects my knowledge of his foolish infatuation. He says very little about *Lesbia*; but we hear from Charlie Ashmead that Hugh Mortimer had a good many stories to tell about our fair guest. What those stories really are I never know. But the mother and I sometimes talk quietly of our poor Ted, sleeping in his far-off grave, and feel that "the angel with the amaranthine wreath" is often a deliverer. Our boy was never over-wise; he was taken away before his little world was stripped of its illusions, and he went peacefully to his rest, believing in his sweetheart to the very last. And (who knows?) perhaps when he sees *Lesbia* again she may be all that he fondly believed her to be. In another life our beloved ones will never disenchant us.

Many months after *Lesbia*'s sudden departure, we hear that her real name is not *Lesbia* Lambton at all, but plain Maria Wells. The information is imparted to Charlie Ashmead by Percival Grey, who says that *Lesbia* was a girl of humble origin, brought out of obscurity by the capricious fancy of a lady of rank and fashion. It is rumoured that she has a brother who has always been an irreclaimable scoundrel; and when I am told all this, I think of the likeness between the burglar and our lovely guest, and wonder if John Wells obeyed a sister's bidding when he fled on that memorable night.

Later on still, there comes to us a story of a beautiful woman who died, alone in her wretched room, at one of the most noted of Continental gambling places. She had been so poor at the last, that she was hardly ever to be seen walking out in the

daylight; and yet there were tales told of kindly deeds that she had done; of words of timely warning to others which had dropped unexpectedly from her lips. She must have been very lovely once, said those who looked upon her face in its last sleep; the red-gold hair still curled in rings upon the forehead; the long dark lashes rested on the thin cheek. There were very few things found in her possession; if she had ever had jewels or trinkets of value, they had disappeared long ago. But under her pillow was discovered a little Testament, shabby and worn, as if she had carried it with her always, and on the fly-leaf was written in a woman's hand the name of "*Lesbia*."

Could it have been indeed our Ted's sweetheart who died thus miserably all alone? We never know. But I remember that, at her own request, I had once given her a Testament of mine, and had written her name on the first page. And often, when I sit quietly in my room on a Sunday evening, there rises up before me a vision of *Lesbia*, when she came to speak that last good-bye; and I am glad to think that my parting words to her were words of blessing.

I know, from my own heart's experience, that there are wrongs which can never be forgotten on this side of eternity. And yet, I say to anyone who cares to read this simple little story of mine, that it is well to part in kindness even from a mortal foe. If we believe in certain old promises, then surely we have only a brief lifetime for bitterness and strife, and a "for-ever" for concord and rest. And when the smart of our wounds has abated, and the hand that dealt them is far away, there may come to us a sense of pity for our absent enemy. We may hear (long after we are healed) that time and change and sin have avenged our injuries fourfold; and that he who once smote us so sorely, now lies himself bleeding and helpless on the great highway of life. If such news does ever chance to come to our ears, I think that the remembrance of our last "God bless you" will be sweeter to us than the memory of a parting curse.

* * * * *

Miss Willowburn no longer lives in the old ivied house; but Mrs. Vansittart is the light of the Doctor's home in Harley Street. When I go to stay with them I always find myself wondering whether the world contains another couple so perfectly blest. They seem to have found out the secret of making married life happy; and theirs is the kind of happiness that brims over their own cup and flows into other lives, causing many a mourner's heart to sing for joy. There is between them that sympathy in taste and thought which is one of the most lasting bonds of union. For them life is never empty, never dull; it teems with interests, duties, and delights. I think they are even more romantic than many a younger couple, for when they come to Wood Royal I notice that they love to stroll away together to the old paths where they first learnt to

know each other, and recall little incidents connected with the beginning of their intercourse.

For a year or two after their marriage, Patience continued to believe that the letter which came to Ivy House one summer morning, and made her heart throb with bliss, was a genuine letter, written by the Doctor's own hand. But one day the secret so long kept was disclosed at last, nor was she pained by the revelation. For then and there the Doctor confessed that Lesbia's cruel trick had only served to mature a half-formed resolution. He had begun to love Patience before he realised what kind of feeling it was that stirred within him. And when he went to ask for an answer to a letter which he had never written, he was most heartily anxious that the answer should be "Yes."

In all busy lives the affections must to a certain extent be put into the background. But in the pauses—in the intervals of rest which even the strongest worker must take—they start forward, and claim their right to play a part in a man's existence. And in that enforced period of quietness and inaction, spent so peacefully in the old Vicarage at Wood Royal, Dr. Vansittart discovered that he had a heart.

Annie and Guy are living at Wood Mount with the Colonel and Mrs. Montifex. The vast, rambling old mansion is quite large enough to contain two or

three families, and my newly arrived nephew has a suite of apartments specially devoted to his own use. I think that Guy is all the better for the baby's presence; he grows gentler and more considerate as time passes on, and I am bound to say that he makes an excellent husband. Between him and myself there will always be a shadowy barrier, although we are very good friends. But the mother rejoices in him as in her own son, and Annie is so well contented that my heart is at rest.

The other day Charlie Ashmead told me, in strictest confidence, that he was thinking of bringing home a bride. I do not believe in inconsolable bachelors, and I was not surprised to see Charlie getting over his disappointment in a truly masculine way. We are all prepared to take kindly to Mrs. Ashmead, and give her a hearty welcome into our little world of Wood Royal.

Our sleepy old village does not change much; the ivy thickens on the grey tower of the church, and the mounds grow more numerous in the quiet graveyard. The Vicar does not show many of time's traces; he is still hale and strong, and his wife is somewhat less delicate than she used to be. But no one has ever yet arisen who can fill the place of our well-beloved Patience; and although Madge promises to grow up as fast as she can, we do not flatter ourselves that she will ever develop into a second Miss Willowburn.

THE END.



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

29. Where does St. Paul state that he received his revelation of the Gospel from God Himself?
30. What sin caused the destruction of a whole people?
31. Our Lord mentioned Zacharias as one of the prophets slain by the Jews—to whom did He refer?
32. What four women in the Old Testament are named as prophetesses?
33. What five women in the New Testament had the gift of prophecy?
34. Mention a kingdom the people of which were at one time all slaves.
35. What sum of money was to have been paid for the destruction of a whole race of people?
36. From what passage do we gather that Timothy was at one time in prison, though no record of the event is elsewhere given?
37. By what means did the priests obtain their portion of the sacrifices under the Jewish Law?
38. What circumstance shows that Ephesus was a great centre of witchcraft?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 185.

19. He reigned seven years and six months in Hebron. (2 Sam. v. 5.)
20. At the purchase of the field of Machpelah by Abram. (Gen. xxiii. 16.)
21. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (James ii. 8.)
22. The descendants of Korah are mentioned afterwards as "keepers of the gates of the Tabernacle." (1 Chron. ix. 19.)
23. "All the cities of the Levites within the possession of the children of Israel were forty and eight cities with their suburbs." (Josh. xxi. 41.)
24. Ruth the Moabitess. (St. Matt. i. 5.)
25. Zenas. (Titus iii. 13.)
26. "He who meddled with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." (Prov. xxvi. 17.)
27. He raised Eutychus to life, who had been killed by falling from a window. (Acts xx. 9-12.)
28. Because he did not believe the words which an angel spake to him. (St. Luke i. 20.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

No. 13. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (VI.).

To read—*St. Matthew vii. 1—14.*

HARITY IN JUDGING. (1—5.)

Not to judge, i.e., hastily, unkindly. Sometimes must judge others, as in a school, court of justice, etc. But must always be most careful in judging. Why? Because liable to make mistakes—only see part—cannot tell motives. God is perfect Judge because knows all—never makes mistakes.

Harsh judgment recoils on ourselves—must do to others as would they should do to us—not look out for notes or specks, *i.e.,* little sins in others,

but watch to pull out beams, *i.e.,* great sins, in ourselves. *Example.* David's brother Eliab quick to reprove him (1 Sam. xvii. 28), St. James and St. John to rebuke man who did not follow them.

II. VARIOUS CHARGES. (1) *Holiness* (verse 6). St. Paul bids "beware of dogs, evil workers." (Philip. iii. 2.) God's truth like pearls of great price (St. Matt. xiii. 45), because pure, precious, lasting—must be guarded carefully. Verse is example of a Hebrew stanza of four lines—first and last go together—second and third—"they turn" is the dogs. (2) *Prayer* (7—12). Three degrees—daily *asking* with lips in public or private prayer—always *seeking* with whole heart—special *knocking* at special times. Prayer always heard if done in right way. Must have (a) *humble spirit*, like woman of Cana (ch. xv. 27); (b) *sense of need*, like father of lunatic boy (St. Luke ix. 38); (c) *subjection to God's will*, like Christ at Gethsemane; (d) *faith* in God to hear and answer (St. Matt. xvii. 21). Examples of prayer heard—

Hannah praying for a son.

Elisha that his servant's eyes might be opened. (2 Kings vi. 17.)

The Church for St. Peter's deliverance. (Acts xii. 5.)

Why does God answer? Picture of family meal—father at head of table—children around—they ask for food—does he refuse them—give them stones? Greatest pleasure to supply want. Therefore learn to think of Heavenly Father with confidence.

(3) *Diligence* (13, 14). Enter in at *strait, i.e.,* narrow gate. Two roads leading to eternity: narrow gate and road lead to life—sought by few, entered by few; broad gate and road lead to death—many enter. What is the gate of life? Christ says He is the *door* (St. John x. 7), the *way* (St. John xiv. 6).

Examples of seeking and finding—The man born

blind (St. John ix. 36, 37); Nicodemus (St. John iii. 2).

This gate always open: will admit sinner, but not his sin.

No. 14. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (VII.).

To read—*St. Matthew vii. 15—29.*

I. FALSE PROPHETS. (15—20.) What were the duties of prophets?

To teach God's Word, as Isaiah. (Isa. i. 1.)

To foretell the future, as Jonah. (Jonah i. 2.)

To denounce sin, as Elijah. (1 Kings xviii. 21.)

To offer sacrifices, as Samuel. (1 Sam. xvi. 2.)

Sometimes lying prophets. Signs given for testing such. (Deut. xiii. 1.) How do they come? With smooth words as did to Ahab. (2 Chron. xxviii. 5, 21.) Do it for their own ends, to gain favour or to lead astray. Must be judged by their fruits. Good tree, *i.e.,* heart, produces good fruit, *i.e.,* life. Evil heart produces evil life. Examples of good heart—David appointed to be king (1 Sam. xvi. 7), produced fruit of love to Jonathan, forgiveness of Saul, gentleness to his erring son Absalom.

II. FALSE PROFESSORS. (21—23.) Deeds, not words, will be accepted by God. Judas said, "Hail, Master," while betraying Christ. Saul said, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6), and spent whole life in Christ's service.

In that day, i.e., great Day of Judgment, fruit, lives, hearts, all will be tested. Faith without works, profession without practice, dead. (St. James ii. 26.)

III. SOLEMN WARNING. (24—29.) (1) *House on rock.* Who built it? A wise man, full of fear of God (Prov. i. 7), full of wisdom from above (St. James iii. 17), does good works for God's glory, such as almsgiving, etc., described in St. Matt. xxv. 35. What does he build? A house, *i.e.,* a life. Not only talks but does. Not only professes but practices. What is the foundation? Christ the never-changing Rock. (1 Cor. x. 4.) What is the result? The house lasts. Its stability tried by—

Rain of adversity, like Job.

Wind of trial, like Abraham.

Flood of temptation, like Joseph.

Founded on God the life resists, remains steadfast.

(2) *House on sand.* Builders, mere professors as in previous verses. The house a life spent for themselves. No real faith, love, holiness. No looking to God, no prayer. Same trials come as to others—no strength to meet them—therefore cast away. Thus Gehazi, prophet's servant, fell by covetousness—Absalom by ambition, etc.

So Christ's first Sermon ended. Sample of all His teaching. Taught as one sent from God—speaking words of life. Taught as with real authority—

hence gained credence. Taught with effect—people believed.

We have heard, been taught. Do we believe? do we practise?

NO. 15. MIRACLES OF HEALING.

To read—*St. Matthew viii. 1–17.*

I. THE LEPER. (1–4.) Sermon over, multitudes followed Christ. Why?

1. To hear His gracious words.
2. To see His looks of love.
3. To bring their sick for healing.

Leper did not wait to be brought, but came of himself.

His sickness was *great* (St. Luke v. 12), *infectious* (lepers had to live alone, and cry "Unclean!" as they walked), *incurable* by human means. He worshipped Christ as God, showed faith in Him, prayed for help—thus showing *reverence, faith, earnestness*. Christ showed *pity* by touching him, *willingness* in His words, and *power* in His action. Leper healed, must give usual thank-offering. (See Lev. xiv. 4, 10.)

Testimony of Christ's power and of His observing the law.

Leprosy, type of sin. 1. Sin is foul—corrupts whole man. (Isa. i. 5.) 2. Sin is infectious—spreads wide. (Gen. vi. 5.) 3. Sin is incurable by man. (Hos. xiii. 9.) But Christ is *willing* to forgive (Isa. lv. 1), *able* to forgive (1 John i. 9). Must come to Him with same faith, earnestness, reverence.

II. THE CENTURION'S SERVANT. (5–13.) Another instance of faith.

Centurion—Roman officer, captain over a hundred soldiers.

Showed great *humility*—not worthy Christ to come to house, and *faith* in believing word at distance sufficient. His orders over soldiers obeyed; so would Christ's be over disease.

1. Christ *marvelled* at greatness of his faith—also at Gentile having faith at all. Other instances of centurions showing faith.

2. Christ *prophesied* of time when all the world should worship Him. (Rev. v. 9.)

3. Christ *accepted* centurion's prayer for servant. Thus approving intercessory prayer.

III. ST. PETER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW. (14–17.)

Christ's spending a few days at Capernaum—doing good to all. Peter and Andrew belonged to Bethsaida (St. John i. 44)—now, apparently, had moved to Capernaum. Christ often stayed at their house—doubtless ministered to by Peter's wife and her mother. Now the latter seized with great fever. Sad ending to Sabbath (St. Mark i. 29), but sorrow soon turned to joy—one touch of Christ can heal worst disease. Her cure at once complete—no weakness left. She ministered immediately once more to Christ. Story spread—multitudes came—all sorts of diseases healed—bodily, mental—all cured. None sent empty away. How they would love this gracious Saviour!

NO. 16. MORE MIRACLES.

To read—*St. Matthew viii. 18–34.*

I. DOUBTFUL FOLLOWERS. (18–22.) (1) *The Scribes*. Who were they? Writers out (or copiers) of the Law and Prophets. Doctors or teachers of the Law. (Acts v. 17.) Became very exact in knowledge of Scripture. This one wanted to follow Christ. Why? Probably because thought would gain worldly advantage. So Christ puts hardships before him—He, the Creator, had no home—His followers must expect similar lot. Son of Man—title prophesied by Daniel. (Dan. vii. 13.) Always used by Christ Himself—never by others to Him.

(2) *The Disciple*—not one of the Apostles, simply a learner. Wanted to attend to earthly duties before coming to Christ. Was told to let those outside Christ's Kingdom—dead to the true life—attend to such things. His disciples must be ready to give up all for Him. *Examples*. Matthew left receipt of custom. (St. Matt. ix. 9.) Four disciples gave up fishing boats. (iv. 21.) Zaccheus gave half goods to the poor. (St. Luke xix. 8.)

II. THE STORM AT SEA. (23, 27.) Christ entered the boat, *i.e.*, probably Peter's boat. His twelve disciples are with Him—not all yet formally called, but being prepared for their work.

Great tempest, *i.e.*, sudden squall—common in inland lakes amid mountains. Notice the following points:—1. The disciples' *danger*—was real and imminent. 2. The disciples' *cry*—to Christ to save—Christ never called on in vain. 3. The disciples' *rescue*. Christ rebuked them for little faith. Christ rebuked *winds* and waves—they at once obeyed.

LESSON. 1. Christ's *power* over nature—as Lord of all. 2. Christ's *willingness* to save in trouble. 3. Christ's word brings *peace* after storm.

III. THE DEMONIACS. (28–34.) *Gergesenes* or *Gadarenes*—south of Lake of Galilee, place abounding in rocks and caves.

Two possessed with devils. Not merely diseased but full of evil spirits. Notice—(1) They knew Christ; (2) knew their future end; (3) desired to do mischief; (4) recognised Christ as a Master.

Herd of swine. If belonging to Jews, unlawful. (See Lev. xi. 7.) Accounts for Christ's permitting their destruction.

They that kept them fled—in abject fear of some greater evil happening to themselves. Like Israelites fleeing from camp of Dathan and Abiram. Num. xvi. 34.) News of this wonderful scene quickly spread.

Besought Christ to depart. Why? Because of loss of swine? Perhaps; more likely from guilty conscience—felt themselves in presence of some Mighty One—whom they knew not.

Christ departed—never returned.

LESSONS. 1. Evil spirits still possess many—envy, anger, drink, etc. 2. Christ can cast out such. 3. Danger of rejecting Christ—may never return.



"One haul more, and soon we rest."

"AT HOME AGAIN."—p. 242.

AT HOME AGAIN.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

YOHOO, mates! All together! One haul more,
and soon we rest!
While high and dry the *Sea Flow'r* weary
waves will cease to breast.

In thankful silence, hearts to God a moment well
may yearn,—
That God who brings to haven thank we oft as we
return.

Oh, the fisher's lot is merry, so landsmen idly sing,
The hardships and the perils do they weigh, which it
may bring?

In cold and wet, come sun, come storm, poor fishers
must away,
Must labour through long midnight hours till pale
streaks gild the bay.

Perchance a steamer runs them down, 't is vain for
help to call,
A crash, a moan,—next morn none come to hungry
babes,—that's all.

And all night long wild waters wail, and troubles
know not sleep,

White hands rise up and grasp at them,—such fancies
haunt the deep.

Yoho, mates! All together! But a fisher's life for me!—
The sailor's lot excels it not,—so healthful, bold, and
free.

While the landsmen all are snoring, we're adrift and
hauling nets,
Thus living life twice o'er, on sea and land, without
regrets.

As starlight fades we drag our lines far through the
green profound,
Ne'er eye of mortal saw the wealth which strews our
fishing ground.

Then, safe returned, our homes we seek; the babe
upon the knee
Will crow aloud to welcome back his father from
the sea.

Yoho, mates! All together! One haul more! Now,
thankful, rest;
To-morrow cares and trouble, God to-day our toil
has blest!

THE LORD OUR BURDEN BEARER.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—
PSALM IV. 22.

IN TWO PARTS.—II.



HAVE spoken of the special
trials which come upon many
men through the disappoint-
ment of the hopes which they
had been led to form when
they first came in contact
with those whose lives
seemed to be on a higher

level than their own. The symptoms of those
trials are common and familiar enough. Most of
us have known something of them. We become
distrustful of men: this leads us to distrust God.
Faith in Him does not seem a true, solid stay;
we are perplexed, cast down, sorrowful; we enter
into the full meaning of all the complaints about the
unsteadfastness and faithlessness of mankind which
we find in sacred or other writers. It would be well

for us at such moments to receive into our hearts the
conviction that the former at least did not stop there.
If the beginning of the Psalm seems so true to us,
if we recognise in it a voice from a man's heart,
speaking to our heart, why should not the end also
have a meaning for us? why should it not be true for
us? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall
sustain thee." At such an hour of trial let us say
within ourselves what these words teach us to say.

We know that men may be frail, vain, deceitful;
we may not put our trust in them—they are
altogether lighter than vanity itself. To trust in
an arm of flesh is to trust in a broken reed, which
will pierce our hands if we lean on it; even those
who are not of set purpose cloaking their sins under
an outward show of goodness have their besetting
sins; but there is One who is unchangeable, though

all things change, One whose compassions fail not, whose promises do not shift and change, but are in Christ Yea and Amen for ever. Let us seek Him, let us rest on Him, let us cast our burden upon Him. Whether it be one of perplexity, or sorrow, or self-reproach, let us say to ourselves, "God loves me; He will receive me if I turn to Him; He will sustain me in my weakness. If He gave His Son to take my nature upon Him, will he not with Him also freely give us all things—all things that are right and good for us, all things which are indeed blessings for us?" "He shall sustain thee." These are as true and glad words now as they were three thousand years ago; they may be as true and glad for us as they were for David; they freed him from the sorrow with which his path was beset, when he had groaned under the burden of deceit, and treachery, and falsehood. Though friends might fall away, and teachers only lead into error, and those who were companions in the House of God show themselves to be fit inmates only for the den of thieves, yet these words, the receiving the truth which they express into the heart, changed the sorrow into calm rejoicing. "My trust shall be in Thee, O Lord. Here I will abide. I shall see Thy judgments upon the earth. Those who deceive must earn the wages of deceit; the sentence of blood-guiltiness must proceed against the bloodthirsty; yet I will believe that all this is done by Thee; in Thy goodness is love. Nevertheless, my trust shall be in the Lord."

And yet we should carry our thoughts a little further, that we may see what is the ground of this confidence. "He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." It rests, it is true, on the unchangeable character of God—the perfection of His will; but it rests also, in part, on our conformity to that character—our desire to be at one with it. If we have not that desire, and that endeavour at least to be conformed, then, as we cannot truly cast our burden on the Lord, or find any joy in thinking of what is altogether alien from us, so neither can we claim part in the promise that He will sustain us. Only the righteous can thus shelter themselves under the promise of protection—of them only it is said that He shall sustain them. We must be seeking Him, striving to do His will, believing in the work wrought for us by His Son, acting and working with the influences of His Spirit, subduing the evil passions and desires of the carnal heart, or we shall know none of that peace which belongs to the children of God. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Unless we separate ourselves from them, we may not share in this promise that He will not

suffer the righteous to be moved; if we attempt it, we shall find that we are deceived. We shall either sink down again in perplexity and despair, or we shall be left to what is yet worse—to the ease of an epicurean indifference, which is but one step removed from atheism.

The thoughts on which we are now dwelling are good for us, too, in other cases. There is a disappointment of another kind besides that of finding that we have been trusting to a deceiver—not, indeed, of anything like equal bitterness, yet still distressing enough to be often a severe trial. I mean that of discovering inconsistencies, fallings away, yieldings to temptation, in those whom we had fancied well-nigh perfect, fit to be our teachers and guides in all things—who yet, as we find afterwards, have faults and weaknesses in which, great as our inferiority to them is in other things, we might almost be their teachers. This is perhaps the more common trial with those who live—especially those who are beginning to live with religious, earnest-minded persons. They see that faith is strong, that the will is still, in its main direction, working with God's good Spirit, aiming at holiness; and yet they cannot close their eyes to blemishes which mar the perfection which they had fondly imagined, which seem almost to deprive the words of their instructors of true living power. If they feel any temptation to this, to losing sight of the power of faith ultimately to overcome all yet unsubdued evil—if these inconsistencies fill them with doubts and perplexities—then, to such as these the words should be full of comfort, not for themselves only, but for those from whom those doubts and perplexities have arisen. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Here, as before, we may rest on His unchanging love—His love for us—and then, if we will but own Him as our Father, and say unto Him, with full purpose of heart, "Thou art our God for ever and ever," He will be true Himself to His own eternal promises. Only let us beware of giving way to the thought that there is no difference between the righteous and the unrighteous; let us beware of thinking that those who at times give way under sore temptations—hard trials of the flesh and spirit—are thereby rendered unfit to guide and help: that their words lose their weight. We know that this is the common way in which worldly people, without depth or earnestness, will think and speak, and we might be tempted to follow their example. We had almost said even as they, but the thought that follows should restrain us: "But lo! then I should have condemned

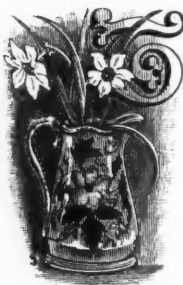
the generation of Thy children." We must not be led to speak evil of those who are indeed children of God. We must not judge those harshly from whose teaching we have gained, and may gain, wisdom. They have weaknesses and infirmities—it would be strange if they had not; they have them because they are still in that flesh which is compassed with infirmity. They are not perfect, because God will have us feel that we must seek for the perfect good, for perfect holiness and good, in Him alone: that the one perfect pattern of human goodness is to be found in Him who came to be our Example that we might follow in His steps. We find that they have faults which we can discern; and it may be correct, because it is right and good, that we should call no man master, because we should give, if possible, wherever we receive.

The work of forwarding the growth of the spiritual life should never be one-sided. Even the Apostle, when he had spoken of his desire to impart some

spiritual gift to his brethren in the faith, felt that this was not the truest way of putting it, and changed his words, and said that his real wish was not this, but that he might be "comforted together with them" by their mutual faith. And so it is our part to comfort one another, to remember that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. We may be far, far below those to whom we listen, in all wisdom, and knowledge, and goodness, and yet we may not sit merely listening as though they stood in no need of us. They may learn from us as well as we from them. We may impart to them in our measure as they to us in theirs. We shall learn better to cast our burdens upon the Lord, and yet to "bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Their very weaknesses and failings will make us feel more deeply that we are members of one body—that each member needs the other—that each must do its work in the edifying of the body in love.

WHOLESOME RECREATION FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND GIRLS.

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS.



THOUGH I am one of the large and ever-increasing number of those who earnestly desire that free reading-rooms, where men and women will have equal opportunities for study and recreation, may everywhere be established, yet no one is more alive than I am to the desirability of *immediately* providing reading and recreation rooms for women and girls.

Clubs for working girls have already been established in various localities, and have proved particularly successful. At the risk of being considered almost too enthusiastic, I must once more refer to the enormous advantages offered to girls by the institutes and reading-rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association. I have given an account of the working of the association itself in my little book, "Encouraging Experiences of Free Libraries, Reading and Recreation Rooms," and I must not, therefore, dwell on the various branches of this most beneficent, widely extending organisation. But on the institutes and reading-rooms connected with its Homes I may specially dwell. I visited that belonging to the Welbeck Institute, Mortimer Street, which is very much appreciated by young women. I found

a comfortable room, with home-like arrangements, a piano, books, and arm-chairs; and I did not wonder that so many resort to it! At most of the institutes connected with the Young Women's Christian Association arrangements are made by which those who require rest can have it, while those who are less fatigued are invited to belong to the classes for instruction. A great many girls in business join the classes. As, alas! business hours last till late, the classes do not begin till nine; sometimes half-past nine. They are usually short. I think it shows an immense amount of energy in young women, who have been working all day, to begin any form of study in the evening, and to persevere in it. But I have heard that change of occupation recreates the mind. The best argument in favour of these classes is, that they are so extremely popular. I will give an extract from one of the books of the association—"Our Young Women: What is Doing for Them"—to show the plan on which the classes are conducted:—

Monday—Reading, writing, arithmetic, music.
 Tuesday—Reading, writing, arithmetic, music.
 Wednesday—Bible-class; prayer-meeting.
 Thursday—Reading, writing, arithmetic, music.
 Friday—Social evening, music, lecture.
 Saturday—Members' prayer-meeting.
 Sunday—3.30, Bible-class; 5, free tea; 5.30, prayer-meeting, conversation, singing.

I read that the arrangements vary according to the class of girls who attend, and as in every institute there is a resident superintendent, who takes a motherly interest in the girls, she soon finds out what most interests them. In the West-end of London, young women employed in show-rooms and shops, dressmakers and others, are invited who do not need elementary classes, but very likely may wish to learn French or drawing; while singing is always not only a great attraction, but a bond of union. I well remember, as a girl, attending Mr. Hullah's classes for part-singing, and the delight all his pupils took in those hours.

Those employed in work-rooms and factories are also welcomed in many of the institutes; and I rejoice to see that the young women in railway refreshment-rooms and restaurants are not forgotten. The latter may not be able to attend the reading-rooms, but the kind working members of the association send to many of them monthly packets of books, and try to visit them and cheer them. A lady I knew in Scotland invited a middle-aged person and her young assistant, who served at the bar of the refreshment-room of a railway station, where, alas! much whisky was consumed, to visit her garden. The person proved to be very respectable and anxious to do right. She thanked the lady, and said, "I have been here some time, but no one has invited me." She was much interested in books that were lent her. An institute was afterwards established in the neighbourhood, which she frequented regularly.

The members of the Young Women's Christian Association pay a small, very small, fee, but girls are often invited without payment; when they have learned the value of the institutes, they join and gladly pay.

£ s. d.

In the Central Institute the members' fees during two years amounted to	33	12	0
Sale of work done by members	75	0	0
Christmas collecting cards	24	0	0

The Young Women's Christian Association has

taken premises immediately opposite the Polytechnic in Regent Street, where it is hoped the head-quarters of the institute will be established. The association recognise the value of physical exercise, and a gymnasium will, it is hoped, in time be started there. Busy women, who cannot get much exercise in the open air, who perhaps have to stand, or sit in stooping positions all day, suffer from many wearing ailments, for which exercise is the surest and safest cure.

I should feel much diffidence in expressing my own belief that exercise of this kind is more advisable for unprotected young women than dancing, had it not been frequently pointed out to me, by those who make the welfare of such girls their study, that in the existing state of society a love of dancing may lead girls who are alone in great cities into very undesirable company. These devoted, unwearied friends of girls also pointed out to me that it is certainly better not to encourage in these young women a taste for theatrical amusements. I cannot reconcile to my mind such a course as sanctioning girls going to witness performances where the utmost



THE SHOP-GIRL.

stretch of charity could not describe the dress of the girls on the stage as becoming to modest, dignified women. I am sure there is much true refinement and dignity among working girls, and we must beware of all that might lower the mental tone. Recreation must be provided, and in every way that is considered prudent it is provided by the Young Women's Christian Association. Expeditions to see objects of interest in London and in the country are organised, and holiday quarters are sought for those members whose friends cannot receive them in their own homes.

The Girls' Friendly Society—that marvellous organisation—provides reading and recreation rooms for the young women belonging to it. Some time ago it had eighty thousand members, and the organisation increases so rapidly that it is far larger now. I know what delight girls take in the reading and recreation rooms of this society. The ladies interested in it frequently devote many

evenings to reading to the girls or teaching them singing; and it is a great blessing to all classes, including servants. The Hon. Maud Stanley's Club for Working Girls, in Greek Street, Soho, has, I am assured, quite raised the character of the district in which it is situated.

I have mentioned these undertakings because I feel sure that any persons interested in the movement could easily visit reading-rooms connected with them, where they would obtain an insight into the practical working of the rules.

There are many other societies for providing reading-rooms. Mrs. Glynn takes an active part in forwarding the movement in East London, and I believe the use of twenty halls was given to this society by Government—a strong proof of the estimation in which it is held.

No doubt when first girls are emancipated from school or parental control, they need to find kind and pleasant friends to guide them. It is recorded of St. Theresa that she made a point of always making herself particularly pleasant to those of her community she desired to influence for good. From St. Theresa to Mrs. Fry seems rather a sudden transition, but Mrs. Fry influenced those she benefited by her great kindness and her quiet charm of manner. Both were animated by an earnest desire to prove their love to their fellow-creatures.

I should be thankful if in every household one room might be well furnished with books and periodicals for the use of all the servants. Women particularly, who remain much at home, need food

for the mind, or they often worry themselves about trifles. Now that excellent periodicals may be had at such low prices, they might form the nucleus of such a library. I have seen a servants' hall made a very pleasant sitting-room. It was pink-washed instead of being white-washed. Though it looked unfortunately on a small space round which were walls, yet the walls were covered with Virginia creeper and some common scarlet-runners, and a few ferns and other plants stood in the narrow yard outside, so that it looked quite green in summer. There were plenty of books; one or two daily newspapers were always sent down; and I know that that hall was considered very pleasant.

In large establishments there is always a housemaid's sitting-room, and care should be taken that it should be cheerful, and provided with books. Further, great attention should be paid in every reading or recreation room that from time to time new books and papers bearing on passing events should be supplied. These can be had at small cost.

No one who has not entered deeply into the subject can realise what a large amount of really good, practical, well-written books, periodicals, and papers may be obtained for very little money.

It is not possible for me to give lists of suitable books within the limits of an article, but in the last book I wrote—"Encouraging Experience of Free Libraries"—I gave lists of books that have been considered suitable by many who were making selections, and I also endeavoured to facilitate these books being obtained at very moderate prices.

One of the great advantages connected with reading-rooms for young women is, that kind people of experience who are anxious to contribute to the improvement and recreation of girls know where to find them. Having established an institute or a reading-room, we must take care to make the very most of the opportunities it presents. It is believed that occasional short, interesting lectures on everyday life would greatly interest the girls.

Some might be given on health, pointing out the extreme importance of fresh air, and explaining the delicate nature of the skin, and the necessity of daily ablutions, the risks incurred by taking cold if not properly wrapped up. Papers of the Ladies' Sanitary Society and the National Health Society would be very useful to distribute to those attending them.

Lectures on cookery, I am sure, would be greatly enjoyed, but I hope they would be on *simple* cookery. Reference might be made to the use in foreign countries of rice, sago, and vegetables. Pea soup, in which many little crusts of fried bread are put, carrot soup with vermicelli, barley soup, and other equally inexpensive soups, are favourite dishes at the best foreign restaurants, and are also much liked by people of all classes.

In foreign countries meat is almost always served with vegetables or macaroni arranged round it, so that it is more appetising, and goes farther. Miss Yates (8, Northumberland Terrace, Regent's



THE DRESSMAKER.

Park) is doing a most useful work in advocating the use of wholemeal bread, containing all the nutritive properties of the grain; and her books give much useful information on the use of farinaceous food. I am sure it would be a great boon to girls to show them how to make good porridge and nourishing cocoa, and to teach them how to roast and boil, poach eggs, and make really good toast. These simple suggestions may provoke a smile, but I am sorry to say a very large number of girls have not learnt these things.

A lecture on nursing might be given also; and I would recommend Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," and a most practical little book by Mrs. Edward Pease, "Hints on Nursing the Sick." In this lecture it would be important to dwell on the best modes of dealing with infection; papers published by the Ladies' Sanitary Society give full directions on this subject.

Occasional lectures on temperance should be given. The temptations to which young women are exposed from intemperance are numerous. In what are called "the best houses" beer is given three times a day to women who frequently lead sedentary lives, and rarely get the opportunity of a good walk in the fresh air. I am aware that in some houses money is given instead of beer, and I know this is a source of thankfulness to many; but this good custom is far from being universal.

There is a tendency among many women to give brandy or other spirits to girls on every slight indisposition, so I would urge that a few words of warning might be said, and that Mr. Horsley's "What Doctors say about Alcohol," and Dr. Symes Thompson's "Will it Injure my Health?" published by the Church of England Temperance Society, together with "Temperance Substitutes for Brandy," and Mrs. Bailey's "An Old Mother's Letters to Young Women," might be circulated among those attending the lecture.

I have personally known cases of young girls (under-servants) being ordered to go weekly to buy bottles of spirits for those over them. In one case, it happened the under-maid was a total abstainer. The person for whom she had been compelled to fetch these spirits was found one day completely intoxicated, and the doctor said had impaired her health severely by long-continued drinking.

Lectures on thrift, with description of the Post Office Savings Bank system, would be useful.

And some hints on dress would be valuable. While I am sure no dress can be more generally becoming than the simple black gown and white cap and apron worn by so many servants when waiting on their mistresses, I cannot but feel that a few hints as to simplicity and usefulness of attire would be very useful. A description of the work of the Kyrie Society would be sure to delight young women. It is wonderful how much beauty and brightness can be given to common rooms and scenes by people of taste. I know a



THE FACTORY HAND.

duck-pond that would be hideous if its banks had not been planted with a profusion of cow-parsley, giant dock-leaves, giant rhubarb, and some Virginia creeper, which twines up poles and hangs in festoons from wires between them. The cost was nominal, and the pond has become a pleasure to the neighbourhood.

For want of a better term, I have used the word "lecture," but if I borrow the title of a delightful book by Lady Baker, "Friendly Talks with My Girls," I shall express more clearly my idea of what would be useful.

I have not said anything about religious addresses, as I feel sure that those would naturally be included in any plan for contributing to the real happiness of young women.

I may, however, mention that very great interest is often felt by young women in missionary enterprises, both at home and abroad. Such a life as Moffat's, the African missionary, for instance, would afford a very good subject for a lecture. Miss Nightingale's life, Gordon's life, a brief sketch of Her Majesty's career (quotations from "The Queen's Resolve," by Mr. Bullock), or notes of Princess Alice's life, would interest the girls. If possible, a little music should always be introduced at these entertainments. I have sometimes thought that very valuable lectures might be given on the virtues of punctuality, cheerfulness, courtesy, and neatness, which tend so much to increase the happiness of daily life, and I believe we might all contribute anecdotes illustrating the value of these qualities. I would suggest that on the occasions of short

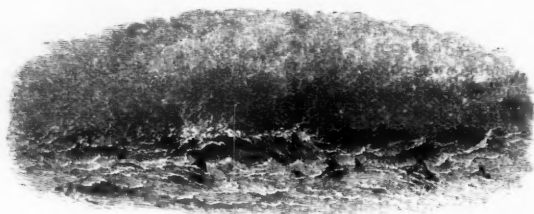
lectures taking place in girls' reading or recreation rooms, they should be encouraged to bring their work, so as to give an informal character to the social evenings. In Germany, women sit listening to the bands, busily knitting the whole time.

I read that the cost of one of the Young Women's Christian Association Institutes is about two hundred pounds. There are great advantages in being connected with the association and reaping the benefit of the experience of its committee. Reading-rooms in connection with girls' clubs can be established at small cost. Mr. Erle, of Cuckfield, Sussex, who takes such kind and active interest in all movements for promoting the education and recreation

of the people, tells me that a working girls' club in Marylebone is found to answer particularly well.

Mr. Erle has thrown his reading-room in the country open to women as well as men, and has found it answer very well.

We must hope that people who have means and leisure may be led to visit reading and recreation rooms, and interest themselves in those who make use of them. It seems to me there is work in this direction for everyone, and that many a lonely middle-aged woman, whose position and fortune give her power to do so, might form friendships with working girls that would cheer her own life and benefit others.



LOTTIE'S HEADACHE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY EMMA LESLIE.



OW, Lottie, give me the dripping out of the cupboard."

"Oh, mother! dripping again!

You said we should have treacle for dinner to-day; dripping gives me the headache."

"Nonsense, child! Mrs. Tranter gave me a beautiful pot of dripping last night, and I can't afford to buy treacle when I can get dripping for nothing."

Lottie heaved a little sigh as she took the dripping out of the cupboard, and her mother, seeing the discontented look on her face, said, rather severely, "Now, Lottie, you ought to be thankful that I can get you bread and dripping for dinner every day—two slices, too—more than many little girls get." And as she spoke Mrs. Lane cut away vigorously at the loaf she was holding, for it was time she went to work, only the children's dinner must be cut, and placed on the table ready for them.

"Here," she said, placing each child's allowance at either corner of the table, and looking with some satisfaction at the solid slices she was able to give each one. That children could ever need more than this, or should sicken over the perpetual bread and dripping, she could not understand, and looked upon Lottie's grumbling over it as mere discontent and ill-

humour. Not that she was an unkind mother; far from it; she worked early and late, at washing and charring, to keep her children, for she was a widow, left with four to bring up by her own unaided efforts.

When her husband died, she first tried mangling, and still did a little at night when she came home from her other work, but mangling would not keep them entirely, and so she was obliged to go out to work, sending her children off to school before she went out in the morning, leaving their dinner ready for them, and they would have to wait for their tea until she came home to get it, for Lottie was the eldest of the four, and only ten years old now, and, truth to tell, Mrs. Lane was growing anxious and disappointed over her girl—her only girl, too—who she thought ought to begin to understand her trials and difficulties a little, and help her all she could, instead of grumbling because there was only bread and dripping for dinner.

The Lanes lodged with another poor woman, in a neat four-roomed cottage, each rather proud at being able to "keep themselves to themselves," although they did not mind helping each other occasionally. Only it happened very often that both women were out at the same time; and this morning, as Mrs. Lane locked her sitting-room door, she met her landlady, who was also going out to a day's work.

"I have left the children in bed this morning," she remarked to Mrs. Lane, as they walked along the passage together.

"What, all three of them?"

"Yes. What was I to do? I dare not leave a fire, for Tommy will play with it; and Polly's chilblains

"I don't think she looks quite well," said the landlady; "and last Saturday, when I asked her to walk up and down the street for an hour with the baby, she told me it made her back ache so much."

"I'm afraid she's getting very disagreeable, with her back-aches and head-aches," said her mother; "I



"You must ask her yourself, dear."—p. 250.

are so bad she can't go to school; and baby will be safe in bed. I shall be home about three to give them some dinner; it's only half a day I've got."

"Then you'd better take the key of our door, Lottie, and I'll leave the street-door key at Mrs. Painter's; and mind you take it back before you go to school this afternoon," said Mrs. Lane.

Lottie took the key and walked away to school. She seldom ran now, and her mother looking after her, made a remark about this to her neighbour, as they hurried up the road together.

must talk to her about it. Good-morning; I must run, or I shall be very late."

Lottie went to school almost as dissatisfied with herself as her mother was. She was growing cross and discontented. She must be, she argued with herself, or she would not have grumbled about the bread and dripping when her mother had to work so hard to get it.

This undercurrent of self-condemnation did not help Lottie with her lessons that morning. The Board-school teacher complained that she was stupid

and idle, and so she was kept in to finish her lesson, which increased her self-condemnation so much the more as she knew her hungry little brothers could not get in to have their dinner until she went home.

Owing to this, and the tears she shed on account of it, one o'clock had struck before she got home to the hungry, impatient little victims waiting in the passage.

"I'll tell mother you've been kept in again," said Willie reproachfully. "I'll ask her to let me have the key to-morrow."

"Ah, but she won't, though, for you bite a piece out of all our dinners if you get in first," said Lottie, with a little self-assertion.

"Never mind, I ain't kept in," retorted Willie.

"I am so cold waiting here in the passage," remarked little Phil with a shiver.

It was a bitter cold day, and the children were not likely to get warm over their comfortless meal, for the fire had been carefully put out before Mrs. Lane left, and the room struck bleak and chill now after all these hours.

But the hungry boys were apparently used to this order of things, and did not notice it. Without the ceremony of taking off caps and scarves, they rushed to the table the moment the door was open; Willie, as the oldest and strongest, insisting that he had the right to pick and choose his dinner from among the rest, and eventually taking a bite out of two of the others before fixing upon his own.

Lottie felt too weak and dispirited to enter into the fray and rescue her portion, so after sundry grumbings and a few tears, the younger boys consoled themselves for the loss of one bite, by taking two from their sister's dinner, and even what was left was almost more than Lottie could eat to-day; but she bravely swallowed it all, for fear her mother should think she was cross and would not eat.

As soon as Willie had finished his dinner, he ran up-stairs to hold a conversation through the keyhole with his friend Tommy.

"I say, the School-Board man is coming after you," he called; "I heard teacher tell him you was away again."

"Can't help it," came the faint response; "what's the time?"

"Past one."

"Ugh! I thought it was most two; mother won't be home till three, and Polly's fell out of bed and hurt her arm, and baby's broke his bottle and spilt all the milk."

"Oh, what a lark!" said thoughtless Willie, who was not affected by these disasters. "I'll tell teacher you're minding the little 'uns. But the School-Board man is coming, mind," he added, as a parting warning.

The children all entertained a wholesome dread of this enemy of truants and absent scholars, and would do anything to keep him from visiting their homes, vaguely believing that every misdemeanour committed at school was retailed to their parents in

these visits, and so poor little Tommy's dismay may be better imagined than described. Things had been bad enough before, with the broken bottle and Polly's bruised arm, but now, with this visit in prospect, the future was dark indeed to the poor little prisoner, who sat shivering in the cold, with only half his clothes on, alternately wishing for and dreading his mother's return.

After leaving him, Willie went for a run up and down the street, until the school-bell rang, leaving Lottie in peace curled up in her mother's arm-chair; but at the first stroke of the school bell, he ran in exclaiming, "I'm so hungry."

"Hungry," exclaimed Lottie; "you've had your dinner."

"Yes, I know, but isn't there some more bread in the cupboard?"

"Not for us; you know mother always takes the key," said his sister, pushing him out of the room and preparing to lock the door. The boy grumbled a little, but finally took his two younger brothers and ran off to school, leaving Lottie to take the street-door key to Mrs. Painter.

But as she was about to lock the door, a lady came up, whom she instantly recognised as her Sunday-school teacher.

"Good-afternoon, Charlotte; is your mother at home?" asked the lady, with a pleasant smile.

"No, ma'am, she's out at work," said the girl.

"Well, then, you must ask her yourself, dear," said the lady. "I want you to come and take tea with me to-morrow at five o'clock; all the class are coming, to look at some pictures I have just had sent to me. Why, what is the matter, Charlotte?" she suddenly added, for the little girl had burst into tears.

"Please, teacher, I shan't be able to come," she sobbed; "mother won't let me, I know—I've been such a naughty girl lately."

"Such a naughty girl!" repeated the lady. "But you were always one of my good girls, Charlotte; how is it you are naughty now?"

"Please, ma'am, I think it's the dripping," said Lottie, with another burst of tears; "it makes my head ache, and I get cross and stupid, and——" But at this point the clanging of the school-bell suddenly stopped, and Lottie, hastily turning the key of the door, hurriedly exclaimed, "Oh! teacher, I shall be late."

"I'll walk to school with you, dear, and ask that you may be excused, as it is my fault," said the lady; and after the key had been left at the next house, she took the little girl's hand, and they walked to the school together, the lady resolving to speak to the governess about Lottie being a naughty girl.

The governess smiled as the question was asked. "It is not so much a question of naughtiness as of food," she said. "No one seems to consider that if a child is to learn it must be fed—at least, the parents seem to think that bread and dripping is

sufficient, and so the children come to school weary and listless, and it is with the greatest difficulty that we can get a lesson learned. Charlotte Lane is a very good girl, but she is growing fast just now, and needs better food."

"But—but the Lanes are very decent people; I do not understand," said the lady, in an amazed tone.

"I daresay not; but the mother has to be out at work all the week, and the children live on bread and dripping, or bread and treacle, and it is not enough for growing children who have lessons to learn; they need more nourishing food."

"But what is to be done?" said the lady.

The governess shook her head. "Charlotte Lane will be ill soon. She complains of headaches, and often cannot learn her lessons now."

"Poor child! and to think it should be for the want of food! such decent, respectable children, too," exclaimed the lady.

"Half my school are in the same condition. They all look neat, tidy, respectable children, but many of them are only half-fed; they need a warm, comfortable mid-day meal, and it is impossible for the parents to get it, when they are out at work, and so the children are half-starved on dry bread, or bread and dripping."

As the lady walked home, she thought over all the governess had told her in connection with something she had lately been reading in the newspapers—how it was possible to provide a nourishing meal for a child at the cost of one penny, or a fraction less than a penny when there were over a hundred.

"I'll find out all about it, and see what can be done for these poor little mites," exclaimed Miss Lester at last. "They could afford to pay a penny. Bread and dripping would cost as much as that; and so it will not hurt their independence if a penny will pay for what they have. Poor little Charlotte Lane! how unhappy she looked; and to think it is all because she does not get proper food! I must do something—yes, I *must*," concluded the lady decisively.

She was not one to let the grass grow under her feet when she had once made up her mind about anything, and so she began to make the necessary inquiries, and enlist the sympathies of other friends that very day. From a little pamphlet she learned a good deal about this penny dinner movement—learned, too, that with a little common sense, and careful management, a really nourishing dinner could be provided at a fraction less than a penny per child.

The next evening when her class came to tea,

she asked Charlotte Lane whether she would like to come to the mission-room and have hot pudding or soup, instead of the usual bread and dripping at home; and to see the child's eyes sparkle with delight at the anticipation was answer enough.

"Hot dinner every day!" uttered Lottie, as though the idea was too stupendous to be believed.

"Yes, dear; we'll have it very soon, I hope," said Miss Lester with a smile.

"And may my brothers come too, and little Tommy up-stairs?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Yes, dear, as many as like may come."

Lottie and her companions went home with the news that very soon a hot dinner would be provided for children every day at the mission-room, and only cost one penny.

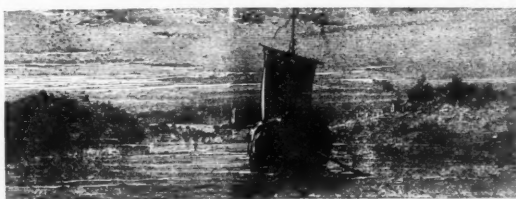
Mrs. Lane smiled incredulously. "Why, bread and treacle costs me more than that," she said. "You'll have to be content with bread and dripping, I reckon, even if it does make your head ache, Lottie."

But Lottie's news proved to be correct, for very soon afterwards it was announced that penny dinners would be commenced in the mission-room the following week. That was a bright day for the children of many a widow or poor woman who was obliged to turn bread-winner for her family. No more going home to a cold room, and a fight for bread and dripping; for the soup, or pudding, or whatever the dinner might be, was served at a long table in the mission-room, which was warm and comfortable, and where they could sit and enjoy it to their hearts' content; and when they had finished, being warm and well satisfied, they could enjoy a game before returning to school.

The work had its difficulties, of course, but in a few weeks Miss Lester felt amply rewarded for her labour, in the improved appearance of many of the children, especially those who came regularly to the dinners. In Lottie Lane's case this was particularly marked. Instead of the pale, weary, discontented look, that was gradually overshadowing her sweet little face, its old merry look of happiness was returning, and when Miss Lester said to her one day, as she was leaving—

"Well, Lottie, do you like these dinners?" such a look of gratitude beamed from her shy blue eyes as she answered—

"Oh, yes, teacher! I never have the headache now, and it isn't so very hard to make me good when I don't have headache every day."



SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"THE WORD ON THE WATERS."



SUCH is the title of a little quarterly pamphlet issued by the Seamen's Mission, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand. Herein we read that our sailors, as a class, are remarkably free from the taint of infidelity, and the secret of this immunity may be their constant inter-

course with nature. They are faced by solemn skies and sentinel stars, surrounded by mighty, mysterious waters, and again and again constrained to cry out within them that there *must* be a Sovereign Lord and Ruler of all. Our sailors, however, have special temptations, and the Seamen's Mission tries to stem the tide of carelessness and irreligion. "We get hold of them," say our friends of the mission, "by all sorts of ruses, among which is a hearty *tea*."—"This is first-rate tea," said a grizzled old tar, with evident enjoyment; "we get husband's tea at home—husband's tea, you know, is a little hot water poured on the grounds." The twinkle in his eye made his audience suspect that the best cup in the brew is usually "the master's," and that he was aware of it. After tea there is often hymn-singing. "Perhaps," say the conductors, "Jack at the moment is only thinking of that energetic high note, or feeling that he *has* out-shouted Bill *that* time; but when he is alone on the storm-tossed sea, he will understand the meaning, in the midnight-watch, of the words he learnt on shore—

"We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide!"

We all know how some hymn, lingering in our memory, has been interpreted at last by our own experience, and been used to cheer, comfort, and inspire us; we *believe* in the service of praise, whether for storm-beaten sailors or for the little ones in our homes. "How shall we get up an economical winter entertainment?" was asked in a congregation. About the least inexpensive of all was arranged; the children *themselves* were to amuse themselves by recitations, readings, etc., and plenty of sweet singing was to be the order of the evening. "I could sing on for hours," has been the juvenile reply

sometimes when we have questioned a boy-vocalist as to his fatigue. Human nature loves singing, and human voices are most tuneful of all when praising the Master's name. An old legend of the rabbis has it that there are in Paradise angels formed specially for *praise*; each angel in its turn sings but one note, when its mission is ended and its existence expires. A meagre supposition this! Rather may we believe that the voice learning to praise the Lord is pre-luding immortal music, and finding the way to the true and real end of life—to glorify God for ever.

"PREACHING AND HEARING."

There is a deal of sound common sense and practical piety in Professor Momerie's latest collection of sermons under the above title (Blackwood), which were originally delivered in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. Our only regret in reading this most readable volume, is that the preacher did not seek to impress upon his hearers the central doctrine of the Atonement, and the more spiritual side of religion. We do not for a moment suppose that Professor Momerie undervalues the importance of close spiritual communion with God, but in these days it is more than ever necessary to be emphatic on this point. "Belief in God," a little volume from the same author and publisher, is (with one or two exceptions which it is not possible to deal with here), an excellent reply to objections clearly and fairly stated, and should be useful to ministers and teachers, as dealing with the subject in a concise and logical form. A more popular style of work, written within a similarly small compass, and by as able a pen, is still sadly wanted for the general Christian reader.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

There exists what the miners call a "Sunday stone," every seventh layer of which is white, bearing witness year after year to refraining from work by the miners, and their keeping the Day of Rest. This natural, beautiful stone of testimony must surely amid week-day toil remind the men of God's holy day, when they will turn their eyes from earthly objects to the promised Rest. It has been a matter of discussion as to whether the new institution in East London, inaugurated by the Beaumont Trust, should be closed on Sundays, or opened for exhibitions, etc. The sale herein of intoxicating drinks is also a subject of debate. A gentleman, who in our opinion rightly considers that the selling of strong drinks may render the place more of a curse than a blessing to the neighbourhood, has made the liberal offer of contributing £500 provided intoxicants be absent. Many are earnestly opposing Sunday opening, while others protest it is only fair the "People's Palace" should be open on the "People's Day," and urge that over-scrupulous ones can ease their consciences by

keeping away. Were Christians only concerned for their *own* souls, it might satisfy them to keep away, but they care too for the souls of others, and long that our countrymen may not set at naught the commandment of God. Whatever might be *gained* in the way of amusement, or even instruction, on the Lord's Day, must be weighed in the balance against the enforced employment of assistants, etc., and in Christian minds against the disregard of Divine Law. We believe that very many Sunday excursionists who filled our trains last summer did not belong to the ranks of those whose only spare time is Sunday : to their honour be it said, there are hundreds of such to be found at religious services and even teaching in the 'Sunday-school, and in various ways doing work for God. Long may it be before our country follows the example of Continental Sundays. When, as a nation, we turn a deaf ear to the Word of God, surely then the glory will have departed from our highly favoured land. Let us beware lest the nation that prays, "Lead us not into temptation," should in mistaken philanthropy encourage her children to sink and stumble.

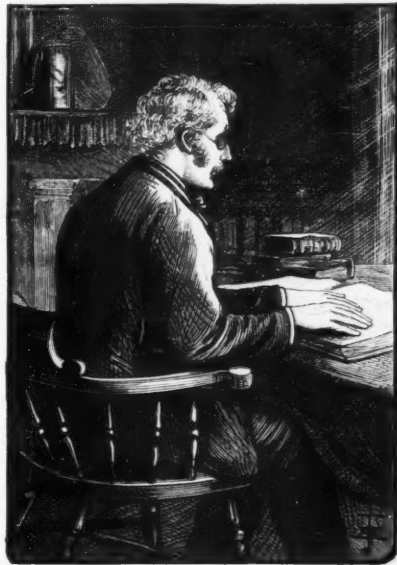
"WITH GOD THERE IS NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE."

We say "the age of miracles is past," while yet our own lives and the lives around us bear witness to remarkable answers to prayer that might almost seem miraculous. A homely American article that came under our notice lately rebukes the expression, "*remarkable* answers to prayer," saying that we should deem it ill-placed if applied to a case of a boy who was taken ill away from home, and sent to his father for help. We should not say, "Wonderful to relate, his father at once assisted him." It would truly be well for us if we could expect heavenly succour just as surely as the boy would expect an answer from his father ; and yet, we can scarcely help being struck with a thankful awe at the interpositions which the Lord has made for us and for many of our acquaintance, who were in perplexing circumstances. The age of miracles has *not* passed—Nature, for instance, is an ever present miracle. "We call it," says one, "a miracle when Jesus multiplied the loaves, but the miracle, though gradual, is as glorious when we look around and note that from insignificant seed cast into the earth He bids the rich harvest-fields stand forth." One of the most beautiful narratives we ever read on this subject appeared, we think, in one of the volumes of the *Expositor* ; it has never left our memory. A little boy and girl were at sea under the captain's charge ; the boy was a little sceptic, and did not believe the captain *could* stop the machinery. One day he lost his ball overboard, and as the captain would not stop the ship to get it, he was *certain* this was impossible. His little sister dropped her doll among the engines, and went to the captain, whom she loved ; "for," said she, "he is sure to help me." The captain, without finding it necessary to stop the ship, restored her doll. Then the boy began to speak of favouritism and

injustice. One day there was a cry of "Man overboard !" and, almost directly, as it seemed to the children, the great ship was stopped ; the man was saved, and, at the captain's word, all went on as before. The boy now owned his power, but doubted that the captain loved *him*, as his sister asserted. However, when they went on shore, he received from the captain a ball far beyond the worth of the one he had lost. "So," says the writer, "bring your plea to God—say to Him, '*Father*, if Thou *wilt*, Thou *canst* grant this my prayer'—and here leave it." For none of them that trust in Him shall be left desolate.

BOOKS OF STUDY FOR THE BLIND.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun." So sings the bard of Avon, and study is now shedding its ever-brightening beams even on those who seemed once shut out from its aid. About twenty years ago the Rev. R. H. Blair, of Worcester, received his first blind scholar, who went to the Cathedral school and prepared his lessons with the other pupils. Mr. Blair's ingenuity overcame certain difficulties in the way of his blind scholar ; for instance, he embossed the subject of trigonometry backwards with a style,



A BLIND STUDENT.

and the student could thus read it straight ; at the other end of the stylus was a small cog-wheel, to describe the necessary figures. Mr. Blair grew deeply interested in the subject of the mental progress of the blind, and he initiated the Worcester College for the Blind Sons of Gentlemen. The memorial verses that

commemorate his name tell of those who owe much to his help, though guessing his manner of form and face, "through dim surmise of sense which God had chastened." There are now many societies to help blind people of the poorer classes: this college at Worcester aims at introducing the blind to the advantages of higher education, and the idea of such students at the Universities has become quite familiar. The chain of illumination is enlarged by books for the blind being printed in modern Greek. Soon it will be found that local libraries are greatly needed for the blind; their condition is very different from what it was in bygone days, and their intellectual progress is advancing so favourably that ere long such libraries will doubtless be established, and, in free communion with books, they will forget the natural darkness, and gloriously "plunge soul-forward" into beauty and truth.

JOHN WESLEY'S LIFE.

The Rev. John Telford, whose papers on "Charles Wesley in Marylebone" are still fresh in the minds of our readers, has lately written an excellent biography (published by Hodder and Stoughton) of the great Evangelist of the eighteenth century. The writer has brought out an abundance of fresh material, and among the many attractions of the work we may mention the fac-simile of Wesley's draft of his famous letter to William Law, of May 20, 1738, which gives touching evidence of the amount of thought and care bestowed upon it.

THE GRACE OF SELF-CONTROL.

One of our great writers dwells upon the supreme importance to the heart of the gift of self-control: is not this virtue specially to be desired when our dealings are with the young, who so readily imitate our failings? A fit of passion is severely punished in a child, which is deemed quite excusable in the guardian or teacher; whereas, it might be expected that with developed reason and with a character professedly Christian, the "angry blow and hasty word" would be almost impossible. Think what a heritage is left to the child who, even when necessarily reprov'd or punished, sees a calm, tender demeanour; think what is being written upon the young heart that becomes accustomed to irritability and impatience! Sometimes, by force of heredity and natural character, such are our besetting temptations; the more reason then that we should specially ask for strength to resist them. "And make mother's temper good, too," was whispered by a little fellow, dismissed in wrath to pray for pardon for a fit of naughtiness. What a sermon for a listening mother! Sunday-school teachers should be ever on their guard against displays of passion; we call the children together to learn of Christ, and though an offender may sometimes need sharp and prompt removal, no Sunday-school should witness the flush of anger, the heat of ill-temper upon the teacher's face. Being in positions

of power as concerns chil'-en, let us be patient and merciful; we are sorry to remember occasions on which in the Sunday-school we have seen a child's head slapped and a boy's ears soundly boxed. This may have produced *quiet*, but resentment, wrath, and fierce anger awoke in the heart of the child. Better a thousand times a chattering word on the young lip than such secret feelings in the little heart. Personally, we have found that to withdraw a child on that occasion from the benefit of the lesson and to send him out is a quiet but powerful form of punishment; it impresses him, and impresses the others with a sense that their association with the school is a privilege to be rightly used by them. But, believing the box-on-the-ear form of correction to be often due to want of thought rather than heart, we feel constrained to beseech all teachers to bear in mind that in the eyes of our scholars we are setting forth the spirit of Christ: let us not misrepresent His patience.

THE THINGS THAT ARE PAST.

It has been beautifully said that repentance clothes in grass and flowers the grave wherein the past is laid, but we know too well that the follies and mistakes and shortcomings of years gone by rise up again and again as saddening memories, and sometimes the Evil One strives to use them for his purpose, to render us discouraged and despairing in the spiritual life. We forget that our God has cast the sins of the penitent and believing behind His back—*nowhere*. Rather should past offences stimulate our energies now, and become, in God's mercy, aids and helps to deeper consecration. What can we render unto Him Who has said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee—go in peace?" Our Saviour has paid our debts—every one of them, and utterly—and we cry to our great Forgiver, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Coleridge tells us, in the "Ancient Mariner," of the dead men, who at last stood up like spirits, and began to ply the ropes and speed the vessel: a well-known writer interprets this passage as showing us how the horror of our sins can at last take the form of a merciful angel and urge us ever onward. We have nothing now to do with our pardoned trespasses, save to read inscribed thereon the miracle of redeeming Grace. Thus, forgiven much, we should love the more, and realise how

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"NOBODY'S BOYS."

Mr. J. W. Fegan is one of those who practically carry out the poet's conviction—

"Love must the chasm span
That suaders rich and poor."

He rescued his first "arab" in 1871, and, relating this child's history to his ragged-school class, he was met by the remark from his scholars, "There's many round 'ere a deal wusser than 'im." They volunteered to show him the starving lads of whom they spoke;

and Mr. Fegan, faced by so painful and difficult a problem, decided prayerfully, "something must be done." A little cottage-refuge led on to the Boys' Home, Deptford, removed in 1882 to larger premises in Southwark Street, London. "This is the best Home in England," said one of the boys emphatically



MR. J. W. C. FEGAN.

to a lady interested in the work. Mr. Fegan does not aim at forming his young charges into first-rate *machines*, but into capable and responsible human beings, adorning the name of manhood. There is so little of the institution about the Home that on half-holidays the boys are trusted to go out *alone* for the time of leave; nor do they abuse their freedom. Many a touching history can Mr. Fegan tell of efforts which have linked a shadowed past with a happy present and promising future; boys utterly friendless have been practically taught that the Lord has been thinking upon them. One little fellow, asked by Mr. Fegan if he had no relation or friend in the world, answered simply, "Yes, please, sir, I have *you*." "How can we turn away from the cry of distress?" asks the moving spirit of this good work, "and how can we thrust aside the criminal boy, who clings to our friendship as the only hope for leading an upright life?" A splendid opportunity for those who remember the Lord's treasury is the "Juvenile Emigration and Colonisation Fund" connected with the Home. The Government representative at Quebec says of "nobody's boys," as trained for emigration, "They are the flower of all that ever came from England; their bright, self-reliant look speaks volumes for their education," and Mr. Fegan says he only wishes that those who have strengthened his hands to help the sinking street boys could see them now in snug Canadian homesteads, milking cows, or riding home, bronzed and smiling, on the hay, or

driving along, a well-dressed waggon-load, to the preaching service on the Sabbath.

FOR CHRISTIAN READERS.

The Rev. William J. Deane's "Life of Abraham" (Nisbet) gives a great deal of useful matter in a small compass. Chapter IV., "The Promised Land," is especially interesting, and contains information of great use to teachers. We wish the type had been less trying to the eyes. More attractive in this respect is the Rev. Dr. Macduff's new book, "Ripples in the Twilight," from the same publishers. The "Ripples" are a collection of promiscuous thoughts on religious subjects, culled from Dr. Macduff's unpublished sermons and other manuscripts. Many of these isolated thoughts are full of rare beauty, and the book once read will be carefully preserved for further and frequent use. Under the title "Spiritual Counsels," the Rev. Reginald Dutton has penned a very helpful and suggestive little book, which the Christian Knowledge Society has published. The work is divided into two parts—I. Hindrances, II. Helps. The book abounds in thoughtful passages—terse, clear, and striking. These "Counsels" are primarily intended for young men, but old and young alike may read the book with profit and interest, as witness the following:—"It is said by those who have been rescued from drowning, that the agony with which they regained consciousness was most terrible, while the act itself of drowning was wonderfully pleasant. So, too, in the spiritual life, the agony which the remembrance of past sin will bring to the soul whose spiritual consciousness is but now returning, is terrible indeed, while the gradual stupor which silently overwhelmed it like a flood was, in itself, easy and pleasant to submit to. But who that realises the meaning of those two words 'stupor' and 'consciousness,' in their relation to the spiritual life, would for one moment hesitate as to which to choose?" For many other illustrations of equal felicity, we can but refer our readers to the book itself. (Since writing these lines, we have heard, with unfeigned regret and sorrow, of the early death of the author.)

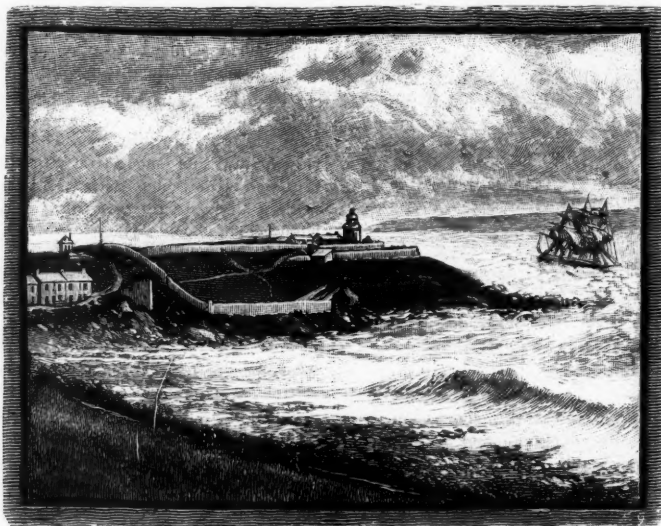
THE SELBORNE SOCIETY.

We read once of a fair maiden whose graceful robes were adorned with tiny canaries—it was the fashion to wear birds, and she bowed to it—but surely her woman's heart must have ached for the little souls of song that had been hushed for ever. "What a fuss about shooting a bird!" some may say, reading that wondrous allegory of the sailor who shot the albatross; "what is a bird, after all?" And yet not one of them is forgotten before God. We heard of some Arctic explorers, who found with sorrow that there was only *one fly* left in their company. How that fly was petted and fed and cherished, and how sadly they spoke at last of its death! It is no shame to care for the helpless lives

of the lower creation ; the greatest hearts are those which reverence their weakness and dependence. Perhaps did creation hold *one bird*, we should consider it a precious trust, and look with far more disapprobation on hats, muffs, etc., trimmed with departed birds of soft, fair plumage. A million and a half of shining little creatures are killed every year abroad for the London markets, and now fashion is asking our own dear English birds. The Selborne Society (Plumage Section) asks our countrywomen to abandon trophies of robins and sandpipers, and

"BEARING THE LAMP OF GRACE."

Last October the tidings reached us that THE QUIVER Lifeboat, stationed at Queenstown, went off in a terrible gale to a ship in great danger off Roche's Point ; the lifeboat put a pilot on board, and, in conjunction with some steam tugs, stayed by the vessel in distress till the wind shifted, and the danger was past. Our readers will share our thankfulness for the help rendered by THE QUIVER boat ; may she be the means of succouring and saving many precious lives ! And while we thought of our name-



ROCHE'S POINT, NEAR QUEENSTOWN.

return to the ostrich or marabout feathers familiar to us in many a portrait by a master hand. The industry of feather dressing will thus be kept alive, and, of course, there will always be available for use in dress the feathers of birds killed for food or protected for their plumage ; but members of the Selborne Society are asked not to wear foreign or English bird-skins. Lord Wolseley's name figures beside that of the Laureate on the long list of advocates of this Society, and the patronesses are the Princess Christian "and a hundred ladies who love the birds." Let our countrywomen give *definite* instructions that they discountenance the fashion of wearing birds. Jules Michelet says, "The happiest of beings is the bird—sustained by the breath of heaven, it rises without effort, like a dream." Shall we, at Fashion's bidding, selfishly say to the God-given life of joy, *Thou shalt die!* or shall we, obeying the promptings of our better nature, spare and protect those glorious, fluttering wings that rest

"In the radiant morning's breast?"

sake boat speeding to the ship in peril, there came to our mind that old cry from Macedonia, "Come over and help us," and the plea of the desolate soul,

"Save me on the billows rocking,
Far, far, at sea."

Most of us have seen a missionary map, and have been startled and solemnised by the consciousness of what yet remains to be done for helpless, benighted ones. The lifeboat of the Gospel is speeding to their rescue ; are we urging it forward, or only looking on ? We read that in 1830 the Navigators' Islands were full of pollution and destruction ; Christian hearts went to the rescue of the people ; only a few years later came the tidings, "The large erection, formerly used for savage dances, was crowded with a congregation holding a prayer-meeting. Thousands here have renounced heathenism." Let us not say "I have no power to move the Gospel lifeboat ;" there is no power like *prayer*. The pleading soul moves the Hand that worketh wonders.

THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. WM. JAY, IN ARGYLE CHAPEL, BATH,

ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 9TH, 1837.*

"As for My people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them."—ISAIAH iii. 12.



THE Jews are not here called the people of God in the highest sense of the designation: that is, as being all of them partakers of His forgiving, and renewing, and sanctifying grace. A few there always were who knew, and loved, and served the Lord God of their fathers; and such a people God has had under all dispensations. Their number is continually increasing; and may the Lord add to them daily such as are saved. But the Jews were the people of God in a national sense. He set His love upon them as the children of Abraham, and, having entered into a covenant on their behalf, He led them out of Egypt, marched them through the Red Sea, guided them for forty years in the wilderness, sustained them all the time with manna from heaven, refreshed them with water from the rock, and brought them at last to His holy habitation. They were distinguished by ordinances and privileges which were not bestowed on any other nation. To them pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises. But religious advantages produce corresponding obligations, and these, alas! they very often violated and disregarded. On this account God said to them, by the prophet Amos, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore will I punish you for all your iniquities."

The text refers to the subject of civil government. Some kind of government is essential to the very existence of a civilised state. When rulers are what they ought to be, they originate useful measures; and it is an unspeakable blessing to a people to have a wise and good and powerful government; but when the rulers are weak-minded and unprincipled and tyrannical, they are the cause of various miseries. The words of the text are connected with the denunciation of the wickedness of the princes and the people, and are intended to show that national sin produces national degradation. Some have supposed that the prophet here speaks metaphorically, but there is no reason to deviate from the literal sense. Yet the language is not to be taken absolutely, or as a universal condemnation. It is to be qualified by various considerations. Let us see whether we can explain it without impeachment of an event which has been hailed by a nation throughout all its borders; and in doing so, let us

I. Notice some of the recommendations of civil government which are deemed least favourable.

It is said, "*children* are their oppressors." It is reasonable to suppose that these will be wanting in experience. They cannot easily distinguish between appearances and realities, and are carried away by



QUEEN VICTORIA, 1837.

present feelings and impulses, without regard to their consequences; therefore, on sober reflection, they cannot be justly entitled to our confidence.

And as to women, everything is not equal to their beauty and loveliness. With regard to measures, they are called the tender sex; and with regard to bodily strength, they are called the weaker vessel. The finer the porcelain the more brittle it is, and the more necessary that it should be well cared for. It should not be submitted to rough usage, nor exposed on common shelves, but be kept in recesses. It is often supposed that women have more imagination than judgment, that they are more accessible to flattery than the opposite sex, and are more liable to

* Now published for the first time.

be deceived. Their affections are commonly passions, and they love and hate with all their soul and all their strength. They are also credited with being more deficient in reasoning than men. Mrs. Hannah More has said that, in the case of women, "reflection sometimes accompanies and sometimes follows speaking, while in men reflection is the antecedent; that women admire what is imposing, men what is solid; that women admire passionately, and men approve cautiously." You will observe that this discrimination is drawn by a female pen. We may add that women are more doomed to suffer, and are more restricted in their movements. If, as is generally supposed, they are inferior to men in understanding, perhaps this may be attributed to what are called their accomplishments, which are calculated to make toys and playthings of them. Yet it would seem that the sexes should have different employments.

Now let us turn the medal. It appears that the old are not always wise, and as there are old fools, there may be young sages. "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." Edward VI.—dear Edward!—too much the trust and idol of the Reformers, how soon he died! but how well he reigned! Dr. Benson, the Bishop of Gloucester, had announced his intention of not granting ordination to anyone under the age of twenty-three, but, believing that Whitfield was endowed with rare qualifications for the ministry, he ordained him at the age of twenty-one, saying that if the Apostle Paul had been on earth he would have done the same. In the beginning of Christianity, while old men dreamed dreams young men saw visions. The Evangelist Philip had seven daughters who prophesied, and the Apostle said to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth." Notwithstanding the gallantry of Frenchmen, they do not allow females to reign over them; but, as one remarks, the females have amply revenged themselves for the exclusion by taking care to rule over their Sovereigns. Other nations have been more wise and prudent, foreseeing that women would govern either directly or indirectly, and they added grace to influence.

Let us view our subject impartially. I well remember being associated in the Mansion House, London, with that excellent man Rammohun Roy, when, being asked by the Lady Mayoress what was his opinion of the two sexes, the Rajah replied (and we must remember he came from India), "Physically considered, women are inferior to men; morally considered, they are superior; and intellectually considered, they are equal: that is, with the same opportunities and advantages." If this opinion be correct, what right had Pope to say that woman had no character, and, more than this, that every woman was a rake at heart? As there have been men of feminine character, so there have been women of masculine intelligence, but we do not mean that they have

proved this by leaping over a five-barred gate. We do not refer to the patriotic Joan of Arc, or to the energetic and unscrupulous Queen Jezebel, who gained distinction in their day by unsexing themselves. Women, my dear sisters, never appear to so much advantage as on Christian ground. Let them be wise and good, and no one will call in question their fitness for filling important situations. Have we not seen them taking positions of eminence in various departments of literature? In our own age do not the works of Mrs. Hannah More rank among the most talented and popular?

But let us look in the direction of royalty. And here, if it were in my power, I should be delighted to speak of that lovely and liberal and pious Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., but I cannot * indulge in this strain. Then there is Queen Elizabeth, whose character I do not admire in all respects, for her disposition, like her father's, was arbitrary, and her notion of civil and religious liberty was altogether incorrect; but she displayed grandeur of mind, and her talents (and especially her talent for government), when viewed in the light of former times, were of a very high order. Attempts have been made to depreciate her by attributing her success to her Ministers; but who found them out? who chose them? who placed them in office? and who kept them at their posts? Queen Anne was not distinguished by any remarkable attributes or endowments. Both her political and religious principles were high, and she allowed herself to be guided very much by two women of imperious temper; yet she well deserved the title that was given her, "The Good Queen Anne."

But surely we have said enough to show that the language of the text, so far as it is a denunciation, is to be understood with qualification and abatement; and we are persuaded that another exception will be found in the illustrious female Sovereign who has just ascended the first throne in the world.

Let me now proceed to consider

II. The grounds of satisfaction we have in the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

I do not derive this satisfaction particularly from the excellence of the political Constitution under which we live, and according to which the great governing power is the law of the land. There is law for the throne as well as for the cottage. Lord John Russell, speaking of the Constitution, has told us how much George III. was struck with a board that was hung up near a pathway over his farm, and on which he read the following inscription: "Whoever trespasses here will be prosecuted according to law." "Ah!" said he, "*according to law, and not according to the King's pleasure.*" This interesting fact speaks volumes.

I derive our satisfaction from the moral and religious condition of the country itself. We, as a nation, are exalted to heaven by our privileges. It would be unbecoming to speak of ourselves in

* i.e., The truth will not permit him.

spirit of self-righteousness, and to say, "The temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord are we," for we are well aware of the many and great evils which still exist among us; but we are persuaded that there is no country in the world superior to our own, morally and religiously. Oh, my brethren, let us acknowledge with gratitude before God that ours is indeed a good land: a land of Bibles, and holy Sabbaths, and sanctuaries, and Gospel preaching, and Christian missions, and philanthropic institutions, and civil and religious freedom: a land now without a slave. Great efforts are made, and large sums of money contributed, to spread the Gospel of Christ both at home and abroad. Then may we not reasonably expect that God will say, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it"? If He bless a nation, *as such*, He must bless it in this world, not in the next. I think we ought not to overlook the favourable providence of God in the preservation of the life of our Queen, and in her coming of age at the very time when the late King's illness commenced, being prepared for her accession to the throne without the difficulties and dangers of a regency.

I derive our satisfaction from the propriety and consistency of the Queen's deportment during her childhood and youth, viewed in connection with her training. Along with every kind of instruction suitable to a royal personage, she had the advantage of her mother's experience; and of what an excellent mother! How much did the prophet Samuel, and, through him, how much did all Israel owe to his praying and devoted mother Hannah! How much did Timothy, and, through him, how much did the whole Church owe to his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois! How much did John Newton and Richard Cecil, and, through them, how much did thousands in the Church of England owe to their pious mothers! I remember at this moment that Daniel Wilson, now Bishop of Calcutta, says that in all his conversation in prison with Bellingham respecting the murder of Perceval, he did not show the least feeling till he mentioned his poor mother, when he burst into tears and cried aloud: an evidence of the closeness and tenderness of the bond which connects the mother and her son. We talk about happiness, and about the joyful mother of children; but what can equal the happiness of the Duchess of Kent in having such a precious daughter, and seeing her placed on the throne of the United Kingdom?

I derive our satisfaction from the disposition, and talent, and principles of our Queen, so far as they have been developed or declared; from the propriety and dignity of her deportment on her first appearance before the Privy Council, from her adhesion to the Reformed religion, and from her desire to govern to the satisfaction of all classes of her subjects. This is just the case as it ought to be; for if, as some maintain, "kings are to be the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the Church," surely they must cherish the whole family, and not confine their regards to a favourite child.

Now, perhaps you think I have spoken in too sanguine a strain. I know how fond men are of novelty, how prone they are to worship the rising sun, and how natural it is to look favourably on the accession to the throne of a youthful and amiable Sovereign; but, beyond all question, we have much reason to congratulate ourselves on the accession of Queen Victoria, whom God preserve and bless! We have nothing to fear and everything to hope, for I am persuaded that she possesses the elementary materials which are requisite to make a people contented and happy. May God grant that her path may be as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day!

But though I have spoken freely on topics connected with the present occasion, there are other things to be mentioned still more becoming my office, and to these I shall now refer—

III. In the way of application.

1. *Let me exhort you not to forget the agency of God in all human affairs.* The kingdoms of the earth are the Lord's, and He is the Governor among the nations. He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. By Him kings reign and princes decree justice. He changeth the times and the seasons; He removeth kings and setteth up kings. This removal is generally by death, and occasionally by terrible revolutions; but in the present instance we have reason to rejoice in a peaceful accession.

Remember, too, that our Sovereign is law personified. Hence, loyalty is devotion to law, and not mere attachment to the person or admiration of the outward grandeur of kings, though, as the ministers of God, their persons are pre-eminently sacred. There are self-willed characters, who "despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities"; but you, as Nonconformists, have always been distinguished by your loyalty. I am sure you are not behind any of her Majesty's subjects in your attachment to her person and her throne. You cheerfully "render to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour."

There is, however, one duty to which I desire to call your particular attention. The Apostle Paul says, "I exhort that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." This exhortation is founded on the principle that all events are under the Divine control. "The king's heart, just as much as any other man's heart, is in the hand of the Lord: as the rivers of water, He turneth it whithersoever He will." And as prayer is acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, so by this means you may be a blessing to your country and its rulers. And surely never was prayer more necessary than in the case of the Sovereign now before us. Consider the greatness of the work to which she is called—that is,

to rule over an empire on which the sun never sets, and over people and nations whose interests often appear to be in collision. Think of her age and her danger. How few could bear such an elevation as hers without giddiness, unless kept by the power of God! Think of the trials and difficulties she must have in common with the humblest of her subjects. It was not when David was a shepherd, feeding his flocks near Bethlehem, but after he had become king in Israel, that he exclaimed, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo! then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." Do not forget that she has a soul to be saved, and pray that she may be as pious and as good as she is great. Pray that her throne may be established in righteousness; that wisdom and knowledge may be the stability of her times; that she may be preserved from flatterers and sycophants, as well as from party rancour. Pray that God will save our Queen both in this world and for ever.

Let me conclude with a reference to the social inequalities of the present life, viewed in connection with those to which they lead. Some are born to affluence, and others to poverty; some are noble by birth, others belong to the lowliest ranks; a few, and only very few, are born to be kings and queens, while the vast majority are born to be subjects. You perceive at once the immense disparity between your own social position and that of the Sovereign who

now reigns over us. At the same time, let us remember that the Lord is the Maker of us all, and that all are the care of His providence. You, my young female friends, are never likely to be called to occupy a throne, but you are called to be dutiful as daughters, to be affectionate as friends, to be faithful as wives, and to be loving and considerate as mothers; and thus you may be useful in your day and generation.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part: there all the honour lies."

It will not be long before all earthly distinctions cease. Soon we shall all go to the place whence we shall not return. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master."

And what is the lesson that our common mortality teaches? It is that while the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. It is that the pride of life will vanish like smoke, and that only what is moral and religious will remain. It is that true and permanent greatness does not consist in great riches, eminent learning, or nobility of station, but in goodness. And it is the glory of goodness that it cannot be monopolised by anyone, but is attainable by all. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."



MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER I.

MISTAKEN.

"No age was spared, nor sex, nay, no degree;
Nor infants in the porch of life were free."

JOHNSON.



MAY as well say at once that I am not my own heroine. I have no qualifications for the character. My hair is neither red nor frizzy; my eyes are not green; I am not cataleptic; nor have I any but the most vague and general ideas on the subject of occult influence or odic force.

On the other hand, I am not exceptionally beautiful, or talented, or anything that a heroine of the other school ought to be.

Since that one tragic night, without which this story would never have been written, my life has

been free from great events. My rôle has been that of spectator, not actor; and on the whole, I am content that it should have been so. If my life has not been exciting, it has been happy, as nations and lives are said to be who have no history. It is the history of other lives that I have to tell—lives fuller and more eventful than mine, more exciting, but perhaps less serene and calm. Even on that strange and tragic night of which I spoke just now, I was scarcely an actor, or only in the most passive and involuntary sense, but the scenes of which I was the unnoticed observer burnt themselves into my memory in effaceable lines.

My father was a young man then, a captain in the Honourable East India Company's service, and stationed with his regiment at Sooltaipoor. There were three children, of whom I was the eldest, my sister Nelly, who could not speak plain, and a baby boy of two or three months. I ought to



"Stroking the long fair curls with a tender, pitying touch."—p. 264.

have gone home before this, but Sooltaipoor was so far from the coast that travelling was difficult, and while my parents were trying to make arrangements for me, the Mutiny broke out, and the opportunity slipped by. So I stayed, growing daily whiter and thinner, as English children do who remain too long in India, and feeling the intense heat of the Indian summer more than either my parents or the little ones: feeling it, no doubt, all the more for a certain restraint that had crept into our lives. We were in the very centre of the disturbed districts, and though my father fondly hoped that his own troops were too loyal to be infected, there was enough in the condition of the country to inspire the gravest uneasiness,

and to make him take every possible precaution to ensure our safety. He would fain have sent us all home, or up to the hills, had either course been possible, but the state of the country put it out of the question; and besides this, my mother utterly refused to leave him: and when my mother utterly refused to do a thing, my father must have learnt by that time how vain it would be to attempt to alter her decision. The only thing she would concede was, that if an escort to the coast could be found, Nelly and Charlie and I should be sent home under the care of Wuzeerun, our ayah, a native woman in whom my mother had the fullest confidence, and who, like so many of her class, proved

to be entirely worthy of it when the hour of trial came.

It came sooner than anyone had expected. Before the projected journey could be undertaken, the troops in whose loyalty my father had trusted had turned upon their officers, and risen in open revolt. Some of the officers were shot on the parade-ground as they tried to summon the men to their duty, and the rest were forced to retreat to the citadel, where the women and children were already collected.

The citadel of Sooltapoor was a tolerably strong fortress, but the overcrowding was something terrific, and the children had too little sense of danger to accept safety as a compensation for discomfort and privation. There was no absolute lack of provisions, but the fare was of the simplest, consisting chiefly of dall and rice, and the crowded sleeping rooms made the nights like a hideous dream. The men were on one side, and the women and children on the other, except that my father and mother had a small room to themselves, and that little Charlie slept with them, instead of in the women's room with the other children.

Nelly and I were with our ayah in the general apartment, a room already too small for the numbers who were obliged to share it, and still further overcrowded on that dreadful night by the arrival of some fugitives from a neighbouring cantonment. They came in, weary and footsore, just as the brief Indian twilight was falling, and they were scarcely housed before the darkness of a tropical night was upon us, to enhance the confusion. I can see it all now—the bare barrack-room, dimly lit by chiraighs, native lamps, fed by villanous oil, and seeming to combine the maximum of smell with the minimum of light. What a picture it was they showed! Crying children, bewildered nurses, weary mothers forgetting their own fatigue in ministering to the necessities of their little ones. The new arrivals belonged to a Queen's regiment, and there were English and Irish nurses squabbling over their respective charges with the dark-skinned ayahs already in possession. There had been no time to bring anything with them in their hurried flight, and, badly as those in the fort were supplied, they could not refuse to share food and bedding, and even clothing, with the hapless fugitives.

"Sure an' ye could make room for *wan* more, missie?" I heard a voice saying above me, as I lay on the charpoy I shared with Nelly, and watched the shadowy-looking groups the faint light distorted into grotesqueness. Nelly was already asleep; the dark eyes that were such a curious contrast to her "lint-white locks" were shut, and I did not like disturbing her, but I could not summon courage to refuse. And, indeed, the woman did not wait for an answer, but laid a sleeping figure beside us, and went away, with a cheerful "Good-night, missie," to attend to another child. I did not know who she was, but my mother said afterwards she was probably one of the soldiers' wives who had come in that afternoon

from Azulfghur. Several of them were Irish, and both speech and face showed that she was an Irish-woman. Beyond this I noticed nothing. I was too sleepy for observation. The room and all its occupants were gradually becoming indistinct, the confusion of tongues was softening to a soothing murmur, and I was soon as fast asleep as Nelly or the little unknown child who lay so quietly beside us. I slept, and knew nothing more till I was roused as I hope few English children will ever be waked again.

Imagine what it was, ye who "live at home at ease!" A noise as of a hundred cannon, a crash as if the citadel were falling about our ears, and that meant, we afterwards learnt, the exploding of a mine under the principal gate of the fort; the clash and clink of steel, as the suddenly roused men sprang to arms, the sharp rattle of bullets, the sounds of mortal conflict, the shrieks of women and children, the groans of wounded and dying men.

The gate was down, and hundreds of dark figures were pouring in at the breach, while the little handful of defenders could only be counted by tens. It was said afterwards that every white man fought as if he had the courage and the strength of ten; and what wonder, when they were all that stood between the helpless creatures within and death—or worse? But the contest was too unequal, and already there were lithe, dusky forms in the women's room, and reddened swords and piercing cries. I sat up trembling and dazed with horror, but Nelly never stirred. Children of her age sleep so soundly, and my little sister was such a bonnie, healthy child. It was too dark to distinguish much, but suddenly I saw my mother coming towards our corner, with a strange wild look and outstretched arms. She dragged, rather than helped me off the charpoy.

"Run!" she cried; "your father is outside. Run to him, Esther, and I will bring Nelly." I sped along in the direction she pointed, guided by the glimmering of a light in the passage. It was so dark in the room I had just left—for already half the lamps were extinguished in the scuffle and confusion that prevailed—that had not my mother known exactly the position of our charpoy, I doubt if she could have made her way so swiftly to it. Before I reached my father she was with us again, with a sleeping child closely folded in her arms, and that awful look of frenzied horror in her face. As she appeared, my father opened a small postern at the end of the passage, and we found ourselves outside the fort. Luckily there was no moon, and the starlight was not sufficient to betray our flight, even if the mutineers had not been too busy with their fiendish work within the fort to have eyes or thoughts for the fugitives who were stealing along under cover of the night. There were, besides ourselves, another officer, and his wife and child, and a young English girl who had clung to my father when her brother was cut down before her eyes. Both Captain Damar and my father were wounded,

and it was only when they found resistance hopeless that my father determined to escape by the little postern, of which, fortunately, he had a key. There was no time to find others to share their flight—no time except to rescue wife and child, and fly.

My father had Charlie in one arm, and he caught me up with the other. Even now I seem to feel again the labouring of the heart I was pressed against, and the strange, panting breath.

"We must run for it," he said; "but be brave, dear wife! If they overtake us, I have *this*."

He held up something that glittered in the star-light, and we sped along the dusty road, keeping in the shelter of the cactus hedge, and making for a dak bungalow at a little distance from the fort, and which Captain Damar believed to be deserted.

The Damars got there first, being less encumbered, and when we reached it they had already lit a chiragh that had been left upon the table, and were looking eagerly out for us. We gathered together in the welcome shelter, a panting, breathless group. My father set me down, and I remember still the desolate appearance of the deserted room and the unnatural expression of the familiar faces. My father had a sabre-cut across his forehead, and Miss Wharton took Charlie from him, and began hushing him off to sleep, while my mother was unrolling the shawl from the awakening child in her arms. She set the little bundle down, and disengaged the folds of the shawl, and then—

Shall I ever forget my own bewilderment or my mother's awful shriek? The child she had saved at the risk of her own life was not Nelly—was not her own child at all. It was the little fair-haired boy who had been laid on the charpoy beside us, and whose very existence I had till that moment forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

"UNCLE DICK."

"Throw thine eye
On yon young boy."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE little boy so strangely and unwittingly rescued was a fair, pretty child, apparently about four or five years old, but small and slightly built. He stood staring in bewilderment at the circle of astonished and scarcely friendly faces; and as it dawned upon him that he was amongst strangers, the corners of the delicate mouth drooped and fell, the sensitive lips trembled, and tears rose in the large blue eyes.

"Who is he?" Mrs. Damar cried. "He doesn't belong to the regiment, I'm sure."

"He must have been amongst those poor people from Azuffgur," said my father. "The only one left by now, I'm afraid."

"Poor little man!" said Mrs. Damar pitifully, as she set her own child down and took him on her knee.

My mother did not speak. She sat rocking herself to and fro in speechless agony, while my father vainly endeavoured to soothe her grief. Alas! poor

mother, not even he could do that. She was like one distraught, accusing herself of having killed her child, and covering her eyes as if she could not bear the sight of the child who had lain in Nelly's place, and whose long fair curls had made it possible in the darkness to mistake him for her. She was only quieted when Mrs. Damar carried him into another room, and then she fell into a kind of stupor, from which only my father could rouse her.

When we left the bungalow I believe she would have left the poor little boy behind, but for my father's stern refusal to permit it.

"Do you think there is a chance in such things?" he exclaimed. "Surely the child is given to us as much as our own. Think what you would wish if some other woman had found Nelly."

It was the most effectual argument he could have used. For the first time since her loss, my mother burst into tears, weeping with a passionate violence that frightened Charlie and me, and made little Basil tremble like an aspen-leaf, but that probably saved her reason or her life. And when the storm had spent itself, she went up to the astonished child and kissed his brow.

"For Nelly's sake," she said, and let my father lead her quietly away.

And so Basil became my brother then and for evermore.

His name, he said, was Basil Ford—or so my father understood it, for the child said it all together, as if it were one word. He did not speak very plainly, running his words together in a hurried, nervous way, that my father said was probably caused by some mental shock. Who could tell what scenes of horror those blue eyes might have gazed on before he was brought into the citadel at Sooltapoor? They were the bluest eyes I ever saw, the sort of deep-sea blue that seldom outlasts childhood; and that, indeed, in Basil's case, merged into a greyer hue as he grew to man's estate. But though the colour altered, his eyes never lost their look of wonderful clearness and depth, or the power of expression that made their glance sometimes so scathing and sometimes so sweet. Luminous, large-pupilled, clear and true, I have seen many beautiful eyes, but none like my brother Basil's. Even as a child I felt their power, and could refuse nothing to their imperious pleading. And later—

But we were both children that long day that was spent in the deserted bungalow—children with no provision of the future before us, and a very real sense of the discomforts of the present.

My father had decided that we must not attempt to pursue our flight till nightfall. Though there might be danger in delay, there would certainly have been more danger still in moving abroad within view of the now hostile citadel. As to the fate of those within it, it was only too certain; and, indeed, Captain Damar, who had been round the compound to reconnoitre our position, had heard groups of Sepoys discussing the events of the night as they

passed along the road, and declaring that every white person had perished—"man, woman, and child."

It was only what they knew must have happened, but at least it made my mother more willing to leave the place where she had tried to persuade herself that her child might yet be alive.

"She was so little, so innocent—who could harm a baby like that?" she cried, clinging desperately to hope. But her own eyes had shown her the hopelessness of expecting pity for innocence or helplessness from the dark-skinned fanatics who were masters now in Sooltaipoor. When the night fell she let my father place her on one of the horses we had found in the stables, and when the rest were mounted, we set forth—a strangely silent party, keeping to the by-roads, and guiding our course by the stars.

I remember little of the toilsome journey, and, indeed, I believe I slept most of the way, supported by my father's arm, and undisturbed by the alarms and anxieties that pressed upon the elders. That we gained the shelter of Cawnpore before morning, and eventually reached Calcutta in safety, is all that it is necessary to relate. Captain Damar had been ordered to join the British troops before Lucknow, but my father's wound did not heal, and it ended in his being invalided home. Mrs. Damar and her child were to accompany him, and of course my mother and myself, Charlie, and my brother Basil. I had already begun to call him so; but though he was very engaging and affectionate, he evidently pined for his own people, and only accepted us as unsatisfactory substitutes. He had got over his first shyness, and chattered volubly enough to my father and me, but though he told us he had a pony named "Jack," and a bearer named "See-See," he could tell my father nothing that served to identify him or give a clue to his parentage. The little night-dress he wore was of coarse material, and bore no mark, and though at first there seemed a possible clue in the fact that he wore a small silver amulet, such as Hindus are fond of binding on their arms, it turned out to be quite an ordinary one, and offered no salient points for recognition. It had been put on his arm by See-See, he said, but he could not tell us more than that. As for his parents, Basil could not even tell us their names. They had been Dada and Mamma to him, and that was all he knew.

"Was that fat woman who put you in our bed your mamma?" I inquired.

"No!" cried Basil indignantly. "My mamma booful—more boofuller than yours."

I remember disputing this on filial grounds, but Basil stood firm.

"Dada says so," he said conclusively. "Dada says Mamma more boofuller than anyone, and Dada knows best."

Poor little fellow! there was something pathetic in his firm belief in the father whom it was only too probable he no longer possessed.

"Is your dada a soldier, my boy?" said my father,

stroking the long fair curls with a tender, pitying touch.

"Dada a tum-tum man," said Basil; and as we stared in not unnatural bewilderment, he condescended to explain by going through a pantomime of beating an imaginary drum, and blowing an equally imaginary trumpet. My father looked puzzled, and asked other questions, but without eliciting satisfactory replies. Basil was easily frightened, and though he was always more at ease with my father than with my mother, the effort to answer seemed to bring back all his shyness and timidity. I knew afterwards that my father came to the conclusion that Basil's father had probably been in a regimental band. It did not seem quite consistent with a bearer and pony of his own, but longer acquaintance showed that Basil possessed a lively imagination, and he was at the baby age when children "romance" with little perception of the line that separates truth from fiction. Besides this, my father obtained indisputable evidence that a trumpeter named Ford had been in the regiment stationed at Azuffghur, and had perished in the massacre at Sooltaipoor.

"But whatever his birth, he is my own dear son now," said my father decidedly, and I believe he felt quite relieved that no one ever appeared to put in a prior claim. Poor Trumpeter Ford lay in the ditch at Sooltaipoor, and Basil was to all intents and purposes my father's son.

I have said that no one ever put forward a claim to Basil, but I ought not to omit to record that Basil himself laid claim to kinship with a stranger the very day before we sailed for England. The claim was disallowed, but the incident, with all the attendant circumstances, stamped itself on my childish recollection even more firmly than I knew. Memory is as capricious as dreams, and has apparently as little sense of fitness and proportion. Why should some scenes fade so completely from our remembrance, while others stand out in a vivid presentment quite disproportionate to their actual importance? Is it all chance-medley, or is there some yet unrecognised law? I leave physiologists and psychologists to settle this; but whatever the reason, certain it is that I can see, as if it had happened yesterday, the wide, bright Calcutta street, the tide of vehicles and pedestrians, the imposing front of Government House, and the brilliant groups just then descending the steps. The Governor-General himself was there, followed by several of his suite, and looking as distinguished and commanding as only "the Great Eltchi" could. The setting sun flashed brightly on sword-hilt and lace and epaulet, as the staff-officers came down to the row of carriages and horses in waiting, and Basil suddenly slipped his little white hand from the dark long fingers of the ayah who was with us, and darted up to a gentleman in uniform, who appeared to be amongst the Governor's suite.

"Uncle Dick! Uncle—Uncle Dick!" he cried, clinging round the spurred and booted leg in a perfect ecstasy of emotion and delight.

The gentleman thus suddenly assailed was a tall, handsome man, about thirty years of age, with close-cropped hair, and the long fair whiskers that were known as "weepers" then. He started violently, and looked down with an expression of intense and almost horrified surprise. That was all I understood from his glance: neither recognition nor welcome, but a strange horror and incredulous surprise.

"What foolery is this?" he exclaimed, in a harsh, grating voice, looking round at the men clustered near, as he disengaged Basil's clinging hands with no very gentle touch. "What does the child mean? Does no one know who he is?"

The ayah and I had hurried to the spot, but the little scene had attracted general attention, and before she could explain, the Governor-General's curiosity was excited.

"What is it?" he asked, pausing as he was about to get into his carriage, and looking at the officer to whose knees Basil had clung.

"Some mistake, your Excellency," said the gentleman he addressed. "I have no nephew, as you know."

"And don't you know the child?"

"I never saw him in my life before."

My poor Basil! Shall I ever forget the heart-broken look in the small white face?

"Un—cle Dick!" he faltered faintly, and then dropped down senseless at his feet.

I had been too shy and bewildered to utter a word, but now I rushed to him impetuously, and threw my arms round his neck.

"He is my brother, my *dear* brother Basil!" I cried; "and you are a nasty, horrid man to make him cry!"

I was crying too much myself to know very clearly what followed, but I heard the ayah explaining, and the explanation seemed to give general satisfaction. It was not our dear old Ayah Wuzerun—Wuzerun lay cold and stiff at Sooltapoor—but a new one, whom my mother had engaged for the voyage home, and who did not know that Basil was the brother I called him. We were Captain Graham's children, she said now, and the Governor-General seemed quite satisfied, as he had every right to be. He got into his carriage and was driven off, and the officers mounted and jingled after him; the crowd quickly dispersed, and only the ayah and Basil and I were left on the steps of Government House.

Basil had revived a little, but he was shaken and trembling, and the ayah lifted the light little figure in her arms, where he lay with closed eyes, and uttering from time to time a low sobbing sigh.

We got home without further adventure, except that as we left the steps of Government House, a native servant, whom I had seen in attendance on the officer whom Basil had addressed as "Uncle Dick," glided from the shadow of one of the pillars, looked curiously at Basil, as he lay white and sobbing in the ayah's arms, and immediately retired with a perfectly expressionless face. My father considered it an additional proof that Basil had been misled by some resemblance of face or uniform, for

the servant would probably have recognised the child had he been his master's nephew.

"But, indeed, if it had been anything but the child's fancy, the uncle would have known him himself," said my father, with unanswerable logic; "and it isn't very likely that Trumpeter Ford would have a brother on the Governor-General's staff."

CHAPTER III.

HAZELFORD.

"He is in love with an ideal,

A creature of his own imagination,

A child of air, an echo of his heart."

LONGFELLOW.

HAZELFORD is a quiet country town in the south of England, a sleepy little place, that would be almost unknown if it were not that the great castle that frowns down upon it is the seat of the Earls of Otterbourne, famous alike in story and in song. To the ordinary tourist Hazelford simply means Hazelford Castle, and I must admit it is much the same with its own inhabitants. Literally and metaphorically, the castle dominates the little town. It stands on the brow of a sharp escarpment, one of the cleanly cut chalk ridges that mark the ancient coast-lines, and is built in the form of a quadrangle, with turrets and bastions and towers, and a great Norman keep frowning over all. The cliff itself rises sheer from the low alluvial plain that lies between Hazelford and the sea, and the red roofs of Hazelford seem to nestle at the feet of the huge square pile of solid grey masonry that crowns the beetling crag. It is an article of faith with us all that no other castle is so finely situated, and certainly I have never seen any other that seemed such a visible embodiment of strength and force and power. It may be that its strength is a thing of the past, that the ivy that clings to its buttresses hides a slow but sure decay, and that modern cannon would make very little of its four-foot walls; but there is a moral force in the old stronghold still, and no one in Hazelford quite escapes its influence. The castle is the determining factor in their lives; the Earl is the permanent interest that outlasts wars and tumults, the rise and fall of nations, the change of Ministries—everything, in short, except the merits of shorthorns and the price of corn. To us, as a family, it outweighs even these; for my Uncle Chayter is the Earl's agent, and naturally the Earl's affairs are paramount with him and his.

Uncle Chayter is my mother's brother, and the suavest and demurest of men. He is a little man, with a bald head that shines as if it were French-polished, and a fringe of natty white hair. Natty, indeed, is a word that might have been coined expressly for him—his round little head is so smooth and so shiny, his little white tie is so punctiliously tied, his coat—Uncle Chayter always wears a dress-coat—is so preternaturally free from dust, and his shoes are so trim and neat. His hands are small,

and as delicate as a woman's, with long taper fingers and filbert nails, of which I have a suspicion that the dear old man is just a little vain. One finger is adorned with a handsome diamond ring, "a present from the Earl," as Uncle Chayter never fails to inform any stranger whose casual glance happens to rest upon it. I remember his doing so once at a *table d'hôte* in a fashionable watering-place, and his indignant, incredulous surprise when the stranger calmly rejoined, "What earl, may I ask?" What earl! For us in Hazelford there was only one Earl in the British peerage, or at least only one worth mentioning. My uncle turned his back on the unconscious offender, and always alluded to him afterwards as "that ignorant person whom we met at the *table d'hôte*."

I think no one could live at Hazelford without being infected with the prevailing sentiment, but perhaps I shared it less strongly because to me the Earl, with his manifold perfections, was a mere abstraction and a name. I had seen his likeness often—likenesses of the Earl abounded in Hazelford, and literally swarmed about my uncle's house—but the Earl himself had only been once at his ancestral home in the twenty years during which he had borne the title. For twenty years Hazelford had existed without him, incredible as it must have seemed to the loyal little town; and though I did not doubt the genuineness of its interest, I felt that it must be rather a traditional sentiment than any personal feeling towards the present Earl. Perhaps, in its heart of hearts, Hazelford did not consider its lord's absence an unmitigated evil. Uncle Chayter represented him with infinite dignity, and administered the estate with conscientious fidelity; but his instructions were to be liberal to the tenants, and he carried these out faithfully, renewing leases on easy terms, building cottages, draining fields, repairing farm-buildings, and remitting rents—in short, doing everything that is expected from a model landlord in the latter half of the nineteenth century, as well as if he had been the Earl himself. Better, perhaps—for the Earl was said to be *dilettante* of tastes, a connoisseur in painting, and an enthusiast in music, but with little knowledge of country matters; whereas Uncle Chayter was a thorough man of business, and knew the acreage of every farm, and the nature of its soil and subsoil, as well as the tenants themselves. He had everyone's good word on the estate, and the diamond ring of which he was so artlessly proud testified to Lord Otterbourne's appreciation of his agent's services. I knew, with a thrill of affectionate pride, that there was no man more esteemed and respected in the county than my Uncle Chayter. In his private relations he was not less irreproachable. A better brother, a kinder uncle could not be, as we had good reason to know—my mother, and Basil and Charlie and I—"My three," as my mother called us to our friends; but sometimes, when we were quite alone, her eyes would take a far-away yearning look, her lips would move faintly, and I knew that she was

whispering softly to herself, as I had once heard her say half-aloud, "No; my *four*." For though it is twenty years since the taking of Sooltapoor, my mother has not forgotten Nelly.

Still, Time is a great physician, and twenty years is a balsam that salves most wounds. My mother has not ceased to mourn for her dead child, but the tears she sheds as each anniversary of the fatal day returns are beneficent and healing drops, not the devastating storm-flood that tore its way when her grief was fresh and new. She has even learnt to speak of Nelly—not often, or to strangers—but when we sit together in the summer twilight, or in the "darkling" of a winter's afternoon, she will talk to me of my little sister, and I know that she has learnt to think of her with the gentle and chastened regret with which we all learn in time to mourn our dead. Perhaps the sharp anguish with which she could not but think of the little one so unconsciously abandoned to its fate was a strain too great for long endurance, a pain that numbed by sheer intensity, a fire that burnt itself out perforce. But though that first passionate grief has passed away, I know that Nelly is not forgotten, for in my mother's voice is a tenderness that is only born of sorrow, and in her eyes is the look that mothers wear whose little ones are in heaven, and whose thoughts "continually with them there ascend."

My father also has become a tender memory to us. He was always more or less of an invalid after that fatal night at Sooltapoor, and he died about five years ago, leaving but a slender provision for his widow and children, as those who have served their country in her need are very apt to do.

My mother had her pension to eke out her scanty means, and forty pounds a year for Charlie, who was still under age. I had only enjoyed that magnificent provision for a year, and of course Basil—"my dear adopted son," as my father's will called him, the will which made him share equally with Charlie and me, to our entire content—Basil could claim no pension at all.

He was four-and-twenty now, this dear brother of my heart, for we reckoned that he must have been four years old when my mother bore him in Nelly's stead from Sooltapoor. The fair, timid child had grown into a strong and stalwart man, broad of chest and lithe of limb, and with no remains of his old delicacy save in the finely cut nostril and too-sensitive mouth. His hair was still fair, and his complexion had the peculiar pallor that is often seen in those whose childhood has been passed under an Indian sun, but as his features were well formed and clearly cut, it gave his face somewhat of a statuesque effect, and was rather an improvement than otherwise. I do not know if other people thought him handsome—to me he was something so much higher and better than the word seems to have all the satire of inadequate praise. One needed to know him, to meet the sunshine of his smile, and the clear, frank gaze of his eyes, to understand the charm that lay in both; as

one needed to hear the voice, that was of lower pitch than most men's, but with a vibrant quality that made it wonderfully expressive, to understand how straight it went to the heart, how irresistible it was in pleading, how potent in command, how tender—well, it was tender enough in brotherly affection, and that was—and is—enough for me. Till lately I had fancied it was enough for Basil too. He was of a grave and reserved nature, in spite of the appealing eyes that seemed to invite confidence, and the quick smile that seemed to promise a return; not a man by any means to fall lightly in love, as Charlie did already with every fresh face, and I believed that no boyish fancies had ever stirred his heart. I ought to have remembered that if they had he would probably not have informed me of the fact. If he was not a man to fall lightly in love, he was certainly not a man to babble of it when he did. I ought to have known, I ought to have understood; but I did not. I knew all the Hazelford girls so well, and it seemed so impossible that any of them should touch Basil's heart. I had weighed them all in the balance and found them wanting, and pretty May Fielding was the lightest weight of all. Of course I knew that Basil thought her pretty—who could see her and not do that? I knew that he liked her “in a way”—what male creature in Hazelford did not do the same? But for anything serious between them, I never even dreamt of it; and it was only when Basil came and claimed my congratulations that I knew how blind I had been.

Fortunately he was blind, too—blind to the blank surprise that must have been in my face, blind to the disappointment I could hardly keep out of my voice. That it should be May, pretty, empty-headed May, who was to take my brother from me! I could have wept in soreness of heart.

“I knew you would be pleased,” said Basil, accepting my lame congratulations in perfect good faith. “Dear Esther, if I made you sisterless once, I am giving you a sister now that ought to repay—”

“Oh, hush, hush!” I cried, a little wildly. “Do I want a sister, Basil? Do I want anyone but you?”

And then I ran away and had my cry out, and hardly liked to come down to tea an hour later, lest they should see that my eyes were red.

It was a needless anxiety, for Basil had gone to the Vicarage—May Fielding was the Vicar's eldest daughter—and as for the others, Charlie was not observant, and my mother was too well pleased with the match to dream that anyone else could have a different opinion. It was just what she had always wished, she declared, and the best thing that could have happened for Basil.

That was what tried me most in the week when everyone was discussing the new engagement—they all seemed to think it such a fortunate thing for Basil. May was pretty and ladylike, and popular, and had a little money of her own from a maternal uncle; and what could a man want more?

“Such a desirable wife for a poor man!” said my mother, beaming at me across the tea-tray. “An eldest daughter always learns to be useful, and May is very capable and managing, though she is so young. And her five hundred pounds is a nice little nest-egg for them to begin with.”

I could not dispute it, and no doubt it is desirable that a man's house should be well managed, and that his wife should be ladylike and pretty, pleasant of speech, and fair to see—but was this all that a nature like Basil's needed? How long would pretty May fill and satisfy his heart?

“It is so nice that she is so musical,” pursued my mother complacently. “Basil is so fond of music, and May sings so well.”

“That was what *did* it,” said Charlie knowingly. “I knew what would come of it when he was always taking his violin up to the Vicarage last winter, and coaching May on the harmonium for Sundays. But she is a jolly little girl, and no end of fun. I was completely gone on her myself till I saw it was no use. Of course I hadn't a chance when Basil went in too,” said Charlie humbly; and I think I had never liked my young brother so well as when he made that modest little speech. I could not resist giving him a kiss when my mother had gone, and he looked at me with quite a comical surprise.

“Dear old Esther,” he said affably, “don't mind about me, if that is what you mean. I daresay May wouldn't have looked at me even if Basil hadn't been in the way; and I'm not sure,” ended Charlie candidly, “if she's *quite* my style. Have you seen Miss Price, who is staying with the Fletchers?”

I resigned myself to a dissertation on the charms of “Charlie's last,” as we had already learned to call the Fletchers' friend, but I fear that my thoughts were more with Basil than with him.

We had always been so much to each other, Basil and I—had always been such “chums,” as Charlie called it—that I have no doubt I should have felt a little jealousy of any woman who had come between us with the imperious claims of a more engrossing love; but it seemed to me then that it was May's shortcomings that were the root and fount of all my pain. If she had been worthier I could have borne it better, I told myself—and perhaps I bore it all the better for the thought.

It was to be a long engagement, everybody agreed; even Basil, who, full as he was of a lover's impatience, had too much sense not to see the force of the argument on the other side. May was so young—only just eighteen—and Basil was, as my mother had said, a poor man. Rich indeed in youth, and hope, and natural gifts, in the strength and the will to work, in power of brain and limb, and in the steadfast purpose which commands success, but poor in actual possessions.

My father's wish had been that he should go into the army; but Basil had no military tastes, and the doctors pronounced him physically unsuited. He had not then outgrown his delicacy, and he

had certainly outgrown his strength. An outdoor life in a temperate climate was what the physicians recommended, and my father, with much reluctance, withdrew his adopted son's name from Sandhurst, and entered it at Cirencester. If Basil

investment should be a little brighter, and meanwhile he was overlooking the management of two or three unlet farms on the Hazelford estate.

"It will give the boy something to do," said Uncle Chayter, "and I don't suppose he will lose



"Now and then I could catch a glimpse of their figures."—p. 263.

was to be a farmer, he should be one of the best class, and no expense should be spared in fitting him for the life he had chosen. So Basil kept his terms at the Agricultural College, and then spent a year on a Highland farm, and came back to us strong and well, and full of energy and hope. He was to take a farm himself as soon as the outlook for such an

more money on them than anybody else. At all events, it's better than letting the land run to couch-grass for want of being worked."

This was all very well before Basil was engaged, but no one could consider it enough to marry on, and sorely Basil chafed at the inadequate prospect before him. I wondered if May understood, as I did,

the look of repressed impatience in his eyes, and the struggle with discontent that gave that droop to the corner of his mouth. Did she understand? and did she sustain and console? But I knew well enough that the part of sustainer and consoler was Basil's, and not hers, and would be his all their lives. He would have to find the courage and the strength for them both. Would not May have done her part in looking pretty?

Very pretty she was, there was no disputing that. A small dainty figure, and hands soft and dimpled as a child's; a skin exquisitely fair, and with the loveliest bloom on the cheeks; eyes of a forget-me not blue, and hair fairer than Basil's, but with golden lights in it that his had never known. No wonder that May Fielding was called the beauty of Hazelford; the wonder to me was that she had won the love of my brother Basil.

I used to sit and ponder over it all in the long summer evenings that Basil spent at the Vicarage, or in walking with May. Now and then I could catch a glimpse of their figures amongst the trees in the garden, May in the light dainty muslins that were so becoming to her, and Basil walking beside her, and bending his fair head to hers. What was he saying? I used to wonder. I could not imagine Basil a commonplace lover, and I was sure that anything but commonplaces would fly far above the golden head beside him. Perhaps I was not quite just to pretty May in those days—but then, he was my brother, and I loved him so well—so well, that, little as I liked the bride, I would have done anything in my power to forward the marriage, if, indeed, there had been anything in my power to do. And one night there came to me like an inspiration the conviction that there was. I could hardly wait for the morning to lay my plan before Uncle Chayter, whose concurrence was, if not necessary, certainly desirable. I was six-and-twenty, and my own mistress; there was nothing to prevent my doing as I liked with my own. Still I felt that I should do it more smoothly and successfully with Uncle Chayter's consent than without it, and I appeared at the great white house in the High Street just as that most punctual of men was sitting down to his solitary breakfast. I had my scheme all ready, and felt that I could be even eloquent on the subject if my uncle were so misguided as to object. Here was Basil eager to marry, and only withheld by the want of means; and here was I, a single woman, with no thoughts of marriage, and with two thousand pounds standing in my name in the funds. That, with the same sum of his own, would furnish enough capital to take the Hurst Farm—the object, I knew, of Basil's strong desire. Why should I not give him what was of no use to myself?

The argument seemed to me irresistible, and I fondly hoped it would seem as cogent to Uncle Chayter. But I was not destined to lay it before him that day. The postman had been on the doorstep when I reached the house, and when I entered

the breakfast-room my uncle was already reading a letter with every sign of excitement, and even of agitation.

"My dear," he said, looking over his spectacles, "I have heard from the Earl. He is coming home at last!"

CHAPTER IV.

AN OBDURATE TRUSTEE.

"Consult duty, not events."—ANNESLEY.

THE news of the Earl's return took everyone by surprise, and, I think, my uncle most of all. He had always deplored Lord Otterbourne's absence, and declared that it was ruining Hazelford; while as for himself, it was absolutely painful to him to look at the empty castle, given over to an old housekeeper and a handful of servants, and contrast its present condition with the state that had been kept up in the late Earl's time; but for all that, now that he had got his wish, I am not sure that the surprise was entirely a pleasant one. Uncle Chayter had come to the age when change no longer seems the natural condition of life, and when it is seldom a welcome experience. Old men like to keep to their accustomed grooves, to make to-day as much as possible like yesterday, and to ensure as far as they can that the few to-morrows left to them shall differ but little from to-day.

The Earl's coming could not but involve changes for everyone in Hazelford, but most of all for Uncle Chayter. He would no longer be the autocrat of Hazelford, the dispenser of favours, the universal referee. The regent would have no place when the Sovereign returned; the Earl's agent would be a secondary person indeed when the flag that told of its owner's presence should float once more above the keep of Hazelford Castle. But, to do my uncle justice, I do not believe that considerations like these weighed for a moment against the loyal welcome he was prepared to give Lord Otterbourne, or had any share in the agitation he betrayed. He was agitated, certainly, as I could not but see. His fingers shook as he poured out his coffee, his voice shook as he invited me to join him, and when I explained that I had already breakfasted, I doubt if he even heard what I said. He was looking at the Earl's letter again, taking it up and putting it down in an aimless, flurried manner, very unlike his usual precise and formal movements. But I gathered from the disjointed remarks he let fall that it was the suddenness of the announcement, not the nature of it, that had discomposed him; and he was certainly more inclined to speculate on what the Earl would do, and what he would be like, than to lament his own loss of consequence.

"Twenty years! Yes, it will be twenty years next Michaelmas since I saw him," he said, taking down a small oil-painting from the wall. "He will have altered since this was taken, and he will find me altered too."

A little melancholy crept into my uncle's tones ; he touched his bald forehead, and shook his head. I hastened to turn his thoughts from himself.

"Was that a good likeness when it was taken?" I asked, looking with new interest at the picture I had seen so many times before. It represented a man about forty years of age, with a long, narrow face and a high forehead. The forehead was a little too retreating, but the nose was well shaped, and the chin was square enough to suggest power of will. The mouth was hidden by a moustache, but one felt it could only be refined. Anything coarse or sensual would have been too violent a contradiction of the rest. The colouring was of the prevalent English type, for which, strangely enough, we English lack an equivalent word—too fair for "dark," and too dark for "fair." Altogether it was a pleasant face, and handsome too, if the artist had not flattered him ; but there was something sad about it, a melancholy in the fine brown eyes and in the lines about the mouth that always stirred my sympathies, perhaps because it seemed so incongruous in the face of a man young and handsome and prosperous as was the Earl of Otterbourne twenty years ago.

"It is a nice face, but rather a sad one," I said now, putting the portrait back in its place. "Was he as sad-looking as the artist makes him? He must have been of a melancholy temperament, I suppose."

"He was sad enough when that was taken," said my uncle. "He had just lost his only child. It was a great blow, coming as it did just as he had succeeded to the title—but you know all about that, my dear."

I have no doubt that I ought to have known, but I am afraid I had always thought my uncle's stories of the Otterbourne family more than a little tiresome. Only very inattentive ears could have left me in such profound ignorance of the circumstances my uncle alluded to. I tried to cover it by asking him if he had known the young viscount.

"I never saw him—it all happened abroad. They were actually on their way home, I believe, for the Earl—Mr. Hazelford he was then, you know—had a diplomatic appointment somewhere in the East, and of course he came home when he found that the title had fallen to him. It was quite an unexpected thing. No one could have foreseen it a year before, with three good lives between. You have heard me tell of the sad fatality——"

"Yes," I interrupted eagerly, for, at least, I remembered *that*. It was too dramatic a tragedy to be easily forgotten. I could have told as well as my uncle himself how the late Earl's sons, the little Viscount Hazelford, and his brother, the Honourable George, had gone boating with their tutor, and been drowned in sight of the Castle windows ; and how their father had never held up his head again, and had died within the year.

My uncle looked at his letter again, and I wondered if I should have any chance of introducing my project about that useless two thousand pounds when

he had read it once more. But as he laid it down he began to talk again of the subject of which his own mind was so full.

"It is very curious that the succession will pass out of the direct line again at the present Earl's death. It is a pity they had no other children ; but I suppose the Earl is reconciled to his heir now, as he speaks of bringing him with him, and says that one of his objects in coming home is to introduce Colonel Hazelford to the people."

"Then Colonel Hazelford is the heir?"

"Why, dear me, yes ! I should have thought you knew that, Esther," said my uncle severely. "What is the matter with you this morning, my dear? It isn't like you to be so forgetful. There is nothing wrong at home, is there?"

Then I took courage, and told him my tale. But though I did my very best to be clear and business-like, and to show my uncle that it would be the best possible thing for me as well as for Basil, he would only shake his head in what I felt to be a most discouraging manner.

"Don't you see it, uncle?" I asked, when I had laid the whole case before him, and he would only look at me with disconcerting keenness, and shake his head in that exasperating way.

"Yes, my dear, yes, I see it—plainly enough," he said, in an odd kind of voice. "Good gracious ! what fools men are, to be sure !"

It was such a curious deduction to draw, that I thought I could not have heard aright.

"Fools !" I repeated. "Do you mean *me*, uncle?"

"No, I don't—or, at least, I didn't. But keep the word, child ; it fits uncommonly well."

"I don't think I am foolish," I said, with as much dignity as was compatible with a strong inclination to cry. "I don't see what better I could do with my money."

"Then be thankful your father had the sense to tie it up. You needn't bother your head about it, for, as a matter of fact, you can't touch a penny of it. It is settled on you and your children."

"But you are the trustee, uncle. You could let me have it, if you liked."

"And be prosecuted, some fine day, as a fraudulent trustee ! No, my dear—I've told you what I think of the two principal parties in this precious scheme of yours, and I don't intend to make a third. It won't hurt Basil to wait, or Miss Fielding either. Come, be a sensible girl"—I had turned away my head, but I think he knew my eyes were full—and, indeed, the disappointment was more bitter than he could understand. I knew he meant well, but it was difficult to give up the hopes that had soared so high, difficult to renounce the hope of helping Basil. But I have come to think since that though my uncle would not—perhaps, indeed, could not—agree to my wishes, the conversation we had was not fruitless. At least it showed him Basil's need, and pointed to his desires.

"And now," said my uncle, "if you have nothing more to say——"

I had plenty more to say, but I understood the uselessness of saying it, and wished him good-bye, to his evident relief.

"Good-bye, my dear, good-bye. I'd walk back with you, but I shall have a hundred things to do this morning. Next Thursday week! Dear, dear! it's very sudden indeed. You'll tell them at home, of course. And if Basil could come down, I should be glad. Basil has such a head for figures, and I am getting old and pottering, I think."

I left my uncle standing on his door-step, nodding his bald head, and looking after me with a friendly smile. Dear old man! we were all fond of him, and if we laughed sometimes at his fussy and finikin ways, it was the genial laughter that is tempered by affection and respect.

I met Basil as I went home, and told him the wonderful news, and gave him my uncle's message, but he did not seem as much impressed as I expected.

"The Earl coming home at last, is he?" he said. "Well, I'm glad for his tenants' sake. Uncle Chayter does all that an agent possibly can, but it's

not the same thing. Somehow, it always seems rather difficult to respect a non-resident landlord."

"My dear Basil! Pray don't let uncle hear you talk like that."

"No—I suppose he is full of loyal enthusiasm, and all that sort of thing. 'The king is come to his own again' will be his view of the situation. But to me, I confess, it seems more like a man's doing his duty rather late in the day. However, I'll take care not to hurt the good uncle's feelings, and I'll go now and give him all the help I can."

"I wonder what the Earl is like?" I said musingly, "and if his coming will make any difference to us?"

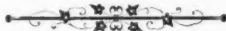
"What difference *could* it make?"

"It will at least alter the *setting* of our lives. It will seem so very strange to know and feel that the great empty castle is full of people."

"Ah! well," said Basil equably, "if it only does that, I don't think we need mind. The 'setting' of our lives, as you call it, is a very small matter; and certainly Lord Otterbourne's influence is not likely to extend beyond it."

"Of course not," I agreed easily. But then I did not know.

(To be continued.)



TRANSFORMED, NOT CONFORMED.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC., ETC.

"And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—ROM. xii. 2.

IF the Bible were a book of prohibitions only, giving laws against this and laws against that, and trying in that fashion to make men good, it would be one of the most unsatisfactory books in the world. It would be untrue to human nature, and therefore unfitted for it. It would be denying a great part of man; and man would say, "It can *help* me but very little, it can *satisfy* me not at all." And the better a man was, the less would a Bible that had only a "Don't do this" and a "Don't do that" for him, satisfy him; and he would say, "I feel that stirring within me which you know not of; I must look elsewhere for what my heart craves."

I say the Bible is not a book of this kind, but the very opposite. True, it says, "Thou shalt not," over and over again. Here it says, "Be not conformed to this world." It says, "Let him that stole, steal no more." It pronounces sentence of death on this and that; but the Bible is a book of death only that it may be also a book of higher life. The man who is not to be conformed to this world, is to be trans-

formed by the renewing of his mind; the thief who is to steal no more, is to labour, working with his hands, that they may have to give to him that needeth; he is to be a benefactor instead of a spoiler, a blessing where he had been a curse.

In that sense as well as in another the Bible has a letter which killeth, and a spirit which giveth life.

The man who gets no farther in the teachings of the Bible than the words which say, "Don't do this," or "Don't do that," is only a dweller among the tombs, where death has been laid on thieving, or lying, or coveting, or avarice, or lust. The Law in the Bible pronounces sentence of death against all this, but the Law had no power to give life. The man who has received the teaching that he dies to those things to live to better, has left the precincts of the graveyard, and is as God would have him be, conversant with life, and doings of life, and things of life—the voice concerning him is this: "You hath He quickened who were dead."

I am not now going to try and split hairs as to what is the world and what is not, or, indeed, to say much about it at all—at least in the ordinary sense in which in religious matters the world is understood. I want to imprint on your minds from these words one

or two teachings, which are of the utmost importance to the well-being of your souls.

1. There is, and must be, death, in true religion.

2. There is, and must be, life.

3. Your identity must be preserved in both—*i.e.*, it must be one and the same person who is not conformed, and who is transformed.

4. This change preserves all your powers, and those which are spent in conforming are as strong, yea, stronger, than ever by transforming, but are used on different objects.

5. Lastly, the whole work is one of exaltation.

There must be death, in true religion. The corn of wheat must die, or it will never sprout and flower and ear.

Now, have you ever felt anything killed in you? The desire to do as the world does, and to be as the world is, is natural; and to take its opinions as your standard is natural; and to follow your own will, which is the same as the world's will in the main, is natural too.

Now, if you could kill the world, it would all be right and easy enough; for then it could neither bark nor bite, and you could be holy without any trouble, so far as its opposition is concerned; but you cannot; and your trial is that you must die to it, while it will not die to you.

But you say, "Alas! if death is required—for death is a consummation, a finished thing—I find I am not absolutely dead to sin in any form in which I have ever known it." No! but your "will" is dead to it, and you are dying a lingering crucifixion death; you are parting ever more and more from the old. The blessed dying is shown in the gradual non-conforming.

Then, there must be life. God is always bringing in the greater—the light, the life, the blessing. He says to the old, "Make way—make way for the new—there must be transformation. Now transformation is not transfiguration—at least, not all at once. It goes on to it, so that changing, changing, changing, we are passing from the conformings of the world to the transformings into newness of life. The best illustration I know of what is happening can be got from a dissolving view. There you see the cold iceberg, and the savage bear, and the dim-lit field of snow, and the frozen ship, and its freezing crew; and presently the scene appears to waver, and one part falls asunder from another, and, you scarce know how, the chaos begins to take shape, and out of the death, so to speak, of the old scene comes the life of the new. And at last you see the village church, and the harvest sheaves, and the reapers, and all is bathed in sunshine and in joy. We too—if indeed all be real with us—have our breakings up, our fallings asunder, our new up-comings—all, the process of transformation.

Now, have you this growing non-conformity—have you this transformation—all going on in you? Is life working in you?—not "is it perfect?" but, is it going on: Life works; is it working in you to-day?

You know what the actings of life are in daily matters; you eat, you drink, you walk—what are its actings spiritually?—not, What perfection have you attained? but What is "going on" at all? what are you passing over from? what are you passing over to?

Then, your identity is to be preserved, *i.e.*, you—you yourself, one and the same person—are to be in the refusal to conform, and in the transformation—in the wish to be transformed. For God will not transform you against your will. The first is a case of *resistance* to the world, the second is a case of *yielding*—giving yourself to the Holy Spirit; but there is activity in both—your very self fully in each.

Some people's religion consists simply in a non-conformity to the world in some of its outer aspects—bad or foolish—and thus is often a sour religion, for there has been no transformation of the spirit of the mind; and their mind may be in and with the world, though their outward acts are not. But where all is right, the "self" is in double action—there is activity in the parting from evil, in the change that is going on for all good.

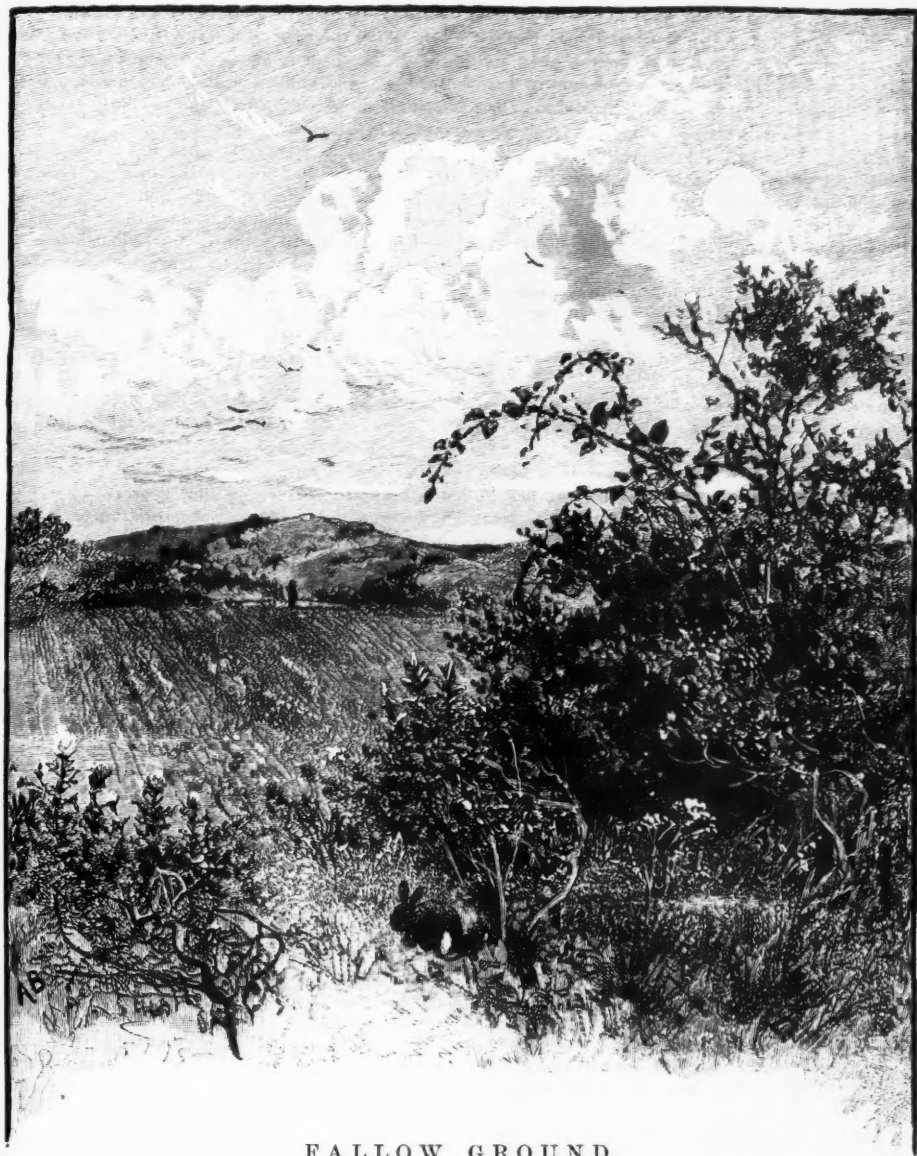
In this change there is a preservation of our powers.

Religion, union with God and Christ, and having the working of the Holy Spirit on us, do not kill anything in us. I mean any power. There is a mortifying and killing of all vices and evils of every kind, but not a killing of any part of the vitality of man. All his powers are preserved. They are what God originally gave; and he cannot afford to part with any one of them. Great vitality is required for the transformation. Our thought, reason, hope—nothing must be killed, but everything must be transformed; and out of the spirit of the mind thus changed must come our change of life.

And see how the whole work is one of exaltation. The spirit of the mind is to go away from the world, and go to God—the good, the perfect, the acceptable will of God—that is what we are to be one with, now and evermore. That is what the world will not see—that when we desert it, we are not going out into the cold and into loss, but into sunshine and gain. It does not see that the conflict carried on with it is carried on with a spirit more or less transformed, with a mind with new intentions, desires, hopes, helps, thoughts.

Ask yourselves, therefore, brethren—What have I turned from? What have I turned to? Ask—What life is there in all this? Is the spirit of my mind being transformed?

The transformation may be very gradual; may take place amid many heart-sorrows and falls; but if the Holy Ghost be working upon us, it is going on—old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new; and a transformation is taking place, which shall issue at last, when all is finished, in transfiguration as well as transformation; when by the working of the Holy Ghost, and by the washing of the robes in the blood of the Lamb, we too shall hear that we are "beloved sons" in whom God is well pleased.



FALLOW GROUND.

BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS IN VERSE," ETC. ETC.

IT certainly did seem hard to have nothing to show amid all the wealth of summer promise around, to look upward brown and bare to the blue sky above, to answer the life-giving rays of the sun but by parched cracks and barren ridges, to let the early and the latter rain find its way into the ditches and rivulets unemployed, whilst

the forces it felt teeming within itself were repressed and thwarted. What wonder that as the harvest moon smiled down upon a sleeping world, a wail of disappointed hopes rose from the fallow field?

"Alas! woe is me that I should have come to this!" it exclaimed. "What have I done that the iron should enter thus into my soul—I, who since my

creation have brought forth abundantly, resting not year after year, and now, just when I felt that my work was doing some good in the world, to be laid aside as useless. It is too bad; better to have remained unreclaimed, as the farmer called me, than fallow!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the gorse from the breezy common the other side of the hedge. "I thought you would soon repent being converted into arable land, though you were so stuck up about it. What was it? Your rough places were to become smooth and even, your useless flowers to give place to ripened grain, wherewith human life was to be nourished and sustained; and even if not permitted to share in such high work as that, you would at least give of yourself to the lower creation in the shape of mangel-wurzel and turnips; and now, after all your boasting, you have been proved and found wanting, and are not even allowed to produce a weed!"

"And as for rough places," chimed in a nettle, whose remarks were apt to leave a sting behind, "much you have improved yourself in that respect! Why, you are nothing but bubbles and furrows, as everyone can see for themselves."

"As for me, I have no patience with those who set up to be better than their neighbours," remarked the bindweed. "I do not pretend to be anything but a weed, and enjoy myself accordingly. No one can accuse me of not being graceful and beautiful. 'A short life and a merry one,' is my motto." And it gave a tighter squeeze to the wild-rose bush round which it was entwined.

"And I say, what is the use of living unless one is free to work one's own sweet will?" cried the bramble. "No slavery for me!" and it waved its branches emphatically from its high position in the hedge as if to impress its superior wisdom upon its hearers.

"If I were you, I should give it up," they cried in chorus.

"But I did bring forth good fruit," objected the field.

"Yes, and nicely you have been repaid," they interrupted. "How can you show fruit if you are not sown; and, as far as we can see, you have not a good seed in your furrows; it is clear the farmer has forgotten you, or given you up as not worth the trouble of cultivating."

"Not at all likely, I can assure you, after all the labour he has spent upon me," retorted the field quickly, in an offended tone; "and you must excuse my saying so, but when I require your advice, I will ask for it."

A rustle and murmur of amusement amongst the

gorse and brambles was all the reply vouchsafed, for, being wise in their generation, they knew when silence was golden, and the discontented one was left free to meditate on what had been said, and the more it dwelt on its own shortcomings, the more miserable it became.

"Perhaps they are right, after all," it said at last, in despair, "and I had better give it up;" and though it heard it not, another suppressed murmur of triumph sounded from the common, and, enlisting the night-wind in their service, quite a shower of noxious seeds fell noiselessly and unperceived upon its loosened soil.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the farmer, one evening some weeks later, as he walked homeward from a long day's toil in the harvest field. "Dear, dear!" he repeated, "how these weeds have grown! This will never do; we must have the harrow in here again as soon as the crops be housed." As he said, so it was done. Again the field lay brown and bare in the moonlight, and again it made its complaint to the silent night.

"Why are you so miserable?" asked an owl, as it peered out of the ivy-covered trunk of an ancient oak which stood in the hedge-row.

"Because I am laid aside and useless—not allowed to do my share of work in the world," it answered.

"Pardon me," replied the owl, in its stiff, old-fashioned manner, as it opened its round eyes wider than ever. "Pardon me, but indeed you are taking quite a wrong view of the situation. Rest is as needful as work—in fact, *is* work of another kind."

"I do not understand you," answered the field.

"I daresay not," replied the owl sententiously. "One is receptive, the other distributive. Combined, all things become possible; separated, everything imperfect."

"I do not quite follow you," again it murmured; but the owl, conscious of the wisdom of its remark, had not waited to see if it was above the comprehension of its listener.

"How am I to understand," it sighed, "why I, who am so willing to work, am debarred from doing so?" and, gazing upwards to where faint streaks of dawn illumined the sky, as the first rays of the rising sun fell upon it, the answer came:—

"O faithless one, wherefore dost thou repine? Does not even the fruit thou bringest forth tend to throw a shadow between me and thee, to ask of thee more than thou receivest? Is it not for this that thou art forbidden for a season to work, to draw thee closer to myself, that nothing may intercept my gaze on thee and thine on me, so that when the time of discipline is past, and that for action arrives, in thine increased fruitfulness men may recognise the renewed life thou hast received from me?"



CLUBS FOR LONDON BOYS.



HE SINGS.

"BUT London boys are so rough, so rude, so noisy. It is impossible to do anything with them; I should be afraid to try. If it were elder lads or young men I should not mind, but boys—oh, no."

Is not this the answer we generally get when we ask for someone to help with the boys? And we must confess there is a heaven of truth in it. London boys *are* noisy and rough and saucy enough; but are they quite as black as they are painted? or is it not possible that there is something to be said on their side of the question?

Take the life of an average boy of this class. He leaves school at twelve, at latest thirteen; probably, unless he is particularly well looked after, he leaves Sunday-school and church at the same time. He goes to work—to a printing office, a shop, a factory. Sometimes he has what he calls a "tidy" walk to get to his work by eight in the morning; he leaves off at seven or eight, sometimes he does overtime work for a penny or twopence an hour. He gets pretty well knocked about by masters and men, while he is learning, but, to do him justice, he does not complain. Hard his work may be, but he likes it better than school; there is that glorious feeling of liberty and independence at night when he and other choice spirits like himself hang about the corners smoking their pipes, or indulging in all manner of horse-play, chasing the girls through the dark courts, shouting or squirting in keyholes, tearing wildly up and down the streets with sheets of lighted paper, whooping round corners, tripping up unwary passers-by. Go down the street any hour of the night—there they are, a nuisance to all decent neighbours.

"Those dreadful boys!" we say, "do they never go home?" We do not stop to think what their homes are like. One poor room in most cases (well off are the working people, in the neighbourhood we are thinking of, who possess two rooms), half a dozen other children, perhaps a drunken father, a scolding mother, or even if not these, no books, no games, nothing to busy their hands or fill up their poor empty heads. They have been hard at work all day, they want a little amusement now; and if they cannot have it of a good kind, they will have it of a bad.

Now suppose, in place of saying, "Those dread-

ful boys!" and leaving them to the dark streets, the public-house corners—suppose that in place of doing that, every parish had its boys' club, for lads over thirteen, open every evening, well lighted, well warmed, cheerful red blinds towards the streets, its *keyholes stopped*, pictures on the walls, books to read, games, illustrated papers, someone in charge every evening, with the full use of their eyes and ears (it is worse than useless to start a boys' club and leave it to get on by itself)—hearty, cheerful, good-tempered—for their temper will be tried sometimes—quick to know Tom from Harry, Bill from Jack. Given such a club, don't you think they will come in, poor fellows? Just try them. And behave well when they are there? Yes, if they understand that good behaviour is an absolute condition of their being admitted.

Last week we had an invitation from a friend to come and see a lads' club she has started in a very poor street in the neighbourhood of Theobalds Row. About eight o'clock in the evening we found ourselves making our way up a wretched-looking alley. There is the inevitable public-house at the corner, groups of men and lads standing about, slatternly women at their doorsteps, who look at us with much curiosity as we pass up the dark alley. No difficulty in finding the club; there are some lads standing about, there is a man keeping the



BASKET-MAKING.



WOOD CARVING.

door. "Miss —— is up-stairs," he tells us. We go up steep stairs and find ourselves in a bright room, with a bagatelle board at one end, a coffee bar in the corner where some lads were having coffee, a workman's bench where a young man was busy over china-mosaic.

Up-stairs another flight. Here are two big bright rooms. In the first is a huge fire, and in front, though it is by no means a cold night, two lads are basking, sitting so close that we wonder they are not roasted.

Our friend was here, busily engaged in superintending a carpenter's bench, where three or four elder lads were quite absorbed in wood-carving. She shows us their work with much pride. She has learned herself to teach them, and this is but their second attempt, and excellent it is. "I have great faith in teaching them to *do* something," she says. "They tire of games; they like a result."—"Will this do, miss?" says a bright lad, bringing up a tracing he has just finished on the wood—a charming pattern of ivy leaves. We wonder at his cleverness. Alas! he is a professional pickpocket, only just out of prison. "I have several," our friend says, "and they are always the brightest and the best-behaved; this is the first place they come to when they get out of prison. I let them come back as often as they will." In another part of this room there is a drawing lesson going on. It seems to us wonderful to see the clumsy fingers guiding their pencils, the poor dull faces softening and brightening under the charm of something to do.

In the other room there are bagatelle boards, dominoes. There is a platform at one end. Here a boy is sitting weaving baskets. While we are there,

he finishes one, which a lady immediately buys. There is a piano here too; and as soon as our friend appears, a young man claims her promise of trying over a song with him. And while he sings "The Harbour Lights" the room joins in the chorus.

Up and down Miss —— goes amongst them all, patient, unwearying, a smile for one, a word for another. We look at her in admiration. She comes here every night, she tells us. She has a Bible-class on Sunday evenings. There are sixty members in the club; she charges sixpence admission and a penny a week. "I find an admission fee a great thing," she says. "Of course if they are dismissed for bad conduct they forfeit it, and they don't like that." It seems to us, looking at the low class of lads they are, that the order is most excellent. "Does she ever have to dismiss them for bad conduct?" we ask. "They look so good." She laughs, looking round on her big family. "I have had dreadful scenes here sometimes," she says, "but they are in pretty good order now. They are devoted to their club, and it is a terrible punishment to be dismissed, but they are up to all sorts of tricks; you have to be very sharp." Last week, she tells us, she dismissed six. On their expressing great penitence, and a purpose of doing better, she, in a weak moment, allowed them back. Soon after their return the most frightful smoke arose in the room. Everyone rushed to the windows and threw them open—thought they were going to be smothered. In the confusion the six escaped. They had brought in a large brown paper parcel of cayenne paper, laid it in a corner, and set light to it! The effect was, our friend assured us, indescribable. "I get lectures for them often," she said, "and I have a capital magic lantern myself. Then we have a band on Monday nights, and a nigger troupe. Some of them are very clever. One has just written a dialogue for others to recite. I find it a good thing to have plenty of variety. They tire of things. Yes, they are very happy here, poor fellows. It is a wonderful change from their homes and the street corners. I might have hundreds if I had space and could manage them, but it takes a good deal of money as well as work, and I do not get much help."

"A good deal of money." Ah, yes. As we walked home that evening, pondering over the scene we had just left, these words were ringing in our ears. Is not this the difficulty everywhere? Is it not this want of money that shackles the hands of those ready and willing to work? We ourselves have a little club in a very poor district. It is very tiny, very unpretending, for rents are so dear we cannot afford a large place. But, such as it is, our boys are devoted to it.

"This *is* better than being out in the street," they say with satisfaction as they sit down at night. We are only in our infancy yet, and unless kind friends will help us, we do not see our way very far ahead. The boys pay their penny or twopence a week cheerfully, but that will not cover rent and



"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

cleaning, gas, firing, newspapers, games, books for our library (some of our boys are voracious readers). Give us a little money in hand for an occasional treat, a day in the country in summer, a tea at Christmas. There is so much work, and work so well worth doing, and so little to do it with. The dark, cold winter nights are worst for our boys. We want always to make our little place look its best and brightest. Will not some of our readers—mothers,

for the sake of their own carefully guarded, well-trained lads; boys, who ought to have some sympathy for lads like themselves—send us something? We can promise to find a use for the smallest contribution—money, illustrated papers, magazines, books, games, anything.

Our boys are crying out to come in from the dark, cheerless streets; shall we have to turn them back for want of the means to provide for them? Surely, no.

“GIVE US THIS DAY—”

LIFE brought her nothing men call good—
 None of its brightest or its best—
 But sorrow broke her solitude,
 And anguish sought her patient breast.
 Yet, through it all, her faith was strong,
 And strongest when most dark her lot:
 She knew that peace was hers ere long,
 Where sorrow dies, and tears are not.
 So, with clasped hands and bended head,
 Her lips could say,
 “Give us this day
 Our daily bread.”

She climbed the weary hill of life,
 With feet unaided and unshod
 (Save by God's grace), and constant strife
 Attended every step she trod.
 Yet, through the gloom these shadows made,
 A light about her feet was cast,
 And lifting up her voice, she laid
 Her load, where loads must come at last.
 Hence, those poor lips so scantily fed
 In faith could say,
 “Give us this day
 Our daily bread.”

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

COMPANIONS STILL.

BY THE HON. KATHERINE SCOTT.



IAM getting an old woman now, and I sometimes sit and look through what I call the wrong end of my telescope, and see the things in the far past, quite clear but very small! My field of vision is mostly limited to our village, for though I have roamed about the world in my day, I began my life here, enjoyed my young life here, and now I am resting in my old home for the end.

What set me thinking and looking down my telescope this afternoon was seeing two figures come slowly along the flat, winding road from the village.

Just alike, and yet as they came a little nearer, there was just a little difference in every particular.

Hannah Wild and Marjory Hunt: Hannah a little the more erect, a little better dressed, in her black silk bonnet with a feather in it, and her checked red-and-black shawl; and Marjory in a cotton bonnet and a well-worn grey shawl, with a flounce at the bottom of her gown which was only half the width of Hannah's. As for the expression in Hannah's face, there was not a doubt from it that she felt at that moment very superior to Marjory.

Well, I never can help being interested in my fellow-creatures, especially those I have grown up amongst and loved, ever since I loved anyone, and I began wondering what the two old souls were discussing so earnestly; and then suddenly down my telescope I seemed to see coming up this same road, fifty years ago, two little figures in lilac print frocks, straight pink pinafores, and poke straw bonnets

under which were two of the prettiest little faces one could wish to see: deep blue eyes, well-marked features, and complexions that matched the wild roses and the may—sweet, smiling faces, too! One carried a bag of school-books and a basket, and the other a bunch of honeysuckle, and their little hands were tightly locked together as they trotted along in their funny, heavy shoes—Hannah and Marjory, the twin-sisters that everyone knew and loved, and that were such close companions that wherever one went the other went too. I see them as if it were yesterday! the clean little figures come up to a dirty beggar, who stops and asks for something. A struggle ensues, for wise and just Hannah recognises a tramp, who, the day before, had stolen mother's eggs, and deserved nothing! And the tender little, good Samaritan Marjory sees only a poor man, with whom she wishes to share her bit of bread whether he be deserving or not! Hannah saunters on with her honeysuckle, and Marjory divides her slice of bread and pants after Hannah with the bag and the basket. Well, well! all these years Hannah has taken things easy and helped the deserving, whereas Marjory has been like the Father in Heaven, "kind to the unthankful and the evil." And perhaps that is why the two faces differ so now in expression, that the likeness which puzzled father, mother, and sweethearts is no longer so strong.

My garden opens on to the road, and Marjory looked tired enough to warrant my asking the sisters in for a rest.

"Tired, ma'am," remarked Hannah. "Sure enough she is! and all because she will slave and slave for other people, and most of all for those that deserve nothing! Nothing whatever! Why, she's willing to lay down her very life for some that *we* know who have given her trouble enough! And she'll go out of her way even for strange folk! Toiling and working and praying. I say it's just all a perfect *waste*," and Hannah ended with a sort of growling murmur. "I'm quoting Bible words, ma'am, when I say to Marjory, 'To what purpose is this waste?' There should be a purpose in everything, and if no good comes of it, why, it shows it just *is* wasted! I'm right glad you've asked us in here, ma'am, for you've known us both long, and you understand us, and depend upon it you'll know whose side to take in the argument, and I hope you'll settle Marjory!" and Hannah looked at her sister with a triumphant smile that seemed in no way to depress Marjory, for she only laughed.

All their lives Hannah had tried to keep Marjory in order, according to her own views of order, but in dozens of cases, ever since the episode of the beggarman, Marjory kept quietly to her views of right, and Hannah had to give in.

Hannah had married a small farmer, and had lived in comfort in the Grey House up the hill all her days; and when Farmer Wild died she still kept the little farm, and her only son, who had a flourishing business elsewhere, and was a good fellow,

helped his mother when necessary, and spent most of his time away at his work, so that Hannah had all her own way.

Marjory had married a sailor, and years and years ago the news had come that her Jack slept beneath the blue waves in the South Pacific, while she was left with four little ones and only her own exertions to depend on. So Marjory's life had been a struggle in comparison to Hannah's easy one, and she had had heavy sorrows.

Her eldest little girl died, and then one of her twin boys, who were the pride and joy of her life. Jack had gone on his last voyage six months after they were born, and many a prayer had been breathed over the curly-headed babies he hoped would be mother's comfort till he came home. And when only his Bible came back, with the boys' names faintly written in it, with the words, "The Angel, which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads," and a few words of tender counsel in the farewell note to his wife, Marjory felt as if they were in a way consecrated afresh, and that her chief endeavour must be to train them up to be brave and good men like their father. It was a sore grief when one of the twins was seized with a sudden illness, and the little, bright chap of six was laid in the quiet churchyard.

Poor Marjory! she did pray earnestly that she might keep her little lad, her treasure and Jack's; but years after she gave God thanks that He had answered her prayer in His way and not hers, for Johnnie was a safely kept treasure, growing up in the Father's House of many mansions, while she was shedding many a bitter tear and praying anguished prayers for Willie, who was tossing on the waves of this troublesome world, and many times sinking.

For years Willie had been wandering about the world, a credit to no one, and only from time to time communicating with his mother, and ten years before this Hannah's wrath rose to its highest pitch, when one winter's night a strange old woman knocked at Marjory's door, with a smiling little girl of two in her arms, and without one word handed her in with a letter, and was gone.

The letter was from Willie, and the child was his, and he begged his mother to keep it for his sake till he came, and so there little Susy had stayed, and at twelve years old was as dear and good a little maiden as one could see. As the years went on, everyone, I must confess even I myself, gave up any hope of Willie; but not so Marjory, and I was prepared to find that the "argument" this afternoon was in some way connected with him.

I could not help smiling at the support Hannah hoped to get from the quoting of "Bible words," though, truly enough, the words have been said mockingly over many a loving act and prayer since the first time they were uttered!

"Now, Marjory, let us have your side of the argument; or, rather, I had better hear first what there is an argument about."

"Well, ma'am, it's about this," began Hannah again, as she held up a letter which she had carefully kept in her hand all the way up the hill. "Marjory, she got this letter two days ago, and she's kept it from me, indeed! and has been considering over it herself, and making up her own mind, without once consulting me! And this afternoon we had a bit of shopping to do together, and she brought this out ready for the post, to be sure!" Here Hannah produced a second missive. "But as for letting her post it, *I wouldn't!* and we've been snarling over it all the way home."

Here we all laughed, and I provided Hannah with a fresh cup of tea in the hope of Marjory taking a turn in the argument, or getting a turn myself, which did not seem probable.

"But what's the letter about?"

"Well, ma'am, I'll just explain," said Marjory. "It's a letter from my daughter Pollie; you know she's well settled and has a good husband, and a comfortable home, and close to their own school-house there is a little cottage where she wants me to come and live, and to prevent me feeling dependent on them, the which she knows I never could bear to be. There is someone wanted for the care of the infants' school, which she thinks I could undertake, and she offers"—and here Marjory's voice trembled a little—"to put Susy to school where her own girl is, and pay for her for two years."

"Now, ma'am, isn't that just a chance for Marjory? All made easy for her, and no need for her to slave for house-rent, and Susy's schooling and all, and Pollie close by to see after her."

"It does sound very nice," I hazarded. "Certainly, Marjory, if I were you I should think it well over."

"There, now, I *thought* Mrs. Lewes would take my side," said Hannah, stirring her tea triumphantly.

"But I must hear what Marjory has to say," I continued, seeing that Hannah had finished her tea at a draught, and was prepared to start afresh in the conversation.

"It's the old story, ma'am. I've waited for Willie long, *very* long, but I still feel sure I've not waited and not prayed in vain! He'll come some day, and his mother's door *must* not be closed when he comes! I tried always to teach him that a father's love and a mother's love were just a dim likeness of his Heavenly Father's love, and if I fail him in any way, how do I know but I'll take the last little spark of trust in God's love from him, and shipwreck my boy altogether!"

"That's true, but still you ought, perhaps, to think of yourself a little."

"That's what I say! she's gone on long enough. Come, Marjory, there's a limit to everything, and it just seems to me there's been prayers wasted and money wasted and strength wasted all for Willie, who deserved none of it!"

"There's no limit to God's love that I've seen yet," rejoined Marjory, "and there's no waste allowed

in His laws, so I'm not fearing my prayers are wasted."

"Toot, toot! I still say to what *purpose* is this waste? If I could see the least return for all you've done I'd say no more. You just think there's good in *everyone*, and you'll waste time and strength on poor creatures like those Smiths, nursing and washing and doing for perfect strangers," said Hannah, trying to turn her line of attack into a new channel.

But Marjory only laughed.

Ah! I knew well that never a poor wanderer was turned from or looked down on by Marjory, and that many a "soul had been saved from death" by Marjory's patient love, who had been given up and despised by all the rest of the country-side.

As for the "argument," there was no chance of making Marjory take Hannah's view of the case, and as I was not sure that I wanted her to, the pressure I brought to bear on her was certainly not great.

And so we ended by my walking up the hill with the two sisters, and turning into Marjory's little house, while Hannah went home to superintend the evening's milking.

The sun was sinking down over the edge of the hill, and, catching the lattice windows, illuminated the house from top to bottom. It was dazzling our eyes, too, and when we opened the door the sudden darkness blinded us, so that we hesitated a moment till our eyes recovered.

One last golden gleam streamed in at the end window, and fell across the kitchen on to the little table where always lay Marjory's well-used Bible, by her arm-chair; and on the table had stood, all the years I could remember, a china mug with "Willie" on it, and by it a little plate, "For a good Boy," which I had never seen touched except to be dusted. Was I dreaming? or was it true that by this sacred little table a man was kneeling, almost crouching, his face buried in his hands, his shoulders heaving, and no sound to be heard but long-drawn sobs?

Marjory stood still, then I heard her murmur, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me."

I have often said that Marjory's face reminds me of "Gospel bookies," and never before had I seen such a look in any face, the nearest reflection to the Divine Love this earth could see. She stepped quickly forward, leant over the kneeling figure, with gentle hands caressing the bowed head—

"My boy, my own boy, welcome home!"

My eyes were dim, and I felt I had no business to be looking on, stealing a sight not meant for any eyes but God's. So I turned and went up the hill for Hannah. I knew she and Marjory were too close companions, in spite of their occasional differences, for the joy to be long unshared, and I could have wished Hannah had seen the sight I had.

It was a wonderful day in our village, and the next Sunday afternoon Hannah and Marjory came up the road together again, with Willie and Susy before them, and while Susy played with my parrot,

we four talked together under the beech-tree. Willie had been "steady" for the last ten years, but he had had to work hard to regain all the years he had lost. Three little ones slept in far-off lands, as well as his

of you when I felt sure of nothing else, and that saved me and brought me to God at last."

Willie was not a man of long speeches, and he rose and walked away to hide feelings too deep for words.



"I began wondering what the two old souls were discussing."—p. 277.

wife, who, I gathered, had been rather a hindrance than a helpmate. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a sad face, but a most tender, kind smile.

"No," he was saying; "mother is right. Never despise anyone, never give anyone up, after me! One thing has helped me when my faith in woman's love and in God's Love was all but gone; and that was *your* love and *your* prayers, mother. I felt sure

Hannah rose too, and, much to my surprise, gravely kissed Marjory.

"Marjory, Marjory! we've been companions all our days, and many a lesson you've taught me; but never a one as deep as this. I'll speak no more of wasted prayers and wasted love, for I see now there's *no* waste in anything poured out at His Feet—be it love or be it strength."

THE HISTORY OF SABATAI SEVI,
THE PRETENDED MESSIAH IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.
FROM A CONTEMPORARY AUTHOR.



IN the religious world the year 1666 was looked forward to with absorbing interest, Christian and Jewish interpreters of prophecy agreeing that it would be marked with events of the greatest moment to their respective creeds. The downfall of the Pope as Antichrist, the establishment of the personal reign of the saints on earth, the return of the lost tribes to Palestine, the rebuilding of the Temple in all its former glory, the restoration of the Kingdom of Israel, were among the anticipated events. Hence in the opening of this fateful year the rumour came that multitudes of the Jews were already marching from the far East to the Holy Land, and that a ship had touched at one of the ports in the north of Scotland, the crew of which could speak only Hebrew, and bearing on her sails the inscription, "The lost tribes of Israel." Hence the tone and tendency of much of the Christian preaching, and the gathering together of the Fifth Monarchy men in England. It was, however, among the Jews alone that this belief assumed a practical form in the person of a pretended Messiah, who played his part with such success that Jews, not only of Asia, but in many parts of Europe, were induced to abandon every kind of industry, awaiting the triumph of their long-expected Messiah. Of this strange and, for a time, successful attempt it is proposed to give a sketch from the work of a contemporary writer hitherto apparently overlooked by historians of this period.*

If one Samuel Brett, whose strange adventures were first published in 1651, is to be believed, the ever-increasing excitement of the Jews on the Messianic question, had caused them in 1650 to assemble a council of their nation in the plain of

Ageda, near Buda, in Hungary, to examine the claims of Christ to the Messiahship, which, after six days of angry debate, broke up without any decision.*

Whatever credit we may attach to Brett's strange story, it is admitted by Jewish historians that their nation was at this period greatly excited on the question, and ready to fall into the snares of any astute impostor. Of this state of Jewish feeling, especially in Asia, a native of Smyrna, named Sabatai Sevi, the son of a poulterer, took advantage. Born in 1625, he had from his earliest years shown a great aptitude for the study of Jewish law, and been so diligent, that at the age of twenty he had been made a Hakim or Rabbi, and had acquired such influence among his co-religionists that he had dared to preach a new doctrine, and, if one authority is to be trusted, had claimed to be "The Son of David," the Messiah. Whether he made this claim at that early period, or not until some years after, so objectionable were his doctrines, and so dangerous his influence, that the Jewish Council of Smyrna expelled him from the city, and, wandering through the Morea, Tripoli, and Gaza, he shortly came to Jerusalem.

"And now," says the contemporary writer † from whom we draw our account, "whilst living in Jerusalem, he began to reform the law, and to abolish the fast of Tamus (which they keep in the month of June). There meeting with a certain Jew called Nathan, a proper instrument to promote his design, he communicated to him his condition and his course of life, and his intention to proclaim himself the Messiah of the world, so long expected and desired by the Jews. This design took wonderfully with Nathan; and, because it was thought necessary to Scripture and ancient prophecies that Elias was to precede the Messiah, as St. John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ, Nathan thought no man so proper to act the part of the prophet as himself. No sooner, therefore, had Sabatai declared himself Messiah, but Nathan discovers himself to be his prophet, forbidding all fasts of the Jews in Jerusalem; declaring, the Bridegroom being come, nothing but joy and triumph ought to dwell in their habitations; writing to all the assemblies

* From a small volume in the valuable library of the London Library, printed for Henry Herringham, at the sign of the "Anchor," in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, in the Savoy, in the year 1669, with the following title, "The History of three Famous Impostors, Padre Ottomano, Mahomed Bei, and Sabatai Sevi. The one pretended to be the heir of the late Grand Signor, the other a prince of the Ottoman family, the last the supposed Messiah of the Jews in the year 1666," etc. The volume is anonymous, but dedicated to Henry Lord Arlington, principal Secretary of State in the Cabal Ministry.

* A narrative of the Great Council of the Jews in the plain of Ageda, 12th of October, 1650, by Samuel Brett, first printed in 1655, and reprinted in "The Phoenix," a collection of curious tracts and MSS. (No. 14, vol. I.), published in 1707-8, in the library of the London Library.

† I have taken the liberty of modernising the printing and punctuation of the author, both of which are peculiar to the date of his publication.

of the Jews to persuade them to the same belief. And the schism being begun, and many Jews really believing what they so much desired, Nathan took courage and boldness to prophesy that, one year from the 27th of Kisten (which is the month of June), the Messiah should appear before the Grand Signor and take from him his crown, and lead him in chains like a captive.*

The effect of Nathan's prophecies upon the Jews was soon seen in the haste with which they wound up all their business contracts, and devoted themselves to devotions and almsgiving. The brethren in foreign parts were informed of the good news, and from all parts of Asia came congratulations on the prospect of their approaching deliverance. "Old Talmudic prophecies were circulated, that, after a brief dominion over the whole world, the new Messiah should disappear for nine months, during which time many of the faithful should suffer martyrdom. Then he should return riding on a celestial lion, with a bridle made of serpents with seven heads, accompanied by his brethren who lived on the other side of the great river." Sabatai should be acknowledged by the whole world as its sole monarch. Then the Holy Temple should descend from heaven, ready built, furnished and beautified, wherein the Jews should offer sacrifice for ever." It was at this time that Nathan, taking advantage of the popular excitement, wrote from Damascus the following letter to the Jews of Aleppo and the adjacent country:—

"To the Residue or Remnant of the Israelites,
Peace without end.

"These my words are to give you notice, that I am arrived in peace at Damascus, and behold I go to meet the face of our Lord, whose majesty he exalted, for he is the Sovereign of the King of Kings, whose Empire he enlarged. According as he hath commanded us and the Twelve Tribes, to elect unto Him twelve men, so have we done; and we now go to Scanderoon by his command to show our faces together, with part of the principal of the particular friends to whom He hath given licence to assemble in that same place. And now I come to make known unto you, that though you have heard strange things of our Lord, yet let not your hearts faint or fear, but rather fortify yourselves in your faith; because all his actions are miraculous and secret, which human understanding cannot comprehend, and who can penetrate into the depth of them? In a short time all things shall be manifested to you clearly in their purity; and you shall know, and consider, and be instructed by the inventor Himself. Blessed are they who expect and arrive to the Salvation

of the true Messiah, who shall speedily publish his authority and empire over us now and for ever.
"NATHAN."

These promises of the self-elected Elias were received by the Asiatic Jews with full confidence. The work of preparation for the coming Messiah increased everywhere in fervour. Acts of penance were enjoined by the priests, and fasts were carried to such an extent, even to seven successive days, that many sank under the trial. "Others," we are told, "buried themselves in their gardens, and covering their naked bodies with earth, and their heads only excepted, remained in their beds until their bodies were stiffened with cold and moisture. Others would endure to have melted wax dropped upon their shoulders; others to roll themselves in the snow, and throw their bodies in the coldest season of winter into the sea or frozen water. But the most common mortification was first to prick their backs and sides with thorns, and then to give themselves thirty-nine lashes. All business was laid aside, none worked or opened shop, unless to clear his warehouse of merchandise at any price; who had superfluity in household stuff sold it for what he could get, but not to the Jews, for they were interdicted from bargains and sales on the pain of excommunication, pecuniary mulcts, or corporal punishments; for all business and employment was esteemed the test and touchstone of faith."*

Though the less educated Jews thus welcomed Sabatai, the heads of the law at Smyrna, whither he returned, looked coldly on him and his pretensions. Fortified, however, by the testimonials which he brought with him of his sanctity, holy life, wisdom, and gift of prophecy, he boldly entered into discussion with the chief of the law, and conducted the dispute with such passion that the Turkish magistrate was compelled to intervene, and, having received bribes from both sides, remitted the case to the determination of their own tribunals. Steadily the party of Sabatai increased to such an extent that the rites of marriage or circumcision could not take place unless Sabatai or one of his followers was present—that carpets were spread in the streets for him to walk on, though with crafty humility he would stoop and turn them aside. Thus encouraged, he no longer hesitated to issue the following declaration to the Jews scattered throughout the world:—

"The Only and First-born Son of God, Sabatai Sevi, the Messiah and Saviour of Israel, to all the Sons of Israel, Peace.

"Since that you are made worthy to see that Great Day of Deliverance and Salvation unto Israel, and accomplishment of the Word

* Ibrahim, the youngest brother of Murad IV., reigned from 1640 to 1648, when he was murdered by the Janizaries, who placed Mohammed IV., a child of seven years old, on the Ottoman throne.

* According to our author, he was an eye-witness that this abandonment of all business and sacrifice of property had spread into European Turkey.

of God, promised by the prophets and our forefathers, and by His beloved Son of Israel, let your bitter sorrows be turned into joy, and your fasts into festivals, for you shall weep no more, O my sons of Israel. For God having given you this unspeakable comfort, rejoice with drums, organs, and music, giving thanks to Him for performing His promise from all ages: doing that every day which is usual for you to do upon new moons; and that day dedicated to sorrow and affliction convert into a day of mirth for my appearance, and fear nothing. For you shall have dominion over the nations; and not only over those now on earth, but also over those creatures that are in the sea. All which for your consolation and rejoicing. "SABATAI SEVI."

The sudden conversion of one Samuel Pennia (or Penchina), a man of repute and position in Smyrna, with his whole family, at this time, greatly increased the power of this daring impostor. Pennia's daughters began to prophesy in fits of religious ecstasy; four hundred men and women followed their example, and it was asserted, and believed by his dupes, that children who could scarcely stammer out a syllable pronounced openly the name of the New Messiah. Sabatai now felt strong enough in his position to appoint the princes who were to take the command of the tribes on their march to the Holy Land, and dispense justice after the restoration.

Hitherto the Turkish Government had treated the fanatical outbreak with contempt. When, however, Sabatai sailed privately to Constantinople, they felt it necessary to interpose, as in that city he professed that his chief work was to be effected—the deposition and capture of the Sultan. As his ship lay wind-bound in the Dardanelles, he was arrested, and cast into prison.* His capture and imprisonment, which was far from strict, however, only increased his popularity among his brethren, crowds of whom had followed him overland. Daily was he visited by the chief persons among them, and addresses were made to him with the same respect and ceremony in his prison as they would have been made had he been sitting on the throne. At Constantinople, as at Smyrna, trade was at once abandoned by the Jews, and the English merchants at Galata visited Sabatai and craftily persuaded or bribed him to give an order to his followers to pay them their just claims. When, on the departure of the Grand Vizier on his expedition against Candia, he was removed to even less strict confinement in the Castle of Abydos, his hero-worship increased. Jews came to visit him from all parts, and his gaolers put a tariff on the admission to his presence.

How long this delusion continued is doubtful. In the end, however, his imposture was denounced

by a Polish Jew who wished to be associated with him in the Messiahship but was refused, and then Sabatai was carried before the Sultan at Adrianople.

"Sabatai," says our author, "appeared much dejected, and failing of that courage which he had shown in the synagogue. On being asked several questions by the Sultan in the Turkish tongue, he would not trust so far to the virtue of his Messiahship as to deliver himself in that language, but desired a Doctor of Physic (who had from a Jew turned Turk) to be his interpreter. This was granted to him, without reflection by the standers-by that had he been the Messiah and Son of God, as he formerly protested, his tongue would have flowed with variety as well as the perfection of languages. But the Grand Signor would not be put off without a miracle, and it must be one of his own choice, which was that Sabatai should be stripped naked and set up as a mark to his dexterous archers. If the arrows passed not into his body, but that his flesh and skin was proof like armour, then he would be believed to be the Messiah, and the person whom God had designed to those dominions and greatnesses he pretended. But Sabatai, not strong enough to stand so sharp a trial, renounced all his title to kingdoms and governments, alleging that he was an ordinary Chocham (Rabbi) and a poor Jew, and had no privilege or virtue above the rest."

"The Grand Signor, notwithstanding, and not wholly satisfied with his plain confession, declared that, having given public scandal to the professors of the Mahometan religion, and done dishonour to his sovereign authority, by pretending to draw so considerable a portion from him as the land of Palestine, his treason and crime was not to be expiated by any other means than by conversion to the Mahometan faith. If he refused to do this, the stake was ready on which he should be impaled at the Gate of the Seraglio. Sabatai, now being reduced to extremity of his latter game—not being the least doubtful what to do—replied, with much cheerfulness, that he was content to turn Turk, but that it was not of force, but of choice, having been long desirous of so glorious a profession, and he esteemed himself much honoured that he had the opportunity to own it first in the presence of the Grand Signor."

The consternation of the Jews may be imagined, when they understood how speedily all their hopes of the restoration of the Jewish Kingdom had vanished like a day-dream, and all their acts of devotion had been so suddenly proved to be useless sacrifices. They were ashamed of their easy credulity—the boys in the streets pointed at them with derisive gestures, and for a long time they remained in confusion, silence, and dejection, bitterly regretting the opportunities they had thrown away of making profit in their businesses,

* Probably in 1655.

and the sacrifice of so much of the property they had acquired by patient industry.

Of the subsequent career of Sabatai Sevi, our author, writing as he did so soon after his failure, necessarily furnishes no information. From Jewish authorities, however, we learn that, in an address to his brethren, he justified his apostasy as the "act of God." "He ordered," said the address, "and it was fulfilled." His sudden change of religion he ingeniously defended by a statement in a Talmudic book, "that the Messiah must remain some time among the heathen"—from the fact of Moses dwelling among the Ethi-

opians, and the text of Isaiah, that "He was numbered among the transgressors." His example of apostatising began to spread, and the heads of the Jewish law, dreading its effect, succeeded in gaining the ear of the Sultan, who seized and confined him in a Castle near Belgrade, where he died in 1676, in his fifty-first year.

Notwithstanding this trenchant *exposé* of his imposture, I am informed by Chief Rabbi Adler, that Sevi could count some followers of his delusion as late as the commencement of the present century. They are now, however, believed to have all died out. G. LATHOM BROWNE.

"We Speak of the Realms of the Blest."

Words by ELIZABETH MILLS, 1821.

Music by W. H. LONGHURST, Mus.D.
(Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.)

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glo - ries con - fest— But what will it be to be there?

2.
We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3.
We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

4.
Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

A PLEADING SURETY.

(GEN. xliii. 9—xliv. 32.)



ROUND the name of the man who gave a name to the Jewish race lingers the taint of heinous sin, but we find, on looking into Judah's character, evidence also of great generosity and nobility. Perhaps the temptations through which he had passed, and even the false steps he had taken, had some influence in giving strength to his character. His bitter experiences may have made him more humane, and have thereby given him afterwards greater influence with his father Jacob and his half-brother Joseph. Over his sins we draw a veil, and on his good acts we turn a light of appreciation. We notice that it was Judah who, when the rest were ready to slay their brother of the many-coloured coat, suggested that it would be better to sell him as a slave to the Ishmaelites. He said that it would be better to avoid any fratricidal stain of blood. "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him" (Gen. xxxv. 26, 27). It was not a good act to sell Joseph, but it was better than consenting to his death.

Years pass over. Joseph is prime minister of Egypt. We come now upon a really good act of Judah's. The envious brothers have to go down once and again to buy corn. They had been surprised on their second visit by the cordiality of their reception. With well-laden sacks they had started joyfully homeward. Theirs was trembling gladness. They could not understand their great acceptance in the sight of the head-man of that mighty nation. They pass out of the gateway of the capital, and are pressing along the straight, white, glaring road towards home. They are speaking of their strange success, when they hear shouts behind. In hot haste a messenger approaches. He comes up panting and dust-covered, with rage in his countenance.

"You Canaanitish rogues have stolen my master's cup. Evil for good you have returned. Never was such ingratitude. And to take the very cup which was most sacred to my master! What such wretches deserve, and what you will receive, I can only imagine. I would not like to be in your shoes."

Protests of innocence are unavailing; adverse proofs are overwhelming. Opening the sacks, and pressing upon them, he goes through those of the elder brothers. At last he came to Benjamin's sack. "Yes, here it is. I can feel the hard substance through the sacking." Emptying it, the glittering sign of guilt faces them. Alas! that it should have been Benjamin, the youngest of them, that had done the wrong. How can it be? Was it that he was so unsophisticated that he had been allured by the

golden prize, and taken it? With spirits depressed and forebodings most dreary, we see them slowly return to the city. How they hang their heads as they pass through the narrow and crowded streets and bazaars! Every eye is bent on that string of men and corn-laden donkeys. A row of heart-stricken men, they await in the court the coming of the great ruler of the country.

Joseph may have had several motives in his strange and apparently harsh treatment of his needy brothers. It has been thought that he desired in some way to punish them for their cruel treatment of himself—that he wished to let them taste something of the bitterness he experienced when, torn away so ruthlessly and unexpectedly from his father, he was sold by his hard-hearted brothers to the Ishmaelitic traders, and sent, a shrinking slave, to a distant home. If this were his object, we cannot wonder. Human nature was as strong in Joseph as in others. But he may have had a better purpose than the gratification of a spirit of revenge. He knew that by suffering they would better learn the nature of sin, would see how their lives were forfeited to justice, and be brought to a state of humility that would lead them to be more prepared to bear with each other, and to act rightly towards the Egyptians, among whom they were afterwards to live. Moreover, he tested the interest of those half-brothers in Benjamin, his own and only brother, and their regard for the old man his father. He tested them also that he might see their feelings towards himself when he should reveal himself to them. We must not think that he wantonly put them through such a trying ordeal.

Part of the testing was a proposition to keep as a slave Benjamin, in whose sack the cup had been found. That this was the only punishment inflicted must have been further perplexing to them. They expected all to be imprisoned, or sent to work as slaves at pyramid-building or brick-making. The ruler must be kindly, although so stern. This emboldens one of them to try and secure the deliverance of Benjamin, by offering to take his place as slave. It was Judah, the hard, passionate man, who summoned courage to make the offer. Like many men of harsh exterior, he had a heart of tenderness, and there was, moreover, in him a strong sense of honour that led him to wish to balance his younger brother's wrongdoing. In making the offer, Judah had respect to his promise to his father. He said, when wishing to go down to Egypt the second time, "I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him. If I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever" (chap. xliii. 9). He then undertook to be bound for his brother. He became a surety. He now finds out the pain of suretyship. True, he had signed no paper, but "his

word was his bond." He is in trouble, not only through his relationship to Benjamin, but by his words of suretyship to his father. He thinks of what his father will say, of the condemnatory remarks that would be heard from his brothers, and of the sneers concerning his readiness to promise, and slowness to perform. Still, it was not that which led him to offer again to take the place of his brother Benjamin, but his own generous nature. He is willing to take the full consequences.

Sometimes men enter into such compacts, little thinking that they will ever have to face the consequences or penalties. How many have put their hands to paper and become bound for certain sums, believing in the sincerity and integrity of friends! How many of those whom they befriended, have made them bitterly to rue misplaced confidence! They have felt the force of the warnings in the good old Book, such as "He that hateth suretyship is sure" (Prov. xi. 15), or "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it" (chap. xi. 15); or "Take his garments that is surety for a stranger" (chap. xx. 16); or "Be not one of them that are sureties for debts" (chap. xx. 11, 26); "My son, if thou be surety for thy friend, if thou hast stricken thy hand with a stranger, thou art snared with the words of thy mouth" (chap. vi. 1, 2). Many a man has lost his business, his home, his capital, and even had to leave his country and start afresh in life, because he has acted on a generous impulse. Alas! that such should be deceived. It is only natural that those who have known others for a length of time should be willing to become surety or "go bail" for them. Yet it is not a pleasant thing to ask another to be a guarantor. It is sometimes putting friendship to a severe test, and it is well that there are now guarantee societies, by which a man can, by payment, become independent of friends in this respect. Any man who can do it should pay rather than make a draught on friendship. They know not themselves, or the temptations that may beset them, and the circumstances that may change even their feelings towards one, who, by becoming surety, has once placed himself in their power.

It is a most difficult thing to escape from a suretyship if once entangled. Judah found that if brotherly feeling had not impelled him to seek to deliver Benjamin, he was yet by his oath compelled to endeavour to do so. His proposition is to pay the penalty. Money cannot pay, so he offers himself. He is willing to be debarred from returning to his tents, to his flocks, to his father, and his family, if only Benjamin may be released.

If he was a surety in trouble, he was a surety in earnest. Service or life: he was willing to lay down both for a loved brother.

Christ became Surety for us. He made Himself one with us (Heb. ii. 11). In nature, in temptation, in sympathy, He established this oneness. He was bound for us, and as our substitute laid down His life for us, bearing the curse for us (Gal. iii. 13). For us,

below Him, and unworthy, He died. For us who were "enemies" He died (Rom. v. 9—11). He died for our sins according to the Scriptures (1 Cor. xv. 8). "God was Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. v. 18, 19). "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor," etc. (2 Cor. viii. 8); "having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile (Col. i. 20). "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10).

Judah not only offered to be bound, but *pleaded* that he might be allowed to become surety. Many would have said, "Well, I offered, and that was sufficient." Judah was not content with that; he besought as earnestly as if seeking some great advantage to himself. We are surprised at this. If Reuben had done so, it would have appeared more in harmony with what we know of the man who sought once, by the suggestion that Joseph should be cast into a pit, to deliver him from his bloodthirsty brothers. Reuben, however, was an unstable man; he had become frightened then at the consequences of an act to which he had readily consented. So here he is silent, and it is the strong Judah who is the spokesman. It was he who was spokesman for the rest when pleading that Benjamin might be permitted to go to Egypt, and he is again spokesman, pleading that his young brother may be permitted to return to his father. Age has chastened and mellowed this fierce man. A fountain of tenderness has been opened in the desert of his passionate nature. It is not possible always to predict from what a man appears to be in his early years as to what he will become later in life. Judah gains a lofty height of nobility in this generous, spontaneous, and self-sacrificing offer.

Listen to Judah *pleading*. He admits the wrong—attempts no denial, excuse, or extenuation. All evidence was against Benjamin. The obligation is unquestioned. He pleads—throwing himself on the compassion and justice of Joseph. He pleads the pain it will cause not only Benjamin, but his aged father. Read his appeal (Gen. xlv. 16—34). How he speaks of his father, an old man: of the child of his old age, a little one, whose "brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him." What a picture he draws of a parent's sorrow! "It shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die; and thy servants shall bring down the grey hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave." "How, so, shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father." Where, in the whole range of literature, is there anything more touching, more pathetic, more plaintive, more persuasive? Reading it, the fount of tears in ourselves is stirred; no wonder that Joseph "could not refrain himself," but "wept aloud."

Judah was successful in his pleading. Joseph needed no entreaty to be merciful to Benjamin. He was nearer akin to him than was Judah. So God is most willing to forgive us, apart from any vicarious sacrifice, were it well for us. Joseph was ready to forgive his brethren, and release Benjamin directly he discovered in them the state which fitted them to receive and appreciate the mercy. He forgave freely, and eagerly wished to save them from the agony of bitter remorse. He knew that if they were to be constantly blaming themselves for their former evil doings, all possible happiness would be banished.

Well would it be if men would see themselves represented in the suppliant brothers of Joseph, and be as ready to acknowledge their non-desert of mercy. Where this state prevails, a settled peace will obtain in the soul. Moreover, they should see how certain it is that if a Judah could plead so successfully with a Joseph, Jesus, our Surety, can effectually intercede for us.

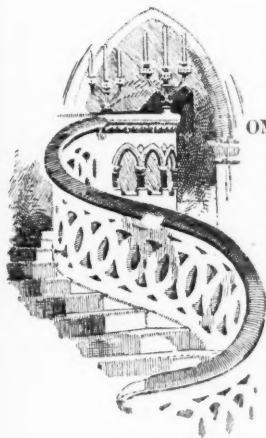
Judah gained great honour by his action. Old Jacob, when dying, in giving utterance to prophetic words, spoke of him as "one whom his brethren should praise," "whose hand should be on the neck of his enemies." "Thy father's children shall bow down before thee. Judah is a lion's whelp: from

the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he crouched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up? The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." Afterwards we find that Judah had that position among the tribes answering to the prophecy of the dying patriarch. He was not the eldest, but he took pre-eminence. As Abel was selected before Cain, Jacob before Esau, Moses before the elder Aaron, David before his elder brothers, so Judah before the eldest Reuben. From the spirit manifested by Judah, we can see that the selection was in the line of fitness of character. We should see to it that we have that character that shall answer to God's declared requirement.

Judah had to be trusted by the rest. They did not interpose by saying, "Judah, you are not equal to the obligation, or to be surety, or to speak for us." And Jesus has to be trusted for the full atonement He has made, the surety He has entered into for us, and intercession He has carried on. Oh, the mystery of redeeming love! Oh, the simplicity of the way! Oh, the depth of meaning also in that work effected by Him who gave His life a ransom for many—who became our Surety and our Saviour!

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

SOME CURIOUS PULPITS.



SOME pulpits are curious on account of their materials, as in the case of some Spanish examples, when the familiar stone, or marble, and wood are abandoned in favour of iron. There are two of these iron pulpits in the Cathedral of Zamora, lined with wood, and standing on stone bases; and there is another in

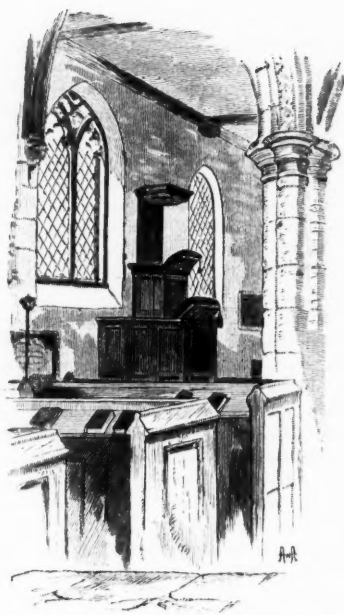
San Gil, Burgos, which has a wooden frame-work, on which the rich open tracery of iron-work is laid. There was once an iron pulpit in Durham Cathedral. And there is to be one in the new American church in the Rue Montaigne, Paris, which is to have a semicircular front divided into panels filled with scroll-work, and raised on a marble base to the height of the entrance to it, which is pierced through a wall.

Some pulpits are curious on account of their an-

tiquity, such as the marble and mosaic examples—*ambones*, antiquaries call them—in Rome, in S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura and S. Clemente, and at Salerno and Ravenna, from which the Epistle and the Gospel used to be read seven and eight hundred years ago. Others are interesting on account of the preachers who have discoursed from them, such as John Knox's pulpit, John Bunyan's pulpit; or of some association with celebrated preachers, as that of St. Margaret's, Westminster; or on account of their donors, as in the case of St. Mary Abbots pulpit, presented by George the Fourth; or of that in the nave of Westminster Abbey, composed of variegated marbles and mosaic, and inscribed, "This pulpit is presented to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster by a few friends, in grateful commemoration of the opening of the nave for public worship and preaching in January, 1858."

Others, again, attract our attention on account of their situation being unusual, as in the case of that in Holme Lacey Church, which is placed in the south aisle of the nave, much of the great body of the building being left unconsidered, save by the sunshine and silence, and soft Herefordshire zephyrs, and perhaps the scent of flowers borne by them from the superb yew avenues of flower-gardens of the neighbouring hall.

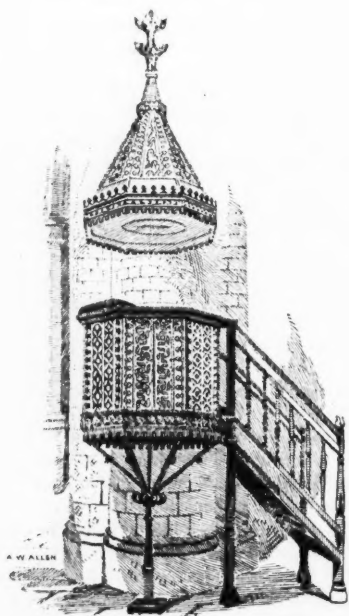
Ross Church, the church where the Man of Ross worshipped, in which we may see the monument put up to his memory on the north wall of the chancel, within the rails, and the pew in which he sat, in the north transept, with two tall trees growing in it that have insinuated themselves from the churchyard without, through the masonry of the outer wall, has an oaken panelled pulpit. Each of its eight panels has a rosette-like star carved in the centre of it, and there is a moulded cornice running round the ledge. It is now raised three steps from the chancel floor, but was formerly higher. There are three doors in the masonry close to it, which once gave access to a turret staircase leading to the loft of the rood-screen, now removed. One of these doors formed the entrance from the nave, and another formed the entrance from the chancel, to the foot of the winding stair in question, and the third opened high up, on to the rood-loft, at the level of the top of the rood-screen spanning the chancel arch. When this screen was removed there was no further use for the turret stair, and it was closed in and lost sight of till restorations disclosed the doors leading to it. We may be sure, from the Jacobean workmanship of the pulpit, that it is the same from which the Man of Ross heard the long homilies of the preachers of his day as he sat in his oaken pew close by, week after week, during his long life. We may, indeed, picture him, bent with the burden of his eighty-eight years, his face, radiant with the beauty of benevolence, turned towards it, now following the intricate lines of the scholarly discourses with keen interest, now



PULPIT IN MARGARETING CHURCH.

losing them momentarily, as thoughts of some poor widow he would assist, or orphan he would apprentice, or young couple he would dower, came into his mind, only to return to them with renewed interest. It is a fine interior he gazed upon, a hundred and fifty feet long, with noble arcades of five arches on either side of the nave, and with two grand tombs, with two recumbent effigies on each of them, besides other monuments to the memory of the dead.

Now that we have touched Herefordshire, we will glance at a pulpit in the cathedral city. This spacious city of grave red-brick mansions and green apple-gardens lying on the banks of the Wye, with a great square Norman cathedral tower looking down upon the central busy streets of shops, and the suburban dreamy rows of red-brick almshouses with little square-paned windows, and the ancient hospitals and preaching crosses of centuries ago, and the new schools and railway stations of to-day, with the same calmness, is Hereford. There is an oaken pulpit in the cathedral—probably made by men who saw the Scottish King James made King of England—with a dusty outspread umbrella-like canopy, or sound-board, over it. But it is not to be compared with one in All Saints' Church. The edifice in question is in the very heart of ruddy, red-brick Hereford, and its tapering spire can be seen for miles across the green country around. Five noble arches on either side of the nave salute the eyes of those who enter it, and it has an open-timbered roof and carved canopied stalls, besides the richly ornamented pulpit and its canopy-



IRON PULPIT IN SAN GIL, BURGOS.

like sounding-board. This pulpit is of oak, and has an oaken stem. It is octagonal and panelled, and among the carved foliage with which it is enriched runs the verse, "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace and hope." At Aynestrey, in a part of Herefordshire that is permeated with Saxon traditions, traces of the tombs of Saxon kings, and sites of Saxon battles, there is an ancient church with a length of Saxon herring-bone work in the north wall of the chancel, with a curious pulpit, in so far as one side of it is left open to face an open-work screen.

Inscriptions on pulpits are rare. One of the most curious is that in St. Katharine's Church, Regent's Park, which is taken from Nehemiah, to the effect that Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, and read the Book of the Law in the sight of all the people.

There is an exceptionally richly carved pulpit in St. Saviour's Church, Dartmouth. This stands on a hexagonal stem, which branches out till it becomes of the requisite dimensions to support the highly ornamented front. This presents a mass of carved work arranged in lines, with equally enriched mouldings at the base and ledge. An open-work screen, with delicately carved panels, adjoining it, adds to the richness of the general effect.

St. Peter's Church, Bournemouth, has a remarkable marble pulpit of modern workmanship. It is of a circular plan, and consists of a series of short coloured marble columns rising from a moulded base, enriched with quatre-foils, which have central bosses of coloured stones, and are surmounted by cusped arches. In each spandrel formed by these arches is the head of an Apostle under a hood-like canopy. The upper rim, or ledge, is ornamented with dog-tooth work. From this rises the book-desk, which is also marble. It is upheld by a life-sized white-robed angel, carrying a scroll on which is written, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" There is a nimbus on the head of this beautiful figure, and the closed wings droop almost to the inlaid bracket projecting from the base of the pulpit on which it stands. The same thought of placing an angel to uphold the book-board is carried out in another modern instance, in All Saints' Church, Clifton.

One of the richest works of our own time, however, is the new pulpit presented to Worcester Cathedral by the Earl of Dudley.

It is about ten feet high, and is approached by a semicircular staircase, which has handsome railings of wrought brass. It is made of various marbles and alabaster, raised on columns of the same materials, and upheld by angels at the angles. Each panel is filled with sculpture, representing the Sermon on the Mount, St. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost, and St. Paul preaching at Athens. Between the panels are the figures of St. Stephen, the first martyr, St. Gregory the Great, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine, in white alabaster.

But here is a simple little old village church in Essex, Margareting Church, or the Church in Margaret's Meadow, with two timber porches giving access to it on the north and south sides, with perforated barge-boards, and a tower likewise formed of oak, surmounted by an oaken spirelet—a precious relic of Old England. It has an ancient nave, with corbels of stone, grotesquely carved, to carry the roof, to which was added a south aisle in the days of the Plantagenets, with slender clustered columns, with moulded caps and pointed chamfered arches springing from them. In Tudor times alterations were made, and some fine tombs with effigies placed in it, but the lower portion of the screen was left untouched in its original position. On the north side of the nave there stood a few years ago, and probably still stands,



PULPIT IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH.

that form of pulpit with reading-desk combined, with a sounding-board rising above both, that has been too familiarly called a "three-decker."

As we look at it, we think of the young men and maidens, the old men and children, who have sat looking up to the preacher in it for instruction year after year. It is probably the only pulpit the little edifice has ever owned, for before the Reformation pulpits were very generally small, movable articles, of no account. When the order went forth that churches should be furnished with sittings, and the congregations, instead of falling upon their knees on the paved floors for short prayers only, remained to join in organised worship, and receive regular instruction, pulpits, or *chaires à prêcher* as our French friends call them, became of more consequence. The landing of William the Third may have been announced from this place, for public events were frequently touched upon from the pulpit when there were but few newspapers; and probably the accession of Queen Anne. The funeral sermon of Queen Anne was doubtless preached in it. The villagers heard from it exhortations to be loyal to the Hanoverian succession, and to assist in quelling the great risings in the north in favour of the Stuarts,

time after time. In those old times the congregation "murmured," or made a humming sound, if they agreed to what the preacher said, and groaned if they dissented. We may be sure they murmured when they heard of the Duke of Marlborough's great victories, and perhaps some hearty old squire ventured to groan when mention was made of the enormous grants and pensions liberally distributed by the State in those days.

Some pulpits were on the outside of the church walls, as in the examples in Shrewsbury, and the Cathedral of Saint Dié, and the Church of St. Lô, in France. From these to preaching crosses is but a small step. The churchwardens' account-book for the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, mentions a preaching cross in the churchyard in 1559, for which they "paide for laenge the stepps" twelve shillings; and there is another entry in 1578, showing it had been removed—"Paide for mendinge of ye pillar where ye pulpitt stode before, 11s. vjd." The preaching cross at St. Paul's, especially, was an important centre for a long period of time.

Most pulpits were at one time furnished with hour-glasses, which may well form the subject of another chapter.

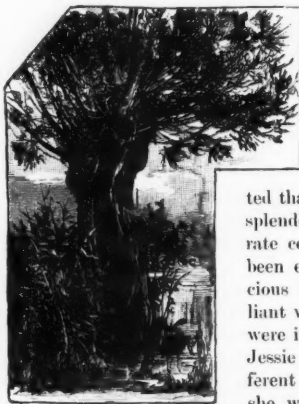
S. W.



A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S BETROTHED," AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER XIII.—ULRIC FALCON'S SUIT.



THE Duchess of Tadcaster's reception was to be one of the features of the season. Nothing was omitted

that could add to its splendour. Several first-rate concert-singers had been engaged; the spacious rooms were brilliant with light, flowers were in profusion. But Jessie felt very indifferent to the gay scene she was entering; this continual round of so-

called pleasure had begun to pall upon her with a sensation of its worthlessness and vanity. The longing for the presence of her betrothed had never more fully possessed her than on that evening.

Never had she felt more strongly that she would gladly forego all her riches, all her luxuries, if only those happy evenings in Acacia Grove, those blissful hours spent on the river, or in wandering by Dick's side about the common or down country lanes, might return. Then, again, the few words Mr. Falcon had spoken seriously disturbed and annoyed her, so that the glow of lights and colours, the strain of melody from a fine tenor voice that made itself heard as they ascended the wide staircase, the thronging movement of figures in resplendent attire, fell on eyes and ears almost unheeding.

Ulric Falcon was in the room when they arrived, and he hastened to offer Jessie his arm to guide her through the throng. "Will you take a turn in the conservatory?" he asked her, with a tremor in his voice born of strong emotion.

"I think not, thank you; I have a slight headache. I see there is a vacant seat near Lady Hollingtower; I will sit down, if you please." With this reply she drew herself away coldly, while a warning flash in her eyes bade him beware and at the same time set his pulses throbbing.

Mr. Falcon had no choice but to lead her to the

place she had indicated. Lady Hollingtower was a kindly old lady, who had taken a great fancy to Jessie Middleton. She turned to her with a pleasant smile and a friendly greeting as she joined her, and Ulric Falcon, feeling himself dismissed, went to seek distraction amongst his many other acquaintances.

Mr. Falcon was taken utterly by surprise. On his first introduction to the Middletons he had been so repelled by the pompous vulgarity of the father that he had doubted whether the money could compensate for such a connection; but Jessie's attractions had soon overcome his scruples. He finally made up his mind to marry her, and he intended that she should fall in love with him, but he had not calculated upon falling a victim to the tender passion himself. Such was the case, however. He had felt a certain tenderness more than once towards women with whom he had been engaged in a sentimental flirtation, but never before had he been thoroughly in love. It is very probable it would never have come to this had Jessie met his advances at once with favour, but the very difficulties that lay in the way of his courtship enhanced the value of the prize, till the possession of this slight girl with the *piquante* face and wonderful dark eyes became to him the one object in the world worthy of pursuit.

True love always tends to make the lover diffident, and Ulric Falcon, who had hitherto been so self-confident, began to wish he had led a different sort of life, and any reference now to his flirting propensities wounded him to the quick, because it deepened the impression Jessie had evidently formed that there was nothing serious in his professions. "What was he to do to make her believe in the sincerity of his love?" he had asked himself frequently. And now that at last she had begun to see that he was in earnest, the only effect was displeasure. He had ventured upon a declaration and been met with a decided rebuff. He suffered fierce pangs of jealousy when he thought of the former obnoxious lover, although the man was out of the way and was likely to be kept out of it, and his aunt had bade him confidently rely upon the change that time and circumstance would work in Jessie's feelings. But, granted the change, how could he be sure it would be favourable to him?

As he now caught glimpses of her through the moving crowd, he saw that she was talking with considerable animation to a young man he did not know—a peculiar-looking man with a plain face, red hair, and rather undersized frame. What could a girl find interesting or amusing in the conversation of such a cub? He felt unreasonably angry with him, with her, with himself, with all the world.

Lady Julia Hawtrey tapped him on the arm with her fan; she was passing on the arm of a young baronet who had been paying her great attention that evening.

"Prithee why so wan, fond lover?" she said laughingly. "Is the fair Jessie cruel? Does she turn a deaf ear to honeyed speeches and tender sighs?"

"Miss Middleton seems able to extract honey out of unpromising material," he answered, forcing a smile.

"I have been hearing about that funny little man she has got hold of," returned Lady Julia. "He has quite unexpectedly fallen heir to a title and a considerable property. He will now be one of the eligibles of the season, I suppose." So saying, she passed on with the baronet.

"What had Jessie Middleton to do with any of the eligibles?" he asked himself in a jealous rage. "Was she, like her father for her, seeking after a title?" As he brooded thus moodily over his supposed wrongs, he appeared so unlike the suave, languid Ulric Falcon of other days as to excite comment. Lady Mountfalcon, to her great annoyance, was assailed by inquiries as to what was amiss with Mr. Falcon.

"No, as you say, he is not like himself to-night, dear Lady Ormington," she replied to one of these querists. "I am a little anxious about him, though he won't confess that he is ill."

"I trust Miss Middleton has nothing to do with it," Lady Ormington returned, smiling sweetly. Her ladyship had three daughters, and would not have objected to see one of them chosen as the future Lady Mountfalcon, in spite of the barrenness of the land.

"What! Jessie Middleton? Oh dear, no! The dear child would naturally be as anxious as any of us if anything was wrong with Ulric," said Lady Mountfalcon, slowly fanning herself. "But I dare say it is not much; we know young men are inclined to go the pace when in London. A little quiet and mountain air will soon set him up again. We think of going to Switzerland in August; Jessie has never been in Switzerland."

Lady Mountfalcon, without directly asserting what might be contradicted, had not scrupled in speaking to her friends to give the idea that an engagement between her nephew and Jessie Middleton, if not yet openly declared, was an understood thing. Her object was to have the names associated and reports spread, so as to keep off other possible suitors, and to compromise Jessie as much as possible, and make it difficult for her to extricate herself from the web that was being woven around her.

Ulric Falcon in the meantime watched Jessie, hoping in vain for a glance summoning him to her side, and at last, being no longer able to bear her apparent indifference to his whereabouts, he approached her once more.

"Have I offended you, Miss Middleton?" he asked, bending over her and speaking in a low tone.

"Offended me? No, you have done nothing to offend me," Jessie answered in surprise.

"Then, to prove it, let me take you to get an ice," Mr. Falcon entreated, with that accent of tenderness he knew how to throw into the most commonplace words.

Jessie rose reluctantly. She would have preferred



"Standing erect before the old lady's chair."—p. 294.

to decline, but she was afraid of allowing Mr. Falcon to imagine that she attached more importance to his words and manner than he intended them to imply.

"You seemed to be well entertained by that fellow you were talking with just now," he said, as Jessie laid her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, if you mean by 'that fellow' the little man who was introduced to me a while ago. I found him agreeable and intelligent."

"I hear he has just come into a title and a large fortune unexpectedly," Mr. Falcon observed.

"Then I suppose he is the new Lord Hamlyn," returned Jessie with some show of interest. "I did not quite catch the name when he was introduced, but it sounded like that. I understood that the heir to the Hamlyn title was quite a common person, but, on the contrary, he is a gentleman and a man of culture."

"He has had the happiness of winning your good opinion, at any rate," returned Mr. Falcon in a tone of pique. "Perhaps you think him handsome also?"

"Not quite that," returned Jessie, with a little laugh. "But, really, after the inane conversation one is generally condemned to listen to, a little good sense is very refreshing, even if the speaker should not be handsome."

"I am willing to allow that he showed good sense in one respect," said Mr. Falcon, sinking his voice again, "inasmuch as he evidently admired Miss Middleton."

"Oh, pray do not let us get on to personalities; I am so tired of them," returned Jessie impatiently.

Such speeches as this deprived Ulric Falcon of his mainstay, for he had found that Jessie really meant what she said. A young lady who didn't care for compliments and objected to personalities placed him at a disadvantage. He had not many topics of conversation, and for the first time in his life he regretted lost time and wasted opportunities.

It was a brilliant reception, every one said, and yet Jessie was glad when she heard that Lady Mountfalcon had sent to call up the carriage. She wondered why she had looked forward to this evening, what she had expected from it, and why she had expected anything? She fancied most of the guests looked weary, many bored, though even that might be an affectation amongst the many affectations she had learned to distinguish. She began to perceive that a life devoted to the pursuit of pleasure has a tendency to render people quite incapable of mirth or real joy of heart; but it is doubtful whether this wisdom would have come to her so soon if it had not been for her heart's loneliness. It is to be feared that, if Richard Cunliffe had only been that evening amongst the Duchess of Tadcaster's guests, the scene would have assumed to her a very different aspect, and that the vanity of such pleasures would not have been so quickly discovered.

CHAPTER XIV.—DICK MAKES NO SIGN.

THE bright sunny month of June had passed away. There had been more receptions and dinners, and garden parties and flower shows, and entertainments of every kind, and Jessie began to weary of it all. She longed for the country—not Switzerland, where her father, prompted by Lady Mountfalcon, proposed to spend the month of August, but the shady lanes and breezy commons of England. She felt as if, in Palace Gardens, all kinds of bonds and fetters tied her hand and foot. Pavements kept her feet from the green turf that they loved. Even in Kensington Gardens, in the parks, the roar and whirl of London never seemed to cease, but mingled with the bleating of the sheep and the song of the birds. She would scarcely acknowledge that, through the blaze of the gaslit night or the dust of the daytime, a pure ray of moon or sun could find its way. She longed to be away; but where, she scarcely knew. Not to Nettlewood, where there would be hosts of visitors, and she would be no more in freedom than in London, but to some quiet nook, where she need no longer wear a mask, where she would be far from prying eyes and inquisitive gossip, and where she would not have to go about smiling and talking of nothing when she would rather have shut herself up with her own sad thoughts.

For Jessie was very sad at heart—so much harassed by perplexity and anxiety that her natural cheerfulness forsook her, and the task of assuming liveliness in company and amongst people she scarcely cared to please became every day more irksome. The

constant round of gaiety into which she was plunged only seemed to intensify her melancholy.

For the six months of probation were passed and gone, and Dick Cunliffe had made no sign. She had taken it for granted that as soon as the time had expired he would come forward and put in his claim on the very day she expected him. But as not only that day, but many days, wore themselves away, and not even a written line came to let her know that her lover was in being, and true to her, the suspense became almost more than she could bear. If she had not had her aunt to confide in, if she could not have poured her cares and sorrows into her sympathetic ear, she would probably have fallen ill. She had never seen him at all since their parting in Acacia Grove. Hitherto she had consoled herself with thinking of him as busy at Northborough, and in the early spring he had called two or three times at Dr. Faulkner's, and she heard of him through Minnie, who innocently repeated remarks he had made that Jessie felt were intended to reach her ear; but lately there had been a blank silence. It was as if he had dropped out of the world, for anything she saw or heard.

Miss Middleton trusted Mr. Cunliffe, and encouraged Jessie to trust. "Keep up your heart; be patient and all will be well," was the doctrine she preached. But at times her own heart failed her; not that she feared that he was faithless, but that "something had happened," as people say when they do not dare to put the worst into words. This misgiving, however, she kept strictly to herself, thankful that no such idea had occurred to Jessie. To Jessie, Dick was the embodiment of manly strength and vigour of body and mind; what could sickness or death have to do with him? No, this fear did not torment her; it was only the suspense — the constantly disappointed expectation.

Neither her father nor Lady Mountfalcon had mentioned the subject to her since the expiration of the six months, but she perceived from many circumstances that they considered the affair over and at an end. Jessie had never succeeded in attaching herself to Lady Mountfalcon, though she acknowledged her kindness and her value as an instructor in the ways of the world. She liked her after a superficial fashion; but her artificiality was

repugnant to her, the pretended candour that was such a mockery of the real thing repelled her. Instead of taking her for a model, as her father desired, she shrank with a sort of loathing from the idea that a long course of association with fashionable life, its envyings and strivings and heartburnings, might make of her in mature years such another woman. Ulric Falcon still came constantly to the house, followed her everywhere, and paid her assiduous attention; but as she was constantly driving and visiting with his aunt, she could not well resent his attendance, and never since the evening of the Duchess of Tadcaster's reception had he said a word that gave her an opening for any explicit discouragement. This also caused Jessie painful annoyance. She knew that people made remarks; that Ulric Falcon was set down as her lover. She was more distant and cold towards him than she had been at the beginning of their acquaintance, when she merely regarded him as one who might be a pleasant friend; and yet he would persist in paying her marked attention. Lady Mountfalcon also kept dropping hints of diplomatic significance that made her very uncomfortable.

Her ladyship had nearly succeeded in bringing Mr. Middleton round to her views. He was disappointed. Eligible suitors, from his point of view, were not so thickly spread about as he had anticipated, and Jessie could not be persuaded to lay herself out to attract. The lordly lover he had

looked for had not made his appearance. Ulric Falcon associated with the highest, and though he had not as yet a title, he would succeed to his uncle in course of time, and Lord Mountfalcon was already approaching old age, and was not by any means likely to be a long-lived man. If Jessie married Ulric Falcon, he might speak of his daughter as "my lady" yet. Still, it was not quite what he had wished, and, fortunately for Jessie, this hesitation on his part saved



"Miss Middleton passed the wool over Minnie's hands to prevent her from following."—p. 291.

her from the persecution to which she would otherwise have been subjected.

Jessie had not seen her friend Minnie Faulkner for some time; Minnie had been busy, and Jessie's engagements had been numerous. But towards the middle of July, Jessie wrote to ask Minnie to come to luncheon, and to take a drive in the park afterwards

—a mode of passing the afternoon that Minnie greatly favoured. Miss Middleton invited the girls to luncheon in her private sitting-room—an arrangement to which Jessie gladly agreed, giving orders that she was to be at home that afternoon to no visitors.

Minnie arrived in exuberant health and spirits. She was really growing a fine-looking girl, well-formed, bright-eyed, clear-complexioned—an excellent specimen of the typical English girl. It was so long since the two friends had met that there was plenty to say and to hear, and Jessie almost forgot her griefs for a while in listening to Minnie's lively chatter.

"Oh, by-the-by, there's one thing I must tell you," exclaimed Minnie, as they rose from the luncheon table. "I forgot to mention it when I wrote. It's about Mr. Cunliffe. Has he ever been to see you, Miss Middleton?"

"No, we have not seen him," replied the old lady, taking up her knitting, though with shaking fingers. Jessie had turned to rearrange some flowers in one of her aunt's vases.

"I wonder he hasn't called. You were always so friendly. I suppose he was afraid that you and Jessie had grown too grand; but you haven't, have you, Miss Middleton?" said Minnie, standing erect before the old lady's chair.

"I hope we shall never be too grand to welcome old friends, my dear," was the gentle reply.

"No, I am sure you won't ever be that," asserted Minnie stoutly. "But I was going to tell you such a strange thing. You know that Mr. Cunliffe was engaged at Northborough, but he still kept on Miss Carraway's lodgings, and he came up to town every now and then, and always came to call, and he always inquired after you, Miss Middleton. Well, we had not seen him for some time, and one day, mother met Miss Carraway at the railway station, and Miss Carraway told her that Mr. Cunliffe had given up his lodgings and had gone abroad, she didn't know where. That must be more than a month ago now. He came quite suddenly, she said, and packed up all his things and took them away, and he looked all in a ferment and unlike himself, but he did not say anything to her except that he was obliged to go abroad. Father says he hopes he has not got into some scrape—debt or something; but it could scarcely be debt I should think, because he paid Miss Carraway a month's rent instead of notice, and he need only have paid a week, you know. However, he's gone, and I suppose we shall never see anything more of him; and I'm sorry, for I liked him, didn't you?—Oh, Jessie! you clumsy girl, to upset that vase; and see! the water is all over the beautiful carpet."

"Never mind. Just ring the bell, will you, Minnie?" said Miss Middleton.

"I will tell Susan. It was very stupid of me," said Jessie as she left the room.

"Minnie dear, will you hold this skein of wool for me, whilst I wind? and don't look so disturbed about a little accident like that. Susan will soon mop up the water, and I don't think the vase is broken."

Miss Middleton spoke to cover Jessie's sudden exit, and passed the wool over Minnie's hands to prevent her from following.

Miss Middleton did not often drive in the park, generally limiting her exercise to a quiet stroll in Kensington Gardens, but this afternoon she proposed going in order to bear the brunt of Minnie's chatter and to distract her attention from Jessie. She herself was sorely concerned about the news that Minnie had brought, and did not know what to make of it; what, then, must Jessie be feeling? It was true that Mr. Cunliffe had been under a pledge not to communicate with Jessie for six months, but the six months were passed and gone; and, even if it was within the time that this sudden change in his plans had taken place, he might have called on the Faulkners and told them as much as would have set Jessie's mind at ease, knowing, as he must do, that whatever he said there would come round to her ears. Still, Miss Middleton clung to the idea of his truth and faithfulness. As she recalled his looks, his words, she could not believe him false. But there was now no possible means of communicating with him, apparently; all they could do was to trust, and possess themselves in patience.

When Jessie returned to the room dressed for the drive, no one could have imagined she had just received so heavy a blow. She was slightly flushed and her eyes were bright. "Are you going with us, auntie? That is right, I am so glad. Come, Minnie, make haste and put on your hat; the carriage is waiting." She spoke hurriedly, and seemed to find some difficulty in buttoning her gloves. Miss Middleton took no notice, merely saying that she felt inclined to be in the air this fine day.

When they reached the park, Jessie's new acquaintance, "the little red-haired man," joined them, riding by the side of the carriage. Jessie was glad to see him again, and welcomed him cordially. She could not introduce him to her aunt, however, not being sufficiently sure of his name. She believed him to be Lord Hamlyn, but she did not feel quite certain. He did not seem to notice the omission, but talked pleasantly, including both Miss Middleton and Miss Faulkner in the conversation.

"So nice of him!" as Jessie remarked after he had left them. It proved him, in her mind, to be a true gentleman. She hated to be made the exclusive object of attention when others were in the company.

Minnie was amazed to find the number of acquaintances who sought Jessie's notice; and Jessie appeared particularly animated that afternoon, talking and laughing first with one and then with another as if she had not a care in the world. At last Ulrie Falcon came up on foot, and leaned his arms on the door of the carriage as it came to a pause for a moment, waiting to cross the road.

"Miss Middleton, will you give me a seat?" he said. "I was coming to beg for a cup of tea. Are you going to drive anywhere else?"

"No; we only came out for the air. Certainly

we can give you a seat," Miss Middleton replied. "Minnie my dear, you can sit opposite Jessie."

"Pray don't move, Miss Faulkner. I will go round to the other side," said Mr. Falcon, suiting the action to the word. He jumped in as the carriage began to move again, looking into Jessie's face hoping to find a welcome there.

A few minutes ago a stranger would have said that she was full of life and joyousness; now a change had come over the brightness of her spirit. She sat with dreamy eyes and saddened face, betraying that her thoughts had for the moment wandered far away. Mr. Falcon felt stricken with a sudden sense of discouragement. Where had her thoughts wandered, and of whom was she thinking? Had she still any lingering regret or affection for that former lover, who, he had almost begun to persuade himself, had only been a myth; or was it possible that her fancy had been caught by her latest admirer—that ugly little man, whom, nevertheless, she found entertaining?

Jessie, perceiving Mr. Falcon's scrutinising gaze, again by a supreme effort threw off the weight that seemed crushing her to earth, and began to speak to him so much in her usual voice and manner that, glad to catch at any straw of hope, he persuaded himself that she was only tired, or perhaps considering what dress she would wear at Lady Ormington's private concert that evening. Ulric Falcon had not been accustomed to suppose that a woman's reverie was likely to soar beyond the realms of dress and admiration.

When Minnie Faulkner returned home that evening, she confided to her mother that she was afraid that Jessie was not very constant in her friendships.

"She was as kind and affectionate to me as ever; I don't mean that," Minnie hastened to add, when Mrs. Faulkner expressed her surprise; "but when I told her about Mr. Cunliffe, that he had gone away, and that we should none of us see him again very likely, she did not say she was sorry, although they had been so intimate; and I do not think I ever saw her so lively as she was all the afternoon. And oh, I do hope she isn't going to marry that Mr. Falcon. He isn't half good enough for her!"

Whilst Jessie, thankful to find herself alone at last, let her grief have way.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! where are you?" she cried, clasping her hands, her eyes strained as if they would pierce the darkness that seemed closing round her. "Will you ever come to me again! Oh, my love, my love, how can I live if you have forsaken me?"

CHAPTER XV.—MR. FALCON IS MUCH IN EARNEST.

As the days went on, Jessie began to take fright at the feeling of chill despair that cast its deadly weight over her. She had been brought up to consider self-mastery an essential duty, and she strove hard to regain command over her fainting

spirits. She could have been more brave had the intolerable suspense been at an end. Had she been assured that Dick had really forsaken her, she would have set herself to bear it, as suffering has to be borne in this life. But the total silence, the blank uncertainty, began to affect her health as well as her spirits.

Mr. Middleton was desperately annoyed. Jessie, in her depressed state of mind, looked almost plain, and she had achieved nothing of what he intended. He was not aware how sedulously Lady Mountfalcon had spread the report of Jessie's engagement to her nephew, and consequently was not aware how this, combined with her manner, so like that of a girl to whom the matrimonial chances are no longer open, had kept suitors at a distance.

Lady Mountfalcon was exceedingly disappointed also. She was not a little provoked with what she considered Jessie's want of taste, and blindness to her own interest, in not accepting Ulric. She was not altogether discouraged, however, and would have persuaded Ulric to persevere, if he had needed persuasion, which he did not.

The aunt and nephew attended one of the great picture sales together. Not with any intention of purchasing, but it was one way of killing that enemy of the votaries of pleasure—time.

Ulric Falcon looked pale and was distraught in manner, answering his aunt's remarks at random. When tired of the sale, they proceeded to a *café* to eat ices, and took possession of one of the little tables rather apart from the others. Ulric allowed his ice to remain untasted, while he sat with his head leaning on his hand, his eyes downcast.

"Ulric, I really do not understand you," said Lady Mountfalcon, in pursuance of a conversation that had passed before they sat down in the *café*. "You say you are not ill; what is it, then?"

Mr. Falcon lifted his head and looked up. "I scarcely understand myself," he replied. "I suppose I am something like a child crying for the moon," he continued, with a deep sigh, "only my moon is Jessie Middleton. It seems just as vain to stretch out my hands; they come back empty of all good, for there is no longer any good for me in life without her."

"Is it as bad with you as that?" Lady Mountfalcon murmured so as not to be overheard, but in a tone of real concern.

"Yes, it is as bad with me as that," he returned.

"But why so downcast, Ulric?" Lady Mountfalcon expostulated. "Surely not because Jessie has refused you once? Think what your opportunities will be when we are in Switzerland—there is nothing like propinquity; and think also what my regard for you must be, when I can contemplate travelling with that horror, her father!"

"Mr. Middleton will take a well-filled purse with him—let us apply that consolation to our souls," returned Mr. Falcon with something of scorn that was a new tone with him.

"You are really provoking, Ulric," said Lady Mountfalcon with some irritation. "Here am I ready to move every power on earth to win for you the girl you love, and you speak as if I were acting for my own ends."

"Pardon me, my dear aunt; I meant no disrespect towards you. But I have lately begun to feel ashamed of myself; a new sensation, is it not?" Mr. Falcon smiled as he spoke, but it was a bitter smile. "I do feel ashamed to have laid a plot to marry such a girl for the sake of her money. I think it is only just and right that she will have none of me! We made a mistake about her from the first," he went on in answer to his aunt's look of surprise. "I soon found that she was above and beyond us; that it was not likely she would care for us. I would give worlds to know what sort of a fellow he is she loves."

"I think you are talking a vast deal of sentimental nonsense," Lady Mountfalcon declared, the fingers with which she adjusted her lace bonnet-strings trembling a little. "As for that former lover, you may make your mind easy. Mr. Middleton would never give his consent. If Jessie went to him, she would have to go penniless, and that would not suit either her or him, I should imagine. But now the six months have elapsed, and he has not put in an appearance, she will learn to think of him as faithless. Then is your time for showing your devotion, while she is feeling disappointed and mortified."

Ulric Falcon shook his head. He knew Jessie better than did Lady Mountfalcon, because his nature was not so shallow. Much that was good in him had lain dormant until lately, when he had begun to feel that with such a companion as Jessie Middleton he might have been a different man.

CHAPTER XVI.—LADY MOUNTFALCON'S MISSION.

JESSIE MIDDLETON had been indulging in what she called a holiday afternoon. That is, she had no particular engagement, and could accompany her aunt into Kensington Gardens, where they could stroll about or sit under the trees, and almost fancy themselves in the country. They neither of them spoke much. Their hearts were both full of the same subject, but Miss Middleton avoided speaking of Dick Cunliffe, not wishing to arouse Jessie's fears unnecessarily, and Jessie had not mentioned his name, shrinking from having the fears that were fast gaining ground confirmed.

July, and with it the London season, was approaching its end, and Mr. Middleton spoke of starting for Switzerland early in August. Jessie hated the idea of the journey in the company of Lady Mountfalcon. She felt that whatever pleasure she might have derived from the grand scenery would be destroyed by that lady's presence. Miss Middleton intended to return to the quietude of her own home in Acacia Grove during the time of her niece's absence from

England; and how intensely Jessie longed to be with her there in that dear little house, where the happiest period of her life had been passed! But then, again, such a return would be fraught with keen pain. It would be agony to look over to the opposite house, and see a stranger going and coming where Dick used to be, and to know nothing—nothing! It was this that was so bad to bear.

"Auntie," said Jessie, breaking the silence that had lasted longer than usual, "I shall keep you informed of every move we make while we are away, and you will telegraph if you should hear anything. Don't stop to write, but telegraph at once, will you?"

"Certainly I will, dear child, rest assured of that," Miss Middleton replied, folding her hands in her lap. She did not wish Jessie to see that they were trembling. They were sitting under a large elm-tree not far from the well. It amused Miss Middleton to watch the children going and coming and playing about.

"Auntie," Jessie said again, after another pause, "I have been so much annoyed the last few days. I have not told you before, but it seems that some report has been spread about that I am engaged to Mr. Falcon. Several people have congratulated me on my approaching marriage, and though I of course denied the truth of it, I could see they did not believe me. Do you think it possible that Dick could have heard anything?" she asked wistfully, in a faltering voice.

"No, dear, no; it is not at all likely," Miss Middleton assured her. "He is not in that set, and it is most improbable that he ever sees the society papers where the report was published. Besides, he would not have believed it on mere hearsay—I am sure he wouldn't."

"No; he promised me he would never believe I had changed unless I told him so with my own lips," Jessie averred with a sigh, her dark eyes filling with tears.

"Come, let us walk about awhile. It is not good to sit too long," said Miss Middleton, wishing to draw Jessie away from the one absorbing subject of her thoughts.

They turned into the broad walk past the well, and it was just then that a young man on horseback perceived them. He dismounted, and beckoning to his groom, who rode some distance behind, to hold his horse, he passed through the gate and advanced to meet them. Jessie's sad face relaxed into a smile as she saw him coming; she liked the little man, for one reason, as she explained to her aunt, because he talked to her not as if she were a woman, but as an intelligent human being. She had no thought of him as a possible lover, but she believed that he liked her also, and that they might become good friends did they see more of each other. Again she felt the same awkwardness as she had felt that time when Minnie Faulkner was with her. She was not sure of his name. She had always forgotten to inquire, and now again did not know how to mention

him to her aunt. She ventured to mention him as Lord Hamlyn, but was not conscious that in her uncertainty she pronounced the name indistinctly, so that Miss Middleton did not catch it. He was an acquaintance of Jessie's, however, and evidently a gentleman, and that was enough for her.

"Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you at Ludlow House to night?" he inquired of Jessie, after a few commonplaces had been exchanged about the heat of the weather, and so on.

"Yes; but I am afraid I shall only be tantalised," Jessie replied. "I know there will be many celebrities present, but I shall have no one to point out those I wish to see."

"Then allow me to have that pleasure," rejoined the little man. "I have knocked about a good deal, so have got to know people."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were something of a celebrity yourself," said Jessie smiling.

"No; I cannot boast of having attained to fame," her new friend answered.

"But you write?" exclaimed Jessie with animation. "I should like to see some of your works."

"I have just published a volume of travels over the Rocky Mountains; I shall be proud to send you a copy, if you will allow me," he replied with much apparent pleasure.

"Thank you so much! I am fond of travels," said Jessie as they reached the gate.

"I suppose it is no use asking you to a cup of tea, as you are riding," said Miss Middleton in her friendly manner.

"I am sorry to say I have an appointment this afternoon, but another time, if you will allow me, I shall be most happy," the young man replied. Then turning to Jessie, he asked if she had seen her young friend lately, adding, "She seems the right sort of girl."

"She is the right sort of girl; we are very fond of her," Jessie avouched. "I shall remind you of your promise this evening," she concluded, as he wished them good-bye.

"I shall need no reminder," he protested. Then he mounted his horse, and the two ladies turned

towards the Palace gate. On arriving at home they were told that Lady Mountfalcon was in the drawing-room waiting to see them. Jessie uttered an exclamation of annoyance. "Auntie, if you would rather have a cup of tea in your own room, I will make your apologies. You must not lose your before-dinner rest," she said.

"Yes, dear, I think I will have a cup of tea in my room," the old lady replied. "I have no doubt it is only you her ladyship wishes to see, to make some arrangement that will not require my presence, I dare say."

"Jessie went direct to the drawing-room, where she endured, rather than responded to, Lady Mountfalcon's gushing greeting.

"My dear child, where have you hidden yourself all day?" she exclaimed. "You were not to be seen, and Ulric has been inconsolable."

"I have been in the gardens with my aunt," Jessie returned quietly, as she took a seat near the couch where Lady Mountfalcon had placed herself.

"Shall we be undisturbed?" her ladyship inquired, smiling. "I have something important to say to you."

"I shall be happy to hear anything your ladyship wishes to speak about," said Jessie.

The servant brought in tea, and Jessie gave orders that she was "not at home" if anyone called.

There was no trepidation, no conscious flush such as Lady Mountfalcon would have liked to see. "And yet she must know that I am going to speak about Ulric," she said to herself. Jessie was to her an unsolved enigma, so completely was she out of her experience. She made no allusion to the subject that brought her whilst they sipped their orange pekoe, but chatted about the thousand-and-one things that went on daily in the world about them; the forthcoming *conversazione* amongst the rest. "There is always a crowd of all sorts of people at Ludlow House," she remarked, "from royal dukes to the latest dabbler in verse; and to-night a new lion will be present—Lord Hamlyn."

"Yes," returned Jessie, with more animation than she had yet displayed; "he has written a book of travels,"



"Oh, Dick, Dick! where are you?" she cried.—p. 295.

"Oh, indeed!" Lady Mountfalcon ejaculated, slightly raising her eyebrows. "I understood that he was some quite low person before he came to the title. He was an author then, I suppose."

Her ladyship did not appear to have much curiosity on the subject, and Jessie did not pursue it.

"I dare say you can guess what I am going to speak about," her ladyship resumed, setting down her cup. "Does not your conscience tell you that you deserve a scolding?"

"My conscience frequently upbraids me with sins of omission," Jessie rejoined, "but I really don't know what especial sin you refer to."

"Does it not upbraid you with your treatment of Ulric?"

"My treatment of Mr. Falcon?" Jessie queried. "No, Lady Mountfalcon; on that score my conscience is clear."

Lady Mountfalcon had settled herself comfortably in a corner of the well-padded, satin-covered couch. Jessie sat on a low chair facing her. She was not altogether sorry for the mention of Mr. Falcon's name, as it would give her an opportunity of begging that the reports that had been circulated might be everywhere contradicted.

"In our rank of life, my dear Jessie, it is not usual for a young lady to encourage a man's attentions and then refuse him. If she acts in that manner she is apt to be called ugly names," said Lady Mountfalcon, unfurling the fan that hung at her wrist, and beginning to fan herself slowly.

"I think a girl who acted so would deserve to be called ugly names in any rank of life," replied Jessie. "But I do not see how that applies. When Mr. Falcon did me the honour of expressing a regard for me, I told him I could give him no return in the way he wished; if, after that, he continued to force his attentions upon me, I do not see that I am to blame."

"The idea of Ulric Falcon forcing his attentions

upon anyone is something quite new," rejoined her ladyship with a little laugh. "Girls do not always know their own mind in the first instance, and Ulric is too deeply in love not to hope for a reversal of the sentence."

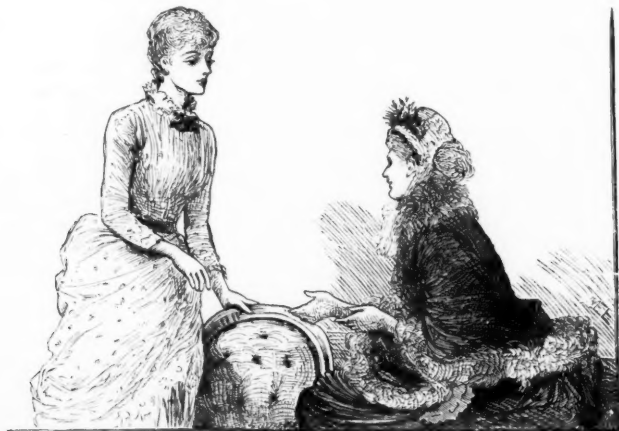
Jessie, sighing, turned her head away so that Lady Mountfalcon only saw the drooping profile. How the knowledge that Dick Cunliffe loved her had thrilled every sense with joy; and now this other love, in which too she was compelled to believe, only hurt and repelled her! So subtle is the boundary between what pleases and what pains.

"I am very sorry," she said, looking up again; "but I can never give any other answer than I gave at first. I thought—I took it for granted that Mr. Falcon knew——" She stopped and hesitated, a bright colour flooding her face. It was impossible to speak of her love for Dick to Lady Mountfalcon.

"If you are alluding to the infatuation for that young man your father mentioned to me, I thought you had given up that folly long ago," returned her ladyship, with a quicker movement of her fan. "Since you have mixed in society you must have seen how utterly impossible such an alliance would be. It is sheer madness to think of such a thing."

"I think you do not understand, Lady Mountfalcon," said Jessie, overcoming her dislike to speak in the wish to convince her guest that further pleading for Mr. Falcon was hopeless. "You have been very kind to me, and so has Mr. Falcon. I have always liked him as a friend; but you have no conception what my betrothed is to me. Did you imagine that I could break with him, and after a few weeks feel no difference? No; if my life were severed from his, mine would be shorn of all that could make existence a joy to me; it would be but a poor maimed thing not worth having."

If Jessie's weariness and despondency had made her look almost plain for some days past, now the



"Where have you hidden yourself all day?"—p. 297.

flush on her cheeks, the exaltation of her expression, caused her to flash into rare beauty.

"I think you are a very foolish girl to cling in that way to an early fancy when you might do so much better," said Lady Mountfalcon sharply. "I could not have believed any sensible girl could have been so infatuated. But suppose this Corydon of yours should not prove quite so faithful as yourself, what then?"

Jessie's cheeks paled again, her eyes filled with tears. "I suppose I should have to live through it," she replied. "But I should never love anyone else."

"Such love as you are thinking of is not at all necessary," Lady Mountfalcon affirmed. "Suitability of position is a far more stable foundation for comfort in married life. You say you like Ulric as a friend; I think you will yet learn to like him as your best friend. But we will say no more about it now. Only of one thing I must warn you; should you ultimately refuse Ulric your name will be compromised. Everyone believes you are engaged."

"I have heard such a report, and it has annoyed me extremely," Jessie declared. "I must beg of you to contradict it should you have the opportunity. It must be painful to Mr. Falcon as well as to myself, knowing as he does that it is not true."

"Contradict it!" cried Lady Mountfalcon, raising

her eyebrows; "what would be the use? You have been seen constantly together, and people make comments. Besides, who knows what may come to pass yet! You are not going to pose as a being with blighted affections, I trust," she added with a laugh.

"I trust I am not going to pose for anything!" exclaimed Jessie, with brightened colour, anger and contempt flashing in her eyes and curling her lip.

"We are not going to lose our temper, are we? That is such dreadfully bad form," said her ladyship, re-arranging her mantle that she had thrown back. "And after all, I am only speaking for your good."

"I have no doubt of your ladyship's good intentions, but I think we had better not discuss this subject any more," returned Jessie stiffly.

"Well, then, let us talk about our Swiss tour. Has Miss Middleton quite determined not to go?"

Lady Mountfalcon went on talking till Jessie had recovered her usual calm manner. She was disappointed with the ill-success of her self-imposed endeavours, but it was no part of her policy to quarrel with Jessie Middleton. So when she went away she wished her good-bye in her usual affectionate manner, or rather she said "*Au revoir*," as they were to meet again in the evening.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

39. On what occasion was a severe storm of thunder and rain sent as a mark of God's displeasure?

40. Which of the sons of Saul became king after his father's death, and how long did he reign?

41. To what king did our blessed Lord refer when He said, "Go ye and tell that fox"?

42. What general recommendation did St. Paul give as to the conduct of public services?

43. What is declared to be the greatest manifestation of human love?

44. The punishment for blasphemy was stoning to death: what persons were falsely accused of blasphemy and stoned to death?

45. In what way was the dress of the Jews made to be to them a constant memorial of God's commandments?

46. Quote a passage which shows that God had revealed to Moses in his earlier life that he was to be a deliverer of the people of Israel.

47. How long did St. Paul stay at Ephesus, and in what way did he suffer while there?

48. What prophet sang his prophecy to the accompaniment of music?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 238.

29. In his Epistle to the Galatians. (Gal. i. 11, 12.)

30. The sin of pride, by which the Moabites fell. (Isa. xvi. 6—9.)

31. To Zachariah, son of Berechiah, slain by Joash, king of Judah. (2 Chron. xxiv. 21; Luke xi. 51.)

32. Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, and Noadiah. (Ex. xv. 20; Judges iv. 4; 2 Kings xxii. 14; Neh. vi. 14.)

33. Anna and the four daughters of Philip the Evangelist. (Luke ii. 36; Acts xxi. 9.)

34. The kingdom of Egypt during the time of Joseph. (Gen. xlvii. 20, 21.)

35. Ten thousand talents of silver which Haman proposed to give to King Ahasuerus for the destruction of the Jews. (Esther iii. 9.)

36. "Know ye that our brother Timothy is set at liberty." (Heb. xiii. 23.)

37. The priest's servant had a flesh-hook of three teeth which he struck into the caldron or pot, and as much as he drew out therewith belonged to the priest. (1 Sam. ii. 13, 14.)

38. The value of the books burned at one time having reference to "curious arts," amounted to fifty thousand pieces of silver. (Acts xix. 19.)

THE VOICE OF SPRING IN
CHRISTIAN EARS.

THAT poets and theologians, writers gay and writers grave, should have a special love for spring is not remarkable; but it is rather awkward, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, when they propose in the "new earth" of the future life, to do away with all the other seasons in its favour. Cowper, as everyone knows, looked for

"The various seasons blended into one,
And that one season an eternal spring."

And here is a venerable volume of



a very grave theologian, Dr. Thomas Burnet, who wrote in 1727, "On the State of the Dead and the Resurrection," and who says:—"The new earth is to be formed after the pattern of the primal earth and of Paradise. That is to say, it is to have no sea, no mountains, no rocks or precipices, while the new heaven or sky is to have no storms or noxious elements, and spring is to prevail for ever, without the cold of winter or the heat of summer." We greatly fear that the idea of a perpetual spring would be unable to stand investigation, for apart from science and scientific considerations, the charm of spring poetically, and the lesson of spring theologically, lie to a great extent in its relation to what it comes after and what it goes before.

The description of spring in the Song of Solomon is one of the gems of the Bible: "For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

This is a gem that loses nothing by translation. Our simple, one-syllabled English is as suitable a dress for the poet's thoughts as the Hebrew itself. And not only is the spirit of the original maintained, but its music too. How delightful is the scene to which we are transported! The winter and the winter's rain, with all their shivering associations, noticed simply *as past*—off the field. Delightful sensations for the present come from the beauty of flowers refreshing the eye, and the song of birds regaling the ear; while hope for the future springs from the fig though yet green, and the grape though yet tender, for they are full of bright promise for the autumn—promise of delicious fruit. These are, indeed, the three great elements of the charm of spring; its contrast to the season out of which it emerges, its inexhaustible profusion of beautiful life, and its rich promise of coming fruit.

(1) It is little wonder we associate winter with death. Apparently, in its icy breath, there is death for every living thing. Many a plant it kills outright; many others it seems to kill; many more it strips for the time of all their beauty. How dead and unpromising is the appearance of the earth in winter! Suppose someone who had lived all his life near the equator, in a country where there was no winter, to arrive in our island, and witness winter among us. After seeing every tree stripped of its leaves, and the greater part of our flowers dead to the very ground, could he anticipate or dream of a renewal? "Impossible," he would say. "Do you mean to tell me that in six weeks' time I shall see life bursting from every point of that dead thorn; that in six weeks that bare, brown ground will be

a blaze of brightness and beauty? By what power shall these gaunt poles, or these scraggy branches of the forest, waving so sadly in the wintry wind, clothe themselves again with the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel or of Sharon?" That such a thing should happen would be the most stupendous of miracles. Yet we know it happens as regularly as the spring comes round, and we count it no miracle.

And the Christian heart sees in it a striking and most encouraging emblem of the process through which the reign of spiritual death is arrested, and its kingdom turned into a realm of life, by the quickening power of the Spirit of God. Viewed by itself, nothing is more hopeless than the desolation of spiritual death. The power of sin, like the force of winter, seems charged with destruction to everything that is green and promising. In some persons, it too manifestly destroys all goodness and beauty. They become dead and dry and withered—root and branch, stem and bud alike. No love to God, no gratitude to Christ, no thought of eternity, no tender feelings for man, no trembling sense of duty can be detected in their barren lives. The love of money, the greed of gain, or the thirst for pleasure, has made them like trees twice dead, plucked up by the root. Ever and anon, some great criminal comes into view, some heartless swindler, some wholesale poisoner, just to let us see sin full-blown, sin in its maturity, grim, stark, pitiless. Others are not so far gone in appearance; something remains in them of regard for sacred things, and of amiable and gentle feeling; but it is only too apparent that there is no strong native fountain of warmth and goodness in them; grim winter has left its traces; if the winter were to increase in severity, or to be long protracted, they would share the fate of the feeble plants in our gardens—their life would be killed outright.

But if the advent of spring, with its soft sweet breath, teaches us never to despair of the earth, however desolate winter may have made it, so, by analogy, it teaches us never to despair of any heart, or of any community, however complete may have been the work of sin. There are men and women so steeped in wickedness that their case seems hopeless. Many families are the same. Districts of town and country—slums, resorts of gamblers, thieves, tramps, vagabonds, are the same. The idea of conversion in such cases seems to many the height of absurdity. Many men laugh at the thought of converting India to Christianity, not so much on account of the wickedness of the people, as on account of their social institutions, the immovable power of caste, the force of traditions and habits that cling to them as closely as their very skin.

But look at the secret, mild, yet invincible power of spring as it undoes the work of winter, and see in it an emblem of the mild yet

invincible power of the Spirit of God. With God all things are possible. The driest bones can live, and become an exceeding great army. Let no man despair of his brother or his sister; let no man despair of himself. When Jesus Christ came to earth, He brought spring with Him, and all its gentle but mighty influences. Was it not spring in Galilee when He went from village to village, scattering blessings on every side, shedding joy and peace into hearts without number, and causing a whole multitude of faces, so dreary and desolate but an hour before, to sparkle from inward gladness, like the laughing wavelets of the sea as they gleam in the sunshine? And is it not the presence of Jesus that causes that spring of which we have the beautiful picture in the Song of Songs? What a gift God gave to this world when He gave His Son! What essence of all heavenly treasure, what emanations of all holy and blessed influence, came to earth when Christ came! What virtue to atone for guilt, what power to turn darkness into light, sin into holiness, sadness into joy, selfishness into charity, was sent with Christ into the world! Glory be to God that "unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

2. The next point in the picture of the Song is the profusion of beautiful sights and sounds of life that spring brings. "The flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." It is the charm of poetry to denote the general by the particular. The flowers stand here for the whole realm of vegetable life. The birds for the whole realm of joyful animal life. The mention of the turtle-dove, a migratory bird, absent all winter, brings up this very interesting view of spring—it is the season when old friends come back to greet us, both plants and living creatures; when the turtle-dove salutes us with its soft note, as if it said to us, Here I am back again to soothe your ear and bid you be happy—sent by your gracious Father, who never ceases to think of you. Has this not been the thought of many a one, revisiting in spring some quiet scene in the country with which he is familiar? There are your old friends the primroses and the cowslips come back to meet you, with that look of peaceful innocence that has so often charmed you before. And there are the singing birds in the grove, as happy as ever, utterly forgetful of all they suffered in the storms of winter, taking such a cheerful view of life, addressing themselves with such hope and heart to the building of their nests and the rearing of their young, and pouring into your ear such notes of cheerful gladness as may well say to you if you are dull and moody, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for your dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth also shall cast out her slain."

But, as we have said, the particular in poetry

stands for the general. Flowers and birds are but samples of that profusion of cheerful and beautiful life with which the earth swarms in spring. One is almost tempted to say that in spring, nature actually throws life and beauty away. Look at the very hedges, bursting with life at every point. Look at every bank and meadow, dappled to profusion with beautiful wild flowers. Consider the forests, on whose deep recesses the eye of man seldom or never looks; not a tree, not a branch, not a leaf but is full of life. Retire to some wooded glen, and in its endless variety of moss, and fern, and lichen, and its clouds of humming insects, admire the inexhaustible abundance of nature. Or walk through some large garden, with its great collection of the different varieties of the same plant, all fresh and lively, and see how easily and plentifully Nature can vary her patterns. It seems as if her marvellous vitality did not know how to get itself out; could not get doors or openings enough to come out and clothe itself in the forms and dresses in which it delights to disport.

And while our minds are filled with these thoughts, let us remember that all this is symbolical of the riches of Divine grace, and the unbounded fulness and variety of its effects. Must not, indeed, the living and life-giving power of the Spirit of God exceed the force of nature's vitality as much as the cause exceeds the effect? It is an interesting thought that it was while in captivity, with his arm chained to a soldier's, that St. Paul wrote that letter—the Epistle to the Ephesians—which presents as its chief feature the fulness of God, the exceeding riches of His grace, His power to do in us exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think! The cramped body did not hinder the soul from taking in, as far as the human mind could, the utmost dimensions of the grace of God—the breadth and length and depth and height of His provision in Christ for the welfare of men. And what a blessed thought it is! Let my wants be what they may, there is fulness of grace in our Covenant God to supply them all. He is a liberal and large-hearted Provider; His heart is large and His hands are full, and if His children are straitened in spiritual gifts, the straitening is in them, not in Him. It is a blessed thing to have a firm conviction of the bountifulness of God. Yet how often do we think of Him as narrow and hard, unwilling to hear us and slow to bless us! How much suspicion and unbelief mingle with our prayers for the gift of the Spirit, baffling us in our most eager desires, utterly spoiling our most cherished projects! Why is there not more of the aspect of spring in the spiritual world? Just because of our narrow ideas of the grace of God. "Prove me now, saith the Lord, if I will not open to you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall be no room to contain



den-
evic-
ing
con-
own-
try
saw
men
thor-
in a
on
and
stil-
care

it." "He that spared not His own son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not, with Him also, freely give us all things?"

3. The third aspect of spring in the Song is its rich promise for the future—its promise of abundant fruit. For spring is full of the thought of progress and increase, of germs swelling and growing up to maturity—of two talents becoming four, and five talents ten; of a process of replenishment going on and growing up towards a grand ultimate consummation. Undoubtedly this is one of the most characteristic features of spring. How the poet and theologian would deal with it if spring were to exist always we hardly know; we apprehend they would be compelled to modify their economy, and reduce it to this, that all the year round there would be a succession of springs—which, after all, we have already, for spring to the mosses comes at least six months earlier than spring to the heather. But undoubtedly it is one of the main symbolical lessons of spring that it encourages us, if we are really in sympathy with God, to look forward hopefully to the future. It is thus a blessed antidote to that process of growing hopelessness which comes from the ordinary experience of life unmodified by the lessons of grace. No wonder if hope languishes and even dies out in the natural heart. How few realise in life the expectations of their early days! In a celebrated passage, the great French orator, Bossuet, described man as travelling to the tomb, "trailing behind him the chain of his

disappointed hopes." The same thought might be expressed in other words: tombstones stud the past, marking at every brief interval the grave of a buried hope. It is well to have a sanguine nature, but there are disappointments and trials that even the most sanguine cannot overcome. And for how many men and women who have passed middle age, is the future of the present life a sombre, unrelieved prospect, and the future in the life to come no prospect at all? Surely this is an unnatural state of things. Does not the voice of every springtide bid us hope, even though it cannot tell us whence hope is to spring up? Does it not seem natural to man to look forward to "a bright to-morrow?" But if that be a natural desire, is it not a most tantalising one, in his natural condition doomed to certain disappointment? Is Nature not mocking him, painting the future in bright colours that cannot be realised? She would indeed be mocking him very cruelly, if her voice were not explained by the revelations of Grace. It is only when we visit Calvary that we can vindicate the hopeful tone of Nature, the hopeful tone of spring. There we may see it is no mistake, no mockery; there we learn that if we accept Jesus as our Saviour and our Leader, all will be well; our present sorrows will be all sanctified; and "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy on their head; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

W. G. BLAICKIE.

PROVIDENCE PROTECTING THE GODLY.

IT has been stated that the doctrine of a Divine Providence has been received by wise men in all ages. This is no doubt true. But it is equally true that all men are not wise. Some deny facts which stand proved by the plainest evidence. So some deny a universal superintending Providence, because they cannot adjust all the concerns of human life in accordance with their own very limited ideas and rules of reason. They try to set the sun by their own watch. The Chicasaw chief was a wiser man in this respect than many mere reasoners have been. When asked why he thought God took care of him, he said, "I was in a battle with the French, and the bullet went on this side, and the bullet went on that side; and this man died, and that man died. But I am still alive, and by this I know that God takes care of me."

The Indian chief was not the only one who could tell a tale of being preserved amid flying bullets. Samuel Procter was a soldier in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and took part in the terrible scenes of Waterloo. He had received religious impressions in early life, and these were deepened in after years, so that he became identified with the few pious men of the regiment who met for devotional purposes. He always carried his Bible in his trousers pocket on one side, and his hymn-book on the other. In the evening of the 16th of June his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a certain wood, from which they greatly annoyed the Allies. While so engaged he was struck on one hip with such force that he was thrown some four or five yards. As he was not wounded, he was at a loss to explain the cause. But when he came to examine his Bible, he found that a musket-ball had struck him just



"He used to say, 'The Bible has twice saved me.'"

where the Bible rested in his pocket, penetrating nearly half through the sacred Book. All who saw the ball said it must have killed him but for the Bible, which thus literally served as a shield. He was filled with gratitude to his Preserver, and ever kept the Bible in his house, as David laid up the sword of Goliath as a memorial. He used to say, "The Bible has twice saved me instrumentally; first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."

Was not the soldier right as well as happy in ascribing his deliverance to the interposition of Providence? We are sorry for those who would question it.

Does anyone say that God is too great to condescend to the mean affairs of every-day life, and the small matters of humble individuals? Let it be remembered that it was to a few poor fishermen that Christ said, "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

It will not be difficult to mention cases in which eminent individuals have been preserved from danger and death by the manifest hand of Providence.

John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, had many enemies, who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, he would neither occupy his accustomed seat nor allow anybody else to do so. That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair which he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

It is related of Augustine that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way, and got into a by-path. It was afterwards discovered that a

party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.

Charles of Bala was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his journeys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put into the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed, but he afterwards learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost, and all its passengers drowned.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call a mere chance, but which was no other than a special Providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labour of his servants nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford, where he attended. One day a man whom he had reprov'd for his idle and dissolute habits resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other, he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

The Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding the hand of God in everything, however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothbury, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."

Instances like these should inspire us with an unwavering trust in Him who is God over all, blessed for evermore. But we are weak and prone to distrust and sadness. So was a certain German citizen who, through no fault of his own, lost his property, and fell into such a deep melancholy that all the attempts of his pious wife to arouse him to trust and cheerfulness were in vain.

One morning she arose, looking very mournful. Her husband entreated her to tell him the



"It grazed the chair which he usually occupied."—p. 304.

reason. "I have dreamed," said she, "that God is dead, and that I saw all the holy angels following the funeral." The husband, who had never smiled for weeks and months, at this laughed aloud. "Did you not know that God is immortal?" said he. "Do you doubt that?"

"Since you know that so well," said she, "why do you not trust in Him who never dies, and Who has numbered the very hairs of our heads?"

"God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!"

This practical lesson cured him of his sadness. He was ashamed of his distrust and want of faith. He began again to apply himself to business, trusting in God for His help and blessing. God soon sent him help, and he regained his footing in the world.

"Be still, my soul! the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul! thy best, thy Heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end."

OLD MR. LADD'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER I.



HERE are few people, one may suppose, but would confess to having been visited at some point or other of their existence by a fancy for living in an almshouse—so much does it appear a refuge from the shocks of fortune, from the wear and tear of competition, and so fully may be enjoyed there that best of states, neither poverty nor riches. Now, if to be an inmate of an almshouse be indeed the maximum of earthly good, which I, for one, in some moods have been inclined to think it, one would next be covetous of the position in life of a "master bootmaker," in order to render one's self eligible for admission into a certain set of almshouses, which stands back from the high road just beyond the suburban village of Penfield. For in the quaint quadrangle (wanting a fourth side), with its steep-gabled latticed cottages, belfried chapel in the centre of the row, and chaplain's house at one corner, you would at once recognise the very core and kernel of peaceful seclusion. Overhead runs the inscription, "Master Bootmakers' Benevolent Institution," with the date 1689. Listen, if you will, to the chapel bell—mellow, as befits a bell cast two hundred years ago—calling the old folks to morning prayers. Here they come, from one door after another, with wrinkled faces and faltering steps, the old ladies—as they love to be called—from one side, the old men from the other.

Eight old men and eight old women, wrinkled and feeble for the most part; but with one of the old men there comes out, held by the hand and watchfully guided over the white door-sill, the freshest, sweetest image of the opposite extremity of life. A little maid of four summers, fair and dimpled, with large lustrous eyes, most carefully and spotlessly attired in a snowy pinafore, with ribbons in her

sleeves, and a sash tied round her little fat waist. This is Mattie, old Mr. Ladd's grandchild, and this is Mr. Ladd holding her by the hand. If ever there were a "full assurance given by looks," it is in Mr. Ladd's countenance. His seventy years odd have furrowed none but kindly honest lines there. There are some that have been graven deep by sorrows, but these Mr. Ladd knew how to bear so that no bitterness should pass into his soul, and the trace they have left on his face is only one that softens and refines it. But there is small trace of sorrow there just now, as he stoops to guide the steps of little Mattie. Her mother died when she was born, and Mattie has been brought up by her grandfather, with the assistance, it should be added, of Mrs. Pradgett, the old lady on the other side the quadrangle—herself the widow of a master bootmaker—who now comes across to meet the pair, and take her seat by them in chapel.

"Ain't she a little queen? Give its granny a kiss this morning, then, the pretty little poppet, bless it!" cries Mrs. Pradgett, with an embrace and a setting right of bows tied by a grandfather's hand, who lets no Mrs. Pradgett or anyone else dress his idol. A slight, very slight, shadow flits over the old man's face. He has told Mrs. Pradgett more than once that he regards the assumption of relationship implied in her speech as distinctly "out of nature," and calculated to confuse the young intelligence. Indeed, if it were possible for allies and neighbours of such long standing to fall out over anything, it would be on this subject, or perhaps over certain matters of discipline, the spurious grandmother being inclined to the sugar-plum method of bringing up her grandchild, while the authentic grandfather prides himself on a due admixture of firmness with the mildness of his rule. It must be confessed, however, that the firmness is exhibited in homœopathic doses. It had gone so far one day as to lead to his putting Mattie in the corner, the result of which was that the little one, frightened as much by the mysterious position as by the unusual sternness

of grandfather's face, fled—his back being turned—to the quasi-grandparent over the way. There she was discovered, sobbing out her woes on the old lady's bosom, in receipt of a shower of kisses, and such forms of condolence as—

"There, then! who's been a-hurting of the precious? Did its grandpa punish it, then? It should come to its old granny, it should."

Poor Mr. Ladd! Was it remarkable that his regard for good Mrs. Pradgett should not be wholly without reservation after this episode, though he put down the keen pang that he felt simply to his love of good discipline? But if the grandfather were ever jealous, Mattie gave him no just cause for it. She was the pet of the whole community, with one exception; but though she coquetted freely with all, her heart was wholly her grandfather's.

With one exception, it has been said, and in that quarter lay the only soreness in Mr. Ladd's lot. It must now be related how there was a third inmate of his cottage admitted by each of the pair into loving companionship—a kind of companionship which cannot be indulged in without all the immediate neighbourhood going shares in it, for which, in this ungrateful world, small gratitude is commonly felt. This inmate was called by Mr. Ladd a violin, by Mr. Wittle, next door but three, a fiddle, while Mattie always called it "Straddy." It was fully as live a thing to Mattie's understanding as Mr. Wittle's dog, for instance, and perhaps more so, seeing that though it could not run about so well, it could talk much better.

"Where did 'ou find it, grandfather?" she asked one day. That such a wonder could be bought and sold had never occurred to her, in her reverence. But grandfather missed the reverence in the tone, so—a slight on the fiddle, even from his little Mattie, being a thing not lightly borne—it was with indignation that he replied—

"Find it, child! Why, I gave a five-pound note for that instrument, and when I could ill-afford it, neither. But then, 't was a wonderful bargain. 'Tis a Straddy various, they say, and worth a hundred pound or more, if the truth could be rightly come at. Find it, indeed—such nonsense! But there, she don't know any better. Come and sit on grandfather's knee again, ducky."

This was how it came that "Straddy" was Mattie's name for what Mr. Ladd always called the violin, chiefly because Mr. Wittle used the term fiddle, and managed to convey a considerable amount of scorn thereby.

"Straddy various, indeed!" he had been heard to say. "I know, to my sorrow, as the toons it plays is various, any way."

To do Mr. Wittle justice, his opposition to Mr. Ladd's musical tastes was, if he would have confessed it, on his dog Benjamin's account rather than his own, for Mr. Ladd's evening performances embittered this dog's existence. He had the most rooted aversion to the strains of the fiddle, and would sit on

his master's doorstep, with his melancholy nose in the air, giving vent to a continuous moaning, varied by a dismal howl at the occurrence of such musical phrases as afflicted him more acutely than others. Mr. Ladd felt the slight, for he played his simple airs with much skill and feeling. In the difficulty of accounting for such a want of taste, he really was tempted in moments of aggravation to believe that the master gave his dog orders to behave in this offensive manner.

A life of painful vicissitude had been Mr. Ladd's, but unbroken calm had been his portion of late years, until one summer evening something happened to disturb it. He had been sitting in the twilight playing, and Mattie, with a soul beyond her years looking out of her eyes, sat as still as a mouse by his side, rapt in attention, and sighing now and then out of pure pleasure.

As the last strains of "God Save the Queen" died away (Mr. Ladd always ended off with that), she jumped off her seat and climbed the old man's knee.

"Now me will make Straddy talk, grandfather." This was the crowning feature of the evening in Mattie's estimation, and perhaps would have been also in that of any beholder, in spite of the trial to his ear, so pretty a sight did she make, with her round dimpled arm upraised, her rosy lips firmly set, and her liquid eyes glowing with delight, while her grandfather "helped to make Straddy talk" with one hand, and held her on his knee with the other. Very delicately and timidly the little maid moved the bow, for her ear told her that Straddy did not talk quite the same with her as with grandfather. After this performance it was time to go to bed.

Over the mantle-shelf in the living-room hung a collection of family daguerreotypes and photographs, dating from far enough back, and arranged neatly in large diamond shape. It was the custom for Mattie to be lifted up—she was getting very heavy for Mr. Ladd's old arms—to look at these before going up-stairs to bed, and to one among them she kissed her hand and said good-night. This was a photograph of a young woman standing by a pedestal, with a basket of flowers in her hand. As a photograph it was bad, and as a likeness it was worse, the features of the sitter being dark and blurred, whereas she had been in reality fair and sweet-looking; but it was one of Mr. Ladd's most precious treasures, for this was Mattie's mother. On the corresponding side to this hung what was evidently a companion to it, for there was the same pedestal without the basket of flowers. This photograph represented a very dark, almost black young man, in an uncomfortable frock-coat and baggy trousers. But though this picture was of Mattie's father, she never said good-night to it, nor had she ever been told that it was her father. It had never so far caught her attention as to lead to any questioning, perhaps on account of its uninteresting gloominess; but Mr. Ladd felt in his heart that this was extremely remarkable, and looked upon it with something akin to superstitious awe. Almost every



"Very delicately and timidly the little maid moved the bow."—p. 307.

evening he had the same feeling of relief, combined with a certain uneasiness, when the ceremony ended without any episode concerning this particular picture. Then they went up to the room above, where Mattie slept in a wooden cot at the foot of grandfather's bed, and then she said her prayers at his knee—first the Lord's Prayer and "Gentle Jesus," and then the usual formula, "Please, God, bless

Mattie, and make her a good girl; and bless grandfather, and Mrs. Pradgett, and everybody else." The last phrase Mattie had herself added in the generosity of her little heart, and the wideness of the petition gave Mr. Ladd some reassurance when it occurred to him that there was an omission in her prayers of a name that perhaps ought to be there.

After putting Mattie to bed this particular evening,

he took his seat in the doorway to enjoy the cool air. By-and-by a neighbour passed, and after a mutual good-evening, she said—

"You know as Mr. Wittle's dog's took for death?"

It was a real shock. Benjamin had been his enemy for so long that he had unwittingly grown quite fond of him.

"Dear me! dear me!" he murmured, quite shaken, as he took up his hat and stick, and went forth to make a call on Mr. Wittle. He found the door shut. On knocking, a gruff voice answered, "Come in;" but when he saw who it was, Mr. Wittle sat silent, and turned his face to the wall. On the hearthrug at his feet lay poor Benjamin, with outstretched limbs and fast-glazing eyes.

"Eh, dear! this is a bad business," said Mr. Ladd, advancing. "When was he took?"

"This morning," said Mr. Wittle shortly.

"He'll get over it, I hope, poor dog. Have you given him anything to take?"

"He'll not see the morning, sir."

"Well, well, I am sorry, to be sure!"

"That's easily said, sir."

"Don't say that, Mr. Wittle, sir, for I feel it very much."

"When we've not treated a party well, sir, we generally feels it when they come to die."

Poor Mr. Ladd could do nothing but retire. His heart was quite sore for the crusty old man, so soon to lose his only friend. He began to fear he had not treated the poor beast in a Christian manner. He could almost have promised to abstain from his pet enjoyment could the dog be restored again. Indeed, he had grown so used to the howling accompaniment that the thought of losing it was quite distressing.

As he reached his own door he saw the evening postman deliver a letter at the chaplain's house. Then he came on further and put a letter into Mr. Ladd's hands.

"There's news for you," he said cheerily, "from foreign parts."

The old man's shaking hands almost let the letter drop. He went into his house and shut the door. He turned the letter over and over—a thin foreign letter. He fetched his glasses, and adjusted them with trembling fingers. Then he found it was too dark to see to read, and with the deliberateness of old age he lit the candle and drew down the blind. He was glad to stave off the evil moment, for this letter he knew must be from Mattie's father, from whom he had not heard a word since just after her birth and her mother's death. Mr. Ladd had never liked him, though without much cause, at least before his wife's death; but his leaving his baby and running off to the ends of the earth directly after—though the old man could not have denied that this was the very proceeding he could have wished—was a confirmation of his low opinion. And now, when he had long since concluded he would hear of him no more, now here was a letter.

"He shall never have Mattie!" cried the old man fiercely in his heart.

At last the letter was opened. It ran thus:—

"DEAR FATHER,—I write these few lines in hopes they will find you well, as I am happy to say they leave me. I hope you will excuse my not writing for the last year, as I didn't have no reply to the last I wrote. Perhaps you didn't get it, as I was in very outlandish parts. Dear father, I am dangerously ill, and very sorry I come away and leave the baby as I did, owing to the grief I felt about poor Matilda. I hope it is well, and will forgive her poor father. If I live, you shall hear again. God bless you and the little one. I hope she says a prayer for me. From yours respectfully,
ROBERT THOMSON."

It was long before Mr. Ladd shut his eyes that night, but it was longer still that Mr. Wittle watched, for when the old man fell asleep at last, the light from the chinks in Mr. Wittle's window still streamed across the square.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S WORLD AND GOD'S LAW.

BY THE VERY REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., DEAN AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"The earth, O Lord, is full of Thy mercy; O teach me Thy precepts."—PSALM cxix. 64.



THIS Psalm, remarkable for its elaborate structure and its great place in the Jewish ritual, is much more so as a revelation of the mind of a devout Jew concerning the law of God. To such a one that law was not what a hasty reader might suppose that it had become to St. Paul. In truth, when the latter speaks of the deadly and enslaving effects of the law, or when we read that

neither the fathers nor the men of that age were able to bear it, the law is a system of observances stiffened into routine, and as unlike what the Psalmist meant, contemplating the whole system of revelation then possessed, as the skeletons in the valley of dry bones were unlike the exceeding great army clothed with flesh and animated by the breath of the four winds. To the law in its fuller and higher sense St. Paul incessantly appealed, when he argued that Abraham was justified by faith, that David looked for no other

blessedness than that of a pardoned sinner, and that the just was to live by faith, while the law of ceremonial blamelessness was not of faith.

It is for this reason that the singer of this noble hymn of praise for God's law uses indiscriminately the words Thy word, Thy law, Thy statutes, Thy precepts, and Thy testimonies, some one or other of which is found in almost every verse of the hundred and seventy-six.

And he celebrates this revelation of God with many and various praises. Sometimes it is not so much a code of statutes as a sublime ideal, the highest possible conception of moral glory, given to earth because it is immutable in heaven. As Wordsworth sang of duty that

The stars by thee are free from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens by thee are fresh and strong,

so David said, "For ever, O Lord, Thy law is settled in heaven." It was not invented for man: man is invited to conform to its high nobleness.

Again, it is the only fixed perfection upon earth. Youth fades; the loudest fame grows dumb; the earth, even then, was strewn with wrecks of empire; wealth heals not a passion nor a pang. "I have seen an end of all perfection, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."

He regards it with the interest, not of cold obedience, but of burning loyalty. To break it is not a blunder, it is an outrage. "Horror hath overtaken me because of the wicked who forget Thy law."

The text at the head of this paper expresses another and a very striking idea of the nobility of the law. There are two ways in which to consider the revealed will of God. We may think of it as a task, a hard condition, which is only not too hard because of the vast prizes it entails, a task which must in any case be attended to, because of the dread consequences of neglect. We shall then bring to it the obedience of hirelings and slaves.

Or we may say, Because God loves us, therefore He gives His law to us, and it must be good for us to revere it. The most tempting violation of it can no more give true happiness than to hide fire in my right hand can give ease. And the most harsh-seeming obligation it imposes cannot but give blessedness. Even if it be to fast in a desert, when obedience to the tempter would make bread of the very stones, still it continues true that by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live. Death is not in it, but in disobedience to it; for He who gives it is Love.

This is really the point at which the two great schools of theology part company. Do I toil in order that I may win God's love, or because I am convinced that toil itself is enjoined by the exceeding great love wherewith He loved us when we were dead in trespasses and sins?

As the Psalmist looked around God's world, he saw what to think of God's law. The earth was such a

revelation of a merciful God, that His precepts must needs be acts of mercy and of guidance. So Jesus taught. When the sun arose on the evil and the good, and rain fell upon the just and unjust, that was no misguiding and treacherous indulgence of a moment; it expressed a genuine compassion, it taught us how we also should forgive and thus become like Him.

"The earth, O Lord, is full of Thy mercy." Surely our experience teaches this, if it has taught us anything. Our very sins proclaim it. What would have become of us, had we found no place for repentance, had we been caught out, committed, hurled down to the bottom of the slippery inclines on which we ventured? But we were given warnings, the Spirit strove with us, holy and gentle thoughts stole in upon our wicked and angry impulses, and by His mercy we were not consumed, because His compassions failed not.

Pain and suffering taught the same lesson. How have we shrunk from the anticipation of that which was made easy for us to bear! And as we look back upon such dreaded times, we see plainly enough that caprice was not in them, tyranny did not inflict them, they were fruitful in better things than pleasure—fortitude and self-denial and sympathy for others could not otherwise have come to us; and the love which cements heart to heart, mother to child and husband to wife, is no hot-house plant, but a mountain pine, whose erect stateliness and rooted grasp of the rock of ages was obtained amid howling tempests and the burden of winter snows.

We shrink from toils and pains, but we sing not the banquets and sloth of other ages, but the heroes who bore a cross—almost *any* cross we will sing of—and endured hardness as good soldiers. So true is it that even suffering is kind, and character is reared like that building of ancient Athens whose beams were the masts of conquered Persian galleys. And shall we deem that when the Governor of such a world reveals His will more perfectly, it will be to enslave and degrade His creatures? No, His revelation *must* be gracious. Its restraints must be like the grasp of a firm hand upon a drowning man, arresting only that it may rescue.

The splendour of day and night, the ripening of harvest, the joy of exercise and the balm of repose, the pride of mountain and cliff, the love of friend and child and wife, all make us aware of a God whom to know is life eternal and whom to serve is to reign.

Happy if they lead us not to wish only but to pray for clearer light, to say, Teach me all I never can discover, lead me in the way everlasting. "The earth, O Lord, is full of Thy mercy; O teach me Thy precepts."

None seek His face in vain. Nay, He Himself stoops to seek for us in Christ, entering our world, bringing on His own burdened shoulder the lost sheep to the fold of God.

ON BEING FOUND OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSHUA PADGETTS."



THE ways of the world are devious. Men are deceitful—human nature is mean—people are tricky; yet the doctrine of the modern man of the world is, that it is bad to do wrong, but very much worse to be found out. It is said that honesty is the best policy, not because it is good to be

honest, but because it is dangerous to be a thief; and it is not the wrong-doing that men deprecate so much as the exposure that follows a wrong-doing.

As a matter of course, exposure does not always follow crime. Many a man has successfully hidden from his fellow-man a foul and loathsome deed; but not one ever succeeded in hiding it from his own conscience. On the other hand, it often happens that the best laid scheme of secrecy goes all to pieces, and leaves the poor wretch who trusted in it struggling in the sea of public shame.

Some years ago, Mr. Joseph Peterson came to live in our little town on the borders of Wales, and soon made a name for himself amongst his neighbours. He was very particular in his personal appearance, adopting in his dress a semi-clerical attire. He subscribed liberally to all the local charities, assisted the rector of the parish in the Sunday-schools, and occasionally read the lessons in church. The people thought a lot of him—and he thought a lot of himself. When people asked his opinion on any moral question, he gave it with the air of a man who gave you a cheque for £20. He rose early and went to bed late, burning, as he said, the midnight oil for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. There was a bland air about him—a look on his face, as though he lived a life of the utmost Christian charity, and fairly bubbled over with love for all mankind. He was partially bald, and the bald spot had a soothing influence on the eye that rested upon it.

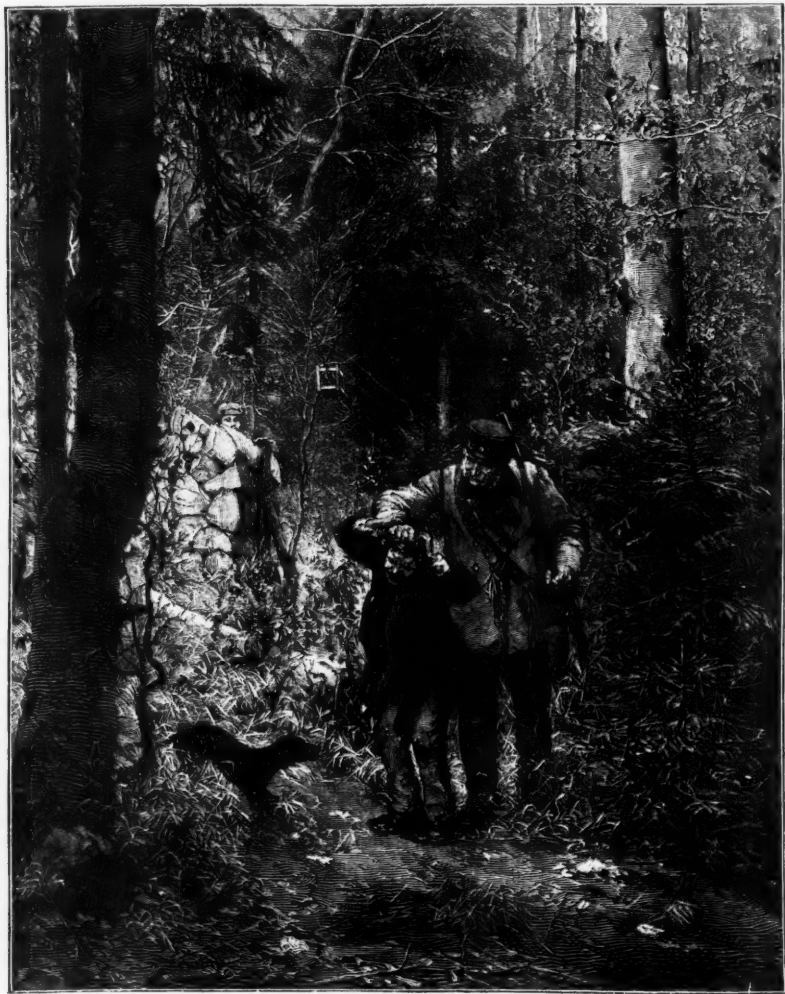
Mr. Peterson was a bachelor, and as he had not yet passed the meridian of life, he was favourably regarded by the young ladies of the parish. With them, indeed, he was a particular favourite. It was his pleasure on all occasions to consult their pleasure. He sent them flowers when flowers were scarce, and strawberries when no one else had any. His books were in everybody's house, and his photograph in

everybody's album. In short, he was a prodigious success.

Miss Peterson, his sister and housekeeper, was hardly so successful. She was apparently the antipodes of her brother, and her worst enemy never accused her of being overdone with brotherly (or sisterly) love. She was particularly obnoxious to the young ladies aforesaid, as she constantly made it her business to mind the business of those same young ladies. If, at one of the general gatherings of the parishioners, she saw her brother in earnest conversation with one of her own sex, she instantly spoiled a pleasant *tête-à-tête* by making a third in the conversation. If, after some of them had been spending an evening at her brother's house, that brother politely offered to see them home, she at once expressed the delight it would give her to take a short stroll with them down the town. It was reported that, on one occasion, when her brother had been paying more than ordinary attention to one of his fair neighbours, she was seen to toss her head in a very undignified manner, and was heard to whisper quite audibly, "Not if I know it!" But in spite of all these little devices, the rumour spread that Mr. Peterson was going to marry Miss Alexandrina Victoria Dowdy; and then a very odd thing happened. All the other girls in the town became on intimate friendly terms with Miss Peterson, and more or less made not altogether friendly remarks about Miss Dowdy. "What a very forward girl!" said one. "Did you ever see such a guy!" exclaimed another. "Well! what he can see in her, beats me!" chimed in a third. "She's as false as her teeth!" said a fourth. Even the beloved and belauded Peterson himself was less beloved and not so much belauded. They suddenly discovered that he had a temper, and believed he was a great deal older than he looked. It was no use, though. Everyone understood it—the young ladies were found out. Things went on in the outside world much as usual. The storm in the teapot had not created a sympathetic storm of the elements, and the wedding-day drew near. Preparations on a magnificent scale were made for it. It wanted about three days to the wedding, and the arrangements were all but completed. Then a thunderstorm fell on the town. Had it literally rained thunderbolts not greater consternation could have been created. If an earthquake had shaken down the church steeple there could not have been more "did-you-ers" or "who-would-have-thought-its." And all this was brought about in the simplest way. There was nothing to produce it but the visit of an official from Scotland Yard, who inquired where Mr. Peterson lived, and left the same evening with Mr. Peterson linked hand to hand by a pair of handcuffs! Mr. Peterson had been found out!

As he walked down the street with his newly made acquaintance his hat blew off, and to the astonishment of the townsfolk Mr. Peterson's hair was jet-black instead of slightly grizzled, while the bald

little town. What became of his sister? No one knew—may I also add, that no one cared? As for his *fiancée*, she met with almost as little sympathy.



"Very foolish they looked when they were found out."—p. 313.

spot was no longer visible, because there was no bald spot there! The baldness was assumed, like everything else about the man. What had he done? Oh, of course—I forgot to tell you that. He had been concerned in a robbery of railway bonds, had sold them, and invested the price of them in a false name, and had settled down for life in our quiet

It is never well to think ourselves cleverer than we are. It is, however, a failing common to men, especially young men. Wilfred Wilson was a very clever boy—at least, that was his own private opinion. Those amongst his adult acquaintances who expressed their opinion said he was a very impudent boy. He could, however, do a good many things (like other

boys), and some of them he could do well (like other boys also). Perhaps he was a better hand at catching wild birds than anything else, but here he was met with a difficulty—the law made a close time during which it was illegal to trap or kill them: how could he evade this law? Not far from his father's house was a large wood, where birds of the linnet tribe were plentiful. In addition to the wood there was a gamekeeper, and that made matters awkward. But the keeper, an old German soldier, who had accompanied his present master from Germany a few years ago, had a habit of taking forty winks after dinner every day, and Wilfred thought he could safely enter the wood for an hour or so at that time. School was over, midsummer holidays were on; Wilfred was anxious to begin operations. So he made his birdlime, got a companion to share the adventure, took a couple of green cages, sauntered carelessly by the keeper's cottage, made sure the old man was dozing, and entered the wood. The first afternoon they caught three goldfinches; the second afternoon they were caught themselves. The boys kept so still (a necessary part of their work) that the keeper failed to find them the first day, but the second day he brought a favourite little dachshund that ran mute, and soon discovered the delinquents. Very foolish they looked when they were found out, and still more foolish when their respective fathers had to pay more than a pound apiece for the lawlessness of their sons.

"Old Richards," as the neighbours called him, lived at the bottom of the town in a little cottage all alone. He had the old washerwoman from the next cottage to do the housework for him and cook his dinner every day. How he lived no one could imagine. He had no visible means of subsistence, was too old and worn-out to work, and no friends had called upon him since he had been in the place. Not that his townsmen were an unfeeling set at all, for there was a poor

widow with six children living just below who had been supported for nearly six months by the charity of her neighbours. You would have thought that the neighbours would have tired of the burden before that time, and have told the woman to take refuge in that last asylum of the poor—the poor-house. But no! regularly every week, not always on the same day or at the same hour, an envelope was left at the widow's door containing five shillings. Sometimes it came by post, and then it was generally accompanied by a pair of socks for one of the little ones, or a woollen comforter for one of the elder ones. Some of the neighbours, too, brought small presents—a piece of cold meat (that had gone a little mouldy), or a loaf of bread (that was rather dry), or a pound or two of bacon (that was nothing but fat), or some tea-leaves (from which the tea had been extracted); indeed, in many little ways the neighbours showed their good-nature and kind feeling for the widow and her children. At first the Rector's wife had called now and then, and left a shilling out of the alms money; but when she found that the widow never came to church she ceased to leave the shilling. Yet, with all this active charity going on so near, no one seemed to care about old Richards, though, to judge by appearances, he needed help much.

One night there came a knock at the door, and the messenger brought a request from old Richards that Mrs. Jones (the widow) would go to see him, as he was ill in bed. Wondering what he could want with her, she hastened to comply with the request, and on being shown into the room where the old man lay, he beckoned her to the bedside, and, slipping a small packet into her hand, he whispered, "Don't let anybody know, but come here every week for the money, till I can come to you. Hush! don't thank me; if I die there's five sovereigns in a stocking under the kitchen fire-place." Found out at last! And as it is better to be found out doing good than evil, I will bring this paper to a close.

A PRAYER TO THE LORD JESUS.

(Adapted from the Latin of Marbod of Rennes.)

GOD and Man and King of
Heaven,
Be our many sins forgiven;
Drawn are we by sin's enthralling,
Earth, to earthward ever falling:
From our dust and desolation
Raise us, in Thy sweet compassion.
What is man? a seed unworthy
But to fail and die before Thee.
What is man? a worm defenceless,
Weak and puny, blind and sense-
less.

Thou wilt not in wrath disdain us,
Born unclean—our record heinous:
Neither, Lord, with condemnation
Visit us for our transgression.
Thou wilt judge us Who hast made us;
Saviour, Thou alone canst aid us!
Sinful man must tremble under
Sinai's awful Voice of Thunder;
We are like the herb that dieth,
Fleeting shadows, smoke that fieth;
By Thy mercy, King of Heaven,
Be our many sins forgiven.

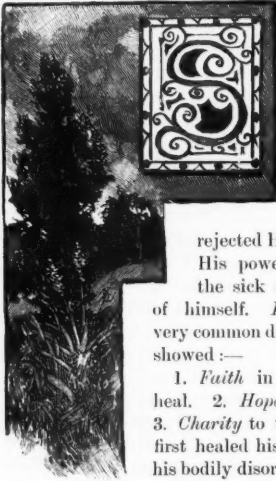
THE EDITOR.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 17. SICK OF THE Palsy, ETC.

To read—*St. Matthew ix. 1—17.*



SICK OF THE Palsy.

(1—8.) *A ship*—rather the *boat*—probably belonging to St. Peter, generally used by Christ. *His own city*—Capernaum—Nazareth having

rejected Him. *They* who knew His power and love brought the sick man unable to come of himself. *Palsy*, or paralysis, very common disease. Their action showed:—

1. *Faith* in Christ's power to heal.
2. *Hope* in His willingness.
3. *Charity* to their friend. Christ first healed his soul's disease, then his bodily disorder. Which is easier to say? "Thy sins be forgiven."

Why? Because man cannot see if effect follows. So Christ shows His power of God by healing the man. See different ways Christ showed that He was God:—

1. He knew the thoughts of the sick man and of the Scribes.

2. He healed his disease of soul and body.

Result. The man saved—friends comforted—God glorified.

II. CALL OF ST. MATTHEW. (9—13.) (a) *The man*, a publican or tax-gatherer—sitting in his office by side of Lake of Galilee to take custom-dues from the ships—a rich man, able to give great feast.

(b) *The call.* 1. To give up worldly position. 2. To share poverty with Christ. 3. To be a disciple (learner), apostle (missionary), evangelist (writer of Gospel).

(c) *The answer* was immediate, voluntary, for ever. No hanging back—followed Christ at once wherever He went.

(d) *The feast.* Christ allowed sinners to talk with Him. Why? 1. To try and reach their hearts. 2. To set example of humility. He loved the sinners, but hated their sins. So He gave account of His mission—to call sinners to repent. Examples:—The woman who had been a sinner. (St. Luke vii. 39.) St. Peter after his fall. (St. John xxi. 15.) St. Paul the persecutor. (Acts ix. 17.)

III. FASTING. (Read 14—17.) John the Baptist lived austere life—simple fare (chap. iii. 4)—had many followers—some became Christ's disciples (St. John i. 37). Kept all fasts enjoined by Pharisees. Christ and

His disciples did not. So complaint was made, Why did they not fast? Because Christ was with them, was to them as a bridegroom—full of love, care, and protection.

General lesson—things must be suited to each other—new cloth useless on old garments—new wine in old skins. Christ's presence is to bring joy, not gloom.

NOTES.

10. *Sinners came.* Not guests, but strangers—allowed to come in by Eastern custom.

17. *Old bottles.* Skins of animals—apt to crack when old.

NO. 18. FOUR MIRACLES, ETC.

To read—*St. Matthew ix. 18—36.*

I. JAIRUS' DAUGHTER. (18, 19, 23—26.) (a) *The father*, Jairus, ruler of Synagogue—many incidents of Christ's life connected with Synagogues, e.g., His sermon at Nazareth, when they sought His life (Luke iv. 16); His healing woman with spirit of infirmity (St. Luke xiii. 12).

Synagogues ruled either by one man or by council of elders, of which one supreme. (b) *The child*, twelve years old—name unknown—at point of death—died before Christ reached the house. (c) *The Saviour*: what did He do? 1. Left the table and meal to go at once. 2. Insisted on quiet in the presence of the dead. 3. Took three chosen disciples as witnesses. (St. Mark v. 37.) 4. Spoke the word, and the dead lived.

This the first of three miracles of raising the dead. Notice the progress—Jairus' daughter just dead—widow's son being carried out to burial—Lazarus dead four days. General resurrection only one step further.

II. WOMAN WITH ISSUE OF BLOOD. (20—22.) On road to Jairus' house. Notice:—

1. Her great *sickness*—chronic for twelve years.
2. Her great *faith*—one touch enough for healing.
3. Her great *modesty*—coming behind—trying to hide herself.

This the spirit Christ approves. Therefore notice His sympathy, encouragement, help. She was cured at once.

III. THE BLIND MAN. (27—31.) Two miracles in this Gospel of healing the blind—this in the house, privately—the other at Jericho, openly (xx. 30). Thought by Jews the most wonderful of all. (See St. John ix. 32.) What was required of them?

1. *Faith* to believe in Christ's power.
2. *Silence* as to their cure. Christ's hour not yet come. But they spread His fame everywhere.

IV. DEVIL CAST OUT. (32—35.) One other kind of miracle—man with dumb spirit. But what did the Pharisees say? Done by Satanic agency. This

showed their *ignorance*—as if Satan would do works of mercy—also their *malice*, trying to prejudice people against Christ. What did Christ do in return? Did He stop His work?

1. He *went* everywhere on mission of mercy.
2. He *preached* the Gospel ("good news") of His Kingdom.

3. He *healed* all kinds of sickness.

LESSONS. All these miracles teach similar lessons—

1. To go to Christ in trouble, however great.
2. To believe in Christ as Saviour of body and soul.
3. To acknowledge Christ as Lord of heaven and earth.

NO. 19. THE APOSTLES SENT OUT.

To read—*St. Matthew x.*

I. THEIR CALL. (1—4.) By Christ Himself after a night of prayer (St. Luke vi. 12), probably by laying on of hands. Chosen out from the disciples who accompanied Christ (Acts i. 21) for special purpose—called Apostles, *i.e.*, missionaries—"those sent out." Names in sets of two—brothers paired together and friends. Peter put first in all the lists as leader among equals. Judas Iscariot (*i.e.*, of Town of Kerioth) always last. Bartholomew same as Nathaniel—friend of Philip before his conversion. (St. John i. 45—47.) James, son of Cleophas—first Bishop of Jerusalem (Acts xv. 13), called "brother," *i.e.*, cousin of Christ. Lebbæus, also called Jude, brother of James. (St. Luke vi. 16.)

II. THEIR MISSION. (5—15.) *Not to the Gentiles*—their time for hearing the Gospel not yet come—not till Day of Pentecost. *Not to the Samaritans*—they were aliens—mixed race (2 Kings xvii. 24), mixed religion—part heathen rites, part worship of God. Worshipped on Mount Gerizim. (St. John iv. 20.) Present mission to Jews only in country villages of Galilee. Notice these points. They were—

1. To preach glad news of Christ the King's coming.
2. To work miracles as proof of their mission.
3. To be simple in their habits—no change of dress.
4. To avoid giving offence by moving from house to house.

III. THEIR DANGERS. (16—27.) Would be as sheep among wolves seeking their lives.

1. Delivered to councils, as Stephen. (Acts vi. 16.)
2. Scourged in synagogues, as St. Paul at Iconium. (Acts xiv. 1, 5.)
3. Brought before kings, as St. Paul before Agrippa. (Acts xxvi. 1.)

Must expect to be *hated*, as Stephen (Acts vii. 54); *persecuted* from city to city (see Acts viii. 1, 4); *reviled* like Christ (Acts xxii. 22).

IV. THEIR ENCOURAGEMENTS. (20, 28—42.) 1. *The Spirit's help*. First given at Pentecost, enabling them to speak in different languages (Acts ii. 6); afterwards helping them to speak boldly (Acts iv. 8, 13). (2) *The Father's care*. Their enemies could at worst only kill their bodies. God will protect them. He cares for sparrows, much more for them.

But they must be prepared to do two things—(1) *Confess Christ*—not deny Him, as Peter did among the servants, but speak boldly for Him, as same Peter did before elders. (Acts iv. 13.) Then Christ will acknowledge them at the last day. (2) *Renounce all for Christ*, as Paul did at his conversion (Gal. i. 16); willing to lose life for Christ, as James did (Acts xii. 1), and many others.

V. THEIR REWARDS. (40—42.) 1. *Be received as ambassadors for Christ*. 2. *Receive God's approval*.

NO. 20. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

To read—*St. Matthew xi. 1—19.*

I. ST. JOHN'S MESSAGE. (1—6.) Christ's disciples gone on their mission. Christ followed to proclaim Himself. They were to preach repentance—turn men's hearts—proclaim the Saviour—then He showed Himself the Lamb of God. (St. John i. 29.) Christ's miracles begin to be talked about—fame reaches St. John in his prison at Machærus—fortress near Dead Sea. Why was he there? Because had denounced the sin of Herod Antipas in taking his brother's wife (xiv. 1). Allowed to have visits in prison from his disciples. Now hears of Christ, and sends two messengers to ask Him if He is indeed the expected Christ. What had St. John already known of Christ?—1. Probably brought up with Him (his cousin) from childhood—his own parents having died. 2. Had baptised Him in the River Jordan. (St. Matt. iii. 16.) 3. Had testified to Him as the Son of God. (St. John i. 34.)

Why then did St. John send to ask Christ? Three reasons been suggested:—

1. To confirm his own doubts—because Christ did not set him free.
2. To confirm the faith of his disciples.
3. To induce Christ to proclaim Himself publicly as Messiah.

II. ST. JOHN'S CHARACTER. (7—15.) (1) *What it was not*. *Weak*, like a reed. He had not been afraid of publicans, soldiers, etc. (St. Luke iii. 12—14.) He had rebuked Herod. Was bold and unflinching in his conduct. *Effeminate*. Not seeking king's palaces—clad in soft clothes—but leading austere life in desert (iii. 4), setting example of frugality and self-denial. (2) *What it was*. *Great in position*, as prophet and forerunner of Christ; and *great in fact*, as holy, patient man.

How was his greatness shown?—1. An angel announced his birth. 2. Full of Holy Ghost from birth. 3. Was special messenger of Christ. 4. Baptised Christ.

Yet least in Christ's Kingdom is greater—because sees fulfilment of Christ's life, death, and resurrection. Therefore must strive earnestly to enter that kingdom.

LESSONS. 1. *Patience* under trial—from St. John.

2. *Thankfulness* for our greater privileges.

3. *Sympathy* with all seeking to serve God.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"THE ROSY PROMISE OF OUR LAND."

BEAUTIFUL words like these ring tune-fully to our memory, as week by week we look upon a throng of boys and girls rising up to lift the Temperance standard when those who bear it now have passed away. "Mind the flag does not drop!" cried a wounded standard-bearer, passing the banner to one behind him, with faltering hands. The soldier died, but the colours still proudly led the way. What an army of standard-bearers will arise in the days to come from the ever-increasing Bands of Hope with which our land is honeycombed! "Yes, it is right enough for the *children* to abstain from strong drink," says many a one who holds a different opinion concerning *adults*. We all see and acknowledge that these children with cloudless faces and bright, laughing eyes are best off as utterly ignorant



"Try again!"

of the very taste of intoxicants. And herein is a grand hope for national prosperity. England's curse is said to be intemperance—

"But come what may to stop the way,
The children yet shall win the day."

It is not a difficult matter to start one of these juvenile societies. The Band of Hope Union will be found helpful as to counsel and information, and the young members really do half the work by their singing, recitations, etc. It is better than many a temperance sermon when some red-haired laddie mounts the rostrum and with flushed, eager face delivers himself of his favourite lay—"Down with your names, you'll never repent," or when some serious-faced little maiden invokes the audience to "Try, try, try again." Some friend gifted with a warm heart, common sense, and a touch of humour as well as earnest zeal, should look after the songs and recitations. If left to themselves the children often make inappropriate selections, as when a wee mite arose to regale the audience with certain lugubrious "Meditations of the Princess Amelia." Two hints by the way. Temperance teaching is invaluable, but disorder need not reign rampant in the assembly; we should say, let the first lessons taught be obedience and order, and the temperance teaching follow on. Again, do not let *every* song be laudatory of cold water; abstainers drink cocoa, coffee, and tea, as well, and sometimes the cold-water adulation seems musically overdone. We may mention that our own plan as concerns our young helpers is to give for *each* recitation, song, or reading a ticket, twelve tickets insuring the reward of a book.

"PLEADING FOR HALF THE WORLD."

A Jewish teacher asked his scholars which is the best possession of all. One said "A good eye," meaning contentment, others said good judgment and a good companion, but the last replied, "A good *heart* is the best possession."—"You are right," said the teacher, "for a good heart secures every other blessing." We have been looking through a biography full of interest, that of Richard Allen, the Christian philanthropist (Hodder and Stoughton). Of this great-hearted man it was said, "No lawyer had so many clients—he pleads for more than half the world." The temperance struggle, the anti-opium movement, Christian missions, the battle against slavery—all these shared his thoughts and energies; his was the spirit that loses the pronoun *I* in *we*, and that, breathing "*Our Father*," foregoes all selfishness and exclusiveness. In old age he visited Fisk University, and was deeply moved to look on the students whose parents had known the meaning of bondage. "Prize your liberty," he besought them, "and use it to the glory of God and of your fellows." No geographical boundaries confined his sympathies; he was fighting social ills in old Ireland, and interesting himself for orphan children in Palestine.

When *infidelity* bears such fruits of love, it may then, with far more reason than at present, exalt itself against the Gospel that this man professed. Our friend the carpenter, who sent us the literary "chips from his bench," to which we alluded in a former number, has this solemn thought among them: "To die a Christian you must *live* one." It was to be expected that, after a life of love to God and man, Richard Allen should face death calmly and sweetly, repeating several times the poet's lines,

"Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome, to a land of rest."

OUR COMFORTABLE FIRESIDES.

There are some uncomfortable people who object to fires, who put up their stove-ornaments as early as possible, and would never dream of taking them down though spring's balmy breezes delayed. And they never commence fires before a certain date, though everyone may be blue and out of temper for want of a little extra heat. We heard of a lady who attributed her beautiful complexion to the fact that she never went near the fire. We never knew her, but we picture her somehow as a little unamiable and snappish—lovely as ice, and sadly in need of thawing. We own to a preference for those snug souls who can draw in their chairs around the glow, and take the rich comfort and blessing of what Southey defines as "the cat's Eden." And cats are tolerably good judges of what is cosy. Our American friends have the advantage of us in one sense in their clean, labour-saving stoves; but we English would not part with the "good, companionable friend," that welcomes us with a bright, wide smile when we come home these darkening evenings. Our firesides, like ourselves, have obeyed the laws of change, and the old chimney-corner has degenerated or progressed, whichever way we choose to call it, into all kinds of artistic overmantels and tiles that remind us of flowers and butterflies even while Boreas roars without. Still, the best adornment must ever be "that rallying-place of the affections," the familiar beacon of the dancing light itself. Thank God for the dear home-fireside! and may He open our hearts and hands and purses to those who only see from the outside the warm red shining of a fire through the curtains and windows of our dwellings.

"THE BRIGHT SIDE OF EIGHTY."

"I am on the bright side of eighty," said an old, snowy-haired pilgrim, kneeling on the threshold of that sunny Land where weakness is forgotten. His faculties were yet undimmed, and the radiance of the better world cast its glory over this. All of us know some beaming-faced old people, whose happy temperaments are almost a marvel to us, knowing somewhat, perhaps, of storm-tossed lives. Others there are whose physical condition is such that at times they get depressed, and, maybe, a little



"On the bright side of eighty."

irritable, and feel as if the quiet of old age were trying to the constitutions once so vigorous and active. And many are necessarily kept to one room—some to one chair or bed. It has often occurred to us how long, how monotonous, the days must seem to such. Sometimes, just by shifting the point of view, we have won looks of grateful pleasure from those to whom earth's gladness is nearly past; such a little service, yet some change for the feeble one. Brought again to the state of little children, nothing is done for the recreation of the aged, as compared with our innumerable efforts to amuse the bairns. Visiting one day a semi-paralysed old man, we found that a lady had taught him to make little mats, and this occupation, so trivial in itself, beguiled the weary days for him. We have seen dim feminine eyes brighten wonderfully at sight of gaily coloured wools. Why should we protest that the knitting produced was unworthy of the name? Its formation gave rise to lively converse, tender reminiscences, unfeigned delight; even the gift of wools, or taking part with wrinkled hands in some game such as the children know, or the making of a bright scrap-book to be slowly turned over by some dear old pilgrim, may be the "cup of cold water" which is precious in the sight of Christ. But never let old people discern that you regard them as children. One of the most beautiful sights we have witnessed is that of a ministrant to the hoary-haired, in all respects caring for them as for the little ones, yet never losing the sweet, loving reverence due to those who have reached old age—"the holy place of life."

THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY.

The University of Oxford is a possession which is cherished as a national glory, even by those who have not taken its degrees; and the short history of this great seat of learning written by the Hon. G. C. Brodric, Warden of Merton (Longmans), should find many readers. Mr. Brodric has gone to his task *con amore*, and has produced a charming little volume. The enlightened and liberal spirit which pervades the book may be recognised in its closing words:—"The University, it is true, has yet to harmonise many conflicting elements, which mar the symmetry of its constitution; but it is becoming more and more identified with the highest intellectual aspirations of the nation as a whole. In ceasing to be the intellectual stronghold of the mediæval Church, or the instrument of Tudor statecraft, or the chosen training school for the Anglican clergy, it may have lost something of its ancient supremacy, but it has asserted its national character; and it has perhaps never exercised a more widespread control over the national mind than it possesses in these latter years of the nineteenth century." Let us add to these words the hope that Oxford, while ceasing to be identified with any one narrow school of Christian dogma, may yet be and remain a centre of Christian life and Gospel teaching, sending forth her sons in every generation as labourers in the Lord's Vineyard.

SOLVING A SOCIAL PROBLEM.



THE LATE REV. LEWIS MOULE
EVANS.

It is asserted by some that the great social difficulty of the future will be "how to deal with our working classes." Mrs. Garnett, the Navvies' Friend—has bravely attempted the practical solution of this great question in connection with the Navy Mission, now an established society, at the head of which is the Dean of Ripon, whose portrait we give on the opposite page. One of the earliest workers for the navvies was the Rev. Lewis Moule Evans, but it was not permitted him to see the work grow to its present noble proportions. One year after the Society was founded—to quote Mrs. Garnett's words—"he worked himself into a consumption, and went to be with Christ." The aim of the Navy Mission is to work from the centre to the circumference, and, by making vital religion the starting-point, to diffuse amid our labouring population true and

helpful ideas as to sobriety, thrift, and virtue. Our navvies, tramping and journeying from place to place, have been too long overlooked and neglected—all honour to the heart that has found room for their lives of toil! A friend of ours, a keen politician, endeavoured to draw one such into political argument, and was rather disgusted to find that his companion had "never heard tell" of the various topics he so eloquently started. He tried the man on one subject and another, and finally mentioned a mission-station. "Ah, yes," said the navvy, brightening up, "I've heard tell of that; I knows about the *preaching*!" These men are remarkably critical as to the personal life of their advisers, and, to gain real influence with them, it must be evident to their eyes that their would-be friend is filled with simple goodness and sincerity; else they very bluntly and plainly announce their notion that example is better than precept. "I have been gazing on the calm, grand summits of North Wales," said a speaker; "from these I went to Essex, to a dreary marshy district, the contrast of which struck me unpleasantly; but soon I perceived that these marshes were rich, mile after mile, in cabbages, celery, and useful produce. Which are the truly great—the mountains or the marshes?" Let the answer be what it may, it is certain the lowly walks of life have their blessedness as well as the highest.

"PASS IT ON."

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells of a time when, as a little lad, he found himself on a journey without any money, and the steward on the boat asked his name and address. "I am glad to help you," said he, "for your father helped my mother when she was left a widow." Here was a bygone kindness passed on right gladly to another; but it did not stop with *him*. At a later period Mr. Pearse found a boy crying because his funds had given out before his journey was accomplished, and he knew not what to do. "I will help you," said Mr. Pearse. "Now you have received a kindness; mind you pass it on." The boy gladly promised to remember this advice. "Pass it on" we remember in juvenile days as a game chiefly consisting of cuffs and pinches, but these words are worthy to be cherished in a nobler sense. We give thanks for spiritual, social, intellectual blessing—*pass it on*. The question "Who is my neighbour?" has been well answered thus, "Everyone to whom you can *be* or *do* anything—everyone with whom you have any human dealings whatever. And to love your neighbour is the one door from the dungeon of self." *Are* we passing on our blessings to our neighbours? Do we cast a thought to those who are struggling along under greyer, less cheerful surroundings than our own? "Oh, we all have to work in some form or other," is often said when a call is made for sympathy. Yes, but some of us are working in a circle of love, in the bright atmosphere of *home*, cheered by congenial companionship. We

are thankful that kindly hearts have gone out to our working girls, some of whom would be friendless in London save for the associations of the "Working Girls' Homes." Herein many young women, fighting hard for existence, are reaching the joys of home-life, and coming back, evening by evening, to the recreations of music, literature, and pleasant companionship. "To have an invitation to tea," say the promoters of these Homes, "is something to girls without friends.

Please think of them in the long evenings." Perhaps some feel their rooms are ill-adapted to a numerous company; but what about the two or three young assistants whom we personally know, who wait upon us behind familiar counters, whose happiness depends in great measure on our own humours and consideration? Have we not even room for *one* sometimes to share our practical sympathy? Brightness and beauty are vouchsafed to our own existence—*pass them on*. Or, if we be sitting just now in shadow, listening to some secret whisper of heavenly comfort, let us remember others' hearts have troubles too, and pass that whisper on.

HELPS FOR CHRISTIAN READERS.

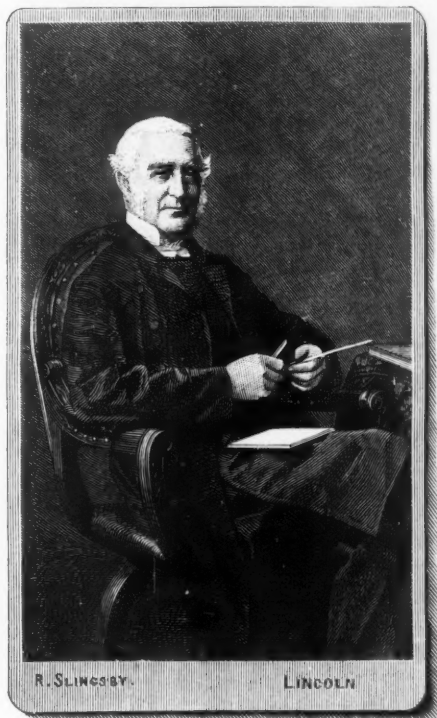
Ordinary readers of God's Word are sometimes puzzled concerning the "things hard to be understood" upon which they occasionally light when perusing the sacred page. It is not that their faith is shaken, but that they lack that enlightenment which superior knowledge and experience always give when prayerfully submitted to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. To such Bible readers the Rev. Robert Tuck's "Handbook of Biblical Difficulties, or Reasonable Solutions of perplexing things in Sacred Scripture" (Elliot Stock) will be most helpful. From the same publisher we have to acknowledge a simple little story by Miss Edith Kenyon, entitled "Alice Errington's Work," intended to illustrate the power of self-sacrifice, a very suitable

book for the Sunday-school library, and also a second edition of the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms' book, "The Mystery of God," a work which may well be recommended to young men. "The St. Paul's Edition of the Christian Year" (Nisbet) contains, in addition to the well-known text of Keble, appropriate meditations on each poem from the works of Canon Liddon. Considering the well-known predilections of this writer, the extracts show us little circumspection

on the part of the editor, who uses the style of "Pilgrim" for reasons which he explains in his preface. It would be well, however, for "Pilgrim" to look again at some of his selections, including the definition of the sacraments given on p. 400, which many conscientious Christians feel themselves unable to endorse. The same publishers also issue a Bible text-book, intended for "the weary," entitled, "Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord." This little book comprises, in an attractive and handy form, a collection of Scripture passages calculated to cheer and encourage such as are from any cause bowed down. We are glad to see that Lord Brabazon has republished, under the title of "Social Arrows" (Longmans), a number of papers which originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, *The Quiver*, and other publications,

all bearing on the more important of the Social Wants of our times. The volume is full of interesting hints and suggestions, which should be read by all who are in any way concerned with the social problems of the day, or are fain to put into practice the Apostolic precept, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from "W.," which has been devoted to the medical relief of a poor patient, formerly an omnibus driver, who became consumptive through over-exposure in inclement weather.



THE DEAN OF RIFON.

OUR ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.



MEDAL OF THE ORDER.

FROM all parts of the country we have received numerous applications in response to the invitation conveyed in our January number. We regret that we have found it impossible to reply individually to the immense number of kind and suggestive letters with which our friends have favoured us: we hope to deal more fully with the whole subject in an early issue—probably in May. Meantime we can but express our deep thankfulness that so wide and enthusiastic a reception has been accorded to our project of thus gracefully recognising the faithful services of domestic servants of irreproachable character, who have remained in their present situations at least seven years. Among all the illustrious Orders that exist there can be none more honourable than this.

The following names, given alphabetically, are those of applicants who have been enrolled members of the Order up to and including January 7, 1887:—

FIRST LIST.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS (Over 50 Years' Service).

Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
* ALSOP, ELIZABETH	Bramley, Guildford.	58
* WADEY, ANN	Brighton.	50

FIRST CLASS (25 Years' and under 50 Years' Service).

* Allen, Mary Ann	Rochampton.	26
* Bulkwill, Elizabeth L.	Brighton.	27
* Bullock, Sarah	Kilburn, N.W.	41
* Cavill, Sarah	Bristol.	41
* Dowsett, Sarah	Brighton.	25
* Gasten, Fanny	Eastbourne.	29
* Head, Jane	Ealing.	29
* Helmore, Elizabeth	Reigate.	25
* Hodgkinson, Harriet	Bournemouth.	31
* Holgate, George	York.	27
* Nixon, Fanny	Penrith.	27
* Santer, Phæbe	Maldon.	35
* Smith, Hannah	Long Melford.	32
* Stephenson, Anne	Weymouth.	26
* Taylor, Caroline Eliz.	Streatham.	30
* Taylor, Margaret C.	Paddington.	38
* Turner, Mary	Selhurst.	42

ORDINARY MEMBERS (7 Years' and under 25 Years' Service).

Alexander, Sarah A.	Twickenham.	10
Arthur, Emily	Southsea.	11
† Ayliffe, Mary Ann	Deanery, Wells.	20
Bacon, Gertrude L.	Holloway, N.	10
Bale, Elizabeth	Bristol.	7
† Bartin, Mary Jane	Peckham, S.E.	14
* Bennet, Sophia	Eastbourne.	22
Board, Elizabeth	Seaton.	7
* Bowers, Rhoda	Worthing.	21
* Bowling, Esther	London, W.	21

ORDINARY MEMBERS - (continued).

Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
Brand, Alice	Ely.	9
* Bryers, John	Kensington, W.	24
Cox, Emma	Cheltenham.	7
* Deakin, James Saml	Bournemouth.	23
Dowman, Ann	York.	7
† Dowman, Hephzibah	York.	18
Eastes, Charlotte E.	Eastbourne.	9
* Ellis, Eleanor	Pontefract.	22
Fenn, Hannah	London, N.W.	8
Freeman, Margaret	Cambridge.	12
† Frost, Elizabeth C.	Coicester.	15
† Gauld, Jessie	Fraserburgh, N.B.	14
* Gerrard, Sarah Eliz.	London, W.C.	23
Gray, Louisa Jane	Woolwich.	7
Green, Mary Agnes	South Shields.	9
Griffiths, Ann	Llanely.	9
† Grimsted, Martha J.	Portishead.	18
* Groom, Sarah	Norwich.	21
Groves, Elizabeth	Nottingham.	8
Harvey, Emma	London, W.C.	8
Hayward, Betsy	Barton-on-Humber.	9
Heggie, Jessie	Kensington, W.	7
† Holland, Mary Eliz.	Newcastle, Staffs.	15
Howard, E. M. Gert.	Great Yarmouth.	7
James, Sarah Ann	Battersea, S.W.	11
Lake, Margaret Jane	Cheltenham.	7
Lambert, Georgiana	Tower of London.	11
† Little, Isabella	St. John's Wood, N.W.	18
† McCubbin, Janet	Garliston, N.B.	14
Miller, Fanny	Highgate, N.W.	9
Mitchell, Emma	Callington.	11
† Newland, Emma M.	Canonbury, N.	16
† Nichols, Ellen	Farnborough.	15
Nye, Elizabeth	Margate.	12
Perry, Ann Louisa	Hackney, E.	11
Pulper, Harriett	Great Yarmouth.	8
† Rankin, Harriet	Brighton.	14
Ransom, Alice	Paddington, W.	9
* Rea, Elizabeth	Birmingham.	22
† Reed, Caroline	Wandsworth, S.W.	15
* Reid, Martha	Bournemouth.	23
† Robins, Eliza	Welling, S.E.	17
Silsby, Hannah	Hadley.	12
Smith, Agnes	Bournemouth.	10
Smith, Caroline	Cambridge.	8
Smith, Eliza	Crouch Hill, N.	7
† Smith, Sarah	Handsworth.	15
† Spiers, Mary Ann	Moseley.	20
Sutton, Amy Charlotte	Kilburn, N.W.	7
* Tatum, Ellen	How, E.	22
† Thompson, Ann	Newcastle, Staffs.	14
† Tilley, Sarah	Acton, W.	17
Vallis, Jane Askew	London, S.E.	13
† Williams, Amelia	Brixton Hill.	15
Woodbridge, Fanny J.	London, N.W.	7
† Wright, Elizabeth	Wisbech.	14

Each of the Distinguished Members has received a copy of the Delf Bible, published at 42 lbs., with the Medal of the Order.

The mark * denotes the recipient of a Prize. The Prizes in the First and Ordinary Classes consist of Bibles of various values, ranging from six shillings to one guinea. Medals of the Order are awarded to all in the First Class. Medals are also awarded to those marked †, who have served at least 14 and under 21 years; and Certificates of Enrolment in the Order, suitable for framing, have been awarded to all.

The List remains open, and forms of application, etc., may be had on enclosing a stamped directed envelope to the Editor of "THE QUEEN," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Owing to the exigencies of a world-wide circulation, we are compelled to go to press many weeks in advance; candidates, therefore, will not expect to see their names in the published list until at least three months have elapsed from the time of their application.



BUCKINGHAM COTTAGE.

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.



At the present time, when so many employments are thrown open to women, and thousands of young women are engaged in a steady round of hard work in London, the establishment of Homes of Rest where they may obtain a breath of fresh air and a period of rest from daily toil is of the highest importance.

Board-school teachers, clerks in postal and telegraph offices, shop-women, and many others, lead for the greater part of the year a life which is too apt to prove a strain upon their health. It is for the benefit of this class of persons that Homes of Rest have been established in different parts of the country, to afford a few weeks of health-giving air to those who have no friends able to receive them, or who cannot afford the expense of a lodging at the seaside. These Homes vary much in size, some few admitting as many as 200 visitors at a time; but to-day we wish to call attention to one on a different scale.

Ten minutes' walk from Bickley station, in the picturesque county of Kent, a comfortable house has been fitted up as a Home of Rest where visitors are received for the moderate charge of eight shillings a week.

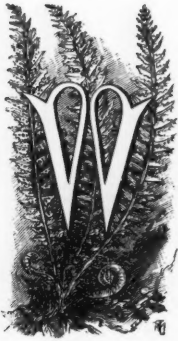
Buckingham Cottage can only accommodate a small number of guests at a time, but this limitation carries with it the advantage that all can enjoy the comfort of living as a family, and, as many who have experienced its hospitality have remarked, "It is indeed a Home, and not an Institution."

On arriving at the Cottage, the visitors are received by the kind and cheerful matron, whose aim it is to make all happy and at home, and who strives that all shall derive as much benefit as possible during their stay. The bedrooms have a comfortable and cheerful appearance, and an excellent table is kept.

The Home is open throughout the year, and is a pleasant resort at all seasons. Anyone who may desire to know further particulars regarding Buckingham Cottage should apply to Miss Lyell, 9, Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.

Those who are able, can take walks to Chislehurst, Bromley, or Keston and Hayes Commons, whilst others can sit in the garden of the Home and enjoy the fresh country air under the shade of some fine elm trees. The letters received by the matron testify to the thorough satisfaction and happiness of the visitors, and many of them return when they can snatch a week's holiday.

THE GOOD EARL.



ELL known as were Lord Shaftesbury's public life and the more salient features of his career, there are some remarkable facts belonging to it which have only lately been made prominent through Mr. Hodder's able and exhaustive biography. These are the more important, as they may be regarded as the hidden springs of the late Earl's life and conduct, which

did so much to bless the world.

Thus, few knew of his unhappy childhood, and of the teaching of his faithful old nurse, of whom to the last he would speak as "the best friend he ever had in the world;" and although everyone knew of his strong fidelity to evangelical truth, and of his firm faith in God, perhaps comparatively few were aware how beautifully simple and childlike was that faith. The idea that he was little else than a narrow bigot will be considerably modified by a thoughtful perusal of these remarkably interesting volumes.*

And yet the home into which the future philanthropist was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man and of keen sense, but engrossed in public life; his mother, a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving Christian woman named Maria Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but a child-like faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, and which, even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.

When seven years of age a great trial befel him in being sent to one of those schools for children of the wealthier classes which, at the beginning of the

present century, were, in Mr. Hodder's expressive words, "hot-beds of every kind of evil and mischief." Here young Ashley lived in a state of constant terror from the cruelty of the elder boys, and suffered exquisite misery for years. Even in old age he would say, "The memory of that place makes me shudder; it is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty." But no doubt the terrible trials which he then endured caused him to sympathise with suffering in every form so keenly throughout his life, and to express his sympathy so practically.

Even his one friend was to be removed from him. He had not long been at school before the death occurred of his old nurse. To the poor little lonely, friendless lad the loss was severe indeed, and now, without a friend in the world to whom he could turn for comfort, the sensitive little heart, believing implicitly what his one friend had taught him, turned to the Bible she had loved, and spread out his sorrows before his Heavenly Father, whom she had taught him to regard as full of pity and tenderness.

It seems to us that we come here upon some of the springs of that strong and simple faith which characterised his life. Bereft of every earthly friend, he found a Friend in heaven, Who seems to have become to him as real and reliable as if He were ever present and could be seen by mortal eye; and it is remarkable that this faith seems never to have wavered. With many others the rhapsody of to-day may give place to the depression of to-morrow, but this does not appear to have been the case with Shaftesbury. Like some Old Testament hero, the Almighty seemed ever at his side, helping, restraining, and guiding. Whatever may have been his other religious or ecclesiastical views—with which we have not now anything to do—this one great principle shines out clear and strong. And it is remarkable also that Shaftesbury, like many other great men who have accomplished much, passed triumphantly through this furnace of affliction and trial. We are not entitled, however, to draw the inference that such severe experience is necessary for the faith or development of character of all, because the natures of individuals vary so much; but it is nevertheless worthy of remembrance that some of the greatest and noblest in the world, in all ages, have thus passed through experiences terrible enough to crush the very life, both physical and spiritual, out of the much-tried heart.

To the last Lord Shaftesbury wore his old friend's watch—a handsome gold one—which she had bequeathed to him, and he was fond of showing it, and would say, "That was given to me by the best

* "The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.," by Edwin Hodder. London: Cassell and Co., Limited. Three Vols.



THE CHILDHOOD OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(Drawn by M. I. DICKSEE.)

fi
th
fi
to
ti
b
t
e
p
E
b
ti
s
d

fi
A
j
h
g
o
a
b
v
e
a
d
i
l
l
t
k
s
v
s
c
d
a
t

v
r
s
r
a
t
v
a
a

a
i
l
v
s
a
c

friend I ever had in the world." Few indeed of the many thousands who heard him speak or benefited by his labours knew of that watch, or of the touching story connected with it. We have dwelt thus upon the facts of Lord Shaftesbury's childhood, because they are not well known, and because they seem of such importance in estimating his character and career; and it is well that so sympathetic and yet careful a writer as Mr. Edwin Hodder should have undertaken Lord Shaftesbury's biography, for, in the hands of some superficial sensation-monger, the tender beauty and truth of this story would have been sadly perverted or wholly destroyed.

The longest lane has a turning at last, and, after five years of misery, the fiat went forth that young Ashley was to go to Harrow, and no freed slave rejoiced at his emancipation more than he rejoiced at his change to this historic school. He met with a gentlemanly set of fellows, and was under the care of Dr. Butler; life looked brighter than ever before, and the gloom which had shrouded his childhood began to roll away. But traces remained. "No one," writes Mr. Hodder, "who knew Lord Shaftesbury, could fail to observe in him an air of melancholy, and a certain sornbreness and sadness. It was no doubt due in great measure to the scenes of suffering and sorrow which were continually before him; but it was also largely due to the fact that there had been no light-heartedness in his childhood, and that the days to which most men look back with the keenest delight were only recalled by him with a shrinking sense of horror. Yet these were the years when he graduated for his great life-work. He had suffered oppression, he had known loneliness and cold, and even hunger; henceforth his life would be devoted to fighting the fight of the oppressed, and ameliorating the condition, so far as in him lay, of the poor, the lonely, the suffering, and the sad."

The story, happily a long one, of the manner in which this was done, is told by Mr. Hodder with much fulness of detail, and in a flowing narrative style. Almost every page—especially when the story reaches Lord Ashley's mature years—testifies to the assiduity, coupled with much sagacity, and perhaps that rarest of all qualities—sanctified common sense—with which he pursued his life-work. Blessed with a wife who returned his deep love with devoted affection, and who sympathised thoroughly with his aims, he enjoyed much rich and real happiness.

The incident which influenced his whole career and led him towards a life of philanthropy was indeed a strange one. It occurred when he had been at Harrow about two years, and was yet a boy between fourteen and fifteen. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill, when he was startled by hearing a great shouting in a side street; and then he beheld a coffin carried by four or five drunken men. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then broke out into foul and horrible language. Horrified at the sicken-

ing spectacle, he gazed spell-bound, and then exclaimed, "Can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?" And before the horrid sound of the drunken songs had died in the distance, he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless.

Nearly seventy years afterwards, when walking down the same hill with Dr. Butler, the son of his old master, his companion asked him if he could remember any particular incident which induced him to dedicate his life to the cause of the poor and wretched.

"It is most extraordinary that you should ask me that here," he said, "for it was within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make the cause of the poor my own," and he then told Dr. Butler the incident just recorded. Mr. Hodder suggests that a suitable monument should be erected there, such as a stone seat, like that which marks the spot above the vale of Keston, where Wilberforce conversed with Pitt, and determined to bring forward the question of the Abolition of Slavery.

After finishing his college course at Oxford with a good degree, Ashley entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-five, and he was not there very long before he became known as *The Working-Man's Friend*. He had, as his means allowed and as opportunity offered, given to and supported benevolent objects; but the first great public ameliorative work in which he was engaged was that of the improved treatment of lunatics. It is very difficult for us in these enlightened days to form an adequate idea of the abominable treatment to which these poor creatures were subject; they were treated as dangerous animals rather than victims of mental disease. Lord Ashley seconded the Bill brought in by Mr. Gordon for regulating the asylums, and was appointed one of the Commissioners under that Act for inspecting them. In the following year, 1829, he became Chairman of the Commissioners, and continued to hold that office till his death—a period of fifty-six years. His work in connection with the Factory Acts has somewhat obscured his devotion to the cause of the insane, but for that long period with unflagging energy he devoted himself to their welfare.

But the Factory Acts were his great life-work. To tell the story even briefly would be far beyond our limits, but it shows throughout the putting into practical shape of the principles which we have seen animated his life. He gave up the pursuits of science and literature, to both of which he was ardently devoted—astronomy especially—in order that he might the more successfully carry on his work. He even refused office in the Government because he feared it might hinder his philanthropic legislation. Thus, in 1845, when Sir Robert Peel pressed him to accept a place in the Cabinet, he declined for this reason, and twenty years later, in refusing a similar offer from Lord Derby, he wrote,

"There are still 1,600,000 operatives excluded from the benefits of the Factory Acts; until they are brought under the protection of the law I cannot take office."

Besides the beneficial changes as to shortened hours of labour, regulation of mines and collieries, etc., which he introduced under the title of the Factory Acts, and the remedial legislation for lunatics, he initiated or supported a series of remarkable reforms in connection with child-labour, climbing (chimney-sweep) boys, occupations of women, regulation and inspection of common lodging-houses, dwellings of the poor, national education, Ragged Schools, sanitary legislation as affecting the public health; and abroad, the opium trade, the slavery question, and the welfare of our Indian subjects, all received his attention; the number of benevolent and religious societies with which he was connected outside his Parliamentary efforts is legion. Always was he earnest and enthusiastic. As far back as 1843 the *Examiner* wrote, "If this man goes on as he now does, telling the truth to everyone, he will soon become the most hated person in England." But the fact is that his unselfish devotion and singleness of aim won him the deep regard of all classes. As far back as 1828, Lord Shaftesbury himself wrote in his diary, "I begin to think I am popular with all classes; not vulgarly popular, but esteemed. This is by God's blessing. . . . All sides of politics, Radicals, Whigs, high Tory, and neutrals, give me praise. Thank God, I truckle for none; I hold a straight course, and Providence blesses me above my deserts." That sentence might be taken as the summary of his conduct in politics.

Later on in life the remark of a poor boy may be given as admirably condensing the general sentiment concerning him. A student was attacking the Earl for helping thieves and roughs, and the boy replied, "Don't you speak against Lord Shaftesbury, sir; if you do, God Almighty will never bless you."

And thus in practical Christianity he passed his life. For forty years he was aided in his labours by his beloved and devoted wife, who, says Mr. Hodder, "inspired his greater efforts, and was, as he himself has described her, 'a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God ever gave to man.'" Lady Ashley was the daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper. When, in 1872, she died, expressions of sympathy rained in upon the heart-broken Earl from all classes—from her Majesty the Queen, who wrote a kind and touching autograph letter, to the illiterate costermonger. The secret of his success with the poor will no doubt be found in his remark that what they wanted was not patronage but sympathy, and when, in his turn, deep sorrow darkened his life, their sympathy was his in return.

Thirteen years later, there came a day—the 1st of October, 1885, when the sun was shining in meridian splendour, and filling his room with beautiful light—when he too passed away without pain, or sigh, or struggle, from this light into the fuller light that is "beyond the veil." Yet even as after the sun has sunk a brilliant afterglow often illumines the western sky, so the memory and results of his singularly unselfish life, of his wise and good deeds, and the happiness he has brought to thousands, will remain as a bright light long after he himself has departed.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VICTOR'S BETROTHED," AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER XVII.—JESSIE MEETS WITH A JOYFUL SURPRISE.

JESSIE felt much disinclined for the conversation that evening, notwithstanding that her new friend had offered to point out to her some of the celebrities who would be present. To Pinches' annoyance, she was more indifferent than ever about her dress, and at last selected a white gown, the simplest in her wardrobe. Jessie liked everything that was pure and fresh and exquisitely neat; for finery she had no taste.

When she had nearly finished dressing, a knock came to the door of her room, and Pinches going to open it brought back in her hand a bouquet of hot-house flowers with a card attached to it.

"They are from Mr. Falcon. How beautifully they

will go with your white dress, 'um," said Pinches, looking at the flowers admiringly as she held out the bouquet towards her young mistress.

But Jessie did not take them from her hand. No emotion of pleasure at the sight of their beauty passed across her face. On the contrary, she looked as she felt, displeased. Mr. Falcon's attentions, though unremitting, had never been offensive nor too openly obtrusive—he was too well bred for that. He had never hitherto given her cause of complaint; it was the suit itself from which she shrank. Her fine nature, instead of being flattered, was wounded and annoyed by these unwelcome addresses. She would gladly after her rejection of them have put the affair away from her mind, but she was not to be permitted to forget, seemingly. She felt the sending this bouquet as an impertinence after what had passed between Lady Mountfalcon and herself, but after the first

flash of anger she remembered that it was exceedingly unlikely that Mr. Falcon knew anything about the interview that had just taken place. Probably he intended the flowers merely as a friendly token. Others had sent her flowers and she had accepted them without scruple. These, however, she would not wear; the doing so, now she knew he intended to persevere in his suit, might so easily be misunderstood.

"Let them be put in water in the drawing-room, if you please, Pinches," she said. "And be so good as to gather me a few half-open crimson roses from the conservatory; I will wear them in my dress."

"Oh, ma'am, are you not going to take these lovely flowers?" Pinches expostulated. "Mr. Falcon will be so hurt, so grieved—I know he will."

"Be so good as to do what I request you. I shall not carry a bouquet at all to-night, only a fan," Jessie spoke coldly, almost severely. She began to dislike Pinches; she thought her both presuming and underhand, though she little knew how much real cause she had to dislike her, or she would not have put off dismissing her till the end of the season.

When her young mistress spoke in that tone, Pinches knew there was nothing for it but to obey. She carried off the flowers grumbling to herself. The present she was to receive on the marriage of Mr. Falcon and Miss Middleton seemed to her relegated to a very remote period. She could not comprehend how any young lady could withstand the wooing of such a man as Mr. Falcon, and there was no one else—no one. She had ascertained that, she said to herself.

Mr. Middleton was going to Ludlow House as well as his daughter. They did not often go out together, many of the invitations being only for her. He looked large and portly in his expanse of white waistcoat, and somehow never seemed quite at ease

in evening dress, though he ought to have become accustomed to it by this time. He wore a massive gold chain across his waistcoat, diamond studs in his elaborately embroidered shirt front, and was endeavouring to drag a pair of light kid gloves over his large, coarse hands. He looked up when Jessie entered, not quite with approval.

"Had you no better gown to put on than that?" he asked. "Any girl with only thirty pounds a year to spend on her dress might wear such a gown! And with natural flowers, too. Where are your jewels? I am sure you have plenty."

"Yes, plenty, father. More than enough," Jessie replied. "But don't you think, this hot weather, the best thing is to look cool? Besides, nobody will notice me much. There will be so many there more likely to attract attention."

"Yes, a set of beggarly artists and authors, I suppose!" growled Mr. Middleton.

"You should have gone the round of the studios with us before the opening of the Academy, you would no longer have spoken of beggarly artists," returned Jessie, smiling at the recollection of the splendours that had met her astonished gaze.

The carriage was announced as in readiness, and Pinches, still in high dudgeon, attended to cloak her young lady. Ludlow House was soon reached, but they had to fall behind a string of carriages, and it was some time before they were set down, the delay not tending to the sweetening of Mr. Middleton's temper, nor the improvement of his complexion. When at last they entered the spacious rooms, where taste reigned rather than magnificence, Lady Mountfalcon had not arrived apparently, but Jessie spied out old Lady Hollingtower, to whom she had become much attached, and hastened to place herself under her wing. She looked round, an amused spectator, for some time, as the gay throng moved before her. There were many present she knew, but many more she did not know; some whose names Lady Hollingtower mentioned surprised her by looking so like other people, whilst others she pointed out as striking

in appearance were of no particular account. She looked round for her new friend who had promised to be her guide through this living throng, but he was nowhere to be seen. She supposed he had not yet arrived. As she sought him with her eyes, a group that had obstructed her view broke up and moved away, and standing near the doorway of an inner room, engaged in conversation, she saw—what?

For a moment her heart seemed to stand still, then it throbbed violently, and the blood rushed to her face in a crimson glow. Her hands trembled so that the fan fell from her grasp; she unconsciously uttered an exclamation that caused Lady Hollingtower to look round quickly. The words were, "Dick! oh, Dick!"



"They are from Mr. Falcon."—p. 324.

A gentleman who stood near picked up her fan and handed it to her. "I hope you do not feel ill?" he said; "is the room too hot?"

"No, that is—yes—it is rather warm," Jessie answered in confusion, her voice scarcely audible through the beating of her heart, hoping only that no one had heard her low cry. Yes, it was Dick Cunliffe himself, handsomer, more distinguished-looking than ever, dwarfing in her eyes the men about him—her own Dick, her betrothed! The question of how he happened to be here, why he had not come to her at once, never occurred to her. She only knew, she only felt that he was here, that she would once more feel the clasp of his hand, once more hear his voice, once more bask in the light of his presence. What to her was all the rest of the world when he was here! As her eyes followed him, drawn as it were by a magnet, he turned his head and saw her. A smile lit up his face, and in another moment Jessie was aware that he was making his way towards her. If she could only meet him with composure, if she could only control her agitation, so as to conceal from others' eyes what this meeting was to her!

In another minute he stood before her. He bent down towards her whilst she laid her trembling hand in his. "Darling," he whispered, "do not move from where you are; in a few minutes I will come for you."

Then with a bow he passed on. Jessie understood him. He desired to give her time to recover her self-possession. It was like his thoughtfulness. She sat down on a seat that was found for her, drawing back a little behind Lady Hollingtower's capacious person, so as to escape observation. How she hoped that Lady Mountfalcon would be late! how she hoped no one would find her out and speak to her! She had seen Mr. Falcon enter the room some little time ago, had seen him looking, perhaps in search of her, but he had been detained by a heavily moustachioed man with a red ribbon in his buttonhole. Some foreign acquaintance, no doubt. Jessie was inclined to bless his voluble tongue, and half smiled at Mr. Falcon's expression of languid endurance.

"Why are you hiding yourself, Miss Middleton? Are you at all faint, my dear?" Lady Hollingtower asked, turning towards Jessie with kindly interest.

"I think I was—a little. I am quite well now. But let me stay with you, please, Lady Hollingtower," Jessie pleaded, her voice still rather unsteady.

"Stay by me as long as you like, my dear," the Countess replied. "Stay till someone comes whose society will be more attractive." She glanced towards Mr. Falcon as she spoke.

Jessie did not now think it worth while to put in any disclaimer. The mistake that had been made would so soon be cleared up, there was no need that she should trouble about it any more. Dick was coming—he was here, and all was well.

"Will you allow me to take you into the conservatory? It is cooler there, and there are some

rare plants that I think would interest you," he said, offering his arm.

Jessie noticed a surprised expression on Lady Hollingtower's countenance as she rose and placed her hand on Dick's arm, but what anybody thought was of no consequence to her now. How proud she felt of her lover, as they made their way through the throng! She noticed that he was "the observed of all observers," and well he might be, she thought. She imagined that he had made a sudden rise in his profession, that by one bound he had gained celebrity. Her father surely could not object to him now, she said to herself; but if he did, she could not help it. She had done her duty, she had kept her promise, and now her duty was to Dick. He did not want her money, and if her father repudiated her, her aunt would give her a home till she was of age, when she could act independently.

Even in the conservatory they were not alone, but Dick found a seat partly hidden by some palms, where they might exchange a few words.

"Oh, Dick, why did you never let me know what had become of you?" cried Jessie with a sigh of infinite content now that her fears were over. "I have been so miserable!"

"Miserable, my dearest! Did you not know I could not help myself? Did not my letter explain everything to you? I have only just returned to England, and I knew I should meet you here. So you have been true to me all these months, in spite of the world that was to change you so much, Jessie!"

He spoke in those low, tender tones that had taken Jessie's heart captive.

"You wrote to me? How? When? I never received any letter!" Jessie exclaimed, a terrible suspicion entering her mind.

"I wrote from Miss Carraway's before I left," Dick replied. "Could you imagine that I would leave you in ignorance? Oh, my love! my love! what happiness it is to be near you again!"

Under the sheltering palms Dick took Jessie's little hand in his, gazing down at her blushing face all quivering with emotion, gazing at her with hungry eyes as if they could not feast enough on the sweet face of her from whom he had been parted so many weary months. But it was not destined that they were to remain thus undisturbed. Mr. Middleton had been wandering through the rooms, finding no interest anywhere. The society at Ludlow House was not congenial to him. He could have bought up half the room, probably, and yet he was passed by unnoticed as if he was a person of no importance. He was accosted now and then, but if he attempted to enter into conversation, his interlocutor soon drifted away and left him for someone else. He was out of his element, out of temper, when he felt the tap of a fan on his arm and found Lady Mountfalcon at his elbow.

"Who is with Jessie?" she asked anxiously. "I do not know the man. They are in the conservatory together. Go and see." So saying, her ladyship

glided off, and Mr. Middleton, moved more by curiosity than anything else, made his way to the entrance to the place of flowers. There he saw a sight that caused him to stand still for a moment as if he had been changed into stone. And yet the sight he saw was surely both charming and interesting. Two lovers, hand in hand, their heads very close together, seemingly so much absorbed in each other as to have almost forgotten that they were not alone. His complexion deepened to an apoplectic red, his veins swelled like cords, his scowl was as black as thunder, as, with a gasp, he strode forward, clenching his fists as if he would annihilate them both as they sat.

"How dare you, sir! How dare you speak to my daughter!" he exclaimed in a voice thick and husky with passion. "Upon my word, sir, if it were not a public place you should answer for this. Come away, Jessie, come home instantly! I ought never to have brought you to this house, where they let in a parcel of low, beggarly scum!"

He seized his daughter's arm and dragged her up, still more incensed by seeing on Dick's countenance an expression of amused contempt.

"Go, my love," Dick whispered to the trembling girl. "Trust me, it will be all right. I will see you to-morrow."

"Neither to-morrow nor any other day!" thundered Mr. Middleton. "You disgraceful scoundrel!"

"Hush, father!" Jessie implored. "See, people are looking! I will go with you. You need not drag me; give me your arm. For heaven's sake let us get away quietly." She glanced back at her lover, and was met by a reassuring smile that gave her courage. It was she now who drew her father on.

The scene had not passed without spectators, though the comments and explanations were wide of the mark. The most general idea was that "old Middleton" had been indulging too freely in champagne, and that his daughter was anxious to get him out of the way. The only one who formed anything like a correct surmise as to what had really taken place was Lady Mountfalcon, and it filled her with dismay. Mr. Falcon had been in another room and had heard and seen nothing. He came up to his aunt to inquire if she knew where Jessie was.

"She is gone," Lady Mountfalcon replied in a dull tone. "There will be no Swiss tour. You may give her up. Bend down to me, and I will tell you."

She spoke a few words in his ear. He turned as white as a ghost, and soon after left the room and the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LORD HAMLYN MAKES PROPOSALS.

MR. MIDDLETON put Jessie into the carriage and gave the word "Home!" but he did not accompany her. When he saw her driven off, he turned in another direction. Perhaps he thought that, in the joy of having met her lover, she would not be in the

mood to listen to his admonitions meekly, or else he wished to nurse his wrath to keep it warm. However it might be, it was an immense relief to Jessie to be allowed to return alone, to have an interval in which to go over again in memory all the rapture of the meeting, and to dwell upon the assurance that time had wrought no change, that she was still faithfully loved.

When she reached home she hastened to put off her dress, and wrapping herself in a *peignoir*, she stole softly to her aunt's room. She knew her aunt was not a very good sleeper. She had no intention of disturbing her slumbers, but if she did happen to be awake, she would satisfy her longing to pour the tale of her new-found happiness into sympathetic ears. She gently opened the door, and found the lamp lighted and Miss Middleton reading in bed.

"Is that you, Jessie?" she asked as she saw the white figure steal in.

"Yes, it is I, auntie. May I speak to you?"

"Certainly, my dear. Has anything happened?"

"Yes, a great deal has happened," replied Jessie, as she sat down in the large square arm-chair at the head of the bed, and leaned her cheek against Miss Middleton's hand, and thus, with her face half-concealed, she told her tale.

"My dear, how glad I am!" said the old lady, softly touching Jessie's bowed head. "It was thinking and wondering about Dick that kept me awake to-night. But, Jessie, you will have a hard battle to fight. I am afraid your father will never consent."

"Don't you think he may at last, when he finds how we love each other—how impossible it is for me to think of anyone but Dick?" Jessie questioned wistfully.

But Miss Middleton would not encourage her in delusive hopes. She knew only too well her brother's obdurate, selfish disposition. What could be hoped for from a man who was ready to sacrifice his daughter's future happiness just for the paltry ambition of dragging some man into the family who had a title, just for the poor pride of hearing his daughter addressed as "my lady"?

"Well, then, we must wait," Jessie sighed. "It will be very little more than a year, and I shall see Dick now, and we will help each other to be patient. There, I won't talk to you any more. You must try to sleep now you know that Dick is safe and sound and true, and that I am, oh! so happy! I cannot feel at this moment as if I care much what comes in the future!"

She kissed her aunt, who embraced and blessed her, and returned to her own room. But sleep did not visit her eyes till broad daylight, so tumultuous were the thoughts and feelings that crowded heart and brain.

In the morning Pinches brought her a message from her father. Mr. Middleton desired she would not go out till he had spoken with her. She breakfasted in her aunt's sitting-room, and there awaited the summons which reached her a little before noon. Jessie

was a brave girl. She was conscious of having done her duty in keeping the promise that had been demanded of her, and now she was prepared to stand up for her right to choose her own course in the future.

She found her father in the room called by courtesy his "study." It had certainly a writing-table, and a



"You shall see him and speak to him."—p. 329.

few books lay about, such as the Post-Office Directory, the latest Peerage, and others of a like nature. Mr. Middleton had been walking up and down, an open letter in his hand. He stopped when he saw his daughter enter. He was flushed, but the look upon his face was rather that of exultation than of anger.

"A most surprising thing has happened, Jessie—a most wonderful thing! My utmost wishes have been fulfilled in a most marvellous manner," he exclaimed, puffing himself out. "Come here, Jessie, and sit down; I have much to say to you."

Jessie, much astonished at this exordium, took the seat indicated, and waited in silence for what was to follow.

"I need scarcely say how—ahem—excessively displeased I was last night at that scamp's daring to claim acquaintance with you; I hope you perfectly understand that I consider everything at an end in that quarter," said Mr. Middleton, sitting down, crossing one knee over the other, and placing his thumbs in his armpoles.

"I am sorry if you have misunderstood me, father," Jessie replied in a low but firm voice. "You wished

me to promise neither to see nor correspond with Dick for six months; I kept my promise, but I never once thought of giving him up—never for an instant!"

"Are you mad, girl?" cried Mr. Middleton, frowning heavily. "Do you suppose that, if you are still fool enough to indulge in such an infatuation, it can conquer my will? If so, you will find yourself deceived, I can tell you! A more absurd and presumptuous proposal was never made than that of—of that—that beggarly rascal for you. You must never allow him to—speak to you again!"

Mr. Middleton's rising wrath almost choked him, as he perceived in his daughter's countenance no sign of giving way.

"Father, I cannot do what you ask," said Jessie in the same low tone.

"But you must do it. I insist upon it," returned Mr. Middleton, in a loud, angry voice. "But I forget; you don't know all," he continued, in scarcely repressed excitement. "Here is what will bring you to your senses," taking up the letter he had laid down on the table; "here is an offer of marriage for you; and from whom do you think?"

"An offer of marriage?" Jessie repeated, turning very pale. "From Mr. Falcon, I suppose. It is cruel of him to persist—it is persecution."

"Even as late as yesterday, I had made up my mind that you might do worse than take Falcon. But now there is no question of Falcon. You must guess again," Mr. Middleton declared, restored to good-humour by the very sight and touch of the letter he held.

Jessie looked relieved when she heard it was not Mr. Falcon. Anyone else would surely be easily disposed of; there was no one else, she felt quite sure, who cared for her enough to be much wounded by a negative answer.

"I see you are at a loss," Mr. Middleton resumed. "What do you think of Lord Hamlyn, of Hamlyn Court?" He rolled the words out as if they had a sweet flavour in his mouth, and threw himself back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon his daughter as if he expected that she would throw herself upon his neck in a sudden fit of ecstasy and gratitude. But nothing of the kind occurred. Jessie clasped her hands together as she sat, and looked up with something like dismay.

"Lord Hamlyn? Oh, I am so sorry: I liked him so much!" she exclaimed.

"You like him, and you are sorry! What in the world do you mean?" cried Mr. Middleton impatiently.

"I like him very much as an acquaintance," Jessie replied. "I thought he would be my friend, without thinking of anything more. Indeed, I do not understand—I do not believe he cares for me more than I care for him—in that way."

"If you mean he is not in love with you, that I cannot say," Mr. Middleton answered, rubbing his chin and referring again to the letter. "His proposal

is business-like and to the point, but he certainly makes no protestations. Amongst the higher classes there are other considerations beside mere sentiment. He has rank to offer; I have wealth to give in return. It is a fair equivalent."

Jessie's eyes flashed; the hot blood mounted to her face. "So it is to be a matter of barter!" she said, with intense scorn. "Lord Hamlyn is very obliging, but I decline to be appraised like a piece of goods."

"Don't be a fool, Jessie," said her father irritably. "What is the use of speaking in that confoundedly silly way? Of course Lord Hamlyn knew what he was about when he made his offer, and I told him what he might expect when I accepted it for you."

"You—accepted it for me!" cried Jessie, rising from her seat and standing erect before him.

"I accepted it," replied Mr. Middleton, in a tone that implied, "Against my decision there is no appeal." He folded his arms across his broad chest, and looked at her as he would have looked at one of his subordinates who had dared to dispute his orders.

"I think, father, you forget we are not living in Roman times, when a parent had control over his daughter's destiny and no one could gainsay," Jessie answered almost coldly, in her deep indignation and disdain. "I refuse to marry Lord Hamlyn!"

"You—refuse—to marry Lord Hamlyn?" Mr. Middleton exclaimed, starting up in a fury and knocking over the chair upon which he had been sitting. "But I tell you, you shall marry him! I have accepted him for you, and within an hour he will be here!"

"I will see him and speak to him," said Jessie. "He is a man of reason and intelligence, and he is a gentleman."

"So much the better for you," growled Mr. Middleton. "Yes, you shall see him and speak to him, and he will bring you to your senses. You will not dare to repeat to his face the rubbish you have been talking to me. And do not delude yourself for a moment that you will tire me out, so that I shall give in to any folly on your part. As well might you expect that I should give my consent to that preposterous match you would have made for yourself."

A snile flitted for a moment over Jessie's face as the idea presented itself to her of not daring to say what was in her mind to her little red-haired friend, with his queer jerky movements and almost boyish countenance. But it quickly passed, and the steadfast expression returned.

"You forget, father," she said quietly, almost sadly, "there can be no question of my marriage to any but one. I am pledged to Richard Cunliffe heart and soul, and I can never marry anyone else."

Mr. Middleton's face turned almost purple. He gasped, and for a moment could not speak. He clenched his hand and moved a step forward, as if he would have struck her; but she still stood erect, her hands clasped before her, and she met his

wrathful look unflinchingly. Something in her attitude, in her face, struck him. Her calm courage, her constancy of spirit, commanded his respect in spite of himself. He dropped his arm, and walked to the other end of the room and back.

"Look here—I will tell you my determination, and then you must take your choice," he said in a resolute tone, but speaking more calmly. "I will set the two roads before you, and I still hope your good sense will prevail, as well as your sense of what is due to me as your father. I will still hope to have a daughter. If you marry Lord Hamlyn, whom you yourself say is a man of reason and intelligence and a gentleman—and, for the life of me, I can't see what any girl can want in a husband more than that—you will have almost unlimited wealth, for Hamlyn himself is rich; you will have one of the finest places in all England as a residence; you will take a leading part in the very highest society; and there is not a wish that you will not be able to gratify. If, on the other hand, you persist in your wicked obstinacy, and throw yourself away upon that beggarly young architect, you may go and starve with him. I repudiate you from that day. Not one farthing of my money will either of you ever see. I would found a hospital with it—I would throw it into the river rather! Now you know. Do not attempt to argue with me. Do not think that I shall ever change my mind, whatever comes. The day you marry Cunliffe you cease to be my daughter. If you repent your mad infatuation, if you come to want, don't come cringing to me—it will be of no use. You may go to your husband's low-born relations, and see what they will do for you."

"You have a perfect right to do what you will with your money, father. Neither Dick nor I want it. He has his profession. We were perfectly happy in Acacia Grove"—Jessie spoke dreamily, as if recalling to her mind that happy time.

"I might have known it. You are your mother's daughter! You have her low-born tastes, her want of—ahem—any desire to rise in the world!" Mr. Middleton exclaimed. "Is it not enough to madden a man, to toil and moil that he may rise step by step, as I have done, and then, when the work of his life is about to bear fruit, to be thwarted by a senseless girl?"

"I am very sorry. I could make any sacrifice but this," said Jessie.

"Yes; any but this—the only thing I demand from you. Go!" cried Mr. Middleton, again making an effort to conquer his rising fury. "See Lord Hamlyn. Obey me in this, at any rate, and perhaps you may repent your obstinacy."

Jessie turned to leave the room without further reply. She could not pretend that there was any chance of giving way, and any repeated refusal to obey him would only incense her father still more. When she reached the door, however, she stopped, and turned towards him again.

"Father, will you answer me one question?" she entreated. "Did any letter from Richard Cunliffe to me come into your hands?"

"No!" Mr. Middleton said, as if hurling the word at her. "I should have been decidedly angry had he dared to write to you. I should very likely have burnt the letter before your face, but not behind your back."

"Thank you, father; I thought not," Jessie replied, and, leaving the room, went slowly up-stairs. Her suspicions had been aroused from several little circumstances, and now she had no doubt in her own mind that Lady Mountfalcon had caused the letter to be intercepted, and that Pinches was the agent. It did not matter now. It was of no avail to accuse anyone; only she could never be on friendly terms with Lady Mountfalcon again, and Pinches' dismissal should be more summary than she had at first intended. She went to her dressing-room, and sat down to compose herself for the coming interview with Lord Hamlyn. She would not have much difficulty in prevailing with him to withdraw his suit, she told herself. He was a man of sense, and not the least bit in love with her. Then she fell to thinking of Dick, wondering when and how she would see him again, and what was the meaning of the smile with which he had bidden her go and trust to him. This fully occupied her mind till Pinches knocked at the door to tell her that Lord Hamlyn was in the drawing-room waiting to see her.

CHAPTER XIX.—TO THE SOUND OF WEDDING-BELLS.

JESSIE went to the glass to rearrange her hair and her dress, and to ascertain that no traces of the agitation she had gone through were visible. She wished to meet Lord Hamlyn in a perfectly calm and friendly spirit. She smiled to herself as the image of this new suitor presented itself to her mind. "How ridiculous it is of him, when he does not care for me, and he must know I don't care for him in that way. I could not have supposed him to be a man who would want to marry money," she thought as she descended the stairs. But the footman must have made some strange mistake in his announcement to Pinches, for, when she opened the drawing-room door, she saw before her—not her little red-haired friend, but Dick Cunliffe—her own Dick! She flew to meet him as he held out his arms.

"My darling! my darling!" he cried, as he clasped her close. "I have you safe, my own, at last!"

"Yes, all your own, in spite of what anyone may say," Jessie whispered, as her arms stole round his neck. "You have come to ask me again of my father, as you said you would; but his answer will be the same, Dick. I must cease to be his daughter in being true to you. But you do not care about his money, do you, Dick? Auntie will give me a home till I am of age."

"I care for nothing, as long as I hold you fast," Dick protested. "But, dearest, I do not think your father's answer will be the same now," he added, smiling.

"Oh, but indeed, indeed it will," Jessie returned, half-frightened by his manner, and half-vexed that he should seem to take the matter almost as a jest. "He is more set against you than ever, because—because—I wonder whether I ought to tell you, Dick?"

"You are not going to begin by having secrets from me, are you? Because I could not allow that, you know," said Dick, drawing her to the sofa and sitting down by her side.

"Well, then, he has had an offer for me only this morning, and he wanted to insist upon my accepting it; but, of course, I told him I never would," Jessie acknowledged, playing with one of the buttons of Dick's coat.

"An offer for you?" returned Dick. "You had better not let me know who has made it, lest I should be tempted to go and speak my mind."

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that!" Jessie expostulated. "He is really a very nice little man; rather ugly, but very pleasant. I quite like him."

"Jessie, if you don't mind, you will make me jealous; so you had better tell me who it is, or I shall be suspecting all the ugly little men I meet. Just whisper his name. Closer—I cannot hear."

To Jessie's consternation, at the mention of Lord Hamlyn's name Dick burst into a hearty fit of laughter. It was some minutes before he recovered his gravity. "Lord Hamlyn is very much obliged to you," he said. "An ugly little man, is he? But you allow he can be pleasant, and confess you rather like him. Well, since you put your arms around his neck and promise to be his wife in spite of everybody, it does seem as if you rather like him, doesn't it?"

"Dick!" Jessie exclaimed, in hot indignation, tears springing to her eyes, "what is it you mean? How can you speak to me in that way! it is most—most unkind!" she added, her breast heaving.

"Don't be vexed, my darling," Dick pleaded, drawing her towards him again. "I think you have mistaken my friend Alwyn for Hamlyn. Sorry to disappoint you of another lover, but I am afraid you will have to be contented with one. If you had only received that letter I wrote from Miss Carraway's, Jessie, it would have explained all. Now I must tell you my tale; but first I must kiss away those tears, dearest—there is no need for tears."

Then he told her all that had happened since they parted; and she listened half-laughing, half-weeping, the story seemed to her so altogether astounding. How many questions she had to ask, how many details to hear, before she could realise that it was all true, and not merely a freak of her imagination! How long they sat there she never knew, and hours might have slipped by unperceived, had they not been interrupted by Mr. Middleton. He had awaited the result of the interview supposed to be taking place,

with great impatience. The only thing that kept him quiet so long was the belief that so lengthened a conversation must betoken a good result.

"I thought no girl of mine could be such a fool!" he chuckled to himself, as he walked to and fro in his study, rubbing his hands one over the other. At last his power of waiting came to an end. The suspense was too much for him. He thought it was time to enact the benevolent father of the comedy, and give the happy couple his blessing. He coughed on the stairs as he went up, and opened the door with a rattle of the handle, to find his daughter, not with the man he expected, but with Dick Cunliffe!

He stood for a moment rooted to the spot, speechless with fury at the sight, whilst the two culprits rose to their feet.

"What are you doing here? How dare you set foot in my house?" he thundered out at last. "Leave the house immediately! Do you hear, sir, before I order the footman to turn you out!"

"You need not trouble," replied Dick coolly, taking up his hat. "The next time I enter your house I shall be by your express invitation, and you yourself shall offer me your daughter's hand."

Without waiting any answer to this preposterous speech, he brushed past Mr. Middleton and ran down stairs.

"Dick—oh, Dick—don't!" cried Jessie. She would have darted after him, but her father seized her arm as in a vice, and prevented her from moving.

"Stay where you are—unfortunate, infatuated girl! If you leave this room to go after that scoundrel, *you* shall go out of my house too, and never enter it again—do you hear?" he said hoarsely.

"Oh, father, you don't know! you mistake altogether. It is Lord Hamlyn!" Jessie panted.

"Eh, what? what do you mean?" Mr. Middleton exclaimed, letting go her arm and staggering back.

"Richard Cunliffe is now Lord Hamlyn, father," Jessie explained, her breast still heaving with emotion. "His mother was the Earl of Roedale's sister. She offended her family by marrying her father's secretary and librarian, and neither her father nor her brother would take any more notice of her. When the late Lord Hamlyn became worse and worse, and there seemed no hope at all of his restoration, Lord Roedale wished Dick to take his place as his probable heir, making it a condition that he should drop his father's name. This he refused to do, and so they never met. Now both father and son are dead, the Earldom of Roedale is extinct, but the Barony passes to the female line, and Richard Cunliffe is now Baron Hamlyn of Hamlyn."

Jessie's eyes sparkled as she told the tale. She could not feel more proud of her lover than she had done before, but it seemed to her meet and fitting that he should be the descendant of a long line of noble ancestors. More to her he could never be; she had given her whole heart to Richard Cunliffe, and she could give no more to Lord Hamlyn, but

she was glad he should hold a high place amongst his fellow-men, for she knew he would be no idler in the world—that he would use his talents and his wealth for some good and great purpose.

Mr. Middleton was so completely dumfounded by what he had just heard that he could do nothing but walk up and down, mopping his heated forehead with his handkerchief, and exclaiming at intervals, "Pon my word! 'Pon my word!"

At last he stopped in front of Jessie. "What did you mean by telling me you would not marry Lord Hamlyn?" he asked abruptly.

"It was a mistake; I did not know," Jessie replied. "When Lord Alwyn was introduced to me, I did not catch the name correctly, and I always took him for the new Lord Hamlyn."

"And had you no idea who Cunliffe was?—no idea that he was the probable heir?" Mr. Middleton again asked, in great perturbation.

"Not the least idea. He never spoke of his family."

"It's a most unlucky thing! How was I to know?" Mr. Middleton muttered, again wiping his brow. "You'd—you'd better write, Jessie."

Jessie smiled, but she shook her head. "You heard what he said, father. Dick never goes back from his word," she replied.

"Confound it all!" Mr. Middleton muttered again.

Jessie felt annoyed and mortified also. She was grieved that her father should have shown himself so little of a gentleman. She knew Dick did not like him, and now his dislike would be intensified. Her cheeks burned, too, as she foresaw the change that would take place in his manner. Insolent to those he considered beneath him, he was servile to rank, and she shrank from the thought of the contempt Dick would feel for him when he went with his apologies. And yet, what could be done? He had insulted Dick, and Dick was not a man to put up with insults from anyone. She was so happy an hour ago, and now she felt as if she could sit down and cry. She wished herself back in Acacia Grove, where there was no disturbing element; where Dick had loved her before he knew who her father was, and where she had remained in some degree blinded as to her father's real character. She felt there was nothing she could do. She could not ask Dick to come back, neither would it be of any use to urge her father not to forget his dignity as a man and a gentleman, even if he had to make an apology. She must just let things go, and try not to worry herself more than she could help.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to call upon that—ahem—very impetuous lover of yours," said Mr. Middleton, pulling himself together. "I suppose he's too fond of you to bear malice—eh? I suppose he'll let bygones be bygones? You've always stood up for him as a first-rate fellow; if I'd only known you cared so very much for each other— But I thought it was only just a fancy, you see. Give me

a kiss, Jessie, and I'll make it all right, and you shall have the grandest *trousseau* and the finest set of diamonds of any bride this season."

"Never mind that now, father," rejoined Jessie, after giving the required kiss. She turned away with an unreasonable feeling of irritation. Her father meant to be kind; how should he know that just now, in the first joy of reunion with her betrothed, even though that joy had been so rudely disturbed, such details as fine dresses and diamonds could find no place in her mind? How glad she was when her father went away, and she could escape to her aunt's

have to put on a fresh cap and frill in honour of my Lord Hamlyn."

"Ah!" sighed Jessie, straightening herself up. "Will he come to-day, I wonder?"

She was not long kept in suspense. In the course of the afternoon a message arrived from Mr. Middleton to say that Lord Hamlyn would dine with them that evening. On this occasion Mr. Middleton held no conference with Lady Mountfalcon. He had a sort of misgiving that he had not behaved altogether fairly to Ulric Falcon. But, for once, he was thankful that Jessie had shown a will of her own. "What



"Can you not love us just the same?"

room—her aunt, who was still in ignorance of this wonderful thing that had occurred.

Miss Middleton was much affected by the news. She was delighted for Jessie's sake, and yet she shed a few quiet tears. Her pet scheme was quite broken down. She had imagined that the little house in Acacia Grove would be once more a home: that Dick and Jessie would take up their abode there with her until Dick could do something better. And now, lo and behold! as by the wave of an enchanter's wand, he was raised far above them all, and the dear old lady, unselfish as she was, could not forbear a sigh to think that she could now do nothing for the young couple, whose lot in life would be so different from what she had ever contemplated.

"How dare you say you can do nothing, you naughty auntie?" Jessie exclaimed, when Miss Middleton gave expression to this feeling. "Can you not love us just the same? You know perfectly well that we couldn't do without you. You are putting on affected airs in your old age, and they must be kissed away."

"There, there!" cried Miss Middleton, shaking her sides, whilst she strove to free herself from Jessie's encircling arms. "It is well that I shall

could I do?" he said afterwards in extenuation. "Jessie's mind was set upon Hamlyn, you see, and I might as well have tried to move St. Paul's."

Nevertheless, it was said in certain circles that Miss Middleton had jilted Mr. Falcon; that she had thrown him over the moment a more wealthy lover appeared. But both Dick and Jessie could afford to smile at this report, and Ulric Falcon, to do him justice, contradicted it whenever it came to his ears. So at last the truth came to be known, that there had never been any engagement between Mr. Falcon and Miss Middleton, and that the attachment to Lord Hamlyn dated from before the time when he inherited the title.

The idea of the Swiss tour was, as a matter of course, relinquished. Instead of this, it was arranged that Mr. Middleton, together with his sister and daughter, should proceed at once to Nettlewood for the autumn, while Lord Hamlyn took up his residence at Hamlyn Court. Jessie at first scarcely knew how to raise her eyes to her lover's face in the presence of her father, so afraid was she of the contempt she might read there; but Dick soon set her at her ease. He could not pretend to be fond of Mr. Middleton, but he never forgot that he was Jessie's father, and always treated him with

courtesy and respect. Perhaps this restraint made him still more anxious than he would otherwise have been to hurry on the marriage; but the settlements and the *trousseau* refused to be hurried. The wedding was fixed to take place at the end of October; the newly married couple were to go to Italy for the winter, while Hamlyn House was being redecorated. So one of Jessie's dreams would come true. She would see Venice and Florence and Rome; she would see all that art had to offer that was most beautiful, at her husband's side—seeing with his eyes and learning from his lips; and Dick looked forward with equal delight to revisiting these places with her he loved so well.

The autumn passed quietly at Nettlewood. Jessie persuaded Mrs. Faulkner to let her have Minnie's company, but beyond the families in the neighbourhood they had few visitors. Lord Alwyn came to stay with Dick, for the shooting professedly, but it turned out that his pursuit was of quite a different nature. To the unbounded surprise of everybody but the two most nearly concerned, he went up to London and called upon Dr. Faulkner to ask his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The doctor demurred on account of Minnie's youth. It was impossible that a girl only just seventeen could know her own mind, he averred. To Lord Alwyn personally he could make no objection; on the contrary, he knew him by report, and felt he could safely trust his daughter's happiness in his hands. He only stipulated that there should be no engagement till Minnie was eighteen, that till that time they should both be considered free; and in this Lord Alwyn was forced to acquiesce.

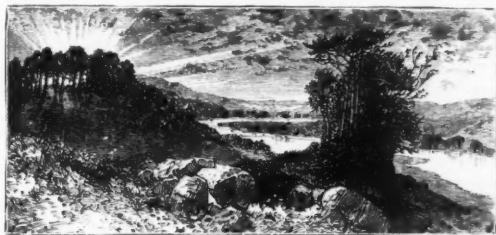
When Minnie was rallied about her conquest, she

stood up stoutly for her lover. What did it signify if she were the taller of the two? husbands and wives were not expected to match like Dresden-china figures on a chimney-piece, she declared. She also asserted that she liked red hair, and did not care about handsome men, and she knew she could be useful to Lord Alwyn—she could copy his manuscripts and keep his papers in order.

"And be a good, true wife to him, as I hope to be to Dick," concluded Jessie.

Mr. Middleton would have liked to have a splendid wedding from Palace Gardens, but he was overruled. Both Jessie and Lord Hamlyn preferred that the ceremony should take place in the country church, the grey ivy-covered tower of which was visible both from Hamlyn Court and Nettlewood. Their love for each other was too deep for them not to feel to the utmost the solemnity of the vows they were about to take, and they did not think it a fitting occasion for a grand display. Mr. Middleton again could not understand; but the will of his future son-in-law was to him as the laws of the Medes and Persians, not to be contravened, and so he yielded, not without a good deal of grumbling when alone with his sister, who listened in silence. Miss Middleton understood, if her brother did not. She understood that rank and wealth and grandeur are mere accessories; that they could have lived contentedly without, if need had been; and that Jessie in her white satin and pearls could not be more loved than she was in her simple stuff gown, nor could Lord Hamlyn be more highly esteemed than when he was only Dick Cunliffe, Miss Carraway's lodger, and their opposite neighbour.

THE END.



THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

(From the Latin of Alard, Protestant Pastor, of Holstein, 1572–1645.)

WHEN that the fleeting world's false joys
Hold me within their fast embrace,
Then weeps the angel God employs
To watch me from His dwelling-place.

But when with many tears I mourn
The sins that pierced my dying Lord,
His angel's grief to joy doth turn
Who over me keeps watch and ward,

Hence! every joy of fleeting earth,
Whose fatal charm my senses wins;
Come! blessed tears, more sweet than mirth,
Wherewith I mourn my many sins.

Ne'er may I, by delight in ill,
Draw tears from angels sweet and pure;
But let my true contrition fill
All heaven with joy that shall endure.

THE EDITOR.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 21. WARNINGS AND BLESSINGS.

To read—*St. Matthew xi. 20—xii. 13.*

UNREPENTANT CITIES. (20—24.) Three villages on shores of Galilee—many miracles been done there or in neighbourhood—signs of Christ having come from God. Inhabitants rejected Christ's teaching—rejected Him. Capernaum especially favoured as His own city—had healed centurion's servant, Peter's mother-in-law, etc. (viii. 5, etc.). Other cities destroyed which had had no such privileges, e.g. Tyre besieged by Nebuchadnezzar. (Ezek. xxix. 18.)

Sidon, very old city (Gen. xlix. 13), now ruined.

Sodom, destroyed by fire. (Gen. xix. 24.)

The day of judgment will (a) *Try* all men's works. (1 Cor. iii. 13.)

(b) *Sever* between good and bad. (St. Matt. iii. 18.)

(c) *Destroy* all who obey not God. (2 Thes. i. 8.)

II. BABES AND WEARY COMFORTED. (25—30.) Knowledge of God hid from wise, i.e. intelligent, such as Scribes and Pharisees; could not see Christ's truth (St. Joan ix. 41); remained in ignorance.

1. *Christ believed in* by "babes" and ignorant. Examples:—

Children who shouted "Hosanna!" (xxi. 15.)

Common people heard Him gladly.

Ignorant fishermen became disciples. (Acts iv. 13.)

2. *Christ has all power* from His Father. Power over angels (Heb. i. 4), winds and waves (xiv. 24), etc.

3. *Christ gives rest to heavy-laden* by forgiving sin, e.g. sick of the palsy; to *weary* with disease, e.g. man at Pool of Bethesda thirty-eight years (St. John v. 8); to *mourners*, as Martha and Mary (St. John xi.).

III. OBSERVANCE OF SABBATH. (xii. 1—21.) 1. *Works of necessity.* Ears of corn plucked and eaten, as allowed by law of Moses. (Deut. xxiii. 25.) Pharisees object because is doing work. Christ's answer based (a) *on precedents*—

David's eating shewbread. (1 Sam. xvi. 6.)

Priests doing work of sacrificing.

(b) *On law of necessity*, superior to positive precepts.

(c) *On law of charity*, greater than all law.

(d) *On His sanction* Who made the Sabbath.

2. *Works of mercy.* Law of charity further enforced—

(a) *By analogy*—a man is better than a sheep.

(b) *By miracle* of healing man with withered hand.

Thus the Sabbath was made for man—his rest, comfort, etc.—not man for Sabbath, to be a burden.

NO. 22. PHARISEES' PLOTS AND BLASPHEMIES. SIGNS.

To read—*St. Matthew xii. 14—50.*

I. PLOTS. (14—21.) Why do Pharisees seek His destruction? Because of His upsetting their teaching,

Christ withdraws—His time not yet come. But people follow Him in crowds—all healed. Because—

(a) He must fulfil prophecy.

(b) He is God's servant—to do His will.

(c) He must show God's justice to all nations.

(d) He must not break the weak by harshness.

(e) He must fan the flame of the conscience.

(f) His name shall be tower of strength. (i. 21.)

II. BLASPHEMIES. 1. *Against Christ.* (22—30.) Blind and dumb man healed. Power of giving sight and speech specially foretold. (Isa. xxxv. 5.) People ascribe His power to descent from David; Pharisees to power of devil. How does Christ answer?

1. Satan would not destroy his own kingdom.

2. Power of casting out evil spirits been of old given by God, e.g. David and Saul. (1 Sam. xvi. 23.)

Christ, therefore, will destroy power of devil—first his goods, i.e. disease and pain, effects of sin, and finally devil himself. (Rev. xx. 10.)

3. *Against the Holy Ghost.* (31—37.) Solemn warning. Sin against Christ may be forgiven if repented of, but one particular sin unpardonable (1 John v. 16), viz., wilful opposition to work of Holy Ghost—wilful infidelity.

St. Peter spoke against Christ and was forgiven.

St. Paul blasphemed Christ, but obtained mercy.

Jews rejected Holy Ghost (Acts vii. 51), were lost.

Therefore all must take heed how they speak. Good heart, like good tree, produces good results, viz.:—

Good words, i.e. of truth, love, purity.

Good works, i.e. justice, mercy, love.

But evil, vain, idle words produce evil now, and will be judged hereafter. By words justified, i.e. shown just, or by words condemned.

III. SIGNS AND PARABLES. (38—50.) Jews asked sign. Had they had none? Christ's life, words, miracles all bore witness. But they wanted sign from heaven, like manna, etc. Christ names three persons:—

(a) Jonah in fish; Christ in grave.

(b) Men of Nineveh repented—Jews do not at preaching of greater than Jonah.

(c) Queen of Sheba listened to Solomon—Jews do not to Him, far more full of wisdom.

They must take care. In awful danger of falling away from grace. A heart once taught, but empty of prayer and God's Spirit, becomes seat of worse passions than before. Its end ruin.

Now His mother and brethren seek Him. Notice—

(a) She sought Him when a child in Temple.

(b) She seeks Him now to hear His words.

(c) She will seek Him when dying. (St. John xix. 25.)

Who are Christ's true brethren? Those who learn of Him—own the same Father—seek to do God's will. Can that be said of us?

No. 23. PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM. (I.) THE SOWER—MUSTARD—LEAVEN.

To read—*St. Matthew xiii. 1—23 and 31—35.*

I. THE SOWER. (1—23.) Great Teacher, great crowd, great sermon.

Notice—(a) *Sowing*. Three times, no result.

(b) *Seed*. Lost at once—sprang up quickly—choked when grown.

Describes Word of God taught to men. Notice—

(a) *Sowing*—three periods: *childhood*, little or no impression; *youth*, quick impressions, soon lost; *manhood*, effaced by other things.

(b) *Ground*—the heart, hard, shallow, or worldly.

(c) *Causes of failure*—the devil at once—persecution by degrees—the world altogether.

(d) *Good heart* reached at last, *i.e.* heart prepared. Eyes to see God's truth. Ears to hear, heart to receive. (*Ps. cxix. 18, 11.*)

(e) *Result*—good fruit of holiness. (*Ps. i. 3.*)

But why speak in parables? Hard to understand.

Two classes of people—those caring and those not caring to learn.

(a) *People* ignorant, dull, gross—see not, nor care to see—shall become duller and less able to understand, as did Pharisees. (*St. John ix. 49.*)

(b) *Disciples* or learners—seekers after Christ—shall have more knowledge given—learn truths of Christ's Kingdom—be blessed in themselves and others.

Questions for all. How do I hear? Is God's Word soon caught away, or does it bring forth fruit?

II. THE MUSTARD SEED. (31—32.) *Kingdom of heaven, i.e.* Christ's Church on earth. Notice—

(a) *Its nature*—small. Christ's followers few at first—twelve apostles, then 120 disciples. (*Acts i. 15.*)

(b) *Its growth*—rapid. On day of Pentecost 3,000 converted (*Acts ii. 41*), after that great multitudes in Jerusalem (*Acts v. 14*), then throughout world.

(c) *Its shelter*. Protects birds. So Church of Christ gathers all classes within it—kings, as Agrippa (*Acts xxvi. 27, 28*); priests, a great company (*Acts vi. 7*); soldiers, as Cornelius (*Acts x. 1*); statesmen, as Dionysius (*Acts xvii. 34*).

III. THE LEAVEN. (33—35.) Christ's Kingdom must increase inwardly also. God's grace in heart like leaven. (a) *It is unseen*. Beginning small, like Nicodemus coming by night to learn of Christ. (*St. John iii. 2.*) (b) *It grows*. Like same Nicodemus boldly coming forward. (*St. John xix. 39.*) (c) *It pervades whole*. So must body, soul, and spirit all serve God—become complete in Christ. (*2 Cor. x. 5.*) Is it so with us?

These things said in parables for two reasons:—

1. To teach us to learn the lessons of nature.

2. To stimulate inquiry on part of those anxious to learn.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

No. 24. PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM. (II.) THE TARES—HID TREASURE—PEARL—AND NET.

To read—*St. Matthew xiii. 24—30 and 36—58.*

I. THE TARES. (24—30; 36—43.) Differs from Parable of Sower as follows:—

(a) There the seed was God's Word—here the man.

(b) There the failure was three to one—here equal.

(c) There the seed soon destroyed—here remains.

Notice—(a) Tares are same kind of seed as wheat, only degenerate.

(b) Tares closely resemble wheat in appearance.

(c) Tares may by cultivation become wheat.

Examples from Scripture:—

(a) Judas was degenerate Apostle.

(b) Young ruler almost became follower of Christ.

(c) Saul, persecutor, became Apostle.

LESSONS. 1. Satan is God's enemy—must be resisted. (*1 Pet. v. 9.*)

2. Evil and good must be mixed—so avoid company of sinners. (*Prov. i. 10.*)

3. Harvest of separation must certainly come.

4. Future blessedness of the righteous.

II. THE TREASURE AND PEARL. (44—46.) Different ways in which blessings of Gospel presented:—

Astronomers in East led by star. (*St. Matt. ii. 2.*)

Fishermen called to become fishers of men.

Merchant taught preciousness of Gospel.

1. *Points of resemblance* in these two parables.

(a) Christ's Kingdom, *i.e.* the Gospel, is valuable.

(b) Involves giving up something.

(c) Is the portion of those really desiring it.

2. *Points of difference.*

(a) Man found treasure accidentally—merchant was seeking.

(b) Treasure one amongst others—Pearl above all.

Notice—(a) Christ the chief among 10,000 (*Cant. v. 10*), the perfect one, without spot or blemish (*1 Pet. i. 19*), the one thing needful (*St. Luke x. 42*).

(b) Sometimes found accidentally, as by Samaritan woman (*St. John iv. 26*), sometimes after search, as by eunuch (*Acts viii. 34*). (c) Involves self-sacrifice, as disciples who gave up all.

III. THE NET. (47—52.) A mission parable. *Net*—large seine-net, of many meshes, cast into sea of the world. Apostles must preach to all nations.

(a) *Will catch all kinds*. Emperor's household (*Phil. iv. 22*), runaway slaves (*Phil. 16*), ladies and children (*2 John 1*); *bad*, such as Ananias and Sapphira (*Acts v. 1*), Simon Magus (*Acts viii. 23*); *good*, such as Dorcas (*Acts ix. 36*), Lydia.

(b) *Will at last be full*—great multitude before God's throne—then the separation—one side, waiting, anguish, casting away—other side, joy, safety, everlasting glory. Where shall we be?

IV. SERMON ENDED. (52—58.) Nature of Christ's teaching:—

(a) Things new and old to suit all classes.

(b) Always words of wisdom.

(c) Speaks as prophet sent from God.

(d) Offends some—gains others.

We have heard—been taught—what effect on us?

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN YORKSHIRE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



IN speaking about the work of the Church in Yorkshire it must be understood that I can only speak of work in that part of Yorkshire which belongs to the Diocese of Ripon. To many people Yorkshire may be but the name of a county; but to those who know it, Yorkshire includes districts of varying character and population. The dalesmen of the North and the artisans of the West Riding might belong to two different counties; it is only the accident of the great

size of Yorkshire which makes them fellow-countymen.

The characteristics of the north and west are still strongly marked; but residents of long standing, and clergy who have worked there for many years, are able to trace changes in character, in manners, and, perhaps specially, even in language. These changes, as is natural, are more noticeable in the towns than in the country.

At the outset it may as well be stated—though it ought to be needless—that it is not just to take as specimens of the clergy of to-day caricatures of the parson of fifty or sixty years ago. It would be as unfair to take Mr. Squeers as a specimen of northern schoolmasters, or Mr. Chadband as a specimen of the Nonconforming minister, as to believe that the descriptions given in some places of the clergy in the north truly represent the working clergymen of to-day. On the contrary, there are in Yorkshire clergy who have devoted themselves for more than a generation to parishes where the climate is ungenial, the population unlettered, and the isolation most painful. As specimens of long and constant service it may be enough to say that there are certainly three clergymen in the Diocese of Ripon who have ministered in their present parishes for more than fifty years. One of them in the midst of much sorrow and difficulty; another whose cherishing hand has raised up various institutions of benevolence amongst his parishioners; and the third, whose wise superintendence of his own parish, and whose wide and kindly interest in adjacent parishes, have made his name a household word in the dale where he lives. As a rule the clergy will be found to be quiet, hard-working men, anxious to do their work conscientiously and faithfully, asking no recompense beyond the joy and the luxury of doing it. This is true of the majority of

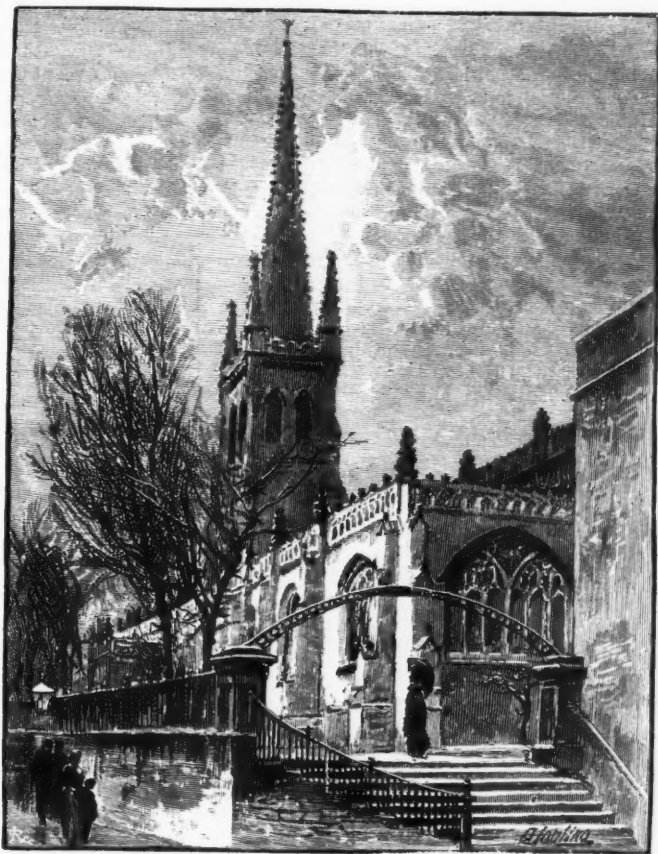
the clergy; earnest and continuous work is not the characteristic of the few. In illustration of this I may say that a gentleman who has known his own district for over thirty years mentioned to me that there was not a church within a radius of some five miles of his house that had not been either built or rebuilt, or at least restored, within the last generation.

Perhaps in order to understand the work in that part of Yorkshire assigned to the Diocese of Ripon some notion of its characteristic features would be desirable. The Diocese has been described as a sack of apples empty at the top and full below. The description is not inappropriate, for the bulk of the population is grouped in the south. Within a radius of some twenty miles are gathered the towns of Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Dewsbury, Barnsley, Halifax, Huddersfield, not to speak of those places popularly called in Yorkshire villages, but which anywhere else would be reckoned as respectable towns. In the north, on the other hand, the population is sparse, and the long-distant villages difficult of access. It will easily be understood that the people in the great trade-centres of which I have spoken have all the brightness and the intelligence which belong to the skilled workers in manufacturing districts. Another feature of the inhabitants of these districts is, as is well known, their passionate devotion to music. In some places there is scarcely an artisan's cottage in which a harmonium will not be found. Their love of music is not the mere passing fancy which a child might have for a pretty song; these people of the West Riding have a solid knowledge of music—they can sing by note and take their parts without difficulty in a chorus or a glee. I shall never forget the effect produced in the largest hall in Bradford where some 5,000 people were assembled when the "Te Deum" was sung with the accuracy and precision of people accustomed to sing by note, and with the warmth and fervour of those who understood what they were singing. In the West Riding towns and villages this love of music prevails with more or less intensity, but it seems difficult to say from what causes this gift and faculty have sprung. Some have thought that it is due to the influence of the foreigners who settled in the west of Yorkshire in earlier times; others have declared that it is the outcome of the mill system, where many labouring together have taken to singing during their work. A third theory, which has some fascination, attributes this aptitude for music to the character of the country. Music, it has been thought, cleaves to the hills and shuns the plains, and a chorus-leader who had much knowledge of musical taste in Yorkshire said that to the east of the little brook which separated the East from

the West Riding there was comparatively little music, while to the west it flourished and was loved. A glance at the map will show that the East Riding is usually flat, and the West Riding abounds in hills. It is certainly true that when we climb we

answers of which so many stories are told. As an example take the following :—

A curate and his wife who had worked in a Yorkshire village received some appointment in the south of England. The curate's wife, who had not shown



WAKEFIELD PARISH CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

are tempted to sing, as we seldom are when we tread a level road ; aspiration and the sense of upward progress find utterance in song. But, whatever the explanation may be, music prevails in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and is little else than a passion amongst the people.

This love of music is not, however, accompanied by any mere feeble sentimentalism of character. On the contrary, it is, as everyone knows, allied with a shrewd, strong, and independent character. This shrewdness and independence shows itself in many ways, and breaks out, perhaps in its most striking form, in the quaint sayings and quick

much tact, went about the village telling with somewhat ostentatious pleasure the news that they were about to leave, and dilating with more fulness than wisdom upon the *élite* character of the people in the future sphere of their work. She was indulging herself in this vein in one of the cottages, and was telling the good woman that the parish to which they were going was full of gentefolk. "Nobody," she said, "in the whole parish is otherwise than well-to-do—they are all ladies and gentlemen." The Yorkshire-woman, without looking up from her ironing, quietly remarked, "I reckon that there will be an alteration when you get there."

Another side of their character is illustrated by the following :—A southern clergyman went some years ago to preach in a district church in a Yorkshire town. When his sermon was over and he entered the vestry, the churchwarden expressed his satisfaction with the clergyman's efforts in the pulpit by saying, "You have done *yourself* good in coming."

It is not to be supposed that the West Riding has not had its dark spots. There are places of which strange tales are told, and through which a generation or so ago it was said no stranger could have passed without risk of violence. The dislike of the stranger, who is not seldom spoken of as a foreigner, may have had causes, in the past history of these places, which are now forgotten. But the hereditary dislike of the stranger is one of the difficulties which the new man going into such districts has to contend with. He is on his trial; but time, devotion, and that invincible evidence which real work brings with it, will not fail to break down every barrier. The one thing which earnest men in the West Riding and elsewhere like is the sight of the man who really means work. "I like our clergyman," said a Yorkshireman to me, "because he takes off his coat to his work." It was but the expression of that feeling which respects labour and cannot tolerate idleness. To succeed, therefore, amongst such people nothing but devotedness in work will avail, and this wherever it is seen will be sure to win its way. I can call to mind examples of clergymen working in the most difficult of the places I have described, who were once looked at askance and doubted, as all foreigners would be doubted, but who are now surrounded with a band of devoted workers, whose churches are filled, and over whose parishes the kindest spirit of brotherhood has long prevailed.

Space and time make it impossible to speak of the individual work of clergymen in these great trade centres; indeed, it would be invidious to do so. The work which has been done in Leeds by successive vicars has made the names of Hook and Atlay, Woodford and Gott, well known in England. Their earnest work, and the conspicuous position which they held in Leeds, have carried the knowledge of their work far and wide. But these men have been types of others, who, in less populous towns, have done not less arduous work, and whose names, though not so widely known, are cherished devotedly by the people of their neighbourhood.

To turn from the town to the country, is to turn to a district more beautiful in surroundings but less attractive in other respects; for the work which is done amidst the few hundreds who live in cottages and houses scattered over the hillside or in the dale cannot find its way so readily to the ear of fame, or meet with public notice. But for these very reasons the devotion which has kept men labouring in obscure places is worthy of the greater honour. In one dale in the north of Yorkshire, where the limestone hills are said to resemble the hills which stand round

about Jerusalem, there has laboured for more than half a century a clergyman who is well known in the North. His work has not been that simply of a parish clergyman, for his active mind and his sympathetic heart have combined to carry his work beyond the limits of his own parish. The surrounding parishes, some fifty years ago, were but poorly endowed, and the churches sadly in need of restoration. Now they have nearly all been restored, and the value of the livings all raised to somewhat over £100 a year; and in every one of these this Patriarch of the Dales has taken an active and loving interest. Nor has his work been confined to that of improving the condition of the Church and the churches. His kindly heart has thought of other needs of his people. He has crowned the hills with little cairns of stones to guide the villagers over the mountain tracks; he has reduced the steep ascent and descent of the main road, and thus made the approach to the village somewhat easier. He has dwelt among his people for half a century; besides restoring the church, he has planted trees around it, and has made the churchyard a God's-acre indeed. And all the while he has lived in a spot which it is mild to call isolated, for even now it is sixteen miles from a railway station. To a tourist the spot in which he lives, in the summer-time could not fail to be attractive. The long lines of grey hills fringed with the dark trees that seem to grow out of a rocky bed; the rushing brook, or the infant river, which tumbles amidst the white stones, and past the rich green meadows, would all look beautiful to the traveller's eye; but even then he could not fail to feel how drear and how lonely such a place must be in the winter season. In the winter the roads are well-nigh impassable: sometimes the people have been without fuel; indeed, the clergyman of whom I speak congratulated himself when he could say that for only one day in the winter he had been without coal.

This loneliness is the portion of those who work in these dales. Some idea of the difficulty of transit may be gained by the following circumstance. During a recent bitter winter a clergyman had gone to the neighbouring town on a Saturday; about midday he commenced his return journey, but before he had travelled more than five or six miles he found it impossible to proceed further, and was obliged to be content with such accommodation as he could get for the night. Of course, on Sunday—for he was single-handed—there could be no service in church; but this was of comparatively little moment, for the weather had rendered it almost impossible for anyone to reach the church. Incidents such as this may seem only amusing, but they illustrate the kind of difficulty which the clergy of the dales have to contend with; and when it is added that for the most part they labour in these difficult and distant places supported in some cases by not even the kindness and society of any highly educated neighbour, and subsisting upon incomes less than can be earned by an artisan in good work in the West Riding,

struggling to rear a family where educational advantages are not to be had, yet living contentedly and labouring devotedly, keeping up their reading with energy, and devoting themselves wholly to their parishes and their calling, we feel that such men are entitled not merely to a passing commendation, but to the warm admiration and the true gratitude of those who feel that the distant and the sparsely populated parts of the land are still places where the sympathy and the love of God's Church ought to go.

Nor is this all. The isolation of a parish is one thing, its enormous area is another. The story of a clergyman in his endeavour to impart religious instruction would be full of interest; for what in the town is done by means of a class, in a country district such as that I have spoken of must be done by journeys from house to house. In some cases the area of a parish reaches upwards of 20,000 acres, and the population will scarcely be more, perhaps, than a few hundreds. The lone farmhouse or the shepherd's cottage at distances of three or five miles from the parish church or the vicarage means that the clergyman must pass a large portion of his time in walking about his parish. This will put an end to the idea of some that the tired and aged town clergyman can be sent to work a country parish. It may answer where a parish is small and compact, but when miles have to be travelled young blood and vigorous bodies are even more necessary in the country than in the town. Some idea may now be formed of the immense difficulties which clergy have to contend with when the church in such country districts has needed restoration. Of course where there has been a liberal and large-hearted resident squire there has not been so much difficulty, for in numberless cases the restoration of the church has been very largely the work of some one individual. But where the parish is not only large and scattered but is inhabited mainly by cottagers and herdsmen, any work which involves the outlay of money, such as the restoration of the church, is difficult indeed, for the necessary funds must be sought beyond the parish.

It is greatly to the credit of the laymen residing in these dales that they will not only contribute to aid in work in other parishes than their own, but that they will drive long distances over hilly roads and in ungenial weather to be present at the opening of a church, and thus show their sympathy by personal exertion as well as personal contribution. It is in this way that while the population of the diocese has nearly doubled during the last fifty years, 236 additional parish churches have been built and sixty-four rebuilt on old or new sites. The number of benefices in the same time has risen from just under 300 to just over 500, and the number of candidates admitted to confirmation has more than doubled during the last thirty years.

The above sketch will perhaps be sufficient to show why it is that so many in Yorkshire have been anxious for the creation of a new Bishopric. The new diocese of Wakefield will consist practically of some of the large apples at the bottom of the sack; that is to say, it will comprise the towns immediately south of Leeds and Bradford, and it will embrace a population of between 600,000 and 700,000, almost wholly consisting of those who live in these busy centres of industry. It is just fifty years since Bishop Longley went as first bishop of the revived See of Ripon, and it is the hope of Church people that the year will not close without seeing the daughter See of Wakefield established. The labours of Bishop Longley were the labours of organisation; new churches were built, new parishes were formed, and the diocese began to understand itself. To this work Bishop Bickersteth succeeded, and devoted himself to it with a zeal and enthusiasm which tended to undermine his health and probably shortened his life. What was done fifty years ago when the population of the diocese was about 800,000 ought surely to be done to-day when the population has reached 1,600,000. The Wakefield Bishopric scheme, though open to criticism on some points, is at any rate the attempt to provide for the growing needs and the growing work of the Church in Yorkshire.

OLD MR. LADD'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER II.

SIX months passed away, bringing many a change to the world and the world's future. In the almshouse quadrangle all seemed the same, save that summer had given place to winter, untrodden snow lay deep on the mossy turf, the old folks sat over the fire, and felt the cold in every bone, and Mattie no longer ran in and out bareheaded from one cottage to another. But there were changes even here, less

easily observed than these. Two among the inmates of the place—Mr. Wittle and Mr. Ladd—were not the same men this winter time that a summer's day six months before had found them.

Lonely Mr. Wittle, since the night when he sat by his dying dog, and closed his eyes at morn, had been gruffer in speech and sourer in temper than the quadrangle had ever known him before. He took Benjamin out before the neighbourhood was astir, and dug a grave for him with his own hands, gnarled and stiffened with rheumatism as they were,

and then he shut himself up, and would admit no human sympathy. The neighbours, now that the dog was dead, would have buried past grievances with him, and especially would Mr. Ladd, in his compunction, have been fain to conciliate his old

within precipitately, stuffing his fingers in his ears and contorting his face as he did so, and banging his cottage door after him. And if he met Mattie outside—neat little dark-eyed rosebud as she was—he would scowl, and shake his stick and his head at



"The old man made his preparations for departure."—p. 342.

acquaintance. But the grudge his master bare the community for their dislike of the dog seemed all the bitterer now the poor beast was beyond the reach of it, and that he considered Mr. Ladd the chief offender he took every opportunity of showing. He would ostentatiously place his chair outside of an evening, and when the fiddling began would retreat

her, so that she flew on the wings of fear, to hide herself in grandfather's arms. Mr. Wittle was for her the impersonation of Bogey, and if she were ever frightened in the night it would be his grim shape that her fancies painted in the darkness.

Especially was it so after a certain afternoon, when he had come out upon her suddenly from his door as

she passed, and in running she fell, cutting her plump little hands on the gravel. Paralyzed with terror, she lay where she had fallen without uttering a cry, knowing it was all over with her, and that she would feel the wicked old man's clutch in a moment. And indeed, Mr. Wittle, after casting his eyes stealthily around, and seeing no one, was coming up behind her; she heard his footsteps and the thump of his stick, she felt him stoop over her, but she did not see that there was anything but an ogreish look on his face as he did so, and the extremity of her anguish giving her voice, she raised a piercing cry. It reached the love-quickened ears of Mrs. Pradgett first, and it was she who came hurrying to the rescue. Whatever Mr. Wittle's intention had been, it was never carried out, for when he saw Mrs. Pradgett, he raised himself, his scowl returned, and he hobbled away, declaring that what with his fiddle and his screaming brat he would have out a warrant against Mr. Ladd yet for disturbing the peace.

"I'll brat him, the unchristian brazing old soul! after frightening the poor precious child into fits and throwing her on to the gravel!" cried Mrs. Pradgett, with evident intention to reach his ears, as she administered to the sobbing little one all the comfort contained in kissing of the injured parts and in references to peppermint-drops to come.

"Nay, Mrs. Pradgett, not so fast, not so fast," said Mr. Liston, the chaplain, as his quaint stooping figure came up unobserved behind the group. "Mr. Wittle did not throw the child down, nor ever think of doing such a thing, and he was stooping to lift her up, for I saw him from my window. Come here, little Mattie, and see what I have in my pocket;" and Mattie looked up into the familiar, kindly-austere face, and dried her tears. But her terror of Mr. Wittle was acuter than ever from that day. And the chaplain grieved in his wise old heart that Mr. Wittle had been interrupted in the performance of his one small deed of mercy. "It might have been the beginning of better things," sighed he.

The chaplain grieved over Mr. Wittle, but he did not know that there was cause for him to grieve over Mr. Ladd. Greater cause there was, indeed, for Mr. Ladd had fallen from a higher standing. Oh, the fierce jealousy that clutched at his heart-strings as he read his son-in-law's letter that June evening! The subdued emotions of a peaceful old age had been his for so long, that he felt dazed and confused with the strength of his feelings. Mattie was his child, his and no other's—that was the uppermost thought. What right to her had the father who had deserted her? But if he came back and desired the child—and it seemed to the grandfather that no one could look on her without desiring her—Mr. Ladd would have no power to retain her. But perhaps Robert would not come back; what did he say? He read and re-read the sentence, "I am dangerously ill;" and the whole tone of the letter was in keeping with it. Robert was a stern, undemonstrative man, and this letter, breathing of repentance and affection, might well

have been written under the softening influence of approaching death. A wicked hope, unconfessed but none the less real, sprang up in the old man's breast, and poisoned his life even in its sweetest springs of joy. He knew not what ailed him; nothing gave him the same pleasure as before; while he could less than ever endure Mattie out of his sight. He betrayed an altogether new peevishness. He would call her back sharply when she was trotting off to see Mrs. Pradgett, or summon her peremptorily to his knee from the doorstep or the window-seat where she sat at her play, talking softly to herself. And when she looked at him with large wondering eyes, he would clasp her tight, and beg her to love her old grandfather, the while he knew he was going the way to frighten the child and lose her love. In her dim way Mattie felt that grandfather was not the same, and she ran off oftener to Mrs. Pradgett or Mrs. Liston, who always greeted her with smiles, and never muttered under their breath.

And so the weeks and the months passed on, and every time the postman's cheery face passed that way Mr. Ladd's old nerves quivered under the strain of his suspense. But no letter came, and night after night Mattie went to bed, and still unnamed was the picture of the young man over the mantleshef, and still Mattie's prayers held no father's name. Yes, it was so indeed, in spite of that father's wish, which might have touched any heart: "I hope she says a prayer for me." No wonder that as Mr. Ladd continued to resist it his heart grew harder and harder, until he sometimes wished he could be laid up with rheumatism, in order to avoid the chapel prayers. For it was useless to try as he did to deceive himself with specious reasoning, such as that Robert must have died or he would have written—that it would be only mockery to teach the child to pray for him till he was sure—best say nothing about it at present, and wait a bit. In spite of all, he knew in his heart that he was acting an unworthy part.

It was Christmas Eve, and Mr. Ladd was out for the evening. The old man was a favourite, not only in the quadrangle, but in all the neighbourhood round, where he had followed his bootmaking profession for forty years at least, until machine-sewn "ready-mades" drove his hand-sewn "be-spokes" fairly out of the market. He was asked now and again to play his fiddle at the evening parties given in the little town, and a pair of dainty shoes or a gay new sash would then deck little Mattie in consequence of the five shillings that Straddy earned.

To-night the "lawyer's lady" had a party of youngsters, and Mr. Ladd was to play for them. Mattie was snugly asleep in her cot at home, with her stocking hung over the foot of it, while grandfather's bow scampered over the strings as gaily as if Straddy knew he was playing for her Christmas present. And the lawyer's lady took down from the Christmas-tree a big canary stuffed with comfits, and gave it to Mr. Ladd to take home for little

Mattie. As the months had passed, the tension of his mind concerning Robert had grown less severe, and of late he had allowed himself to feel tolerably secure, so that what with the thought of the little one's delight when she woke in the morning, and what with the sight of the merry young people and the sound of the Christmas bells, Mr. Ladd forgot his trouble, and was a happy man that evening once more. He had brought a comforter for his own protection, and a bag for the Stradivarius, but you may be sure that it was the violin that got the more care as the old man made his preparations for departure, with careful, fumbling fingers. It was not quite ten o'clock as he stepped out of the lighted hall, and began his walk over the crisp snow.

As he neared the quadrangle gates he saw a light in the upper window of his own cottage, and he mentally reproached Mrs. Pradgett for waking the little one. Who could it be but she? Not many minutes more, and he was standing at the foot of the stairs listening to the voices overhead. It seemed to him that at that moment he had always known this must come. Yes, it was Robert who had returned, and was talking to the child. He sank down on the stairs, for he was trembling too much to stand. For a few moments his agitation prevented his hearing what was going on up-stairs; but soon he heard Mattie's voice, shrill with fear.

"Go away, naughty bad man: go down 'airs. Mattie's gone to bed; doesn't want to 'peak to 'oo."

And then Robert's voice, rather low and shaken—"But I'm your father—your dad; maybe that's the name you've heard me called. Won't you give dadda one little kiss? Do, now."

"Go away. Mattie hasn't got no father—only g'anfather, and mother over the fireplace."

"Where is your grandfather?"

"He's gone out with Straddy."

"Who's he?"

"Don't 'member the other name. G'anfather makes it talk, and gets lots of silver money."

"And you're sure grandfather has told you nothing about me?"

But now the grandfather heard Mattie call out to him to come and send the bad man with the ugly black beard away, and when Robert, making a clumsy effort to comfort her, told her he had brought some pretty things for her from over the sea, she was frightened the more, for she thought he must be the man who came down the chimney to fill her stocking, and she sobbed out piteously that if he would only go away she would not mind about any Christmas presents. At the sound of her distress, Mr. Ladd gathered himself together, and got up tremulously. He felt terribly shaken, as much by the revolution of feeling within himself as by the sudden shock. For in the course of the last few minutes his sympathies had suddenly leaped from himself to his son-in-law, and such a violent moral revolution—salutary as it was—was bewildering. Robert must have heard

some movement down-stairs, for he came out, bringing the light, and the two men confronted each other—Robert bronzed, lantern-jawed, black-bearded, with a hard set face, and the old man ashy and trembling, and ready to sink to the ground with shame.

"Did you get my letter from Lucknow?" asked Robert, without any form of greeting; and Mr. Ladd's drooping head was answer enough. Robert might have spared his reproaches—they were few, but all the more biting for their stern brevity—for Mr. Ladd in these last moments had owned to himself that he had played a cruel, ungenerous part. He had a tender heart, and its late unnatural hardness had quite broken down as he witnessed the child's terror and repulse of her own father. But Robert was possessed by the bitterest wrath. "I shall take the child away with me," he said. "I won't leave her in this house not an hour longer to be poisoned against me. I came here with intentions to be a good son to you, for poor Matilda's sake, and it'll be laid to your door if I go to the bad again."

"Aye, take her, Robert, take her," replied the old man, sinking into a chair; "it's you that has the right to her, and I've done very wrong. I see it now. Aye, take her, if it kills me—and I hope it may, God forgive me for saying so."

"Get her ready, then, and tell her I'm her father, and she's to make no fuss."

In vain Mr. Ladd pleaded for the child's sake that she should be left in her own little cot till the morning. Robert insisted on carrying her in a shawl to the "Worcester Arms," where the landlady would take care of her, he said.

Mattie was too astonished to cry as grandfather dressed her for the last time, and bade her love her new father, and go with him like a good child; and by-and-bye he succeeded so well, that she began to think it was all a new kind of treat of a very queer kind.

"Mattie will come back to-morrow day," were her last words, and then she was gone; the house was silent once more, and Mr. Ladd was alone. All might have been a dream, so quickly had it come and gone, but for the empty cot above. Go up-stairs he could not, sleep he could not. He sat in his arm-chair while the candle burned down into the socket, and the hours passed over him. He owned his fault, and had not one rebellious thought. Once, on getting his handkerchief from his pocket, he brought out with it Mattie's canary-bird: he had crushed it as he sat on the stairs, and broken off its tail. Poor Mr. Ladd!

At five o'clock in the morning there came a knock. It gave him no surprise when he saw the chaplain at the door, though Mr. Liston's surprise was great as he saw Mr. Ladd up, and with an aspect so broken and haggard. The chaplain had come on a strange and unexpected errand. Mr. Wittle had been taken ill the evening before, and he had been sitting up with him all the night.

"He is dying," said Mr. Liston, "and he wants to

see your little maid. You will humour a dying man's fancy, Mr. Ladd?"

But Mr. Ladd could only shake his head piteously, as the tears rolled down his withered cheeks. At last the chaplain drew the whole story from him, and with words of gentle wisdom eased the old man's heart of some at least of its load. Before he left, he enquired where Robert was spending the night.

Even in his grief and desolation, Mr. Ladd was much impressed with the news of Mr. Wittle's condition, and, left alone, it shared in the preoccupation of his thoughts. He remembered that Mattie had twice told him lately that "bad Mr. Wittle" had called to her when she was passing his door, and beckoned to her to come in. Evidently she congratulated herself on having run away, and thus escaped the snare. Strange, strange! The hard-encrusted heart must have been touched, after all, by the little maid. And yet, what wonder?

The full morning came at last, and Mr. Ladd began to perform mechanically his little household duties. He was making himself some tea, though he felt as if breakfast would choke him, when he heard a familiar sound that made his heart leap into his throat. It was a certain fumbling at the outer latch, that could be caused by no other than the little hands which scarcely reached it, even when the little person stood on tip-toes. How he got the door open Mr. Ladd never knew, but in another moment Mattie was clasped tight in his arms, and she was rubbing grandfather's tears off her face, and looking at him with wondering eyes. He thought she had run away, and that he must give her up

directly; and at first he did not comprehend, and scarcely even heard her as she chattered about the "black man," and the big bed she had slept in, and Mr. Liston fetching her, because Mr. Wittle was not wicked any more, and wanted her to give him a kiss; and how he was in bed, and spoke so softly, and gave her a Christmas present. She poked into grandfather's unheeding hands a bag and a letter. The bag was the Christmas present, she said; the letter came from the black man. At last, after many soft pullings and pittings, Mr. Ladd began to collect his scattered wits, and he opened the letter. It said:—

"DEAR FATHER,—Your parson has been here this morning to fetch Mattie; no doubt you'll hear the reason why. But he has had a talk with me over what happened last night, and I don't mind saying that I was too hasty, though cause to be so I truly had. But you was good to the little one when I was neglecting my duty; and, as the parson says, it was along of your love for her that you misbehaved to me. He answers for it as you'll act different by me in future, and I'll do the same, and send supplies regular, God willing. I never meant to take her away, and it was all along of hastiness. So as I've got an offer to go to Canada for a bit, I'm off there, and you and me had best not meet again till this has blown over between us.—From yours respectfully,
ROBERT THOMSON.

"He's a good man, your parson. He says you'll learn the right not to be frightened of me by when I come back."

This was the letter. In the bag was £21 8s. 1½d. —Mr. Wittle's dying bequest to little Mattie.

E. E. BEIGHTON.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY IN ARGYLE CHAPEL, BATH, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1838.*

"And on His head were many crowns."—REVELATION xix. 12.

KINGS die! for death is a universal event, and the pre-eminence which may seem to claim an exemption from the stroke of mortality fails to secure it. If the aged die, the child also is forced from his mother's arms. If the poor die, yet riches profit not in the day of wrath. If the fool and the brutish person perish, so also doth the wise man. But what becomes of rulers and governors? Of those it is said, "Ye are gods, but ye shall die like men." It becomes every one of us, therefore, to adopt the language of Job, "I know that thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living." Kings die! and if they have no other qualities than such as are derived from state and rank their glory will soon be

extinguished, and in the world to come they will have no pre-eminence over the meanest slave. Kings die! and some of us now in the presence of God have lived to see the demise of three. The first was George III., who reigned over the land for nearly sixty years, a man of no distinguished talents, nor of much liberality of mind, and of prejudices incurable; but perhaps the most moral and religious monarch that ever swayed the sceptre in this kingdom. The second was George IV. That man! that man!—But I remember what is written, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." The third was William IV., an honest and open-hearted monarch, and who, if left to himself, would always have preferred Reform measures. At present we have an untried Sovereign! a female Sovereign! a youthful

* And now published for the first time.

Sovereign ! but with many presumptions in her favour. Thursday next is the day appointed for her Coronation, and I am not one of those who are enemies to such a magnificent ceremony ; nor am I an enemy, amongst other modes of celebrating the occasion, to the old and popular method of illumination, the danger of which I never heard of till last week. But let your rejoicing be attended with soberness, and still more let it be attended with prayer. Remember that the work before our Queen is great, that the snares of her station are great, and that the heart of every human being is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and requires the correction and support of Divine grace.

Let us now pass on more particularly to the consideration of the text, "On His head were many crowns."

In a few days Victoria, our Queen, will have a crown upon her head, and, if the public prints are to be believed, it will be the noblest, the brightest, and most precious, that ever adorned a human brow. But this evening I am going to bring before you a Person on Whose head are many crowns. It will not be necessary to occupy much of your time in proving to Whom the text refers. The context is plain. The Apostle John is describing the same Person as when he said in his Gospel, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This is our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Let us observe that He sustains three offices in His Church. He is a Prophet, and happy are they who like Mary can sit at His feet. He is a Priest, a High Priest, the great High Priest of our profession, and happy are they whose sins are put away by His sacrifice. He is also a King, the King of glory, the King of nations, the King of saints, and happy are they who live under His gracious government. His regalia are set before us in the Scriptures. We read of His Kingdom, of His Throne, of His Sceptre, of His Jewels, and of His Crown—yea, of His many Crowns. When Pilate introduced Him to the multitude he said, "Behold the Man !" and at that time there was a crown upon His head, but it was a crown of thorns, because it was the day of His humiliation and atonement. His crowns are very different now, as the Apostle declares, "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour." Nor does He wear a single crown, but "on His head are many crowns."

We see the symbolic representation of the text explained and verified in the grandeur of Christ's enterprise, in the number of His adherents, and in the reason of His grandeur.

I. In the grandeur of His enterprise.

The Pope has a triple crown or tiara, implying, blasphemously enough, that he has power in heaven, on earth, and in hell. Ahasuerus reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and twenty-seven

provinces, and may have had more crowns than one. But Jesus is called the Blessed and only Potentate, Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto. The Empire of our own Queen is an amazing one, for the sun never sets on her dominions. Before his evening rays leave the spires of Quebec he has been shining for three hours on Port Jackson, and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior his eye opens on the Ganges. Her rule is far more extensive than that of Rome in her highest glory. But how small is the dominion of the greatest of this world's Sovereigns compared with Christ's? Only think of power over all flesh ! power over all the angels ! power over the whole of heaven and earth ! power over all thrones and dominions ! power over all things that are created, whether visible or invisible ! Let His enemies hear of this and tremble, for, though they shall make war with the Lamb, the Lamb shall overcome them, and the reason assigned for His victory is—"He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords." But let His friends and subjects rejoice, and let them say—"To Him be glory for ever and ever. He is worthy of your ascriptions of praise, for in Him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He is holy in all His ways, and righteous in all His works. Rejoice that in Him all fulness dwells, and that He is Head over all things to His Church. Rejoice in His personal qualities, for He is fairer than the children of men, and grace is poured into His lips ; but especially rejoice in His love to you. Because He lives you shall live also. Love always delights in the prosperity and happiness of its objects, and hence we read the wonderful words—"In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not, and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty ; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy ; He will rest in His love." The mother delights in her child, and never gets tired with his wants. When the father reads the gazette containing the account of a great battle and a great victory, his eye is riveted on that part where his son's exploits are extolled and his name is recommended for promotion. We know very well the reason of the interest he feels. But there is no love so tender, so strong, so rich, so permanent, as that which brings a sinner to God ; which begins, and carries on, and completes the work of salvation, and which is never satisfied till He who once ranked among the vilest is made both a King and a Priest unto God for ever.

Again, the text is to be exemplified and verified—

II. In the number of Christ's adherents and applauders.

Here we shall not include the inanimate parts of creation, though we read that "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and

their words to the end of the world." We pass at once to the innumerable company of the holy angels to whom Daniel makes reference when he says, "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, Whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool; His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him; thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him." These countless myriads were the angels who excel in strength, and who, on account of their dignity, are called "thrones and dominions, principalities and powers." All of these were commanded to worship the Saviour, when He was born at Bethlehem, and we do not suppose they were disobedient. Think also of the saints who are now the excellent of the earth, and will ere long be glorified in heaven. There have been times when they were comparatively few, but they are not absolutely so. They are a number that no man can number, if we include the members of both the Church militant and the Church triumphant; and Jesus Christ is Lord of the living and the dead. If you also include infants among the saved, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," the number will be greatly increased, because one-half of mankind die in infancy. Then you must add those who will live in the latter-day glory, when, in a larger population, all shall know the Lord, from the least even to the greatest. Down to the present hour the majority of no country, or town, or village has been actuated by the spirit and governed by the precepts of genuine Christianity. We have had individuals saved, and occasionally whole families; but in the better time that is coming the scene will be changed everywhere. As to nations, we read that "a nation shall be born in a day," and that "He shall sprinkle many nations," and that "the people shall be all righteous." As to kings, we read that "all kings shall bow down before Him"; and these shall confess with David, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Lord over all." None of them will be silent in His praise, and all will be ready to crown Him Lord of all.

Daily, constantly, everywhere, in heaven and earth shall He be praised; but for what reason?

1. On account of His creating power.

To what part of His works can you turn your attention without being filled with admiration? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet even Solomon



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

(From the Picture by SIR GEORGE HANTER.)

in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Or consider yourselves, who are so fearfully and wonderfully made both as to your bodies and souls, and the mysterious union of the two. What miracles are here! At present we know but little of the perfection of His providence, which extends to everything; but when all His work is finished, and we can look back and make comparisons between His work and His Word, and our minds will be able to understand things better than we can do now, we shall be led to exclaim, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints!"

2. Another reason for the many crowns He wears is found in His redeeming love.

This will be the principal cause both of His own glory and ours. It is impossible to imagine how highly He will exalt His people. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Then the work of salvation is entirely His own. If at present we are free indeed, it is He that has made us free. If we are enlightened, it is He that has opened the eyes of our understanding. If we are justified, it is through faith in His blood. If we are meet for heaven, He has made us so. When we reflect upon the way in which He

purchased eternal Redemption for us—that is, by becoming a Man of Sorrows, by agonising in the garden, by dying on the cross, and by entering into the lower parts of the earth—what wonder is it that we should join with the Apostle John to say, “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.” But while we are concerned to honour Him, let our praises be sincere, and let us study “to show forth His praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to His service, and by walking before Him in holiness and righteousness all our days.”

As to the approaching Coronation, give way to your lawful sentiments and emotions both as Englishmen and Dissenters. Display your loyalty, and let that perverse spirit which feeds on party be banished for the day; would that it might be banished for ever! And now, O England! “Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee! Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.” O Victoria! on thy head may the crown sit easy! may it shine righteously! may it shine peaceably! and may it shine long!

Yet we know that this crown cannot be worn for

ever. It may drop off prematurely, and when a few years have passed away it must be transferred to another. For what is time but a dream, and what is life but a vapour which soon disappears? But the crowns of that King of whom we have been speaking will never fade nor be transformed; His throne shall endure for ever, and His Kingdom shall have no end. “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessed be His glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory! Amen, and Amen.”

Christians, you have been hearing about Christ as the King of kings, and what are you? The world knoweth you not, because it knew Him not. But what are you? Why, you are no less than princes, though princes in disguise. You belong to the Royal family of saints, and your day of glorification is coming. Your coronation draws on. With regard to some of you it is not far off. Now is your salvation nearer—much nearer—than when you believed. May you be able to say with the Apostle Paul, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

“THE QUIVER” BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

49. Of what city was Omri, king of Israel, the founder?
50. Why may Solomon be considered as one of the greatest naturalists who ever lived?
51. What words of our Blessed Lord, quoted by St. Paul, are not recorded by any of the Evangelists?
52. What name is given to the Mount of Olives in the book of Kings?
53. Quote a passage which shows that the Samaritans expected the coming of the Messiah to bring a blessing to them as well as to the Jews.
54. What words of our Blessed Lord express the watchful care of God over mankind?
55. On what occasions was the public ceremony performed of drawing water from a well and pouring it on the ground?
56. What was the first possession of the Israelites in the Land of Canaan?
57. Why was it that the children of Israel were so disobedient in the wilderness after their miraculous deliverance from the bondage of Egypt?
58. What woman is mentioned in the Bible as having spoken by parable?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 299.

39. When the children of Israel had displeased God in asking for a king. (1 Sam. xii. 17, 18.)
40. Ishbosheth, who reigned two years. (2 Sam. ii. 10.)
41. To Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee. (St. Luke xiii. 32.)
42. “Let all things be done decently and in order.” (1 Cor. xiv. 40.)
43. The sacrifice of one’s own life for another. “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” (St. John xv. 13.)
44. Naboth and his sons. (1 Kings xxi. 13.)
45. A riband of blue was put upon the borders of their garments. (Num. xv. 38, 39.)
46. “For he supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by His hand would deliver them.” (Acts vii. 25.)
47. He was three years at Ephesus, and was there persecuted and made to fight with wild beasts. (Acts xx. 17, 31; 1 Cor. xv. 32.)
48. Elisha, when he prophesied the destruction of the Moabites. (2 Kings iii. 15—19.)

THE EPISTLES TO THE DISPERSION; OR, THE APOSTLES OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

BY THE VENERABLE ARTHUR GORE, M.A., ARCHDEACON
OF MACCLESFIELD.



URING the years (A.D. 58—63) through which we have been passing, in our previous papers on "The Growth of the New Testament," other pens were busy besides those of the Evangelists and the Apostle to the Gentiles. To this period we must refer the Epistle of St. James and probably that of St. Jude, to be followed subsequently by St. Peter's.

St. James died in 63. He was not the son of Zebedee, who was slain by Herod in 44. But even when his namesake died, he seems to have been already the head of the Church in Jerusalem, its bishop;* and this high place he is invariably represented as occupying afterwards.† He was known not only among the Christians but the Jews as "the Just." He was "the Lord's brother," that is, His near kinsman. Whether he was James the son of Alphaeus, and an Apostle, it is difficult, even impossible, to determine. His great position in the Church was accorded to him partly, no doubt, in consequence of his relation to our Lord, but partly also from the high esteem which his character universally commanded. No wiser choice could have been made of an officer to preside over the Mother-Church. That Church consisted mainly of Jews who were themselves strict in the observance of the Mosaic Law, and who lived in the presence of the whole Jewish community, and especially of the Jewish hierarchy. It needed, therefore, to be guided and to be represented by one in whose personal character not even the strictest Pharisee could find the slightest flaw, of whom no man could say that he became a Christian to escape the Jewish yoke. Such a man was James, revered by Jews almost as much as by Christians. The weight of his testimony in favour of Jesus prevailed greatly. His strict life was seen and known of all men. His prayers in the Temple for his people were so constant that his knees were hardened by the stones. Such was the power of his just and holy life that the old fears revived in the hearts of the jealous rulers lest the whole nation should go after Jesus. But for a time they could do nothing. At length a favourable opportunity presented itself. The Roman Governor, Festus, was dead, and his successor, Albinus, had not yet arrived. The High Priest, Annas, the youngest

son of the Annas of the New Testament, seized the moment, called together the Sankhedrim, arraigned James and certain others, charged them with breaking the laws, and had them stoned.* But, adds Josephus, the better part of the citizens disliked what was done. They complained to Albinus and Agrippa, and brought about the deposition of Annas from the High Priesthood. The Christian account of the martyrdom is highly graphic. The rulers, it tells us, appealed to James to stop the people from going after Jesus. They set him on a pinnacle of the Temple that he might be seen and heard from afar. Thence he was to make his protest. I suppose they acted with calculated malice against him. However that may be, they did not succeed in making him untrue to his Lord. "Jesus, the Son of Man," he exclaimed, "sits in heaven on the right hand of power, and will come on the clouds of heaven." "Even the Just," cried out his enemies, "is gone astray;" and they cast him down. He was not killed by the fall, and they began to stone him while he was upon his knees. "Stop!" cried some; "what are you about? See, the Just is praying for you;" but one of the multitude, a fuller, brought down his club upon his head; "And so he bore his witness"—that is, "so he won his martyr-crown."

It is full of interest to read the Epistle† in the light of the life; to listen, for instance, to the magnifying of the efficacy of prayer while thinking of the knees hardened on the Temple stones:—"Let him ask of God that giveth liberally, but let him ask in faith;" "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights;" "Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss;" "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you;" "Is any afflicted? let him pray;" "Is any sick? let the elders of the Church pray over him . . . the prayer of faith shall save the sick;" "Great is the force of a righteous‡ man's prayer, when urgent." "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly . . . and he prayed again." So, too, one may think of the martyr-confession when we read of "our Lord Jesus, the Christ of glory," and listen to the exhortation, "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." Again "the Proverbial Books of the Jews rise in our thoughts as we read the Epistle, alike in their general ethical character, and especially in their peculiar development of their idea of 'wisdom.'" And if the sapiential words come naturally from the

* Josephus, "Ant.," XX., ix. 1.

† The readers of these papers are once more requested to read the Epistles referred to.

‡ The writer was "James the Just," that is, "the Righteous."

* Acts xii. 17. † Acts xv. 13; xxi. 18; Gal. i. 19, ii. 9—12.

pen of this eminently Jew-Apostle, so does the contempt of the gold ring and the goodly apparel, and the scathing denunciation of sensual indulgence from the man of ascetic life, and so does the praise of humility from him who, however others might know him as the Lord's brother, speaks of himself as the bond-slave of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ. In like manner, the unruly tongue is an abomination to one whose lips were practised most in blessing; and a wordy profession of faith had no charm for the doer of the Word, for him who saw the type of pure religion and undefiled in visiting the fatherless and the widow, and in keeping himself unspotted from the world. No Epistle in the Bible gains more from making present to the mind the man who wrote it.

When was the Epistle written, and why? In answer to the first of these questions, some have assigned it an early, even the earliest, date among the Sacred Writings. Others have placed it late in the Apostle's life, and assuredly with much more reason. It contemplates the saints not in the glow of first love, but exposed to danger of decay—hearers of the Word, but not doers, omitting the duties of practical religion, formed into congregations and exhibiting the vices of congregations in cringing to the rich and despising the poor, flippant enough in controversies about faith and works but no longer exhibiting their faith by their works, allowing unruly licence to their tongues and tempers, set on gain, unwatchful for the coming of the Lord. Their faults are the faults of mature or even of declining age. And their organisation also is that of settled Churches. They have, as we have seen, their congregations, and they have, or ought to have, their prayer-unions, their mutual confessions of sin, and their elders, to visit, to pray for, and to anoint the sick. The condition and the character of those addressed implies a growth of the Church quite as developed as it could have been during St. James's life.

In answering the *when*, we have gone far to answer the *why* of the Epistle. It is addressed to the twelve tribes who were in the Dispersion, by the Head of the Mother-Church, the Patriarch, as he has been called, of the Jewish Christians. From no one else would such sobering, such stern words come with the same weight; and they were needed. The outlying Churches were becoming or had already become corrupt—earthly, sensual, devilish—partly, perhaps, through a shameful misapplication of St. Paul's doctrine concerning justifying faith, but much more through the greed and the love of self-indulgence which are inherent in the human heart. Evil tidings of these things must have reached St. James. We know how full and constant was the intercourse maintained among the Jews now scattered through the world. This of itself would keep touch between the Patriarch and the dispersed flock. But there was, not improbably, one especial source of information open to him. To understand it we will turn to the Epistle of his brother Jude, so short and yet so full of eloquent and even fiery indignation against

"certain men crept in unawares" into the Christian Church, destined to cover themselves, and, unless sternly rebuked, the Church also, with infinite disgrace.

Of St. Jude we know simply that he was the "brother of James," and therefore, in some sense, of our Lord. Like James, however, he styles himself not the brother but the bond-slave of Jesus Christ. And this is to be carefully noticed, because it indicates on the part of both the brothers a clear perception of the infinite distance—whatever may have been the earthly relation—which lay between Him and them. It is their testimony to His incarnation by the Holy Ghost. Of the two brothers it is certain that one lived and ruled the Church in Jerusalem. St. Jude more probably led the life of a missionary, or at least of a visitor, to the outlying Churches. St. Paul speaks of the brethren of the Lord as travelling. It is more than likely, therefore, that St. Jude, in journeying, came into personal contact with these deadly hypocrites, and "we can well imagine that he would have sat down in a flame of zeal to wrap such infamous offenders in the whirlwind of his wrath."* This would account for his own Epistle; but he would have done more. He would have brought to James their evil report; and not only the evil report of gross transgressions, but of those symptoms of general declension to which our attention has been already directed.

We may thus connect the two Epistles both in purpose and time—the shorter written at once, to denounce the notorious sinners who were making havoc of the Church; the longer, more carefully prepared, dealing fully and deliberately with the dangers and temptations to which all were exposed. St. Jude's Epistle is even more Jewish than his brother's. It abounds in practical knowledge and ready application of the Old Testament. It is steeped also in the apocryphal lore of his nation. It shows him to be a man of the same purity, and consequent horrified shrinking from "even the garments spotted by the flesh." In both letters we have figures and illustrations freely drawn from natural phenomena, in both the same intensity of spirit, in both the same earnest expectation of salvation and eternal life "through the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ;" in St. Jude the greater rush, but not waste, of words, in St. James the more judicial tone. Thus the Epistles show us the men both where they were like and where they differed; both holy and pure, full of faith and prayer; the one the ruler guiding the flock from the centre and heart of the Church, and the other eagerly travelling, bearing his brother's great authority from place to place; having compassion on some, others saving with fear, pulling them out of the fire kindled by ungodly men.

If our analysis of the Epistles be correct, we may place them both near the date of St. James's martyrdom in 63, and not long before St. Paul's release in 64.

* Farrar, "Early Days of Christianity," i. 227.

We pass to the Epistles of St. Peter. The character of this great Apostle is well known to us. In the Gospels he is everywhere the same man—eager, impetuous, enthusiastic, loving, but unstable. After the descent of the Holy Ghost, he becomes a much greater man, but traces of instability still remain. It is worth while to get to the root of this weakness if we can. It was not cowardice. Even when he did deny his Lord, he showed, by following Him to the Judgment Hall, more courage than any of the Apostles except perhaps St. John. And after the gift of the Spirit, he was much the boldest of the Champions of the Faith among them, foremost in the field of danger, calmest in the face of death. The objections alleged against the authenticity of his first Epistle are remarkable. They do not rest on the testimony of antiquity. Indeed, no document is to be found better supported by ancient writers. The Epistle, say its detractors, lacks originality. It is a compilation from St. Paul and St. James. Now this statement is a gross exaggeration. Originality is by no means wanting. At the same time, St. Peter's mind is seen to be saturated with the writings of both St. Paul and St. James. And, if it be, this is precisely the result we should expect from his character, and is strong evidence, not against, but for the genuineness of the Epistle. Thus, his form of salutation is common to him with St. Paul.* With St. Paul, he thinks of God choosing His children long beforehand unto sanctification and obedience and redemption through the blood of Christ; with him, of their being reserved by the power of God unto salvation ready to be revealed; with him, of the undefiled inheritance of the Saints in light; with him, of the justification of our Faith by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Most curiously, in quoting the passage from Isaiah concerning the chief corner-stone, he makes the same divergences from the LXX. which are made by St. Paul, as if he quoted from the Epistle to the Romans. His exhortation to submit to the ordinances of man coincides with that in the same Epistle, and his admonitions to husbands, wives, and servants, are readily paralleled from the Epistles of the first Captivity. His whole doctrine of the Living Stones built upon the Living Stone recalls the figure of the Spiritual Temple in the Epistle to the Ephesians. And in many other places we are reminded by turn in expression or thought of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

When we remember how little St. James wrote, we shall not be surprised if we discover fewer coincidences with his Epistle. They are, however, sufficiently distinct. There is the same sort of reference to the trial or temptation of faith which, though grievous at the time, should, if patiently borne, lead to joy, to praise, to honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. The same illustration from the

withering grass, the same commendation of charity which covereth the multitude of sins. If St. James writes, "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall exalt you," St. Peter practically adopts the words, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time." "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble," are words common to both. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," writes St. James. St. Peter's admonition is, "Your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour; whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

These parallels leave no doubt that St. Peter was well acquainted with the writings of both the others; and that among St. Paul's Epistles he had filled his mind chiefly with that to the Ephesians. We are thus enabled to date his own Epistle, placing it after—and probably some time after—64, and of course before 67 or 68, when St. Peter as well as St. Paul won the martyr's crown. Where it was written must remain undecided. From "Babylon," certainly; but was "Babylon" the Assyrian city in the far East? or was it the mystic name of Rome?—Rome, which was to the Apostles what Babylon had been to the Prophets of the older covenant. In favour of the first view, beyond the fact that there is little assignable reason for using mystic language, it has been pointed out that St. Peter's arrangement of the countries of Asia Minor in his salutation,* is that which would be made by one looking from the East towards the West. On the other hand, upon the hypothesis of the literal Babylon, there are difficulties of time and place, more particularly in connection with St. Mark's movements, who must have been at short intervals in company with St. Paul in Rome, near Timothy in Asia Minor, and with St. Peter in Babylon.† These are lessened by identifying Babylon with Rome. And it is easier to account for the uniform tradition as to St. Peter's martyrdom if we suppose him to have been at Rome some little time beforehand, rather than to have been dragged thither from a far-away and out-of-the-world city in the East.

It is impossible to pass from this Epistle without some further reference. St. Peter's receptivity was not confined to what he had read from the pens of his brother Apostles. The words of the Lord are also constantly echoing in his memory. His plain reference to the prophets and kings who desired to see the things which the Apostles saw; the need to gird up the loins of the mind, to be sober and watchful for the revelation of Jesus Christ, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God, to be holy as the Father is holy; the privilege of calling upon God as Father; the Word of God as a word of eternal life; the memory of his Lord's patient suffering, and of His atoning death; the mention of the Church as the flock of God, and of Christ as the Shepherd, the chief Shepherd, based—can we doubt it?—on his own great commission: "Feed *My* sheep, feed *My* lambs"—these

* Our readers will find it interesting to verify and to enlarge the comparison here instituted between St. Peter and St. Paul and St. Peter and St. James.

* 1 Peter i. 1.

† 1 Peter v. 13; 2 Tim. iv. 11.

instances are enough to show how richly the Word of Christ dwelt in him. Nor would it be difficult to illustrate the Epistle copiously from Old Testament Scriptures. Yet, as we read, we do not feel that St. Peter is plagiarising or borrowing. He has indeed given heed to the sure word of prophecy, he has been mindful of the teaching of his Lord, he has read, without any other feeling than that of profound admiration, what his beloved brother St. Paul had written; but what he writes has first been made his own, has been assimilated by his spiritual nature, and has been restored to us from his pen with a certain mingled sweetness and gravity which is peculiar to him. The early impetuosity has deepened into a fervent love, the pride of adventure and enterprise has given way to meekness and humility, and the elements of character which once tended to weakness now appear only in that happier aspect in which we see them drawing into one blessed focus the rays of Divine light from every side.

With the second Epistle it is hardly possible for me to deal. Of no book in the New Testament, perhaps, has the authenticity been so much controverted; and we have not been travelling along paths of controversy. I have sought to give what seemed as nearly as possible the certain results of the investigations of learned men, but not the processes of investigation. In the present instance, it is not allowed us to speak with the accustomed certainty. The early

references to a second Epistle of St. Peter are few and vague. When it begins to be spoken of, it is often with hesitation and doubt. The decision as to its genuineness depends upon considerations which require very delicate treatment at the hands of ripe and practised scholars. For ourselves it must suffice that many men of the highest critical integrity, and the most fearless love of truth, both in Germany and England, trace it to the pen of St. Peter. An obvious argument on this side is, that in spiritual tone and firm grasp of pure Christian truth, it is incomparably superior to the works of any writer immediately following the Apostles, and this we should certainly not expect in the production of a forger. Moreover, it contemplates the same condition of the Church which is exhibited in the Epistles of St. Jude and St. James, and the latest writings of St. Paul. It incorporates, indeed, the Epistle of St. Jude, but with very significant changes, being at once more like it than a forger would, and more characteristically unlike it than he could, have made it. We may, I believe, feel much confidence in regarding it as the protest which St. Peter added to those already written against the noxious corruptions which were assailing Christians—as his warning, also, to the Faithful not to be carried away by the error of the wicked from their own steadfastness, but to grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

AN EASTER HYMN.

[Among the many beautiful Latin Easter hymns, I have selected one, of which I offer the following paraphrastic and somewhat amplified rendering. Only those who have tried to transfer into adequate English the condensed force of the Latin will appreciate the difficulty.]

1.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !
Now at last the battle's done,
Now the victory is won.
So with heart and soul and voice
Let the Church of Christ rejoice ;
Let heaven and earth with anthems ring
To hail the great triumphant King.
Alleluia !

2.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Jesus Christ hath overcome
The power of Death, hath burst the tomb,
The gates of Hell have striven in vain
To hold Him in its dark domain ;
Let all the earth with one accord
Praise Christ the Victor, Christ the Lord !
Alleluia !

3.

In the grave His body lay,
To rise again on the third day

In celestial glory bright,
In kingly majesty and might ;
Then let us magnify and laud
Jesus resurgant, Christ our God.
Alleluia !

4.

Lo, as from the grave He passed,
The gates of Death were closed fast,
While those of Heaven were opened wide
To Christ and all for whom He died.
Let us then rejoice, and sing
Hosannas to our Saviour King.
Alleluia !

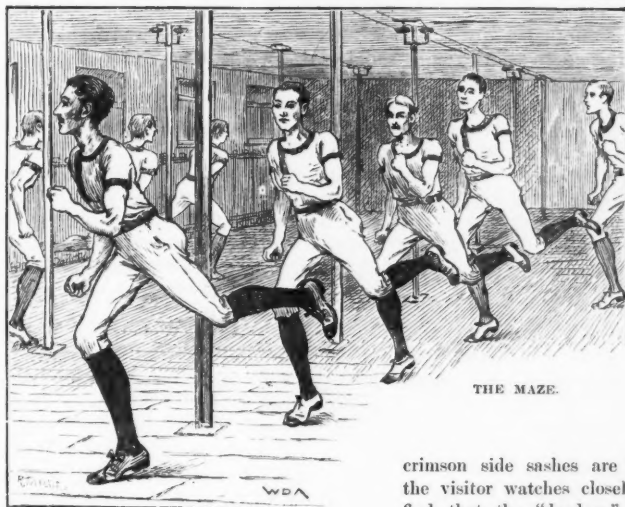
5.

Jesus, by Thy wounds we're healed,
By Thy blood our pardon's sealed,
Thou from Death hath set us free
With Thee to live eternally :
That, living with Thee, we may raise
Unceasingly our hymns of praise.
Alleluia !

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

AN EVENING AT EXETER HALL.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



THE MAZE.



E have never found them lose their tempers, but were they to do so they would be so thoroughly 'chaffed' as to find it would not pay."

"Well, boxing certainly does try the temper occasionally, but it affords most excellent training."

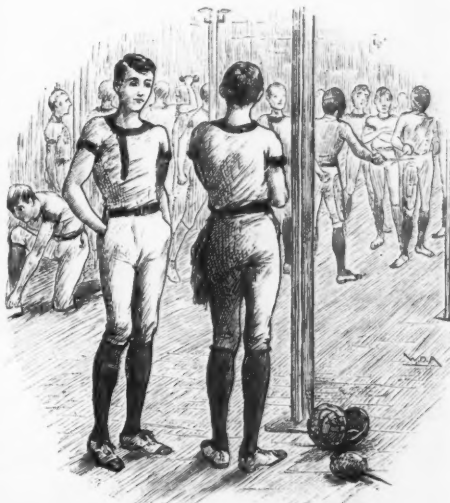
"Aye, and we contend that it is better for young men to get such training under Christian influences than to seek it where strong temptations abound."

We are in the large and well-appointed Gymnasium—now situated in the old Queen's Theatre, Long Acre—belonging to the Central Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall. The broad space before us is filled with young fellows clad in their attractive costumes—white jerseys and knickers, with dark stockings—and engaged in almost every branch of gymnastic exercise. Here a couple of youths are boxing, which caused the conversation just related; there, with heads encased in huge barred helmets, like knights of old, a pair of young athletes are fencing; in the centre there is vaulting over the horse; yet again, in another corner, are acrobatic feats being performed with much dexterity and daring; while in another quarter the twirling around the cross-bar seems incessant; trapeze work, parallel-bar exercise, and even rowing practice in a sliding-seat model boat, all are here.

Those young men in the red stockings and small

crimson side sashes are "leaders," and if the visitor watches closely, he or she will find that the "leaders" are quietly but efficiently teaching and assisting those less proficient in the various evolutions, while on the rostrum at the head of the room is a trained and very competent professional Instructor.

"Mr. E. J. Kennedy, the general secretary, works with the men one evening every week," says Mr. Clarence Hooper, the finance secretary, with whom



IN THE GYMNASIUM, LONG ACRE.

we are talking, and presently Mr. Kennedy's fine athletic form can be distinguished in the crowd. He is now wearing a fencing helmet, and is leaning on his "sword," after no doubt a severe bout, for his adversary, albeit not so tall, yet looks as though he knows how to make good play with his weapon.

"The Gymnasium," continues Mr. Hooper, "is open every week-evening from seven until ten; but special instruction in 'musical drill' is given from eight until half-past nine. A few visitors are admitted by tickets, given by members, on three evenings—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Mr. Kennedy's evening is usually Wednesday, and that is perhaps the best evening to come, as the attendance is then generally the largest. In the middle of the 'drill,' during one of the pauses between the exercises, Mr. Kennedy gives a ten minutes' 'Gospel Address' to the young men."

When the clock chimes "Eight," a large gong sounds; one of the youths springs to the rostrum and takes his place at a large piano there; the Instructor also takes up his position, and the young men, each with a pair of dumb-bells, form in long files up and down the hall, facing the rostrum. Then, at the word of command from the Instructor, the piano strikes up a merry tune, full of life and cheeriness and "go," and the hundred or so young men commence the first part of the "dumb-bell drill," every now and again a clanking sound telling that

some tyro is banging the "bells" together and finding it not such easy work as it looks. At a word the exercise changes, and the second part is gone through; then, as the drill continues, the men burst out into a manly song, keeping time with their swinging dumb-bells; yet again—still to the tune and time of the music—the men whistle a lively air, as feet and legs, hands and arms—and indeed every muscle in the body—seem brought into play by the graceful evolutions.

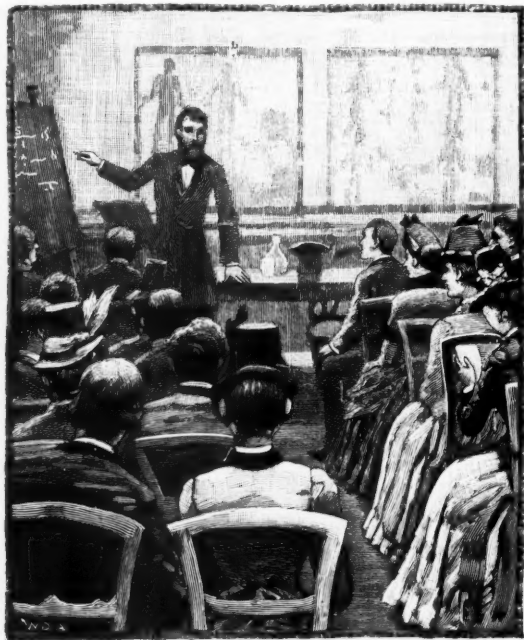
Following the dumb-bells is the "bar-bell" exercise, a rest of a few minutes being given between, which is filled up by the youths in such exercises as they please. One would think they would have been glad of a rest, but there are found plenty to turn and twist on the various pieces of apparatus.

Again the gong sounds, and again the youths take up their places; this time each one has a polished pole or "bar" with a weight at each end. At the word of command the exercise commences to the sound of music—as before, the beginners or learners following the red-stockinged leaders, and ever and anon a "clash," proclaiming that the former do not find the exercise particularly easy.

"The leaders," says Mr. Hooper, "often go out to give musical-drill instruction to children in the Board-schools in connection with the noble work of the Recreation Evening Schools Association. A lot of our fellows help in that work." And eminently fitted they looked for such a duty.

But now comes Mr. Kennedy's address. Half-sitting, one might almost say reclining, on the rostrum—which was not to be wondered at after his late arduous labours—with the young men grouped picturesquely about him, he gave them a friendly talk of a few minutes' duration on the paramount necessity of "keeping straight." Pithy and practical, it was eminently suited to the occasion and the needs of the young men before him. One of his illustrations—which we here summarise—will suffice to show the character of his address. "You know," said he, "what it is when a billiard ball has a screw on—of course there are billiards *and* billiards; billiards in a public-house is dangerous, but there is less harm in a quiet game at home. Well, unfortunately, we, like a billiard ball with a 'screw on,' have each one a bias to the wrong side; and only faith in Christ will keep us straight."

The last exercise is "The Maze." The men form in long column two abreast, and then march slowly round the Hall; as they proceed, the pace is gradually quickened, then the line splits into two, one column turning to the right and the other to the left. On,



LECTURE ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

ever on, they go, winding in and out until the pace is fast and furious, and the large space is filled with twining and intertwining lines of men.

"It's follow-my-leader now indeed," says Mr. Hooper. "If once you take your eyes off, you lose your place, and out you must go."

And out several had to go; whether the pace was killing or the place was lost, here and there in the sides of the hall could be seen fellows creeping out of reach of the stampede, but the lines still went on tearing round and round, and in and out, in what might seem to an on-looker confusion worse confounded. None but those with sound limbs and lungs and good staying power could stand such a prolonged strain after the previous hard work. Yet the majority of the men seemed to exult in the exercise, and many looked almost as fit and fresh as when they began.

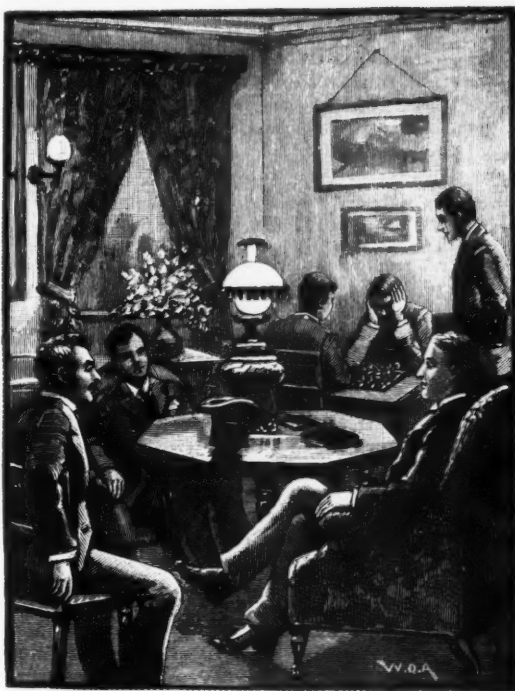
"It was this we were afraid of in Exeter Hall," remarked Mr. Hooper. "These couple of hundred or so of feet, pelt, pelt, pelt, night after night, might have brought the whole place down with a crash. The gymnasium with which we started there soon became too small, so we used to adjourn to the long well-known hall; but we did not like the risk, and some good folks might be scandalised—especially, too, when we had football scrimmages there, with the general secretary joining in all the fun—so we took this place, and well it has answered."

"The Maze" is now coming to an end, and this being the close of the "concerted exercises," we turn to other branches of the Association work.

"Our old gymnasium, which was underground at Exeter Hall," continues Mr. Hooper, "is now used for our Civil Service class, probably the most successful class we have. We began with six members about four years ago; we have now 300 members, and during the last two and a half years 329 of our students gained appointments. Being such a large class it is of course divided into sections, some going in for the India Office, some for the Excise, and others for outdoor Customs, Telegraph work, etc., etc. This class meets three nights a week."

"I suppose you have a great number of classes?"

"Sixty-one, in twenty-eight subjects; some, such as the shorthand, being spread over three grades—thus we have the reporting class, the intermediate, and the beginners' class. There are also four sections in French and five in German—one in the latter language specially for correspondence." Returning to Exeter Hall from the gymnasium—where some of those whom we saw just now, rushing round the



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

room so fast, are enjoying a shower-bath after their exertions—we find the famous edifice in the Strand just full of young men.

Every one of the numerous rooms gathered around the large and small public halls seems fully occupied either with a class at study or with some religious meeting. The classes range over almost every branch of study, from Algebra to Spanish, and from Engineering to Physiology. The latter is a most interesting and successful class, and is largely attended. There are also lectures on Hygiene—food, diet, etc., and prevention of disease. There is a more advanced class for more difficult hygienic subjects, such as the origin and prevention of zymotic diseases, etc. Ladies are admitted to these and the preceding lectures, and many Board-school teachers and students for the Zenana missions are to be found among them. All the science classes are under the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and are examined with very satisfactory results as to the soundness and excellence of the training given, and the work done by the students.

The correspondence and labour undertaken by the secretaries and their assistants in carrying on so great and manifold a work is immense—far heavier than the outside public have any idea of. There are three secretaries: Mr. E. J. Kennedy, the general

secretary; Mr. Arthur Burson, the Evangelistic secretary; and Mr. Hooper.

"To give an idea of the work done in the last six months," said Mr. Kennedy, "we sent out about 26,000 letters. When I came to the secretaryship, we started a statistics book, and every letter coming in or sent out is entered, and we know all attendances at classes, and so forth. Young men, when entering the gymnasium, have their weight and measurements taken down, and this being repeated after a brief period, we can tell how much they benefit. The result is sometimes most marked.

"You see," he continues, "our chief end and aim is to bring young men to Christ, but we try to touch them at all points and to benefit them in all ways. Thus we have two classes of members—associates and full members. The latter are Christian men—*i.e.*, men who have accepted Christ as their Saviour. We do not take the place of a church—we introduce members to churches, and our members are of all denominations. We have about 600 of these members. Many of the associates are also Christian men, but they may not care to make an open avowal of their acceptance of the principles of the Association. We have 1,100 associates, and though we do not require from them a profession of faith, yet we have references as to their moral character. The subscription is five shillings annually for youths under twenty, ten and sixpence between twenty and thirty, and a guinea over that age."

"Is the Aldersgate Street Association connected with this, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Only so far as all the Associations are more or less connected together. This is now the Central—the parent Association, and was removed from its old house in Aldersgate Street about five or six years ago. There are now about 550 Young Men's Christian Associations in the United Kingdom, which are divided into thirteen districts, each sending three representatives to the National Council, which meets at Exeter Hall, and no fewer than 3,215 in the world. These are all affiliated in the International Union, the Council of which meets at Geneva. When any of our men go to different parts of the world, we give letters of introduction, which ensure them a hearty reception and a helping hand on arrival."

To describe in anything like detail all the classes and meetings, and clubs of various kinds—chess, rowing, swimming, cycling, and others of that kind—held here would require pages. The Reading Room, well supplied with daily and weekly papers and

magazines—English, colonial, and foreign—is always largely patronised; the Smithies Library, and the large subscriptions to two great circulating libraries, place plenty of books at the disposal of the members, and also a quiet room for study or writing. The charming Drawing Room, recently promoted by a lady at the suggestion of the general secretary, affords opportunity for conversation, music, and the enjoyment of refined home-like comfort for those who, living in lodgings or houses of business, have seldom opportunities for such pleasure; and here Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy give an "At Home" once a month. The Parlour is open for a "Gospel Evangelistic meeting" every night, to which strangers are invited by members of the committee, who distribute invitations to passers-by in the crowded thoroughfare without. Members of the reception committee are on duty every night in the rooms and corridors of the large establishment to welcome any stranger, show him over the building, and explain the various branches of work.

The efforts to introduce new arrivals in London to the Association are very complete. Representative members are in many of the large houses of business, and make a monthly return to the Secretary of all new assistants who have entered their business house during the four weeks previous, and when young men come fresh from the country, a complimentary ticket of admission, available for a month, is given to them, so that they can visit the Hall and become fully and practically acquainted with the Association. In addition to these advantages there is once a month a large social reunion, when, after tea, some well-known divine or layman gives an address. There is also the "members'" monthly tea and conference.

The Association is thus a religious organisation, an educational establishment, and a club. Its object is the promotion of the permanent welfare of all young men, in spirit, mind, and body. There are few reasonable wants that are not endeavoured to be met—even to an apartment registry and employment bureau, where young men may be recommended to cheap and comfortable lodgings, and when out of business may be assisted to obtain suitable situations. The holiday requirements of young men are not overlooked, there being no less than eight seaside homes supported by the English Association. Exeter Hall has in its time been the scene of many remarkable historic meetings; certainly the uses to which it is now put are worthy of its traditions.



MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER V.

HIS LORDSHIP'S WARD.

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?"



At the time appointed for the arrival of the Earl and Countess drew near, the little town of Hazelford seemed, to those who knew its ordinary ways, quite beside itself with excitement. But if all were excited, my Uncle Chayter was certainly the most excited of all. Irreverent Charlie found him a perpetual source of amusement, and if Basil and I refrained ourselves, I am afraid that if it had been anyone but Uncle Chayter we should have laughed as heartily as Charlie.

As it was, though we would not laugh at the dear old man, it was not in human nature to refuse a furtive smile. He was so fussy and important, so burdened by the sense of his responsibilities, so anxious that the arrangements for the Earl's reception should be worthy of the occasion, and so perplexed by the absence of any precedent to guide him. If it had been a coming of age, or a return from a wedding-tour, it would have been simple enough; but how was Hazelford to receive an old gentleman who was a stranger to the county and the place simply because he had never cared to make acquaintance with either? Ought there to be garlands and illuminations? and ought the tenantry to walk in procession? I believe the idea of a procession was very dear to my uncle's heart; but what was to be done about the rich tenant-farmer at Coplehurst, who was a county magistrate, and altogether too influential and important a man to be expected to join?

However, the matter was set at rest by a letter from the Earl, desiring that no demonstrations of welcome should be offered.

"I am a stranger to you all," wrote this scarcely genial man, "and Lady Otterbourne is an invalid. My object in coming to Hazelford is to seek repose, and my only wish is to be allowed to enjoy it."

So Uncle Chayter's fine schemes collapsed as completely as mine had done. I wondered if he had a sort of fellow-feeling for me—the little dry old man, who had set his foot so firmly on my plans? It touches me, as I record the history of that time, to recall many little acts of kindness and attention on my uncle's part that were certainly quite a new departure, and that must have cost him a good deal of

trouble in the midst of his accumulated business. New books arrived for me, "with Uncle Chayter's love," and though they were only new in the sense of being fresh from the booksellers' shelves, and "The Anatomie of Melancholy" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" could not be called enlivening reading, I accepted them as tokens of goodwill, and perhaps of regret, and failed to see any significance in their titles, as I believe now that I was intended to do. Then when books might be supposed to pall, great baskets of flowers appeared, bearing the same inscription; and one day my uncle's office-boy brought down a little hamper marked "This side up—with care," and out of it jumped a lovely little black kitten, with white chest and whiskers, that Charlie declared was the image of Uncle Chayter himself. Besides all this, my uncle often called for me, and took me with him to the Castle, where I wandered about the great beautiful rooms while he transacted his business with the newly installed butler, and with Mrs. Fosberry, the old housekeeper, who was almost as much exercised by the impending arrival as my uncle himself.

A detachment of foreign servants had arrived, whose "heathenish talk and outlandish ways" had been quite too much for the good old lady.

"Tis like nothing but the Tower of Babel, Mr. Chayter, sir," she declared to my uncle, when we went up together to see the final arrangements on the morning of the eventful day. "Greeks there is, I know, and Armenians, and all the other people, I make no doubt. And Mr. Siva, my lord's own man, as came last night, is the outlandishest of 'em all. And there he is, sir," she ended, with a violent jump, as a dark, elderly man, with intensely black hair and eyes, passed softly and silently through the hall. "It gives me the creeps, it really do, the way he glimmers and glides about. You think he's safe the other side the house, and there he is at your elbow."

Mrs. Fosberry looked apprehensively over her shoulder, as if she expected to see the dark-skinned valet beside her now, and breathed a sigh of thankfulness to find he was not there. "I can't abide blackamoors," she said, with a little shudder; "and what is the use, I should like to know, of a parcel of folks as talks like the Tower of Babel let loose, and can't say what they mean in plain English, not to save their lives?"

This was Mrs. Fosberry's view of the situation, but my uncle and I were much relieved to find that the preparations for the important arrival had not been left to that worthy but incompetent woman. She was, indeed, a care-taker rather than a housekeeper, and her principal avocation had hitherto been to conduct the British tourist over the famous castle, and describe its various treasures for his behoof, on

the one day a week on which the public were admitted. Mrs. Fosberry was wont to groan over the number of steps involved in the process, and to lament her rheumatism and the niggardliness of tourist nature, but I doubt if any mortal woman could have survived twenty years' seclusion in Hazelford Castle without that hebdomadal glimpse of her fellow-creatures, that weekly whiff of the outer world, which must have been as reviving as fresh air in a dungeon-cell. And despite her grumbles now, there was an unwonted liveliness and briskness about her, which suggested that the additions to the servants' hall might not have been entirely unwelcome.

"A mort of things they've brought with 'em, sure-ly," she observed, confidentially; "and my lord's room is like a picter-gallery or a music shop, for picters, and stattoos, and fiddles, and such. I was going to have 'em put in the picter-gallery along of the rest, but when Mr. Siva came he wouldn't hear of it. Would you like to see my lord's room, sir and miss? though it's more like a hartiss's stodio than a English gentleman's apartment."

"He is known by his friends," quoted my uncle. "And, my dear, if that is true of our friends, it is truer still of the silent companions we gather round us when leisure and—funds permit," said the old man, sacrificing his peroration on the altar of truth with evident reluctance.

We followed Mrs. Fosberry to a room at the end of the long suite of drawing-rooms. It seemed small after their vast proportions, but was itself a large and lofty room. The windows looked across the water-meadows, from which the morning mists had hardly yet lifted, to the blue sea-line flashing and sparkling half a league away. Down at our feet were the tiled roofs of Hazelford and the spire of Hazelford Church; the sound of the blacksmith's hammer came up clearly in the silence, the lowing of the dappled oxen browsing on the moist, green grass, the song of innumerable birds. As I stood in the pleasant room I wondered how its owner could have left it tenantless so long. Was not this sweet English scene worth visiting, at least when the sun was shining and the trees were green?

There were still workmen in the other parts of the house, but here all seemed to be in readiness. The old oak floor was polished to the last degree of brightness, and covered with soft Eastern rugs; there were low easy-chairs and luxurious settees, and a movable reading-table, with rack and lamp, stood by an invalid's couch. Tables of Florentine marble, whose value I dimly guessed at, stood about the room, littered with quaint shapes of costly pottery, with statuettes and intaglios and mosaics, with the glitter and grace of Venetian glass, and the soft dull glow of Benares work. In one corner was a grand piano, the case of ebony inlaid with silver, and near it were music-stands, violin-cases, and piles of music that seemed to have been just unpacked. There were pictures all about the room, some on the

walls, some on stands upon the tables, some leaning against the shelves of cabinets, but all artistically disposed to catch the best effects of light; while by the window stood an inlaid easel, and on it a small picture, before which my uncle paused with an exclamation of startled admiration.

I had been more interested in the music than the paintings—Basil was so fond of music, and I thought he would be interested to hear about it—but as my uncle exclaimed, I went and looked over his shoulder. And then I, too, uttered a low cry of involuntary delight.

It was only a girl's head, but it was so exceedingly and exquisitely beautiful that one felt something like the thrill of wonder and joy with which we greet the first spring flowers. There is a certain joy in perfect loveliness, a divine content that makes us understand the Creator's satisfaction when He saw the work of His hands, "and behold, it was very good." The little painting was evidently from a master's hand, though the style was decidedly modern. What a lovely face it was! All the hyperboles of poets seemed suddenly real as one stood before that glowing canvas. "Eyes dark as night"—how poor the simile seemed, how cold, how unworthy of the lustrous darkness of these, that was rather like a concentrated light. "Ebon tresses"—but ebony was dull beside the brilliant black of these the picture showed. "Coral lips"—it was a description that might fit a doll's, but not the soft glow of these, that melted imperceptibly into the creamy whiteness of the delicate skin.

"I wonder if it is a portrait?" said my uncle. "It doesn't look like a fancy head; but who can it be?"

"I don't know, sir," said Mrs. Fosberry. But the answer was unexpectedly supplied.

"Pardon, Sahib," said the dark-complexioned valet, gliding over the syllables with a Hindu's smoothness—so different from the alert "Sahib" of his Mahommedan compatriot—"Pardon, Sahib, that is a portrait of Miss Temple, his lordship's ward."

"Then his lordship's ward is simply the most beautiful woman I ever beheld," said my uncle; while poor Mrs. Fosberry stood gasping for breath at the unexpected appearance of the Hindu valet.

CHAPTER VI.

HEREDITY.

"The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

THE Earl and Countess had come, but, except for the flag flying from the keep, Hazelford would scarcely have been aware of the fact. The Countess was said seldom to leave her room, and in the month that had elapsed since his coming, Lord Otterbourne had not been seen beyond the precincts of the park, except as he descended from his carriage at the lych-

gate on Sunday mornings, and walked up the path and the aisle that lay between that and the high-curtained family pew, where he disappeared from sight as completely as within the walls of Hazelford Castle. A young lady, "beautiful exceedingly,"

pointed town. The village gossips had absolutely nothing to discourse upon, and the village tradesmen went heavily, as those who had increased their goods in vain.

"Orders his joints from Lunnon," said Mr. Gibbs,



"I took my uncle's hand and kissed it."—p. 361.

accompanied him, and if I had possessed no other source of information, I should have known, from her resemblance to the lovely face I had seen on the easel, that she was "Miss Temple, his lordship's ward."

This was all that Hazelford saw of the "Castle people" in the first month of their coming amongst us, and great was the discomfiture of the disap-

the butcher, "which is what no earl as *was* a earl would demean himself to do."

Mr. Gibbs' usually florid complexion suffered a decided increase of colour, and he stood at his shop door in the autumn sunshine and glared wrathfully at the small boys who inquired ironically "if Christmas had come already?" Little Miss Cripps at the fancy shop, who had, I believe, launched

out into the wild extravagances of gilt-edged note-paper and ornamental fire-screens, looked at the unsaleable articles with tears in her eyes; and Mr. Bayley, the draper—who might not cry, being a man, though a haberdasher—tore his hair, and muttered fiercely to himself, as he surveyed the boxes of “best white kids,” rashly ordered in expectation of festivities at the Castle that never came off. It was Uncle Chayter who had to bear the brunt of these complaints, and though he professed himself unable to do anything for the sufferers, I always thought my kind old uncle had something to do with a visit Miss Temple presently paid to the village, and the contemporaneous disappearance of Miss Cripps’ abortive fire-screens and Mr. Bayley’s white kid gloves. Whether the high-art pasteboards, with their swallows, and daffodils, and bulrushes and water-lilies, ever found their natural habitat in the empty fireplaces at the Castle, I cannot say, nor whether any enterprising wearer was ever discovered for Mr. Bayley’s two-button white kids; but certain it is that Mr. Bayley and Miss Cripps agreed in declaring Miss Temple to be the sweetest and loveliest of her sex, while even Mr. Gibbs condescended to remark approvingly that she had “a pair of eyes like gimblets, and a sweet pretty way with her tongue.” How Miss Temple had vanquished the mighty Gibbs remained a mystery, for beef and mutton cannot wait a tardy customer with the same equanimity as pasteboard and kid. Perhaps it was “the eyes like gimblets” or the insinuating tongue. It was not everyone who had Mr. Gibbs’ power of expression, but as to the fact all Hazelford was as one man. Whatever the Earl and Countess might be—and opinions were dubious and various on that head—Miss Temple was peerless among women, as anyone might see who had eyes in his head.

Uncle Chayter had been introduced to her, and, I could see, had fallen a hopeless victim on the spot; while Charlie wrote sonnets by the yard, and raved about her from morning till night. Even my mother caught the infection, and said there was something in Miss Temple’s face that made her feel she would love her if she knew her.

“Basil says nothing?” I said, looking at the brother who, Charlie said, always made up my mind for me, and gave me my opinions in neatly sorted packets. It was not true, of course, but certainly I always liked to know what Basil thought, and I daresay I generally ended by agreeing with him.

“What do you think of Miss Temple, Basil?” I persisted now, for he had taken no notice of the indirect question of my last remark.

“Miss Temple is a very beautiful girl,” he said quietly, “but brunettes are not my style.” And really it seemed a relief to find one man whose head was not turned by the new beauty’s charms.

Perhaps Miss Fielding’s lover had no eyes for any other woman, and perhaps, I thought rather maliciously, it was just as well for Miss Fielding if he had not. We had all been accustomed to think May

the perfection of style as well as of beauty, but somehow her pretty, languishing airs seemed schoolgirl affectations beside Miss Temple’s stately ways, as her fair blonde beauty seemed to pale and fade beside the other’s richer colouring and finer features. Even her dresses, deftly made by her own pretty fingers, and copied faithfully from the last number of the *Fashion Magazine*, lost their effect beside the severely simple costumes which Miss Temple affected, and in which she looked so perfectly arrayed. However, pretty May seemed more than satisfied with her own appearance, and it was not for me to open either her eyes or any other’s.

It was, indeed, rather my business to learn to love and cherish the girl who was to be my brother Basil’s wife, to shut my eyes to her faults if faults she had, and loyally to accept her as my sister without inquiring too closely if she was all I could have wished in that capacity. And, in spite of her little follies and affectations, I believed that May was both pretty and good. I saw more of her now than I had ever done before, and I could not but admit that under the rather frivolous exterior there was a core of sound principle and affection. We all grew fond of the pretty, clinging creature, and if I could not think her worthy of Basil, perhaps there was no one whom I should have thought that. It was all the more exasperating to find that the Fieldings seemed to think it all but a *mésalliance*, and lamented “May’s loss of position” and Basil’s inferiority of birth.

“It is that that is the real drawback,” Mrs. Fielding said impressively, taking my arm, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, as she walked me up and down the lawn at one of her garden parties. “I could have got over his being a farmer—though May might certainly have looked much higher than that—but a common soldier’s son! Nice and good as dear Basil is, I had hard work to get papa to give his consent. But dear May had set her heart on it. I only hope he won’t take to drinking, or anything that those sort of people do—no, no—of course I know he’s as good and steady as can be, but one hears so much of heredity now-a-days, I can’t help feeling there’s just a little risk.”

“But it was never really proved—it was only a conjecture, after all, that he was Trumpeter Ford’s son,” I cried eagerly; but Mrs. Fielding waved away the remark with a superior smile.

“Do you think it would be pleasanter to us to think of May’s husband as a nameless foundling?” she asked severely; and, angry as I was, I was really too crushed to reply.

When Mrs. Fielding had left me, I sat down to recover myself, and just then Basil crossed the lawn with May, and stood talking to her just opposite to me. There was a tall hedge of yew behind them, and Basil’s face came out against the dark background of green, like a carving in low relief. I had never been more struck with the refined contour and chiselled traits. Was this the man whom Mrs. Fielding professed to think in danger of developing low

propensities? If Trumpeter Ford was like his son—and if *not*, where was the danger?—he must have been refined and fastidious to a fault. Who could look at Basil, and not see that his face was a witness of gentleness of nature, whatever his accident of birth? And for that matter, is there not as “blue blood” in the proletariat as in the House of Lords? and have not the descendants of Plantagenets and Tudors been found in far lower positions than poor Trumpeter Ford’s? At any rate, it pleased me to fancy so, and I had credited the late Robert Ford, Trumpeter in Her Majesty’s —th Foot, with quite a crowd of illustrious progenitors before my reverie was interrupted. If one must accept the theory of heredity at all, it is only fair to make it work both ways; and if features and character were any guide, I was abundantly justified in claiming for Basil ancestors who should have more than satisfied Mrs. Fielding’s views.

I do not think Basil even suspected the feelings with which he was regarded. He was proud and self-reliant, and had the sort of quiet confidence in his own position that I held to be another proof of good breeding; and though Mrs. Fielding might discourse on his real or supposed deficiencies to me, I suspect she stood secretly a little in awe of this tall and dignified young man who was to be her son-in-law, and who treated her with such unimpeachable courtesy.

To see her say good-bye to him, no one could have guessed that she was not thoroughly pleased with the match; but I could not help telling Charlie of our conversation, as he and I walked home together in the cool of the evening, if only to enjoy his indignation. Basil had hurried on to attend a practice of the glee-class, who were meditating a concert in aid of the organ that we hoped would soon replace May’s harmonium in church, and Charlie and I were quite alone.

“Stupid old woman!” growled Charlie, when he heard of Mrs. Fielding’s injurious remarks. “Any idiot could see that Basil is a gentleman, whatever his father was.”

And indeed I thought so too—and thought, moreover, that to have won the love of a man like that ought to be the crowning glory, as it must certainly be the supreme happiness, of any woman’s life.

We could hear the singing-class in full swing as we passed the school-room where it was held, and where Mr. Jay, the schoolmaster—a little man with a big voice—was their most effective bass.

“Double-bass, I should think,” said Charlie, as the low, deep *basso-profundo* seemed to drown all the rest. And then suddenly, like a lark springing up into the sky, we heard Basil’s tenor, clear and pure and strong—such a contrast to the worthy schoolmaster’s coarse, uncultured tones, that we both looked at each other and laughed. Surely the owner of a voice like that could not have very low proclivities!

People tell me I am not musical, and certainly the

subtleties of harmony are a sealed secret to me; but I could understand the sweetness of Basil’s voice: it moved and thrilled me often to tears, and yet filled me with a sort of utter content that was like a benediction of peace. Cultivated, in the technical sense of being highly trained, it was not. My father had always rather shrunk from the thought of the deceased trumpeter, and had never fostered Basil’s musical talent. But music was in him, innate, irrepressible, triumphant over every obstacle of discouragement and neglect. Basil sang as the birds sing, with notes as true and taste as pure. When he was quite a little fellow he made flutes for himself out of osiers and rushes, and a penny whistle became a magic pipe in his school-boy hands. At last he “trafficked” a six-bladed knife for an old fiddle with a schoolfellow, and discoursed such eloquent music upon it that my father could no longer withstand the heaven-born gift, and consented to his having lessons and an instrument of worthier tone. Can I not see him now, with the dumb wooden thing cuddled against his cheek, his head bent affectionately towards it, as if he were wooing it to speak, and the potent bow poised with a sort of tender hesitation ere it should wake the sleeping music from the shivering strings? I think he hardly knew when we were by when once his violin was in his hands. He was lifted into another world, caught up into a seventh heaven beyond our grosser sense, where perhaps only May could follow him. Only May—that was the wonder of it. Charlie and I had neither of us the sixth sense, and all our sympathy could not give us the freemasonry that May possessed. And yet I think that music was not so much to her as to Basil—was a taste rather than a passion, a sense rather than a divine gift. One never felt that her nature was the richer and fuller and better for it, as Basil’s was—only that her ear was accurate and her vocal chords in tune.

But no doubt Basil found more in her than I did. He told me himself one day that I was never quite just to May, and perhaps it was true, though Heaven knows I did my best to be so.

We did not see much of Basil in the next week. The singing-class and preparations for the concert took up all his spare time, but even my uncle could not say that he neglected his work. I say *even* my uncle, for I think he was a little hard upon Basil just then, sneering at lovers’ follies—of which, certainly, he had as few as most men—and grumbling if he was not at the farms all day, though the early southern harvest was already gathered in, and there could be no immediate press of work. But every one knew that Charlie was my uncle’s favourite—Charlie, who was supposed to be like him, and who was to be his heir. Uncle Chayter never forgot, as we so often did, that my brother Basil was not really of our kin.

I think Basil would have found it rather difficult to reconcile the conflicting claims of music, agriculture, and love, if two of them had not run so

amicably in double harness. But May was to sing in all the glees and choruses at the concert too, and was also to sing a solo, a song which I always liked, even when she sang it.

"Bid me discourse" is an ideal soprano song. It needs neither pathos nor passion nor fire. The least expressive voice can give it all the expression its roulades need, if it be but clear and high and sweet; and May's had all these qualities, and a certain brilliance besides.

We were all going to the concert, as a matter of course, and when I went to take the tickets, Miss Cripps, at whose shop they were to be obtained, informed me with much elation that the whole front row was already engaged for a party from the Castle. I was glad to hear it, of course, but I could not imagine of whom the party could consist, for I knew there were no visitors there, and Lady Otterbourne never went out.

The mystery was solved when the night of the concert arrived, for though a whole row of seats had been taken, only two were occupied. Whether this was from exclusiveness, or from a wish to benefit the organ fund, I cannot say, but the "party from the Castle" resolved itself into the Earl and Miss Temple, who came in when the first part was half over, and sat down in the middle of the vacant row of chairs. Mr. Jay was roaring out the "Death of Nelson," and I was contrasting his singing of the fine old song with Basil's, and wishing I could stop my ears without hurting the little schoolmaster's feelings. I think Miss Temple shared mine at that particular moment. She sighed as she took her place with an air of resignation, and I saw her forehead slightly contract as she removed the wrap from her head. It was a white Deccan scarf, in which glittered threads of fine gold, and nothing could have been more becoming to the rich dark hair and creamy skin. Her dress was a long plain robe of dead-gold plush, and round her neck were wound long strings of amber beads. Altogether, she was a new experience in the Hazelford school-room—a brilliant creature, beside whom May, in her new white tarlatan and blue ribbons, was

"As moonlight unto sunlight."

I saw Basil look from one to the other, and I wondered what thoughts were in my brother's heart as he sat on the platform facing Miss Temple, and looking before him with rather an abstracted gaze.

But Mr. Ford was much too busy a person that night to have time for meditation on different types of feminine beauty. Musically considered, he was the mainspring of the concert, and I think he was far too much occupied to observe, as I did, how much attention the great man in front bestowed upon him. No doubt the Earl had come from a mixture of motives. It was a sort of duty he owed to the place, and there was the curiosity to see what local talent could do in a little town like Hazelford. That

was how I construed his lordship's half-bored, half-quizzical air, and I fancy I was not far wrong. But all that was changed when Basil stood up with his violin, and drew his bow across the chords. He had selected a *motif* of Raff's, as lovely as it was certainly difficult, and in the little pause before it I saw Lord Otterbourne lean across to Miss Temple, pointing her attention to the piece set down for Mr. Ford, and saying something to her—no doubt something about the foolish ambition of musical amateurs; but at the first masterly touches, he broke off his unfinished sentence, and lifted his head with a look of quick and pleased surprise. He was a connoisseur himself, I knew, and I watched his face with ever-increasing pleasure, as it testified more and more to his delight in Basil's performance. When it was over the Earl led the applause till it culminated in a rapturous encore—an honour that was seldom accorded to classical music in Hazelford. The majority of the audience preferred "summat with a bit of toon in it," and only clapped now, I am sure, in response to the Earl's vigorous lead.

Our seats were in the second row, near to the end, and as the "Castle party" were in the middle of the row before us, I could watch them unobserved. I had never had more than a glimpse of the Earl, and I looked with a good deal of interest at the man who occupied so much of the attention of Hazelford, and who so evidently appreciated Basil. His hair was deeply streaked with grey, but his figure was erect and his carriage vigorous. The pose of his head was dignified, and the head itself well shaped, except for the rather retreating forehead. The eyes were soft and brown, and had a tinge of melancholy still, but the lines of the mouth suggested humour under the close grey moustache. Altogether, he was a distinguished and striking-looking man, and one that I must have noticed wherever I had seen him. I wondered, as I sat and looked at him, if I had seen him before, and though my reason told me it was impossible, I could not quite rid myself of the thought. I had not seen him, I told myself with some iteration, except for those brief glimpses as he passed to his pew on Sundays, but nevertheless I was haunted and puzzled by a sort of familiarity in his appearance, as of a half-recognised face. I puzzled myself in vain to account for it, and yet surely it needed no accounting for; had I not seen his likeness so often that I ought to have known him if I had passed him in a London street? Only, it was not his face that seemed familiar: that was the puzzling thing. It was the turn of his head, the outline of his shoulders, as I sat behind him—just the things that no portrait ever shows.

He left before the concert was over, getting up after Basil's last song, which he had listened to with edifying attention and received with marked applause, and I saw him stop and speak to my uncle as he passed the end of our seat.

It was not till we got home that I knew what he had said; but my uncle went home with us to

supper, and then we heard that the Earl had invited him to dine at the Castle the next night, and to take Basil with him.

CHAPTER VII.

A LUCKY GHOST.

"Names whose sense we see not
Fray us with things that be not."

"WELL, and how 's the kitten?" said Uncle Chayter.

I did not think that my uncle had walked up, under an August sun, at eleven o'clock in the morning, just to ask after the health of the kitten, but I answered, demurely enough, "Quite well, thank you, uncle," and waited to hear what he had to say.

"And how is Smut's mistress?" he asked, taking my hand in his, and looking at me with quite unnecessary anxiety.

"Smut's mistress is always well, uncle. Please dismiss the idea that she isn't."

"Humph! Well, I suppose Basil has told you all about our doings at the Castle last night?" he went on, with a sudden suspicious keenness in his glance.

"He has told me nothing. He said he was too sleepy to talk last night, and he had gone out when we came down this morning. I suppose he has ridden over to Coombe Farm."

"You suppose! A woman is always full of her idiotic supposes about things she knows nothing about," said my uncle, who was certainly not in an amiable temper this morning.

"It seemed likely," I ventured to observe. "He generally does get up early when he goes to Coombe. It is further off than the Leazowes or Enderby."

"Chut, chut! do you think I don't know all that? Better than you do, I'll undertake to say. And I know something that you evidently don't. I know that Basil has not gone to Coombe to-day."

"Oh!" I said, a little surprised. "How do you know that, uncle?"

"I know it because he breakfasted with me this morning."

"Uncle!" I was thoroughly surprised now, and something in my uncle's face quickened surprise into vivid curiosity. "Where is he now?" I cried, in some excitement.

"D'ye think I brought him back in my pocket?" growled my uncle, as his quick eyes followed my glance to the door. "Stroke your cat, and don't bother your head about Basil."

But though he spoke roughly, he was stroking my hand gently enough, and looking at me with a tender anxiety I could not understand.

"I wonder if women ever speak the truth?" he said next. "I wonder if I've done right to take you at your word—or if I'm a meddling old fool that's only made a mess of it? Were you in earnest when you came to me a month ago, all agag to set the bells ringing for Basil and May?"

I felt myself start, and flush and tremble, but it was with the suddenness of the surprise and the pleasure of it.

"Do you mean that you have found a way of letting me have my money?" I cried eagerly.

"Not I! I'd tie it up tighter than ever, if I could. You and your children, indeed!—it ought to be your children's children, lest any of them should inherit their grandmother's reckless disposition."

"Then what do you mean, Uncle?"

"I mean that a piece of luck has befallen that cade lamb of yours. Lord Otterbourne wants to let the Home Farm, having about as much idea of farming as the bow of his own best fiddle—and, upon my word, Esther, he fiddles as well as Basil! A nice noise they made between them last night after dinner."

"Poor uncle! But go on, please."

"Presently; I was coming to the point, if you wouldn't interrupt so. And it wasn't 'poor uncle' at all, I may tell you. Lady Otterbourne didn't appear, and I had Miss Temple all to myself, while the Earl and Basil tootled. Well, the gist of it all is that his lordship thinks a farmer who can fiddle like that is a *rara avis* to be caught at any price, and he offers him the farm at his own terms, or something very like it."

"And Basil will take it? But will his two thousand be enough to stock and work a farm like that, and pay the rent too?"

"No, you practical person; but if you're quite sure you approve of that match—and of course you understand that if Basil takes the Home Farm, he can marry as soon as he likes?—"

I nodded comprehension, and sat down. My heart was beating high at the thought of Basil's happiness, but I felt a little unsteady with the suddenness and excitement of it all.

"Well," said my uncle, "I was going to say that if you're sure you'd like it, I think it could be arranged. I'm about tired of trying to let farms that no one wants to take. The land is just going to ruin, and where the rents are to come from is more than I can say. Besides this, I'm getting too old and stiff to be running after other people's business all day. So it's about settled that Basil is to be sub-agent—a farmer makes twice as good a land-agent as a lawyer for a property like this—and he'll get the farm rent-free by way of wages."

I took my uncle's hand and kissed it, for somehow I could not speak. This was the man I had been so angry with, and had thought so indifferent to Basil's welfare!

"Then they will be married at once, I suppose?" I said, when my voice came back.

"That's another of your precious supposes. D'ye think a girl like May can get her fripperies ready as quick as you could? No, he'll have to go to the farm by himself, while May hems her fal-lals, you'll see. He's gone to the Vicarage now to tell them all about it."

"Dear Basil! How pleased he must be!"

"He's glad enough, the young idiot!" said my uncle sourly. "And you're quite sure you approve? Honour bright, you know, Esther! It isn't too late to stop it all yet."

I did not know in the least what my uncle meant, or why he should persist in doubting my approval. Later, I guessed something of what was in his mind, but it was at once so foolish and so mistaken that there is no need to record it here. I hope that the assurances I gave him of my earnest desire to see my brother happy, and that in his own way, satisfied him of the baselessness, and above all of the folly, of his doubts.

It was late that evening when Basil came home—so late that my mother and Charlie had already gone to bed. I could not go. I wanted to see my brother, to congratulate him, to hear his plans, and share his joy. It was one of the lovely nights when autumn seems beautiful as summer. The moon was clear and bright, and the silvery light strong enough to read by, had I cared to read. I did not care; I preferred to sit by the window and watch for Basil.

At last I heard the step I knew so well, quick and light, and with a spring in it not to be mistaken. He was whistling as he came along, the low clear whistle, soft and sweet as the notes of a flute, that was so peculiarly his own, and I knew by the tone that things had gone well with him. How full of content it was! And when he turned in at the little gate, the moonlight fell on his face and showed it serenely contented too, and it seemed to me that the look of placid happiness that had scarcely satisfied me at first was exactly what I ought to have known that Basil would wear. Charlie might have indulged in poetic raptures, and frenzies, and ecstasies, and all that sort of thing, but not Basil. Basil was too proud and too self-contained—or I thought so then. Whatever he felt, I told myself, nothing would ruffle the surface of a nature deep as his, and I admired him all the more for the calm I could not imitate. "Up?" he said, seeing my white dress at the window, and coming in that way. "My dear girl, what possessed you to sit up for me till this time of night?"

"Oh, Basil! I wanted to see you, to tell you how very, very glad I am."

"Uncle Chayter has told you, then? I thought he meant to steal a march on me when he bound me over to say nothing about it last night. I couldn't but agree to his whim, for it is all his doing in a way, but I know very well it is you I have to thank."

"No, indeed!" I cried, giving off thanks that I felt I could not have borne. "But tell me all about it, Basil. Is not May delighted?"

"There is not much to tell," said Basil, smiling at my eagerness. "They are pleased, I think—that is, Mr. Fielding and May. Mrs. Fielding—well, I am not so sure about her. She said a good deal about there being no scope here for a 'rising young agriculturist,' and I've a suspicion she would like me

better as an 'agriculturist' at a distance than as a farmer close at hand."

It was my own opinion, but I would not confirm it. Instead, I asked him if he had seen the house at the Home Farm.

"I went over it this morning."

"And do you think it will do?"

"The farm will, certainly. It has always been worked with a bailiff before, and no expense spared. The buildings are a sight, and the dairy a model. They've separators and automatic churns, and everything that means certain outlay and uncertain returns!"

"You ungrateful young man!"

"I shall be grateful enough, if May will only like it," said Basil, with a look of wonderful sweetness.

He stood musing a little while, and then looked up with a laugh at his own forgetfulness.

"I declare I'm keeping you waiting, and I'm quite ready, too. Good-night, Esther."

He stooped and gave me the kind, fraternal kiss that never failed, and went up-stairs, singing softly under his breath a fragment of "My Queen:"—

"Where and how shall I earliest greet her?"

What are the words she first will say?"

It was too late to ask that now! He had got a long way past that initial stage of wonder and mystery, and the dawn of unknown fate. He had met his queen and owned her sway, and if some of us thought her unworthy of the homage he gave her, I knew well enough that no perception of his own superiority ever crossed his loyal soul.

I turned out the lamp and went up-stairs, pondering many things. Basil stood by his own door, waiting apparently for me, and as I came near, I saw there was a gleam of laughter in his eyes.

"I forgot to tell you why old Jones is going to leave the farm," he said, looking very much amused.

"Is that the bailiff?"

"Yes, that apple-faced old man that sits out right in church. A decidedly prosaic and practical old party, you'd think, to look at him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, indeed. He looks as if he hadn't an idea in his head."

"Well, he's going because he's seen a ghost!"

"Nonsense, Basil!"

"He says so, at any rate. Twice he's seen it in the last month, and he daren't stay for fear it should come again. He thinks it a warning; and three warnings are always fatal, you know."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, the regular thing—white sheet, and all the rest of it."

"And was it in the house?"

"No, in the park I believe. Silly old man! It was most likely a poacher, if it wasn't his own fancy on the top of his usual glass of beer. However," ended Basil, with another laugh, "it has been a lucky ghost for me, and I'll make it my best bow if it ever comes my way."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOME FARM.

"The meaning of song goes deep."

WE all went over the next day to see the Home Farm, or Deer Park House, as Mrs. Fielding insisted it should be called. She had found the more aristocratic appellation in an old county atlas, and had also discovered that the house of which her daughter would presently be the mistress had been originally a manor-house—a fact from which she appeared to derive much harmless gratification. Mrs. Fielding treated us to quite an archaeological lecture on the subject of May's future home as we walked there through fields of yellow stubble, and by hedgerows bright with briony wreaths, and all the glories of changing leaf and ripening berry. Basil and May had gone on a little way ahead, having, no doubt, more interesting matters to discuss; but when we reached the farm, they went into the house, with the elder ladies, to look over it, and decide what alterations would be needful before Basil should bring his bride to it; and Charlie and I waited outside, and talked to Mr. Jones, whose wife was acting as cicerone within.

Mr. Jones was a stolid, good-tempered man, about fifty years of age, with rosy cheeks streaked like an apple, and an expression of almost bovine placidity. Anyone less likely to be the victim of fancy could hardly be imagined, and yet, according to Basil, he was about to throw up a comfortable situation, and to leave what had been his home for years, for an imaginary ghost, that could have been at most an optical illusion or a practical joke.

"So you have made up your mind to go, Mr. Jones?" I said, by way of opening the conversation, for Mr. Jones only seemed equal to leaning against the gate and smiling at us affably, while he nibbled a bit of straw in an off-hand manner, as if to assure himself that he was perfectly at ease.

"Yes, miss, that I hev."

"And all because of the ghost, Jones?" put in Charlie, who wanted to hear the story at first hand.

"Well, 't were partly along o' that, Mr. Graham, and partly along o' other things," said the bailiff, cautiously. I think he detected the laughter in Charlie's voice, and rather resented it.

"You'd a very good berth here, I should think," said Charlie, looking round at the buildings that Basil admired so much, but that, however useful they might be, were not picturesque enough to awake feminine enthusiasm.

"It wa'n't amiss," conceded Mr. Jones. "But Mr. Graham, sir, 't was all very well working under Mr. Chayter, but 't is another matter now. Mr. Chayter's a lawyer, no doubt, as is a thing he can't help, but he's a gentleman with a deal of understanding, and a right-down good judge of cattle. 'T were a pleasure to work with a gentleman like he, but the Earl's no good at all. Fiddles and flutes is his line; but as for farming, he don't know a yearling from a

two-year-old, nor a turnot from a swede. And for gentlemen like him to come poking here, and prying there, and trying to look as if they understood what they was talking about, 't would make a pig laugh to hear 'un."

"But surely you're not going because the Earl doesn't understand farming?" I said; and Mr. Jones shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other, and looked conscious and mysterious.

"It *is* the ghost then!" cried Charlie. "Come, Jones, tell us all about it."

"Well, sir," said Jones, reluctantly, "I don't know as I'm perticklar fond of talking about it, but 't is no use denying of it when I'm asked. It ain't the sort of thing as a man of my age looks for to see, and it upset me a bit on that account. Ghostises mostly favours young gells, and lads as have had a drop too much, but see it I did with my own eyes, or I'd never have believed it."

"Where did you see it?" asked Charlie.

"I see it first, Mr. Graham, the very night as the family came to the Castle. It seemed to come out of the private door—as is allays kep locked, you know—and walked sort o' gliding like, quite swift and silent down the park. And the next time I see it, it done just the same, coming out of the little door in the Castle, and going gliding, gliding along till it came to that coppice you see over there. It went right into the coppice, and I were that skeered I didn't stay to see no more, but ran and told my missus what I'd seen. 'Whativver didn't you foller it for?' the missus says, as bold as brass—for she hadn't a-seen it, you know," said Jones, with a sly twinkle; "but ghostises is unked things, and I thought I'd better just let her be."

"How do you know it was a she?" inquired Charlie, with much interest.

"It had the shape of a woman, Mr. Graham, sir," said Jones solemnly—"a young woman, with long black hair, and a white dress—"

"Some of the Castle servants sweetheating," cried Charlie; but Mr. Jones heard him with the tolerance of superior information.

"That's what young gentlemen nat'rally thinks. Mr. Ford made the same remark, as was likely, being a-courting himself," said Mr. Jones, allowing the corner of his mouth not occupied with the straw to relax into a smile. "But I made bold to ask about it at the Castle the next morning, and Mrs. Fosberry herself told me as only my lady and Miss Temple have the key of that door. And I leave you to judge if 't were either of them!" ended Mr. Jones crushingly.

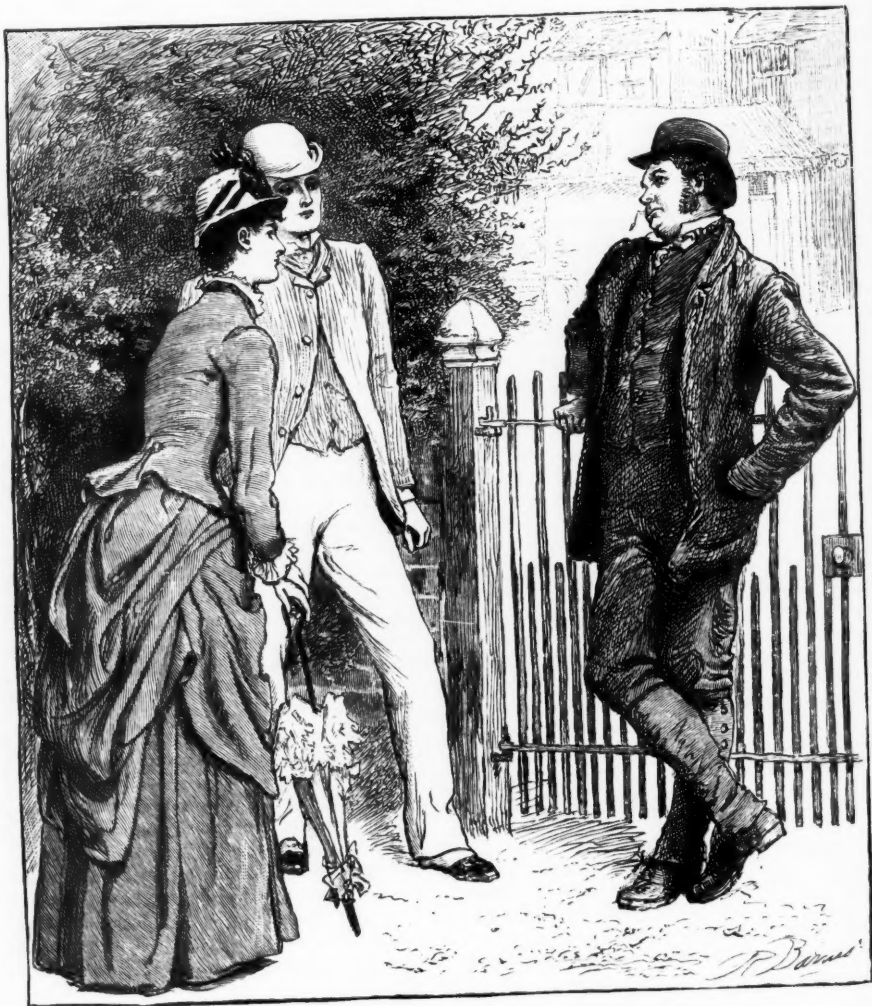
"And you've never found out what it was?" I asked.

"Not no more nor I've told you, miss. It come out of the Castle, and it went into the coppice, and that's all 't knows about it. Skeered I was, I don't deny. Fifty ear I've lived, and paid my way, and such a thing I never seen. But there, we must all come to our latter end in time. A warning it were,

I make no doubt, Miss Graham, and I've made my will, and all conformable. Mary Ann shan't have it to say as I didn't do handsome by her and the little 'uns, that her shan't."

husband's views about the ghost, it must have seemed doubly hard to her.

"But he've been a good man to me and mine, Mrs. Graham," she said to my mother, "and I'm not



"And you never found out what it was?" I asked."—p. 363.

Poor Mr. Jones's honest voice failed him, and his face assumed a lugubrious expression that I could see was a trial to Charlie's gravity. I was not sorry to see the party of inspection issuing from the house, with "Mary Ann," a comely, shrewd-looking little woman, bringing up the rear. She was in rather low spirits at the prospect of leaving the home of so many years; and indeed, as she did not share her

going to cross him now. I only wish someone could make him see the folly of it."

"I'll tackle him," cried Charlie eagerly. But however absurd old Jones's delusion was, he was a long way past being laughed out of it by Charlie.

Before the old man left the farm, I believe Basil talked to him seriously of the folly of such fancies, and Mr. Fielding and my uncle tried both argument

and reproof, but all without effect. He was too obstinate and illogical to be open to conviction, and I believe he finally departed to "fresh fields and pastures new" firmly convinced that he had received two-thirds of a "call," and congratulating himself that his hasty departure from the neighbourhood had "done the ghost," and so averted the final summons.

It was not till nearly Christmas that Basil was installed in his new home. The house was given over to workmen, and as Basil had to enter on the farm at once, he rode backwards and forwards every day, setting out in the clear frosty mornings while the rime was still on the grass, and not returning till sunset, and sometimes not even then.

The Earl took a good deal of notice of the young man who had become so close a neighbour, and whose tastes were so similar to his own, lending him books both on music and general subjects, and asking him several times to dine at the Castle and take his violin; and though Basil was the last man who would have borne patronage in any form or shape, music is a bond that "levels upwards," and he received the invitations as simply as they were given. The music-room at Hazelford Castle was rich in the best editions of the greatest masters, and Basil revelled in these musical treasures with a delight that only musicians know. Not less entrancing were the perfect instruments and rare manuscripts; and his talk when he came home from an evening at the Castle was all of Crenona and Stradivarius, of Pergolesi and Mozart, of Mendelssohn and Raff and Wagner.

My mother had a natural curiosity as to the home-life of Basil's noble host, but it was seldom gratified. She had literally to drag from him the details her feminine soul delighted in, and it seemed to me that with every visit he became a little more reserved. He was put through almost the same catechism every time. How was the dinner served? and how many courses were there? Did they really have it *à la Russe* when they were by themselves? Basil never knew any of these particulars, but my mother condoned his ignorance as a masculine foible, and went on with her questions. Had he seen the ladies? *Not* the Countess? It was very odd she never appeared! Did Basil think she was as proud and exclusive as people said, or was it really her health? And Miss Temple? Had he found out if she was related to

the Earl and Countess, and did she look as lovely close at hand as at a little distance?

"Really I don't know," said Basil rather shortly, when the question was pressed; for my mother did not seem to see, as I did, how averse he was from describing his visits to the Castle. Why he should be so I did not know. Perhaps it seemed to his fastidious nature a breach of the unwritten code of hospitality, or perhaps he was unwilling to appear to boast of the intimacy that was evidently springing up. He always answered as briefly as courtesy permitted; and though May was quite as curious as my mother, I fancy she received as little information.

"Basil thinks it high treason if we ask him anything about the Castle," she said one day, when she was spending the evening with us. Basil had been dining with Lord Otterbourne the night before, and was certainly rather less communicative than usual.

"What is Miss Temple like, Basil?" she persisted. "To talk to, I mean, and that sort of thing. Of course, I know she is pretty."

"Oh!" from Basil, in a tone of protest that made his betrothed open her forget-me-not eyes in genuine surprise.

"Yes, certainly," she said, with an air of magnanimity; "I quite admit that, and I can't understand your not thinking so. But what sort of a girl is she? What is she like?"

"Like?" said Basil dreamily; "I don't know that she is like anything—unless it is Pergolesi's music."

I laughed at the dreamy tone and quaint comparison, but May did not look pleased.

"You might answer a rational question rationally," she said, with a toss of her pretty head.

"Yes," said Charlie, "I always knew Basil was music-mad, but I didn't think he was quite so cracked as that."

He said it so comically that May laughed, and somehow the laugh seemed a safety-valve. There had been something electric both in Basil's looks and hers—an indefinite disturbance that seemed vaguely ominous. It was decidedly a relief when my mother asked if the colour of the drawing-room at Deer Park House was settled yet, and the two young "persons about to marry" glided smoothly off on the safe lines of household decoration and the tints of chair-covers and curtains.

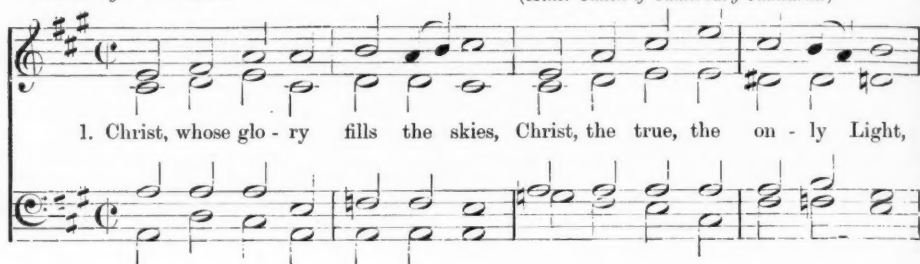
(To be continued.)



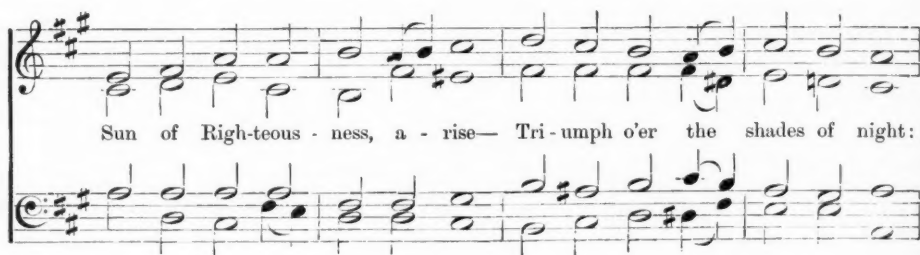
"Christ, Whose Glory fills the Skies."

Words by C. WESLEY.

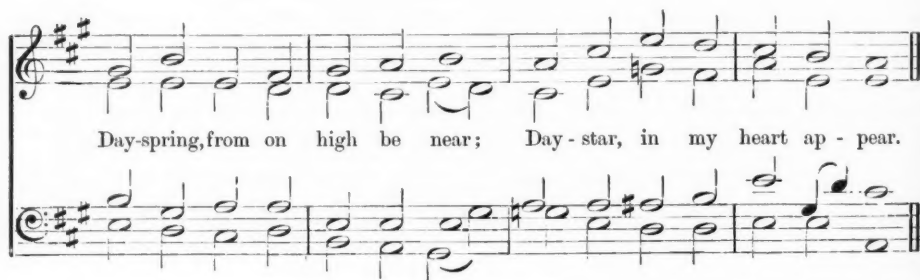
Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus.
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)



1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,



Sun of Right-teous - ness, a - rise— Tri - umph o'er the shades of night:



Day-spring, from on high be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.

2.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine—
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.



PREPARATION CLASSES IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY A SUPERINTENDENT.



FREQUENTLY as the need for teachers' "preparation" classes is urged, the majority of Sunday-school workers appear to have very hazy ideas both as to what they are and the object they have in view. If the American system of re-

quiring attendance at such a class obtained here, that indefiniteness and ignorance would speedily be dispelled; but unfortunately among us the voluntary principle is carried so far, that teachers are left absolutely at liberty on the question, and, knowing nothing of such classes, they conclude they would not like them, and therefore do nothing to promote them.

Yet probably every teacher will assent to the proposition that each school ought to have a class for "preparation," though, after assenting, nine-tenths of them will carefully abstain from attending if one is formed in their own school. Those who do attend will always be found to be the very best members, of the staff and those who really least need the help, so that the class may be made interesting and useful to anyone who does not count results simply by noses. But still those connected with them feel that they are a failure simply because the teachers who need them most are away. In a fair number of schools there are classes for teachers, but the number of classes is far below what it ought to be, while the total attendance is wofully small even for the number of classes. At the same time individual classes having especially favourable circumstances have large attendances and do much good work.

On these facts one of three things is evident. Either the general manner of conducting the classes is not such as commends itself to teachers; or their system and objects are not understood; or there is a vast majority of teachers who have professedly dedicated themselves to the service of God who are not sufficiently in earnest to spare an hour during the week for combined preparation. The last supposition may be dismissed at once, for, though it is true of a few, it is certainly not true of the bulk of those who sacrifice their comfort and dedicate their talents to the service of the Master and His little ones. The second supposition is undoubtedly true, but it needs nothing but a passing notice, for if a good and sound principle be found, the knowledge of it will quickly spread, and it will win its way. We are therefore inevitably thrown back on our first suggestion.

Success mainly results from avoiding causes of

previous failure, and, in deciding what are elements that make for prosperity, it is necessary to refer to the general principles now in vogue in order to see if they are wrong, so that in that case they may be rejected. In many instances the preparation class seeks to be more than the name warrants, and to become a "training" class as well. The teachers who attend are those who are actually engaged in the work, and who, having some experience and a knowledge of their own class, desire to prepare the special lesson, and not to learn how to give lessons in general. Their object is not to learn how to do the work, but to gather the material for doing it. To attempt to combine the two, results in both being "scamped," for want of time, or of sometimes one and sometimes the other being entirely neglected. This is obviously calculated to kill all interest in either.

Sometimes the classes are held in the winter only, on the ground that teachers lose interest in meetings which are continued indefinitely. Would not the same objection apply to the opening of our schools and places of worship all the year round? Yet we do open them, and the consequence is that the scholars want teaching in the summer as well as in the winter; indeed, they need more careful teaching during the former than the latter period. Everyone who has had any practical acquaintance with children knows that the physical surroundings have much to do with the mental position, and more care and attention are required to effect our object in a hot school on a bright summer's day than in the cold atmosphere of a winter one. There is another very strong objection to winter sessions, and it is that that is the time for all sorts of evening meetings, and therefore a greater proportion of teachers will have other engagements.

A rock that still other classes have been shipwrecked on, is one which has been created by a very laudable and judicious motive. In these, with the intention of interesting as many as possible, and to give variety to the proceedings, certain teachers are appointed to look up particular parts of the lesson. For instance, one will be expected to come prepared with all the geographical facts; another with the history; another with the customs; another with the ethnological details, and so on. If all to whom duties were entrusted could be depended upon to be always present and to be prepared, this system would probably be perfect; but unfortunately they cannot. The first and chief reason of failure is that if the class is to be one really for "preparation," it must be held early in the week, and very few teachers can at that time have been able to give much study to the subject. Again, with every addition to the number of those expected to be prepared, the probabilities of absence are largely increased. If one

particular person undertakes a duty—even a heavy one—which he knows no one will be ready to perform for him, he will be at his post, except in very rare cases; but if that duty is shared by three or four—each of whom knows that the others must more or less overlap his part—the rule will be that one or two will be absent every time. The result is that after all the class depends on its chief leader—who may not be prepared, as the neglected duty was not his—and, it is better at once and openly to confess the fact, especially as an unprepared leader is apt to try to struggle through with his “general knowledge.” The result of that is that he flounders about in vague generalities, and sends the class away with a

standard by which teachers who desire to start a class may try their eligible candidates and decide who comes nearest. First, the perfect conductor must be a man—or a woman, for I use the male term for convenience only and to include the female—of sound and thorough education in the widest sense of the words; a man well acquainted with the thought and feeling of the day, as well as with the daily wants, ambitions, and difficulties of all classes of his fellows. He must be widely read—and nothing he ever read will fail to be useful some time—and have a facility for remembering both the words and the meaning of what he reads. He must have time and the means at his command for ex-



THE TEACHER WHOSE LESSON IS NOT PREPARED.

very strong impression that they would have learned more if they had not heard so much. Beyond this it is only under remarkably favourable circumstances that three or four persons can be found with the time, talent, and means at command to thoroughly prepare any portion of the lesson in such a way as to be able to impart the information acceptably to other teachers, some of whom at least are sure to be older and better informed than themselves.

These are apparently the main stumbling-blocks, though there are others of a less general character. They lead us to the conclusion that the class should meet all the year round, that it should be confined to preparation, and that it should be under the care of one teacher—if possible the minister of the church to which the school belongs.

Of course I do not anticipate that either among clergy or laity the *perfect* conductor is anywhere discoverable, but I should like to point out what I conceive would be his characteristics, and so fix a

haustive research into the multitudinous points which arise in Bible study. He must have the skill to impart his knowledge in a graceful and clear manner, and in a way which will leave the knowledge imparted indelibly fixed in the minds of his hearers. Hence he must have a pleasant voice and manner, a clear and logical style, and that crowning glory of a true orator, the power to perfectly express his ideas in the simplest words. He must never lose the thread of his teaching through being interrupted by questions, or even by contradictions—nay, he must encourage both, and, having dealt with them, be able to pursue the “even tenor of his way.” He must have a simply inexhaustible supply of good temper and of patience, to enable him, if need be, to go over again and again even those things he had thought most clear if he should find, as no doubt he will, that his best thoughts and most telling phrases are utterly misunderstood and perverted. He must see a clear way through every difficulty connected with religion

and religious life, and be able to explain fully without a moment's notice all the abstruse points which the ingenuity of man—or woman—can raise in connection with the Bible. He must have consummate tact, in order to encourage and bring out the diffident teachers, and, without offending, to refute the crude ideas and repress the loquacity of the ignorant and irrepressible ones. He must have thoroughly prepared all the information possible on the lesson, and yet must be able to listen with perfect equanimity while the teachers—one by one and bit by bit—forestall all he has to say, being convinced that what comes out in this conversational way will be better remembered than the information he has so painfully

of the difficulties which will occur to them as likely to arise in the minds of their scholars. The more they can do the work themselves—under wise guidance and with absolutely necessary assistance only—the better they will be able to raise their own superstructure, and the more solid will be the foundation on which it is raised.

Let me as a practical illustration briefly give the history of one class which I know well. It was started some three or four years ago, and a number of schools joined it. For some time it was conducted by different superintendents in turn, but that did not succeed, and finally it was left to one teacher, the average attendance at that time probably being five—



THE TEACHER WHOSE LESSON IS PREPARED.

gathered and carefully prepared would be. Lastly, he should know exactly what is the best thing to do with every sort of class in every sort of school under every possible combination of circumstances, and be able correctly to advise every teacher he comes in contact with on every relationship which ever did or ever could exist between him or her and every other teacher, superintendent, officer, or minister, of his or her own school, or any other school. I started by expressing the opinion that the ideal conductor is not likely to be found, and I need hardly say my opinion is unaltered.

Still, my fancy portrait has not been objectless, for, besides setting up the standard, it indicates the lines on which I am convinced useful and successful classes may be formed, and the difficulties which will be met. The object of the class is to give those present a groundwork to enable them to start fairly on the task of personal study, to supply them generally with facts, and to help them through some

certainly not more. It met all the year round, and during the first few months of the new teacher on more than one evening there were two persons present—one teacher and the conductor. Each promised the other not to give up, and gradually their pertinacity was rewarded. First one more joined, then another, and then another, and now for about two years a very fair percentage of the teachers in the connected schools attends—the number being considerably larger in summer than in winter. The course with this class is for the lesson to be read round, unless there is any noticeable alteration in the Revised Version. In that case the teacher reads from that Version, while the members follow the reading in the Authorised Version. Then the differences between the two are noted and briefly discussed. The teacher next summarises the main points of the lesson, suggests a line of questioning on previous lessons, and details the two or three leading thoughts which are to be impressed on the scholars. The members then

discuss those details, point out the difficulties they fear, suggest other lessons, or seek the why and wherefore for the particular line proposed. Those being disposed of, the persons, places, customs, etc., are commented on in as few words as possible; and finally any doctrines and teachers' points which may have cropped up are discussed. Once a quarter the class has what are known as "teachers' nights," when some subject of interest and use is taken up and thoroughly discussed both pleasantly and profitably.

This particular class has not the perfect conductor, and probably its system is not perfect, but it has succeeded so far, and promises to do so to even a greater extent in the future. Certainly, as compared with other undertakings with a similar object, I am justified in using it as the complement to my starting-point of failures, and in urging from it that perseverance and an earnest desire to do the best we can will overcome even the difficulty of not having either perfect men or perfect systems.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FOLDED NAPKIN.

AN EASTER SERMON.

BY THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.

"And the napkin, that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself."—ST. JOHN xx 7.



WHEN the Psalmist said that "the heavens declare the glory of God," that "day unto day uttereth speech," and that "there is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard," he not only asserted a great fact, but he also laid down a great principle. He declared that language is not confined to words; but that there are other and often better means of communicating thought besides the verbal utterances that pass between man and man. And in this he gave vent to no merely poetic fancy, but asserted that which finds confirmation in our daily and hourly experience. For do not acts speak as truly and as eloquently as—nay, often more truly and more eloquently than—any words? Have we not all of us experienced at times a fulness of meaning, of comfort, and of encouragement from some little act that no elaborate speech could possibly have conveyed?

Now if this be true in the lives of ordinary men, if it be a great fact in the daily experiences of the general run of mankind, must it not have been eminently true in the case of that perfect life manifested in and by Jesus Christ? Did not His every act speak as well as His verbal utterances? and do we not open the pages that contain the record of this Divine Life and hear them speak to us by His life every bit as much as by His words? Was not this one reason why He has been called "the Word," for was He not always speaking, sending forth some message, conveying some instruction, revealing some truth, imparting some hope, by what He did as well as by what He said?

And do not these acts still live and speak? Ponder them as we may, study them through long years, are

they not ever full of some fresh communications that stir our hearts and enlighten our minds? Is not this the great assurance and encouragement of our Gospel hope, that it is based not only on words—however Divine and powerful those words may be—but upon facts accomplished once and for all time? We need not wonder, then, that the disciples were so ready to trust and record this or that little act as pregnant of some Divine instruction; nor need we be surprised if we too, looking back upon some of even the apparently minor acts, shall find in them a meaning the fulness of which was not all perceived by the disciples themselves, and hear a silent message coming to us through the wordless deed.

Now here, in this little fact that St. John has been so careful to record, is a case in point. An apparently insignificant fact—a little napkin lying folded by an empty tomb, just that sort of little thing so likely to escape the notice of any visitor. And yet there it is imbedded in the narrative, having a place of its own side by side with the greater events of which the chapter is so full. And when we ponder it awhile, try to find out what, if any, message it has to give, we shall find how out from it came to those early disciples a message full of significance, of love, and of encouragement; that there it lay, giving utterance to a language pregnant with a meaning that needed but eyes and heart of love to interpret.

To some eyes that empty sepulchre on that Easter morning would have presented nothing but a scene suggestive of disappointment, anxiety, and perplexity. There nothing met them but an empty tomb with no signs or traces of its late occupant. And just as there are men who go through life, its joys, its sorrows, its activities, and see only the great events, great gains, great losses, great sorrows, great joys, and see nothing more, and on whom the minor occurrences are altogether lost, so some would have visited that

sepulchre, and, finding not the body they sought, would have turned away with nothing but disappointment, anxiety, and perplexity. But love's eyes are quick: for love is not always blind, and love it is that can best see and understand the little acts of love. There was the empty grave; there, too, were the grave-clothes, and there was the napkin that had been about the Saviour's head, folded and lying by itself. "Is that all?" some cold, prosaic observer might have said. Yes, that is all. But enough to send the blood bounding through John's heart and lift his whole soul with a great thrill of unspeakable joy and hope. The tomb is no longer silent, empty; it is inhabited to those loving eyes and appreciative hearts. There, as plain as plain can be, is a message from their Lord. There hovers about the folds of that napkin the spirit of their risen Lord. The fine linen is as a roll of open manuscript, and every fold a letter or a word—forming together the great sentence. And as those two simple, sorrowful, loving men stand and observe that, they know that their Master lives and is speaking to them. A page of sacred Scripture, as sacred, as inspired, as that of any Prophet of old, lies open before them, through which the Spirit of the Lord holds communion with their spirits. And what then read they in that folded napkin?

1. A sign of life. No accidental power had placed that piece of linen and laid it by itself. As surely as we know by the careful arrangements of the parts of some great machine that human activity has been there, as surely as sundry little signs about a home tell the visitor that woman's tender care is the presiding genius, as surely as the ordered, balanced, and accurately proportioned compounds of the world testify to the presence of the creative life and mind of God, so that simple napkin, folded and lying by itself, showed to those two disciples that life, the life of some human being, had been recently stirring within that chamber of death. But what life? whose life? No robber, or disturber of the dead, bent upon a hurried removal of the form buried there, would ever think of or care for what became of the linen clothes. No other save the Master Himself has here been at work. His hands have been moving in life's activity. He has unbound the napkin from His brow, He has folded it up, He has laid it there. And plain as, aye plainer than angels' words spoken to the astonished women, comes the message from that silent, inanimate piece of linen, that "the Lord liveth."

2. But here is not only a sign of life and activity, but of order, purpose, deliberation. To take these grave-clothes and fold them up, placing the napkin carefully, deliberately, by itself, what a revelation of calm purpose in that silent hall of death! There has been no hurried flight, no terror-stricken awakening, no unexpected coming back to life, coming into the horror of darkness and burial: but a quiet awakening to an expected state, the calm, unhurried, and conscious laying aside of the garments of the tomb; an idea of death and burial which robs at a stroke

the grave of all its horror. He who has been buried has been like one who has lain down to sleep, and then at the right moment, at the anticipated time, quietly awakened as from a sweet and refreshing sleep, risen as from His nightly couch, put off the clothing fitted to that past repose, and gently wrapping them up, passed away to the daylight and His work.

3. But more: there was folded a message of loving trust and appreciation into that napkin. What a world of loving confidence in the loyalty of their hearts must those two disciples have read there! Their Lord must have known that they would be early at the sepulchre. All that loving women and devoted disciples could do He knew would be done. His grave—to them His last resting place, the one remaining spot where they thought they could be near to all that remained of Him—would be sacred with an attraction that would draw them to its side. This He knew; their visit He anticipated; and so left a message in that folded napkin, that testified of His appreciation of their devotion, that breathed out a reciprocal love ready to meet them on their first arrival, and a desire to remove the sorrow with which He knew they would visit His tomb.

4. But more than this: there in that folded napkin lay the evidences of the gratitude of Christ. Coarser minds are ready to discard a thing when they have done with it, when they have no more use for it. Not so Christ. He who bade them gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, Himself not only unbound the napkin and removed it from His brows, but carefully folded it up and laid it by itself. It had served Him, and now He would serve and honour it. Besides, that napkin had been the gift of loving hands and tender hearts—the best linen that Joseph of Arimathea could find, and laid gently and lovingly round the bruised and broken and bleeding brows of the dead Christ—and as such was to Him the expression of love and tenderness and service to Him when He apparently was past requiring it. And now in the hour of His resurrection and triumph, now when all the trouble of life and the dark passion and agony are over, now when God is about to exalt Him and give Him a Name which is above every name, He forgets not this humble service of faithful friends, the love and devotion of those whom He is not ashamed to call brethren, and gently, thoughtfully, deliberately, significantly, folds up as a thing most precious, the blood-stained linen that has itself served Him and been the expression of that apparently useless, hopeless service, which was all that loving hearts and tender hands could do.

5. And through it all breathed that care for small things which is so noble a trait in Christ's character. A simple napkin left lying with the other clothes, how easily might it have been overlooked and lost! Placed out by itself where it could be seen, it was as if the Saviour's hand pointed to it and said, Take care of it; for know that in My Kingdom and in My service there is to be no waste. The simplest as well

as the greatest has a value in My eyes—the little piece of bread, the little flower, the little child, the little act of service, are not to be lost, neglected, uncared for, or forgotten.

There lay the little folded napkin, an instrument whereon Christ's love played and made sweet music to His simple, sorrowful, loving disciples. A simple incident, but none the less pregnant to us all, speak-

ing to us of a love which lives, having conquered death, of a love still strong and tender in the hour of its triumph, of a love that reads the love in our hearts, and answers back with a love that passeth knowledge, and that never forgets, and upon whom is never lost, the least service or the least thing which the least disciple has done or dedicated to Him in a spirit of love.

THAT OLD MR. HUMPHREYS.

A RIVER-SIDE STORY.



"I THINK she is rather like the Lady of Shalott," said Louise. "At least, she lives on an island in a river, and nobody ever sees her, hardly, though they can sometimes hear her singing in the early mornings or in the evenings. I feel so sorry for her often; I wish we could get to know her and cheer her up a little."

"It must be awfully dull over there," said Jack, throwing pebbles into the water as he lay along the grassy river's bank and looked across at the grey turrets of an ivy-covered house upon an island, situated almost opposite to their pleasant rectory house and the square-towered church close by. "I should think she must often wish to goodness it had never fallen to her lot to come and nurse that old misanthrope of an uncle of hers, even though it may be to her advantage in the long run."

"And I've never even seen her," said Dottie, the little crippled sister. "And Louise says she is so pretty; but I can't get to church, and she never comes on shore except for that."

"And not often even on Sundays," added Harry. "That old curmudgeon must be a regular tyrant. I don't believe she ever gets an hour's peace, hardly, from morning to night."

"It must be so dull for her!" said Dottie. "I wish we could make friends."

"Why can't you?" asked Philip, who was leaning over the end of his sister's couch, lightly caressing the soft rings of hair upon the pale brow. "What's the difficulty?"

Philip had been absent from home for a year and a half, which accounted for his ignorance as to some recent events. He was the rector's eldest son, a young man of great promise, who had been travelling now for a considerable time as tutor to the sons of a nobleman.

"Oh, don't you know," explained Dottie, "that old Mr. Humphreys took to quarrelling with everybody last year? He brought a lawsuit against Mr. Arbuthnot, and when papa went to him once or twice to try and make the peace between him and one or another, he got most dreadfully angry, and at last he turned papa out and vowed he would never see him again or have anything more to do with him."

"He has been ill most of the time, too," added Louise. "Papa says he believes it was this illness coming on that made him so dreadfully cross and disagreeable. Any way, he has been shut up ever since, and about six months ago this niece of his—Muriel Fairley I believe is her name—came to nurse him, and a dreadful time she must have of it, I should think. Old Mr. Humphreys is getting better, they say. He comes down-stairs; any fine day he might even crawl out of doors. If he were to see us I don't know what would happen. I have always been frightened of that old man."

Philip was smiling to himself.

"He used not to be half a bad old boy when I was a little chap."

"Ah, he's changed for the worse since those remote days," answered Jack. "Nobody goes near him now who can help it."

Philip smiled again under his moustache, but he said no more then on the subject of the old misanthrope and the fair girl living in their solitude within the turreted island house.

But he was fond of boating, this tall, stalwart young man, and the long, lovely days in May, with their fragrant, dewy morning hours, and sweet, still evening calm, often tempted him out upon the river, and his skiff was often to be seen plying up and down the bright stream, not unfrequently in the neighbourhood of the inhospitable island.

On more than one occasion the bold navigator had obtained a glimpse of a very pretty picture—a tall, graceful girl, with golden locks clustering beneath the brim of her picturesque hat, standing beneath the budding trees, with May's wealth of blossom about her feet, her eyes fixed with something of wistfulness upon the opposite bank of the river.



"Her eyes fixed with something of wistfulness upon the opposite bank of the river."—p. 374.

"Dottie," said Philip one hot afternoon when they were alone together in the river-side garden, all the others having gone out for the day, "would you like to be punted about on the river a little while if I could make you comfortable?"

Dottie's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Oh, Phil, it would be delightful! I haven't been on the river since last summer."

"Come along, then. I'll carry your cushions. Take my arm. That's right; why, you walk better than you did when I went away."

She was soon comfortably established in the flat-bottomed punt, which her brother skilfully propelled along the smooth, shining river.

"I should so like to see Mr. Humphreys' terraced garden again," sighed Dottie, looking longingly towards the island.

"And so you shall," said Philip, propelling his craft in the direction indicated.

"Oh, but—suppose the old man is there?"

"I don't care if he is. I'm not afraid of him."

"But I think I am."

"Well, I will take care of you, anyhow."

Philip's boyhood, or at least a part of it, had been spent at this place, during a few years that his father had been curate-in-charge of the square-towered river-side church. At that time he had been rather a favourite with the lonely old man in his island home; but since his father, after ten years of absence, had returned as rector to the same quiet spot, the young man had hardly ever been at home for more than a few days at a time, and, as it chanced, had never renewed acquaintance with his former friend.

Round the mysterious island skimmed the daring craft, and Dottie clasped her hands and uttered a breathless exclamation of delight as she saw the masses of late spring flowers blooming in all their fragrant beauty along the exquisitely kept terraces of the sunny south garden.

"Oh, Phil!" she exclaimed rapturously. "I never saw anything so lovely. Do you think we might go a little nearer?"

"To be sure," answered the hardy adventurer, and brought his punt alongside the low wall that divided the last terrace from the shining water barely two feet below.

Suddenly the brother and sister were aware that they were not alone. With a startled air, a girlish figure rose up suddenly from a low seat behind a bank of flowering shrubs, and a pair of wide-open grey eyes confronted the strangers with a gravely questioning glance. Philip's resolution was taken in a second. He sprang ashore without a moment's hesitation, and to his sister's astonishment he extended his hand in the frankest, friendliest fashion possible.

"I see I am forgotten, Miss Fairley," he said. "Have you no recollection of the naughty boy who nearly drowned himself under this same terraced garden in trying to frighten you by exhibiting his own prowess, and who afterwards led you into untold

mischief by committing desperate depredations on Mr. Humphreys' precious apples and pears?"

A little smile began to curve the girl's sensitive mouth; she put out her hand half doubtfully.

"It was little Philip Adair who did all that," she answered. "I remember *him* quite well."

"And will you let big Philip Adair have the pleasure of renewing an old acquaintance? I have seen you now and then, though you have not seen me. I felt certain it was my former playmate—the fairy of the island—come back."

She smiled again as she heard the old name pass his lips; it recalled the games they had played together as children; but the next moment a look of anxiety and apprehension crossed her face.

"Please forgive me if I seem inhospitable, but I am afraid I cannot ask you to stay. My uncle—he has been ill; he is peculiar, nervous, irritable."

She stopped, glancing pleadingly into Philip's kindly, handsome face. He saw her embarrassment, and smiled in the friendliest fashion.

"I know I am a trespasser," he said, "but I mean to try and vanquish your uncle and re-establish the old friendship with which he used to favour me," and then, as Muriel looked a little sad and shook her head doubtfully, he added, "Ah, well, we shall see; but please let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my youngest sister, Dorothy. She is lame, poor little girl. I brought her in the punt to look at these lovely flowers."

"Your sister?" repeated Muriel doubtfully.

"Yes, you don't know her; all my brothers and sisters were away at the sea-side that summer when you and I became acquainted. Dottie is an invalid; and she does so love flowers. Do come and speak to her, and let her apologise for our intrusion. She has so much wanted to see you. She thinks a good deal about you, all alone on your island home."

Muriel glanced at him, and then looked round towards the quiet little figure in the punt, and after a moment's hesitation she stepped down towards the water's edge, and greeted Dottie with a shy smile of welcome.

Philip did not move, but stood still watching the two girls, till, after a few minutes, they were all startled by the sound of a sharp voice, pitched in a key of extreme irritation, calling angrily from above.

"Muriel! Muriel! What are you doing? What is the meaning of all this, I say? Are all my commands to be defied? Am I to be set at naught in my own house? How dare you? Come here this moment! What have you got to say for yourself?"

Muriel started, looking pale and scared.

"Stop a moment," said Philip quickly; "let me go." And the next moment he had bounded up the terrace steps and was standing in front of the choleric old gentleman.

"I'm so awfully glad to see you again, sir," he said, extending his hand frankly, and taking the cold,

unwilling member that barely suffered the clasp of his fingers. "I hope it means that you are better—seeing you out and about like this. I suppose I've grown out of all knowledge, but you don't look a bit different. Do you remember fishing me out of the water with a long boathook?—little Philip Adair, who had the impudence to half-drown himself under your garden walls!"

But the scowl on the old man's face did not relax.

"Impudence! If it comes to a question of impudence, I don't see that you have much improved. What do you mean by coming sneaking into my garden like this?—creeping in the back way instead of ringing the door-bell like a man! Are ye afraid of me?—or ashamed of yourself? What have you got to say about it? What does it all mean, eh?"

"It means, sir, that my little lame sister, who has been shut up all the winter and is only just able to get out again, had a great wish to see your lovely spring garden before its glories had gone by. She has a passion for flowers, and I was resolved she should not be disappointed. She was afraid you might be vexed if you saw our boat come into your private backwater, but I knew that you loved flowers too well to grudge a sight of them to my poor little patient Dottie. We had no intention of landing; but when we reached the garden our approach startled Miss Fairley, and I felt constrained to tender an apology first to her and then to you. That is the whole story, sir, and having explained it all to you, I can only wish you good afternoon, and pledge my word not to disturb your solitude again," and Philip lifted his cap and turned away to depart.

"Stop, stop! not so fast, not so fast," called out the old man. "Here, stop a bit, can't you? So your sister is fond of flowers, is she?"

"Yes, exceedingly fond."

"An invalid, you say? How old is she?"

"Sixteen; she has never had any health all her life, poor child."

"And she likes flowers, does she? Could she get up these steps if you were to help her?"

"Oh, yes; she can hobble about with a stick or my arm. She is always better in the summer."

"Fetch her up, then. If she likes flowers she must see my houses. Muriel, Muriel, run and say we'll have tea in the conservatory—tea for four. Do you hear? Now go and fetch the little girl up, Philip Adair. Bless my life! ill and invalided, and I fond of flowers. What a coincidence!"

Dottie's pale cheeks were flushed rosy red when at last she stood before the old man. He studied the sweet, childlike face for a while in mute silence, and then he held out his hand, his own rugged countenance softening wonderfully.

"So you are fond of flowers, little girl," he said, "and haven't health to go gadding about everywhere like other giddy young things? You and I ought to suit each other, then. Come along, take

hold of my arm. There, that's right. You're not afraid of the old man, eh?"

"Not now," answered Dottie, with childlike trust.

"You're not a bit like what I fancied."

He was still chuckling over this answer when Muriel joined them after accomplishing her errand. Her eyes opened wide as she saw her morose uncle gently leading the lame child towards the glass houses, and discoursing to her, on the way, of the various shrubs and flowers that they passed.

Philip looked up with a smile and joined her.

"I thought he would not be proof against Dottie's eyes," he said. "She wins all hearts, dear little patient soul!"

"I am so glad!" said Muriel earnestly. "It has been so bad for uncle, shutting himself up from everybody. He feels it himself, I know, for it is not his nature to be morose, although he is certainly irritable. I do hope this will be a beginning of something rather different."

He looked at her with smiling comprehension.

"You have found it rather dull, then?"

"Yes," she answered frankly, "it has been dull. I am very fond of uncle, and he is wonderfully good to me, though he has won the reputation of being such a tyrant; but at home there are a whole family of us—and I do miss the fun and the chatter. I used to look over at your garden often, and wish myself there." She paused and laughed, blushing a little at her own frankness. "If uncle will let Dottie and me be friends it will be a very great pleasure."

"A mutual pleasure, I am sure," said Philip. "Well, it looks rather like it now," glancing at the pair in front. "Are you going to extend your visit here after he gets well?"

"He wants me to make my home here," said Muriel, "and I think perhaps I shall. There are plenty of us at home, and he is quite alone." She looked out gravely before her, saying slowly, "You see, we ought to think of other people's happiness before our own, and to do as we would be done by. I don't think I should really be happy if I were to think only of pleasing myself."

Philip and Muriel were politic that afternoon, and left Dottie and the old man plenty of time together to make acquaintance, whilst they renewed old associations with the quaint garden, the old orchard, and the dark, well-kept shrubbery walks. They took tea all together in the fragrant conservatory, and it was plain that the friendship between the delicate girl and the old man had advanced by rapid bounds.

"You must come another day, my dear," he said, with unusual gentleness, when at last the visit came to an end, and Philip had made her comfortable in the punt for the homeward voyage. "You must come again soon; I have plenty more to show you. You must come and stay a week with Muriel. It will do her good to see some company, eh, little one?"

"I should like it so much!" cried Muriel gladly.
 "Dottie, will you come?"

"Indeed I will, if I shall not be a trouble."

"Trouble, pooh! stuff and nonsense! She likes that kind of trouble, does this girl of mine. And look here, you young jackanapes—what's your name? Philip, eh? Well, Philip, you may come across, too, if you like—you've impudence enough for anything—and I want to hear all about your travels. And, I say, by-the-by, if you'll tell your good father I'm uncommonly sorry I was so rude to him the other day, it will oblige me; and if he'll come again and see a cross old man, whose bark is worse than his bite, why, I'll take care I never behave so ill again—that's all."

"Oh, Phil!" cried Dottie, as the punt swung round the corner of the island out of sight, "what a perfectly lovely adventure we've had! Isn't he nice? and isn't she sweet?—and," with a little soft laugh, "Louie won't be able to call her the Lady of Shalott any more!"

She was less like the Lady of Shalott than ever as the summer days flew by; for Sir Lancelot only

loved and wooed—and rode away forgetful, but Muriel's knight was made of nobler, manlier stuff than he of King Arthur's Court.

Philip came regularly every day to see Dottie whilst she paid the promised visit to the magic island; and yet, strange to say, she saw very little of him, despite the unconscionable length of his calls. Strange to say, too, Muriel was always missing on these occasions. Dottie's old friend the "misanthrope," sitting with her in sunny garden or fragrant conservatory, would chuckle audibly to himself, his eyes twinkling with amusement as he professed to grumble bitterly at his "desertion." He laid plans, too, only half understood by simple Dottie, about a wonderful "something" that was to be found for Philip which should enable him to be more master of his own time, much of which could then be spent at the island home, some day to be Muriel's own. But all that was in the future, whilst it was only in the bright, glowing present that the young lovers lived, as summer's golden days flew by as on wings, and they plighted their troth one to another beside the shining river. EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

GREAT BIBLICAL SCHOLARS.

REMINISCENCES OF DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

THE REV. DR. EADIE, PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE IN THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



FOR the greater part of six years I sat side by side with Dr. Eadie in the Jerusalem Chamber. I had the happiness of knowing him well, and greatly enjoyed my acquaintance with him. Long ere we met at Westminster, I had been familiar with his writings, but to know the *man* added, in his case, very remarkably to the interest connected with his books.

Dr. Eadie was a singularly silent member of our Company. Rarely indeed did he open his lips. But this was certainly not owing to want of sympathy with the work, or inability to help it forward. On the contrary, Dr. Eadie was an earnest friend of Revision; and he was, in some respects, perhaps better prepared for aiding in it than any of the other members. He had studied most profoundly the history and character of "The English Bible," as his great work published under that title abundantly proves. But he used to say that he saw no need for him to speak, when others could express what he wished as well as, or better than, himself. He therefore usually remained silent, and much

would the time and patience of the Company have been spared, had some other members in a measure imitated his example.

On the subject of Dr. Eadie's extreme reticence, his able biographer has made the following remarks: "His habitual silence at the meetings of the Company was as characteristic as his diligence. In accordance with one of the by-laws, he made beforehand such corrections on the passage agreed on for consideration as seemed to him advisable. But he very rarely took part in the discussions. One of his colleagues remonstrated with him on one occasion because he did not more frequently give the Company the benefit of his counsel. His reply was to the effect that he always studied the passage beforehand, and made up his mind as to the rendering which ought to be adopted: he then waited till he saw if that rendering was suggested by anyone else. If it was, he did not think it necessary to suggest it again; he deemed the time of the Company too valuable to be taken up with unnecessary talking. It is possible that, like Baillie, he thought the 'longsomeness' of some who sat with him in that Jerusalem Chamber 'wofull.' At least it was his habit to complain good-humouredly of the needless speaking in the presbyteries and synods of which he was a member; and in his place in these

courts he was nearly as silent as he was in the Revision Company. No one can thoroughly understand Dr. Eadie's character who does not recognise in it a native shyness, which all his intercourse with men failed to overcome." *

It is also stated by the biographer, on the authority of one of the Revisers, that Dr. Eadie "never spoke but twice—once on the occasion of Dean Alford's death in January, 1871." I remember well the admirable little speech which Dr. Eadie made on the occasion mentioned. He paid a fitting tribute to the learning of the departed Dean, but ended by saying that the whole tone of Alford's writings showed that he brought to the study of Scripture something better than erudition—that he "had a deeper acquaintance with the Bible than that of the schools." I remember another occasion on which Eadie was moved to speak. When he rose, the chairman happened to be looking in another direction, his attention having been attracted to the other end of the table, so that Dr. Eadie's initial "My Lord" was not heard. Again did the voice, so rarely heard, repeat the usual form of address, but still in vain, when at last the speaker exclaimed with emphasis, "My Lord *Bishop*," which had the effect of causing the astonished chairman to turn round, and, of course, secured to the unfrequent speaker the most courteous attention.

Often did Dr. Eadie whisper to me his satisfaction, or the reverse, with the changes adopted by the Company. I remember an instance of his expressing strong approval. In the Revised Version, St. Matt. v. 14—16 stands as follows:—"Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The "even so" in this last verse introduces a mere comparison, whereas the rendering of the Authorised Version, "Let your light so shine before men," seems to imply some particular manner or degree in which the light referred to is to be manifested. "The change is an improvement," said Dr. Eadie to me, "though," he added, "it spoils one of my sermons, for I have given the passage a false interpretation."

But what I chiefly remember about Dr. Eadie is the rich vein of humour which he possessed. He was especially great during our interval for lunch. It was delightful to get into a corner with him, and set him a-going on the subject of Scotch stories. He had a great store of anecdotes of the drollest character, and he told them with the best effect. My memory retains some of these, quite as racy of the soil as are the best of those enshrined in the pages of Dean Ramsay.

Dr. Eadie's biographer has well observed regarding his great work—"The English Bible"—"There is one feature of the book which has a biographical

* "Life of Dr. Eadie," p. 345.

interest. It contains frequent references to the relation of the English Bible to Scotland. We have some curious glimpses into Scottish life, and references to the dialect of the northern kingdom, which could only have been given by one who was not only a Scotchman, but a native of a Scotch



DR. EADIE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, Regent Street.)

village, to whom Lowland Scotch was, in his earlier days, a spoken language." He quotes the following, among other words, as occurring in Wycliffe's version, and still surviving, to Eadie's knowledge, in the ordinary Scotch of humble life:—Attercop, a spider; bylyve, forthwith; birr, force; rue, to repent; speels, chips; puddock, frog; slidery, slippery, etc. Dr. Eadie was, indeed, a great master of the best Scotch, and he delighted to illustrate its graphic power. I need not speak of Dr. Eadie's industry or attainments. The many valuable works which he left behind him bear emphatic testimony to the learning which he had amassed, and to the diligence with which he turned it to account. I never knew one who more delighted in work for its own sake, caring little whether it brought him fame and reward or not. His ruling passion was to be among books; and he not only absorbed their contents, and fed his own spirit with them, but made them the means of providing rich nutriment for others. I cannot but rejoice that it was my privilege to know him; and the intercourse I enjoyed with him is one of the pleasantest memories of those years during which I had the honour of being a member of the New Testament Revision Company.

OUR ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

SECOND PAPER.



THE BADGE OF THE ORDER—REVERSE.

"WHAT has become of the servants who remained in one family decade after decade, revered by all?" we asked in our January article concerning the new QUIVER Order, inaugurated in this, Her Majesty's Jubilee year. We gladly acknowledge in response a pile of letters upon our desk—testimonials from appreciative employers—and the cry is "Still they come!" We scarcely ventured to hope that it would have been in our power to issue such a list of long-service members as appeared in our March number, but from all appearances this was but the earnest of what may be yet forthcoming. It gives us sincere satisfaction to find that our readers so heartily and unanimously share our sympathy with the claims of quiet, hardworking toilers, hidden away in scattered homes. "You will receive the thanks of all mistresses under whose notice the Order may come," says one correspondent; "any encouragement to long service in these days of change is most valuable." "We hope your Order will lessen the love of change among young servants," writes another, "and encourage employers to bear long and be kind." Letter after letter wishes good-speed to the movement, which, launched amid so much cordial interest, can scarcely fail in its aim of helpfully recognising real worth.

To render our intentions perfectly clear, we would explain that we are not forming a benefit or pension society—servants who *keep* their places can generally manage to put away a little, so that they need not dread the pinch of poverty in old age—nor can we undertake the responsibility of any subscription fund for members' sickness or marriage; but we shall be pleased to place on record any efforts that may be made by those whose benevolence points in this direction. Again, it is naturally impossible for us to undertake any offices of introduction or recommendation; our efforts are directed towards *keeping* servants in their places, certainly not towards shifting them to others.

Members of the Order are grouped in two classes. In the First Class, the "*Distinguished Members*" have served fifty years and upwards, and receive handsome Bibles, together with our special medal, where, indeed, in cases like these, the poet's words are applicable—

"Worth beams true radiance on the star."

Other "First-class Members" must have served from twenty-five to fifty years; all such receive

medals, and those of over forty years' service may in some cases receive Bibles. "Ordinary Members" must have served from seven to twenty-five years—and, while medals are sent to those over fourteen years specially deserving in this particular group, *all* receive enrolment-certificates, suitable for framing, and designed to be lifelong testimonials of character and worth. Did we give prizes to *every* member they would lose their distinctive value; and we would also beg our readers to remember that there is no special fund to draw upon for this purpose. Already Bibles to the value of £100 have been presented by the kindness of the proprietors of THE QUIVER, while the medals of the Order (which some prefer as they already possess Bibles) are costing no inconsiderable sum. *It may therefore be necessary, as the number of members increases, to further restrict the presentations.* In fact, we had no idea that our January article would elicit so large a response: it has been a surprise to everyone connected with the movement—and a most gratifying one withal. It is now to be regarded as an amply sufficient honour to be admitted to the ranks of the Order.

Our readers will share our pleasure in the following acknowledgment of the Doré Bible from a servant of fifty years:—"I would express to you how much I shall value this splendid Bible, the best of all books that I value as a Christian person; it far exceeds any that I have ever seen, and I do thank you for so precious a gift." One of our lady correspondents suggests that "few maids would serve so well did they not *already* possess Bibles and study them." We know that a Christian spirit must actuate all faithful work at its highest, but we believe our decision to give *Bibles* will commend itself generally, for what lover of the Word of God is not glad to be the owner of a second copy?

We remember reading of an energetic maid who, in the days when "washing at home" was the general custom, used to compete with the neighbouring servants for the honour of getting done first, and displaying buckets empty and cleaned up; this damsel was known at times to lie down overnight in her clothes, that she might rise with the lark and start away at the washing-tub. As a rule, alarms and bells have to come into requisition now, for sound sleep is the natural consequence of genuine work; but one mistress, writing to us to make known the deserving case of her servant, tells us that this member of our Order—a Sunday-school teacher in a country school—has often risen at five to get her work forward in time for the class, and more than once this servant, going to the children from her household duties, has been the *only teacher* there!

One employer, much tried and long-suffering, who feels that her maids have been a means of grace unto

her in the way of inculcating patience and forbearance, thinks that the *mistress* who keeps her servant should have a prize as well; but let such console herself with the knowledge that *in* the servant she has the prize, for when we think of the countless advertisements for domestic helps, and of the "rolling stones" who drift from place to place with a constant craving for novelty, we can well understand that those employers who have recommended our members speak of them expressively as "*treasures*." At the same time, such records of service do undoubtedly reflect honour on the served as well as the serving, and we should like young folks, going out in the world, who often hear "there are no good places going nowadays," to study our lists from time to time, and realise that employers still prize those who are helpers in deed and in truth.

It is well known that our Queen highly honours her faithful and devoted servants; again and again, by marks of personal esteem, she has testified to her sense of their value. If we have stirred in the hearts of employers a deeper consciousness of responsibility towards their dependents, and if we have strengthened the mutual tie of long-lived regard, we shall feel that our newly instituted Order is worthy of the "golden cycle" which old England celebrates this year.

It will rejoice our readers in all lands to learn that Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian has been graciously pleased to honour our Order by becoming its Patron; while the Marchioness of Tavistock, Lady Brabazon, Lady John Manners, Lady Sophia Palmer, and Lady White Cooper have kindly consented to be Vice-Patrons. Up to the date at which we are obliged to go to press, about 1,000 names have been enrolled in the Order, of whom 176 have a record

of at least twenty-five years' service, while fourteen are Distinguished Members who have served more than half a century. By the time this reaches the hands of our readers, these numbers will, no doubt, have largely increased, as we are receiving about eighty letters per day on this subject alone.*


Our artist furnished us last January with the picture of a typical handmaiden—our readers will remember her as comely still with the grace of youth—a neat, fresh damsel of the younger generation. Somehow, as we have turned over letter after letter, and read of long years of helpfulness, and of toil-worn hands "closing at last the eyes of both aged master and mistress," another picture has arisen before our eyes—that of Washington Irving's charming old housekeeper, whose hair is quite white, and she wears over it a small cap, "nicely plaited, and brought down under her chin; her manners are simple and primitive, heightened a little by a proper dignity of station." And we think of one such, who will work as long as she can move—who believes, with a fond obstinacy that brings a tear with the smile, that none can serve the household like "old Sarah," though her feet may falter now. In face of all the letters that surround us, we cannot cry out that the race of such loyal ones is growing extinct; rather are we fain to hope and believe that, as our Order of Honourable Service "in triumph advances," strong, willing hands and hearts will take up the work these faithful lives laid down.

* The Editor is compelled to ask his correspondents to enclose *addressed envelopes* when desiring replies to their communications. He is quite unable, otherwise, to cope with the enormous correspondence connected with the Order.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

A NEW CHANNEL.

FROM the land of the kilt and the claymore comes a new departure for the benefit of energetic boyhood. Our friends of the Scottish Churches are supposed to be somewhat conservative in their ideas, and to resist innovation as misleading and dangerous; but it was in a Glasgow mission-school that in 1883 there sprang into life the movement known as the "Boys' Brigade." Every Sunday-school paper deals more or less with the question, "How shall we keep our elder scholars?" The Boys' Brigade is retaining the elder lads, and moulding their lives and characters for Christ. We do not want our growing lads to retreat into monasteries, but to fight life's battle manfully, and learn reverence, obedience, discipline, and self-

respect. We can well understand that the Brigade inculcates such virtues, and our only fear would be that, dealing with imitation rifles, a boy—or at least the kind of boy we know best—would inevitably covet a real one, with results of trembling to his household. We should prefer a company where rifles were not used, and we believe their use is quite optional.

"A CENTURY OF MISSIONS."

The Rev. Prebendary Tucker has written to us pointing out what he maintains is an error in the article on "Missions" in our January number. Mr. Tucker in fact claims that the S.P.G. was the first Missionary Society established in England, having received a charter in 1701. But the view taken by the writer of the article and by many authorities on the subject, is that the S.P.G. was not a purely Foreign Missionary Society to the heathen, its object,

as stated in its early reports, being to provide for the spiritual needs of those resident "in the plantations, colonies and factories of this kingdom." Full credit was given it for this work in the article. It was not, we believe, until 1824, when the S.P.G. took over some missions in South India, that it may be said to have definitely entered on the work of preaching Christianity directly to the heathen outside the British Colonies. At the same time we feel that every Christian heart will abound in gratitude to God for the noble work achieved throughout its long career by what has for so many years been known as "The Venerable Society."

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.

A correspondent writes :—"Go into any Sunday-school in England and ask the children—'What did God call the first woman?' And the answer—supposing that the children are well instructed—will unhesitatingly be 'Eve.' Nor is this answer only to be received from children. Very few indeed, if any, of our every-day acquaintances, would give a different reply. The question was first put to me as a riddle, but it partakes neither of the nature of riddle nor catch; it is a simple truth. Now, as a matter of fact, God called the first woman Adam; it was Adam her husband who called her Eve, 'because she was the mother of all living' (Gen. iii. 20). Many very religious persons, persons who pride themselves on their knowledge of the Bible, are quite horrified at such an assertion. I have known them turn away with an obstinate indignant refusal either to be convinced or to prove to the contrary. The Bible leaves no room for doubt on the subject. In no part of the Book do we find it written that God called the first woman 'Eve,' whilst in Gen. v. 2 it is plainly said: 'Male and female created He *them*; and He blessed *them*, and called *their* name Adam, in the day when they were created.' How this mistake can have become so firmly established it is impossible to say, but that it is an error, no one who consults his Bible will attempt to deny."

FOR THE GOOD OF THE BOYS



In one sense man is the architect of circumstance, in another he is its creature. We all remember Messrs. Cassell's pictures of "The child—what will he become?" A very effective address was given in our hearing from these illustrations, setting forth two careers, both possible to the innocent, calm-faced child. Give the boy education and a helping hand, train him to love literature and the nobler pleasures of life, and he has every prospect of a bright, respectable future; leave him to the streets or the tavern, and he will probably be ruined. There are, of course, giant natures that conquer the most

depressing surroundings; "to them," says Carlyle, "the block of granite which to others is an obstacle becomes a stepping-stone." But taking human nature in the average, those whom God has set in positions of influence and responsibility are able by their



"Give the boy education and a helping hand."

sympathy to help hundreds of young lives forward, or by their apathy to assist them to shipwreck. "Can't I stay later?" has often been the question addressed to me by a lad in my home.—"Surely it is time for you to go indoors."—"Oh, no! I don't go in till ten; every evening I go and wait outside Mr. ———'s shop till my mate comes out." It was an unpleasant picture—that of thirteen-year-old boys hanging about the streets listlessly and idly. O that boys' clubs could be multiplied far and wide, so that lads, full of energy and life, too young to be welcomed into the Young Men's Christian Association, could yet feel there is a place where smiles and words of greeting await them! If the mutual improvement societies for our young men had only done *negative* service in keeping them from the streets, they would deserve our heartiest support; but here young fellows, intelligent, and in many cases studious, are introduced to music, debate, and all the charms of reading. They are brought into contact with those older and wiser than themselves, and in many cases latent talents are developed of which they were only dimly conscious. Proud and bright are the faces of the members at the quarterly *soirées*, when they come to the front in vocal or elocutionary exhibition, and when, by special invitation, womanhood graces the company, and beams upon the young men interest and exultation.

AN EARNEST LIFE-WORK.

In Mr. Pike's interesting account of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton) we are amused to note that the horse has found an eloquent advocate in one who made complaint that the pastor rode to chapel in a brougham. We believe the reply was satisfactory that the horse was of Jewish persuasion, and did not work on *Saturdays*! Mr. Spurgeon's biography is a marvellous one; his powers are varied and ever active; "like the corridors of Winchester School," says he, "built with wood to which spiders never come, our minds should be equally clear of idle habits." Orphanage, almshouses, college, etc., bear witness that Mr. Spurgeon has not been idle, and though much tried by illness, he has proved that such heavenly chastening is to the glory of God. "What is the secret of Spurgeon's success?" has been asked more than once. He has exceptional gifts of eloquence, humour, and adaptation; but, for the primary reason, we should give the fact that he has preached and worked distinctly on Gospel lines, keeping close to the truth as revealed in the Word of God.

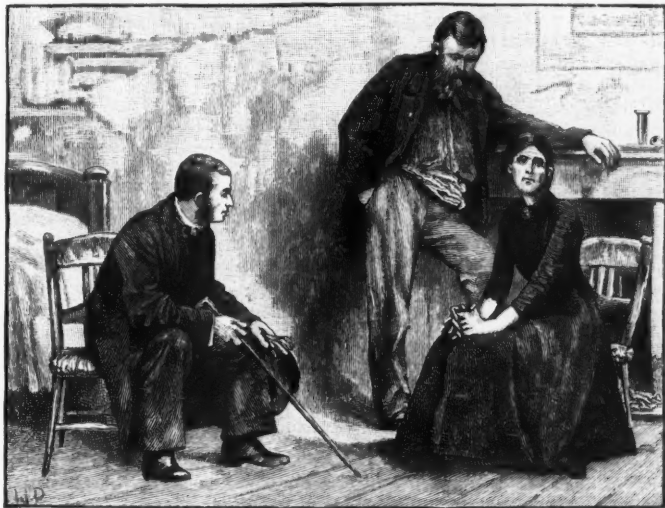
THE HEROISM OF THE POOR.

"I asked them if they had eaten any dinner," said a minister, speaking of a couple in his congregation; "they evaded the question, and spoke about its soon

more of an anodyne than a remedy for social distress: "the House" is offered again and again to those who want to struggle for an honest livelihood, and to whom a little temporary help is a God-send. Visitation among the poor reveals acts that are almost heroic—a spirit of mutual help and charity that might well inspire many in brighter spheres. Of course the complaint is true that much of England's social misery is caused by drink, but to preach an abstinence crusade is not sufficient. "How do our poor live?" was a question practically solved by a lady who, with flowers and tracts, visited the darker quarters of London. She found poor match-box makers and others under conditions precluding cleanliness and oftentimes decency, yet paying heavy rents. She rightly judged that in such rooms the one resource would seem to a feeble nature to be drink. Just a word, without offence, to any reader who may be a property owner, leaving all things to the supervision of an agent. Is it too much to whisper that just for once it would be well to take personal cognisance that the state of affairs in your own special house-property is such as your heart would approve, as steward to the Lord of rich and poor?

"THE LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW."

"Children, do you understand the heresy of Nestorianism?" asked a speaker of his juvenile audience.



"They evaded the question."

being tea-time." Here was secret want doing grievous work, yet no word of complaint was uttered, and only Christian solicitude divined and aided the deserving case. Well has it been said our poor-law is

There was a puzzled silence, and the preacher undertook to explain, but the little ones did not appear enlightened. Moreover, in addressing children, let us choose a subject that we understand *ourselves*: let us

deal with it simply, let us drive home hard and fast at least one central thought, or text, or mental picture. "I would rather preach ten times to adults than once to children," seems a prevalent sentiment among pastors, and, truly, to interest those little, restless faces seems a special gift. It is a fact that one mite engaged in private devotions confessed she was praying the minister would "soon leave off preaching;" he was soaring far away into doctrinal heights, and the child's tiny limbs were distressed by "pins and needles." Being taught to pray for all her heart's desires, she brought the trouble of his long-winded discourse into her intercessions. Happy they whose warm hearts beat in unison with childhood's needs, and who, while holding forth the Bread of Life to adults, drop now and then some crumbs to the little ones of the flock. Fortunately for the bairns, there exists likewise a special service mission of their own, and the labourers herein, among whom is Mr. J. B. Bishop, 48, Paternoster Row, study child-nature in all its aspects, and by means of bright addresses, text-searching competitions, singing meetings, etc., tirelessly bear the Saviour's message, "Suffer the children to come unto Me." Many of us are familiar with the summer seaside work of this mission. It has a special publication, *Our Own Magazine*, full of little stories calculated to help the young ones onward in the ways of pleasantness and peace.

GOLDEN COUNSELS.

From a collection of "Golden Counsels," by the Rev. W. M. Statham (Elliot Stock), our readers, to whom the compiler has discoursed so acceptably for more than twenty years, will naturally expect much; and they will not be disappointed. Sterling thoughts, with an occasional telling anecdote as burnishing for the gold, abound in this little book, which is a welcome addition to the Christian's library. "Flowers of Grace" (Griffith and Farran) is the title of a collection of Scripture texts, charmingly illustrated with floral borders tastefully coloured. We know no more suitable birthday souvenir for a friend, young or old.

CHINESE TRACTS.

It is nine years since the Religious Tract Society in China was formed; and a most fruitful branch of Christian work it has proved, not only in this great Empire, but in the many other lands whither the Chinese migrate: Japan, the United States, the Straits Settlements, Australia, New Zealand. In the latter country a missionary at Lawrence writes to us that he has access to about 2,500 Chinese settlers. From a district of Western America, where 7,000 Chinamen are dwelling, forty dollars' worth of the Society's publications have been applied for

during the past year, and eighty-six persons have subscribed for its two monthly magazines, *The Illustrated News* and a child's paper. Eight thousand copies of children's Scripture picture-books, to which Chinese text can be added, have been obtained from London. Among works lately issued



NO. 6. TRUE HAPPINESS—PUBLISHED BY THE CHINESE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF A CHINESE TRACT.



TITLE OF A CHINESE TRACT.

by the Society are translations of Eadie's "Bible Dictionary," the "Life of Tyndale," and "Come to Jesus." The most important department of the work is the publication of sheet tracts, coloured leaflets, headed with an illustration and setting forth some elementary Bible truth. Some of these are written by native Christians, and in those translated from English the actual wording is usually theirs. We find these papers taken willingly, often eagerly, by the people, and those who cannot read are sure to ascertain their contents from some relation or friend who can. A Shanghai missionary lately visiting a very out-of-the-way city, 150 miles inland, found that a Gospel tract had made its way there before him, and in some measure prepared the people for his spoken word. "The last year I worked in Su-chow," says this friend, "there went out of my office 25,000 copies of tracts and other religious publications, all sold."

"THE IRON FETTERS YIELD."



MRS. MEREDITH.

(From a Photograph by Mr. W. Dacey, Harrogate.)

words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." But when we think of our own pardoned transgressions, our more favourable circumstances, and all that the God and Father of us all has overlooked and forgiven in ourselves, surely, as regards those who undergo the just penalty of the law, *we* cannot pass by on the other side. The Almighty alone has made us to differ. He only understands the special case, the peculiar temptations of the fallen one, and His heavenly benediction abides on those who, like Himself, are striving "the prisoner to release" from the chain of sin, heavier than any material bondage. We give this month the portrait of Mrs. Meredith, of the Prison-gate Mission, an association that endeavours to inspire hope in the hopeless, self-respect in the debased, and to tell poor souls despised and condemned by society, that the Lord Jesus has need of them.

THE POST OF HONOUR.

One of our deepest thinkers in his old age says—

"Never a true crown but the crown of thorn."

The grandest place of all is where we learn to whisper at last to the Angel of Pain, holding out the bitter chalice, "Blessed art thou that comest in the name of the Lord." "I do not know the meaning of *pain*," cried a preacher, on whose lips hung a listening throng. His was a giant mind, but did not those words acknowledge that some notes of sympathy were missing from the harp of that man's soul? What has not the Master wrought with His children in the furnace? A struggling, troubled one—nay, a poor bedridden, world-forgotten creature—has been used by Him to comfort His people, to inspire His hosts as none could have done who never learnt the heavenly interpretations of trial and pain. "I am sorely afflicted; the Lord has overwhelmed my heart," said a tempest-tossed one to a minister; "I wish that, like yourself, I were in smooth waters." "Be comforted," said the minister; "a commander

surely counts it higher honour for a sentinel to guard a castle exposed at every point than an inland fortress where all is safe and peaceful. My heart is like that tranquil fortress; yours, my friend, is just now attacked and assailed. The Master has given you the post of honour."

"AN ORCHARD IN MINIATURE.

"Spring," says Longfellow, "is the miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches, a gentle progression and growth of herbs, fruit, trees." Now the sower goes forth to sow, trusting to the earth the golden seed of promise: often this sowing is lonely, monotonous work, but if the sower be faithful and patient, he shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him. These brown, unlovely furrows are to the eye of faith already an orchard in miniature, a field of ripened, shining sheaves. You who forego your Sabbath ease, your cosy leisure, to toil in rough places and amid unpromising lives, look away from surrounding discouragements to the everlasting Word, "Ye *shall* reap if ye faint not;" reap! yes, an hundredfold. In the year 1823, a Christian worker, passing through an Indian village, stopped to leave a New Testament in the shop of a native, trusting that someone might care to take it up and read it. Months after, three or four men from that village journeyed to some Christian missionaries, asking to know more of "that wonderful Book." They were instructed, and very soon six or eight in that village publicly professed Christianity, and began to work for God. One by one they were taken hence, but for years they published



"Now the sower goes forth to sow."

Christ to their countrymen with evident tokens of blessing, and their influence, set in motion by a stray copy of the Testament, will last through deathless ages.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of 2s. from Agnes V. Luther, Philadelphia, for the Queens-town Lifeboat, and 2s. 6d. from "A Sympathiser in London Work" for the London City Mission. The money has been handed to the two institutions.

OUR ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

SECOND LIST.

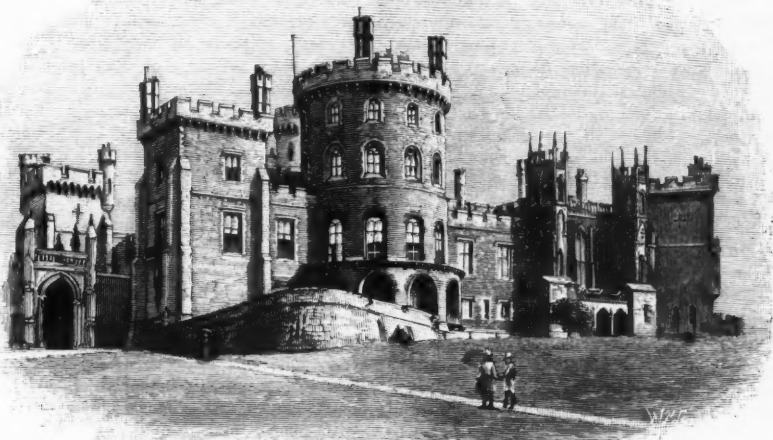
The following names, duly certified, have been enrolled between the 7th and 21st of January, 1887:—

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS (Over 50 Years' Service).			ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.			ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.		
Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.	Name.	Address.	Years.	Name.	Address.	Years.
* HARWOOD, HAN- NAH	Farnborough.	35	Calder, Eleanor Ch.	Finchbury Park, N.	7	Munn, Julia	Ash, Sandown.	7
MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CLASS (25 Years' and under 50 Years' Service).			* Cadman, Roger	Wichech.	17	Murson, Amelia	London, W.	12
* Ashby, Joseph	Clapham.	25	* Conyers, Eliz.	Malifax.	22	Malcolm, Mary Ann	Tonbridge.	14
* Ashton, Ann	Wickfield.	28	Clayson, Fanny	Peterborough.	19	* Manicom, Marian S.	London, W.	10
* Baughan, Phoebe	Alton.	25	Crook, Martha	Southborough.	12	Marc, Margaret	Henfield.	13
* Bolton, Dorothy	Cheltenham.	25	* Cowling, Eliz.	Plymouth.	17	Milcham, Ellen	London, W.	9
* Beesley, William	Tittleshall.	41	* Colbeck, Maria	Skidmore.	19	Moore, Mary Jane	North Shields.	11
* Bate, Anna	Southborough.	42	Cox, Jane	London, S.W.	9	* Martin, Alice	Clapham, S.W.	11
* Burridge, Jane	Wanstead.	29	* Chubb, Eliz. A.	Chard.	12	Marchant, Phillis	East Grinstead.	9
* Clayden, Esther	Castleton, L.M.	25	* Collins, Phoebe Ann	London, W.	20	* Milton, Harriet	Rickman-worth.	16
* Christian, Hannah	London, S.E.	26	Clement, Charlotte	Glasgow.	8	* Murray, Ellen M.	Leytonstone.	15
* Clarke, Emma	Reading.	40	* Collins, Mary Ellen	Bath.	7	* Miller, Elizabeth	Bristol.	9
* Champ, Mary	London, E.	29	Duce, Christina	Clapham, S.W.	13	McCourtie, Mary	Ayr, N.B.	10
* Clark, Sarah	Southborough.	25	* Diamond, Clara Jane	London, S.W.	10	* Morrell, Mary Ann	Rochampton, S.W.	10
* Draper, Henry	Palace, Liverpool.	28	Dodge, Harriet	Highbury, N.	21	* Mulley, Elizabeth	Farnham.	10
* Debenham, Mary E.	Niton, I.W.	33	* Davison, Hannah	St. Albans.	8	* Newman, Mary Eliz.	Honor Oak, S.E.	22
* Dunham, Mary Ann	Clapham.	28	Dales, Annie	London, S.W.	15	Norris, Kate R.	Leicester.	11
* Felding, Rhoda	Woodford.	26	Dean, J. W.	Canterbury, S.E.	13	* Oxford, Louisa	Christchurch.	8
* Gilbey, Annie	St. Ives, Hunts.	26	* Daniels, Charlotte	Great Berkhamsted.	14	* Oliver, Mary Jane	Ucleby.	15
* Goodch, Susan	Wichech.	27	* Drage, Eliz.	London, W.C.	21	* Ponting, Eliz.	Bath.	22
* Hall, John	Plymouth.	27	* Docter, Elise	Belsize, N.W.	10	* Pudney, Louisa A.	Forest Hill.	15
* Huxley, Isabella	Woolwich.	45	* Edgington, Rhoda	Halesowen.	7	* Prudence, Louisa	N. Southgate.	9
* Hurren, Maria	Hickmanswick.	35	Edwards, Ellen	Devonport.	8	* Paddock, Mary	London, W.	12
* Johnson, Mary Ann	Tittleshall.	31	* Ellis, Eliz.	Finchbury Park, N.	7	* Peckham, Eliz. C.	Clapham, S.W.	22
* Johnstone, Martha	Pence, S.E.	32	* Evans, Emma Ann	Wolverhampton.	7	Powney, Edward	Clapham, S.W.	18
* Kettle, Annie	London, W.	27	* Ekins, Sabina	Bath.	14	* Pratt, Louisa	London, W.	7
* Kemp, Caroline	Tittleshall.	31	* Emery, Polly	London, S.W.	9	* Pickering, Frances J.	Scratcham, S.W.	15
* Leatherland, Emma	Alderley Edge.	30	* Farnier, Eliz.	London, S.W.	14	* Patterson, Mary	Brighton.	16
* Lambert, Mary	Mickley.	37	* Farnham, Eliz.	Wrexham.	11	* Pesterfield, Ann	London, W.	9
* Marston, Samuel	Albourne.	27	* Francis, Mary Annie	Highbury, N.	19	* Paynton, Ann	Great Berkhamsted.	9
* New, George	London, W.	33	* Frost, Keturah	London, W.	11	* Pym, Elizabeth	London, W.	14
* Poole, Elizabeth	Stourbridge.	25	* Flower, Eliz. Annie	London, W.	11	* Robertson, Christina	Glasgow.	9
* Prior, Louisa	Guildford.	35	* Foster, Harriet	London, W.	7	* Read, Mary Louisa	Kyle, I.W.	21
* Payne, Susanah	Fishmongers' Hall.	37	* Fry, Eleanor	Salisbury.	16	* Rogers, Eliz. Frances	Harlesden, S.E.	10
* Powell, Mary	Hereford.	37	* Fyler, Jane	Great Berkhamsted.	11	* Reed, Mary Selma	London, S.W.	13
* Phillips, Agnes	Stirling, N.B.	30	* Field, Sarah Emily	Hampstead, N.W.	13	* Rose, Elizabeth	London, N.W.	21
* Stubblefield, Sarah	Adlington.	29	* Ford, Eliz.	Bridgewater.	23	* Reynolds, Margaret	Manchester.	7
* Smith, Mary	Skylton.	38	* Gregory, Ann	Recheater, Sussex.	15	* Rose, Elizabeth	London, W.	7
* Smith, Sarah Anne	Taunton.	34	* Golder, Virtue	Norwich.	7	* Ranson, Lucy	Cheltenham.	15
* Southern, Mary	Leicester.	25	* Gates, Mary Louisa	Ramsgate.	7	* Rattenbury, Eliz.	Cheltenham, N.W.	13
* Taitly, Anne	Doncaster.	40	* Graves, Maria	Cambridge.	23	* Richards, Susan	Beckenham, S.E.	14
* Vollans, Ann	London, W.	28	* Greaves, Mary Ann	London, W.	19	* Rivers, Matilda	Southampton.	17
* Warren, Robert	Clapham, S.W.	35	* Goulon, Alphonsine	Wichamptun.	11	* Roberts, Mary	Helensburgh.	20
* White, Mary	Newton Ferrers.	25	* Green, Ellen	Plaistford.	11	* Sully, Louisa	Tonbridge.	9
* Williams, Jane	Godalming.	39	* Gilbert, Mary Jane	Wichamptun.	11	* Smith, Emma	Ealing.	8
* Whitthorne, Mary	Godalming.	39	* Goodger, Lucy Ann	Worthing.	11	* Smith, Esther	Stourbridge.	17
* Wedge, Sarah Ann	Godalming.	39	* Griffiths, Eleanor	Ilancely.	24	* Smith, Elizabeth	East Dulwich, S.E.	23
ORDINARY MEMBERS (7 Years' and under 25 Years' Service).			* Goodough, C.	Alton.	20	* Smith, Frances E.	Grindon.	22
* Ashworth, Catherine	Clapham.	22	* Hartley, Emily	Hayling Island.	8	* Sandbolt, John	Tanbridge Wells.	20
* Adams, Louisa	Weston-super-Mare	17	* Hunt, Ann	Leicester.	21	* Sanderson, Michael	Penrith.	8
* Allison, Louisa	London, W.	17	* Howard, Mary A. C.	London, W.C.	9	* Scott, Jane Ann	Willington.	9
* Alcock, Fanny	London, S.W.	24	* Husey, Dorcas	London, W.	9	* Stead, Annie	Shenley.	12
* Aveling, Elizabeth	Niton, I.W.	17	* Hewlett, Anna	London, W.C.	9	* Shawell, Rebecca	West Malling.	16
* Adams, Fanny	Launceston.	10	* Humphrey, Mary	Fybridge, Maria	20	* Smithers, Alice	Croydon.	9
* Atkinson, Sarah	Clapham, S.W.	8	* Horlock, Louisa	Christchurch.	7	* Smithers, Harriet	Croydon.	9
* Austin, Rachel	Ealing.	21	* Holder, Frances S.	Cheltenham.	13	* Simpson, Eliz. Maria	Cannbury, N.	18
* Atkins, Martha	London, W.	21	* Hayles, Emily	Brighton.	15	* Spatchett, Eliza	Norwich.	7
* Biege, Eliz.	Brighton.	22	* Hibber, Harriet	London, N.W.	20	* Streeter, Matilda	Redhill.	11
* Bright, Laura	Richmond, S.W.	9	* Hillier, Emily	London, N.W.	10	* Stirling, Margaret	Helensburgh.	21
* Brady, Charlotte	Salisbury.	22	* Hancock, Emma	Hastings.	12	* Sharp, Emma	Brandon.	9
* Boy, Sarah A.	Belsize, N.W.	10	* Harris, George	Wichamptun.	11	* Stevens, Jane	Brighton.	14
* Bull, Helen	West Linton, N.B.	7	* Hedges, Annie	Clapton, E.	8	* Sutton, Eliza	East Dulwich, S.E.	22
* Buxter, Robert	Eltham.	23	* Hick, Mary Ann	London, W.	8	* Sully, Mary Jane	Walton Lewes.	11
* Blay, Harriet	Blackheath.	23	* Holtum, Augusta	Canterbury.	9	* Sanders, Annie Eliz.	Stourbridge.	8
* Backhouse, Mary E.	London, W.	8	* Hodgkinson, Mary	Leeds.	12	* Saxby, Hannah M.	Lee, S.E.	8
* Baxster, Elizabeth	Romford.	12	* Hughes, C. Hannah	Liverpool.	12	* Smallwood, Eliza	Edgaston.	10
* Brewer, Ann	Grantham.	12	* Hurrell, Emily	Plymouth.	11	* Sparden, Frederick	Bluntisham.	12
* Bennett, Ellen Jane	Kingston Hill.	18	* Hibber, Annie	London, W.C.	7	* Spillman, Elizabeth	Malvern.	23
* Bartlett, Ann	Bury St. Edmunds.	17	* Isaacson, Emma	Wimbledon.	24	* Spillett, Clara E.	Clapham, S.W.	10
* Bowden, Eliz. Jane	Tiverton.	17	* James, Sarah	Witley Rocks.	11	* Taylor, Jane	London, W.	7
* Boys, Emma	Wichech.	17	* Heart, Clara Annie	Cheltenham.	8	* Taylor, Lydia	Northop.	22
* Bone, Eugenie M.	Whitwell, I.W.	9	* Hall, Elizabeth	Southampton.	24	* Treble, Mary Ann	Denney, Exeter.	10
* Baptist, Eliz.	Corbridge.	9	* Hayter, Louisa	Rochampton, S.W.	12	* Threlow, Acres	Lowestoft.	11
* Blackmur, Sarah	Brentwood.	9	* Hopkins, Annie	Wichech.	15	* Tomkins, Charlotte	Stockwell, S.W.	18
* Breese, Eliz.	Edgaston.	10	* Isaacson, Emma	Wichech.	15	* Taylor, Harriet	London, W.C.	7
* Birch, Hannah	Canbury, N.	8	* James, Sarah Jane	Witley Rocks.	11	* Thorntoe, Eliz. A.	Charlwood.	11
* Cox, Emily	Malvern.	16	* Jackson, Jane	Falmouth.	8	* Tomlinson, Sarah A.	Ardenshaw.	11
* Cox, Elizabeth	Canbury, N.	16	* Jacobs, Selma	London, W.	8	* Voller, Sarah Anne	London, W.	10
* Cole, Mary	Canbury, N.	16	* Jones, Emily	Edinburgh.	8	* Vaise, Sarah	Doncaster.	10
* Comes, Rose	East Dulwich, S.E.	14	* Jones, Mary Ann	Lewisham, S.E.	9	* Wilmington, Richard	London, W.	11
* Cameron, Ann	Amsbury.	10	* Jones, Esther	Wanstead.	9	* Weller, Ann	West Malling.	13
* Cook, Rose	Canbury, N.	10	* Jones, Maria	Abercromby.	8	* Williams, Kate	London, W.	6
* Cressey, Rachel	Alfriston.	16	* Jones, Maria	Clapham, S.W.	9	* Watts, Sarah Jane	Asbourne.	10
* Cressey, Louise Reb.	Brixton, S.W.	16	* Jones, Maria	Hereford.	8	* Waider, Mary Ann	Penrith.	14
* Cruse, Rose	Bachney, E.	7	* Jones, Maria	Liverpool.	9	* Wilson, John	Port Glasgow.	17
* Clark, Rhoda	Bath.	10	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, John	London, W.	11
* Cornwell, Louisa	London, N.W.	10	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7
* Chester, Mary	Romford.	10	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7
* Coleman, Emily	Clapham, S.W.	13	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7
* Collins, Eliz. Ann	Liskeard.	20	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7
* Cogins, Caroline	London, W.	13	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7
* Crosby, Ker. Clara	Brandou.	11	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7
* Clarke, Jack	Brandou.	11	* Jones, Maria	Wichamptun.	11	* Willis, William	Romford.	7

Marked * have been awarded Bibles of proportionate values.

Marked † have been awarded Medals of the Order.

All have been awarded Certificates.



BELVOIR CASTLE: SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

(From a Photograph by Mr. J. Bliss, Grantham.)

INSTANCES I HAVE KNOWN OF LONG AND HONOURABLE SERVICE.

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS, A VICE-PATRON OF THE "ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE."



IT was a thought worthy of the Empress of Germany, who founded the Red Cross Women's Union of Germany, which numbers over eighty thousand members, to institute an Order for the recognition of merit and long domestic service.

The Empress presents a gold cross to every servant who has remained forty years in the service of one family. The Editor of *THE QUIVER*'s kindly thought

of instituting an Order of Merit, and of presenting prizes consisting of Bibles or medals to meritorious servants in our own country, has brought to light great numbers of cases of long and excellent service, and I cannot but feel that all heads of households ought to be grateful that such examples of continuance in well-doing have been made known. I believe that very many among us do fully recognise how much we owe to our servants. Often they are indeed ministering friends, especially in the hour

of sickness and sorrow. Could the lives of many old servants be written, I am convinced we should see records of self-denial, patience, and industry, amounting almost to heroism. And in many British homes, be they large or small, the old servant is looked on as a dear friend, loved and esteemed by parents and children. I wish that more girls of really respectable parentage would fit themselves for rendering efficient domestic service, instead of too often vainly endeavouring to get into Government employment, or struggling to earn a precarious living by dressmaking or some other ill-paid occupation. I observed that the Editor expressed a wish that those who knew of cases of estimable persons remaining an unusual number of years in one family should mention them, and I think it may interest some readers of *THE QUIVER* to have a few particulars about the Duke of Rutland's household. I must say that in a great house the duties are frequently more arduous than in smaller establishments; they are continuous, and at times, in all large houses, the pressure of work is severe. In the particular household I mention, great order and punctuality have always been the rule; and it is obvious that all the persons mentioned must, in addition to their other good qualities, have possessed the virtues of method and regularity.

I hope I may be excused if I am departing from the Editor's rule, which I believe is that only those at present in service are to be named, when I mention that the Duke's late coachman, Peter Hayes, lived eighty-two years in the family. He was over ninety years old when he died, and he drove the Duke till

within three or four years of his death, both in London and in the country. His delight was to follow the hounds, driving across ploughed fields, up and down steep hills, and along rough lanes, never appearing conscious that he was not on an excellent road; while no amount of cold or rain would induce him to give up taking his place on the box. His master often went to see him in his last illness, and these visits greatly cheered the old man.

Mrs. Goater, formerly housekeeper, remained forty-two years in the family, who are all much attached to her. A late watchman was forty-seven years on guard, in turn with two others during the night, a precaution advisable in case of fire. I will now mention a few of those who at present form part of the Duke's household, according to the length of time they have been in the family. Mary Brown, dairymaid at Chevely, one of the Duke's places, has been sixty-three years in the service, and still makes excellent butter. Mr. Sicklen, the butler, has lived fifty years with the Duke, and we may hope may live there many more. Richard Mattock, who has the care of the lamps, no gas being used in the immense building, has also spent fifty years in the service. Mr. Orpwood, the head cook, has been forty years in the family. His duties are numerous, but he has always found time to make quantities of soup for the poor, and he also draws with great accuracy. Mr. Parker, the head forester, has spent thirty-seven years on the estate, has planted great tracts of country and seen many a sapling grow into a tall tree. Mr. Ingram, the head gardener, during the thirty-two years he has lived at Belvoir, has made several gardens, and is ready to lay out more. The head housemaid, Lucy Cook, has also lived thirty-two years at the Castle; so has the head coachman, James Levington. Mr. Eades, the Duke's confidential servant, has been with him for thirty years, combining a variety of offices, at the Castle, on the yacht, in town, and at shooting lodges. Mrs. Hill, the housekeeper, has filled that responsible office for twenty-seven years. When I read, as I often do, of ladies who have not had good previous training, wishing to be housekeepers, I think they little know how incessant and how varied are the duties of that position, if properly understood. Of the two still-room maids, one, Elizabeth Harby, has spent twenty-eight, the other, Emma Marriage, twenty-one years in the Castle. Mr. Marvell, the groom of the chambers, has lived at Belvoir sixteen years. Henry Hollings, poultryman, was born at Belvoir, and has lived there until now, when he is aged sixty-six. Mr. Tharby, head groom, twenty-nine years; Anne Bates, dairymaid, twenty-nine years; John Edrup, groom, twenty-seven years; Mr. Frank Gillard, huntsman, twenty-six years; Arthur Wilson, first whip, seven years. Mrs. Norton, housekeeper at Chevely, has lived forty years in the family. I am told that several others have spent as many years in the family, but I fear I must not trespass longer on valuable space, except to mention that more than one of the labourers are known to have worked

in the woods upwards of fifty years; many began working at the age of ten, twelve, or fourteen, and have passed all their lives on the estate. I often see some of these old men going home from their work, and I honour their grey heads, and am glad to say that they look ruddy and cheerful, in their brown jackets, with their wallets on their shoulders.

The late Duke instituted a plan of employing labourers in the Castle to carry weights, and many remained till very old. Belvoir Castle is far from any town, so if many of those who have lived there so long had not found contentment in their daily tasks, they might have felt dull. I am glad to say all I have named as living in the Castle usually appear in good health, and as interested as ever in work. There has been no mistress of the household at Belvoir for a very great many years, but the consideration and appreciation shown by the master to the members of his establishment could not be exceeded by any mistress. I have mentioned the various positions held by those who have for so long fulfilled their daily tasks so faithfully, with a view of encouraging the young when they first enter families. It must be borne in mind, as Lord Beaconsfield once said to me, that the first steps in any office must be dull and tedious.

The same observation that applies to rising in the army, navy, or Civil Service, may be made with regard to domestic service—we must all begin at the beginning, master details which may seem dull but are important, and persevere if we wish to succeed.

I have just received a letter from one who has taken great pains to procure for me accurate information as to the length of time spent by those mentioned in the Duke's family. We believe the number of years to be correctly stated, though it is possible that here and there a trifling mistake may have crept in. Referring to the article in the January number of *THE QUIVER*, describing the Order of Honourable Service, the writer says: "It is most kindly and truthfully written, and I hope it will tend to reunite that bond of good feeling that once existed between the employers and the employed."

I cannot but feel sanguine that the institution of the Order of Honourable Service will promote more real family feeling in households throughout our country, and that every year more and more faithful servants will receive either the Holy Bible presented by the Editor, or the medal, with its most appropriate motto, "Honour to whom honour."

And may we who hear of long and faithful service strive each in our appointed place to do good and faithful service in our generation, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but with singleness of heart, fearing God. May those who have faithfully performed their daily tasks in widely different positions during our time of probation on earth form one family in heaven, where all differences will have ceased to exist, where the problems of life will be solved, and we shall know that all things work together for good to those who serve God.

The Peace of God.

Words by ANNE STEELE (1760).

Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.B.
(Warden of Trinity College, London.)

Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies, Ac -

- cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: Give me a calm, a

thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry mur-mur free; The bless-ings of Thy grace im-part, And

make me live to Thee. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at -

- - tend: Thy pre-sence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end!

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "INTO A LARGER ROOM," "PROMISED: A STORY OF TWO ISLANDS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHILDREN'S HOME.



OULD a lovelier scene be found in all the universe?

Those who were enjoying its loveliness, two children and a pale and fragile lady, did not ask themselves the question. To such scenes as this they had been accustomed,

the lady for many years, the children for all their lives. But bring a stranger here. Let him on such an afternoon and in such a season as this—it is late spring, and the

sweet young leaves are peeping out, and the peach and pear are in blossom—stand where we stand; let him see the vineyards, all bright with golden green, sloping down gently to what looks from here like the sea-line, and the olive groves, their hoary leaves twinkling to the breeze, and here and there a fig-tree with twisted limbs, its vividly bright leaf-clusters dotted like stars over the wilderness of green and gold; let him note on the slope of the hill the flat-roofed villas, painted white or red, and surrounded with groves of orange and lemon trees; let him lift his eyes to the grey precipices of limestone that rise protectingly to the right hand and to the left, and then look down, over the shining wilderness, to where the blue waters of the loveliest bay in all the world lie outspread under the blue sky. Having seen all this, let him carry his eye forward across the Bay, to purple Ischia and her sister islands, lying like gems upon the sea, and nearer, the long line of the mainland; Naples gleaming white against her hills, with, in the far distance, the flash of snowy Apennines; to the right, Vesuvius wrapped in a glowing tabernacle of smoke and vapour, and, further still, the grey-green promontory of Sorrento, and the mountains of St. Angelo lying like a cloud against the sky; let him see all this, and, if he does not say that we have brought him to a land of wonders, we shall think very little of his discernment.

The land of wonders is the rocky island of Capri, and the terrace, which, decorated with palms and tree-ferns and aloes, looks like a semi-tropical garden, fronts one of the scattered villas that are built on its northern slopes.

Part of the terrace is sheltered from the sun by a scarlet and white awning; and it is under this awning, on a long invalid's chair, that the lady, who has been looking out over the scene we have described, is lying. Her eyes are half-closed now, but she is not asleep. She is listening to the babble of the two children. As she listens she sighs deeply. "Oh, for a little more life!" she murmurs. "If I

am faithless, God forgive me! He knows He will provide for them. And yet—oh! it is hard. A few years! It is for them, not for myself. Thou knowest. For their sakes, give me a little more time." Her eyes fill with tears; and, being fearful that the children may see that she is sad, she turns away her face from the light.

The children—a boy and girl: the girl undoubtedly English, golden-haired, fair of skin, with large violet eyes that are almost pathetically beautiful, and limbs of fairy-like delicacy; and the boy much more Southern-looking, dark-eyed, warm of hue, and curiously dignified in his expression and attitudes—are, however, too much engrossed in their game to be able to pay attention to anything outside of it.

They are pretending—this is, at present, their favourite amusement. The boy is a Roman emperor; the girl is anything he asks her to be—the captain of his hundreds—his wife—his prime minister—the prefect of one of his provinces.

Reversing the usual order of things at their age, the boy leads, and the girl follows him, with perfect docility and obedience.

"Just as you like, Regy dear. Ready? Yes, I'm ready. I'll be anything. Only tell me what you want."

So she answers him when, with the courtesy of a fine gentleman, he assigns to her various rôles in his little representations of the scenes that are passing before him daily in the schoolroom. Roman history is the study that is in the ascendant just now, and its picturesque greatness has impressed the boy's almost too vivid imagination, until he fancies himself a participator in the many-coloured pageant of the past.

He is Caesar to-day—the greatest Caesar of them all—Augustus; and Capri, with its grey beetling crags, its vineyards and its olive-groves, is a revolted province that he has travelled from Rome to subdue.

Look at him, as he marches with his little friend Evelyn—who, by-the-by, is his prime minister and councillor of war—to the parapet of the terrace: his head thrown back, his chest expanded, fire in his dark eyes and a warrior's determination in his bearing, and say if he is not a grand little gentleman.

That he is the darling of women you can see at once from his dress. The suit of ruby satin, fitting closely to his graceful figure, the collar and cuffs of fine lace, and the shining silver-buckled shoes that make him look like the Prince Charming of our nursery-tales, are not such habiliments as a man, more especially an Englishman, would choose for his son. But the rich clothes suit the boy, and, pretty as they are, they do not detract in the least from his curious manliness.

By the parapet of the terrace he stops to explain the situation to his companion.

"This is the stronghold of the island," he says. "The rebels had it a few hours ago. We have taken it—I and my legions." His little breast swells with fancied greatness, and his dark eyes seem to flash fire. "Do you see them?" he goes on, with a

"My soldiers——"

"You will not listen to them, Reg——, your Imperial Highness, I mean."

"Listen to them! Am I not Cæsar? Is it for the conqueror of the world to be ruled by his servants and slaves? No," shouts the boy, mounting the parapet.



"His little breast swells with fancied greatness."

magnificent wave of the arm. "They are down there—they are down there, they are all over the hills, and under the olive-trees, and covering the vineyards—a whole host of them!"

"Yes, yes, I see," murmurs Evelyn, awe-struck by her companion's greatness.

"They are looking up at me. What do you think they want?" asks the boy.

"I don't know, Regy dear—I mean, your Imperial Highness."

"They are coming out for revenge. We have prisoners in the castle."

"A number of prisoners," says Evelyn sadly.

"Take care! take care, darling! you will fall!" cries poor little Evelyn.

He takes no notice of her. He is Cæsar, haranguing his legions.

"Listen to me!" he cries. "Nay, but you shall listen. I am your emperor, and I *will* be obeyed. There are prisoners—yes, many of them. They have rebelled against their master. They have reviled our holy city. We will teach them our greatness; but it shall not be by slaughter."

Evelyn draws a deep breath. She is intensely, passionately interested.

"We will show them," goes on the boy-emperor,

and the grace and dignity of his gestures, as he speaks, are positively extraordinary, "that the great can be merciful——"

He breaks off suddenly, colours to the roots of his hair, and leaps off the parapet.

A tall, white-haired man has just stepped out from under the awning.

"Why," cried Evelyn, "it is only father. Go on, Regy.—We were playing, father. Regy is——"

"Never mind, Evelyn! It was only a game. Sir John wouldn't understand," says the boy hurriedly. "Were you there long, sir?" to the gentleman who is looking at him with an expression that Regy, who is sensitive to the finger-tips, thinks curious.

"Not long, my boy," answers the gentleman, "but," with a reassuring smile, "long enough to know that I am speaking to Cæsar Augustus, the conqueror of the world."

"It was only a bit of fun, sir."

"An excellent piece of fun, Regy; and," looking at the boy gravely, "you did very well. You are ambitious, I should think."

"I want to be great some day, sir. I should like to do like Cæsar and Alexander—to conquer the world."

"Nothing short of the world will satisfy you?" says the white-haired gentleman. "Well, Reginald, it may be done."

The boy shakes his head. "Signor Guarino says that no one conquers the world now."

"And Signor Guarino is right, my boy. But that is no reason why you should not try."

"You are laughing at me, Sir John."

"Indeed I am not. Ask Evelyn if I ever laugh about serious matters. The world may be conquered, Regy. It is being conquered, day after day. But we must choose the right weapons. There is one force—and one force only—that can conquer the world. Do you know what that force is?"

The boy is silent.

"Tell him, Evelyn," says the gentleman, drawing his little daughter towards him.

"You mean love, father," says the child softly.

"Yes, I mean love, the mightiest force in the world, Reginald."

For a moment the boy's face kindles, and then the light dies down. "I like that," he says slowly. "It is—it is—a thought. Tell me more about it, sir."

"Another day, Regy. I have a message for you now. Giuseppe is below."

"Has he come for me?"

"Yes, from the Countess. Your father is expected to arrive this afternoon."

"My father!" The warm colour floods the boy's face. "But how is it? We did not expect him."

"You will hear all about it at the Villa Ferdinando. Good-bye, my boy."

"But will you not come and see my father, sir?"

"Yes, later. The Countess wishes me to dine with her this evening."

"And Lady Dacre," says the boy, turning to the

lady under the awning. "Will you not come too, and Evelyn?"

"You must ask your father to come and see us to-morrow morning," says the lady, with a smile. "I am not strong enough to dine out, and it will be too late for Evelyn. Good-night, Reginald darling."

She kisses him tenderly, and the exquisite little gentleman, who would not allow himself to be kissed by everybody, returns her caress with warmth.

Then Evelyn goes with him to the garden, where Giuseppe, an Italian serving-man, dressed in a livery of brown and red, is in waiting to conduct his little master home.

"It is a great bore—this going backwards and forwards," says Reginald, as he and Evelyn part at the garden gate. "Why can't we all live together, like sensible people?"

"Speak to your father about it," cries Evelyn after him.

"Speak you to Sir John," answers Reginald.

CHAPTER II.—LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

THE Villa Odyssey, built and owned by Sir John Dacre, an English baronet, and the Villa Ferdinando, where lived the Countess Guicciola, with her grandson, Reginald Stirling, and a host of English and Italian servants, were the pride of Capri at the time when this story opens.

They were pointed out to visitors as soon as they arrived. "Do you see that white building high up above the town?" you would be asked. "That is where the eccentric Englishman lives."

And if you asked who the Englishman was, and why he was said to be eccentric, you would be told that he was extraordinarily talented, that he could have done anything in his native country, from compounding a new philosophy to governing the State, and that he chose, for the sake of his invalid wife and his young daughter, to do nothing with his talents, and to live in the strictest retirement. Further inquiries—for everyone knows everything about his neighbours here—would elicit the information that Sir John and Lady Dacre knew no one in the island except the Countess Guicciola, of the Villa Ferdinando, and that, as she was equally exclusive, the society of the two villas was of a restricted character. This curious taste for seclusion was explained and partly excused by the circumstances of the two families: the Countess, who was of a great age, having undergone repeated and heavy family afflictions, and Lady Dacre—so, at least, it was rumoured—only holding to life by a thread. What was certainly known was that Sir John Dacre came first to the island about ten years before, for his wife's health, and that, finding the climate suited her, he built and fitted up the charming little house which went by the name of the Villa Odyssey, and that there, except for two or three of the winter months, which they were accustomed to spend in Naples or Rome, he and his wife had lived ever since.

They had been married many years when they came to Capri, and they had never had a child. This was the one sorrow of their otherwise happy married life. They had scarcely been living on the island a year before a little girl came to them. This, too, the people of the neighbourhood will tell you. Of the wonder and joy with which Lady Dacre, who had been a child-worshipper from her own childhood, received this priceless gift from heaven, they can say nothing. But, from what they have heard and seen, they are able to assert that the eccentric Englishman and his wife are devoted parents. And here rumour spoke truly. Lady Dacre was past middle age when Evelyn was born; Sir John was what is called an aged man; and with their gratitude and pleasure was mingled such a sense of responsibility as seldom comes to young parents.

While the little living wonder, wrapped in the sweet sleep of infancy, lay before them, they talked and thought, comparing the different educational theories. There was to be nothing haphazard about the training of Evelyn. Everything, from the beginning, was to be done by system. Even in her cradle she should feel the rest and comfort of harmonious order. As for whim and fantasy, they were to be excluded from her nursery. The love that ruled her, though as wise and as loving as human hearts guided by the Divine Love could devise, should be firmer than adamant. This from Sir John. He was a man who had gone deeply into mental phenomena, and who believed that the passion for self-gratification was the great curse of humanity.

"We must make her happy," Lady Dacre would sigh. She agreed with her husband in theory. But she trembled at the thought of a too adamant law for her darling.

"Then we must teach her to be unselfish," Sir John would answer. "A woman's happiness is found in submission."

"But she must have judgment. She must know whom she obeys."

"Judgment is the gift of God."

"And love and patience and charity are His gifts. Let us pray! Let us pray! Oh! it is a terrible responsibility!" poor Lady Dacre would exclaim.

But this was more than nine years ago. They were accustomed now to the sense of responsibility, and they were beginning to see the fruits of their patience and love.

Evelyn's education, conducted according to Sir John's theories, had, so far, been more than successful. A happier, healthier, merrier, or better little maiden it would be impossible to imagine. She was never out of temper, not only because there was nothing in her surroundings to fret her (for this immunity from the common ills produces frequently the opposite effect), but because she had found out that pettishness mended nothing, and only made herself unhappy. Her father, in other words, had already taught her to be reasonable. She did what

she was told without hesitation, because she loved those who directed her, and had the deepest confidence in them. Unselfishness did not need to be taught to her. As soon as she understood anything, she had loved to serve and delighted in making others happy. And these loving instincts, which grown-up people too often discourage in children, her parents had done their utmost to develop.

She was taught; but not much from books, and as little as possible in shut-up rooms. Out on the shore, watching the breakers as they dashed up on the rocky pinnacles of their sea-girt home, clambering the hills in search of ancient walls and pavements and marbles, which gave occasion for many a delightful picture of antiquity from Sir John, or hunting out the wild flowers in the valleys or on the sheltered table-lands, and learning their history: so the bright days of Evelyn's springs and summers went by. And here the child's father was her companion and teacher. At home and in the dull days she had her music—the guitar and the piano, both of which she learned from her mother, and dainty sewing-work from the English nurse who had been her mother's maid and was now her devoted attendant. She had never known what it was to have companions of her own age, and she did not miss their society. She had little games of her own, indeed, and her mother and nurse, or, in default of them, the footstool and cushions of her sleeping-room, had often to do duty for brothers and sisters; but this was some time before my story opens, when Evelyn, as she would have said of herself, was little. She had a companion now—a companion altogether as satisfactory as if he had been her own brother. Of that companion—the exquisite little gentleman whom we have seen on the terrace of the Villa Odyssey—it is necessary now to say a few words.

The villa, in which his grandmother, the Countess Guicciola, lived, was as famous in its way as that owned by Sir John Dacre. It was large and roomy, having once been a convent, and, although not so grandly situated as the Villa Odyssey, it was more beautiful in itself, and far more luxuriously fitted up.

There was a little mystery about the Fernandino. The Guicciolas were known to be poor, and the Countess had been systematically plundered by her family. She could never have either fitted up or maintained so fine a house. But so far the mystery was transparent; Mr. Stirling, her English son-in-law, was no doubt virtual owner of the villa and its rare and costly contents. The rarest and most costly of them all, the little boy Reginald, did certainly belong to him. What was more, he seemed to take a great pride and delight in his child. The Countess would often say that to hear Mr. Stirling talk of Reginald brought the tears to her eyes. The child's beauty and distinction, which he inherited from his mother, were fully appreciated by his father. And it was just here that, to outsiders, the mystery began. Was it for the Countess's sake that Mr. Stirling had his son brought up away from himself and as

an Italian? But the old lady had been heard to say that the responsibility was sometimes too great for her. Then, again, the inhabitants of Capri, both foreign residents and country people, were profoundly inquisitive. Who was Mr. Stirling, and how did it happen that he was so enormously, so phenomenally rich? Rumour spoke of a mansion in London, and a park in an English county, and it was well known that he had presented the Countess Guicciola with her beautiful villa between Naples and Posilipo, while his other effects in pictures, statuary, gems, and costly furniture were simply past enumerating.

Then why did so rich a man require to work? It was business, he never concealed the fact, that kept him so much in England. Business of what sort? This no one, not even the Countess Guicciola, appeared to know. She said that her son-in-law was reserved. He had always been the same. Her observation of the English had led her to suspect that this was a national characteristic. Her dear daughter, who (strange to relate) had never visited her husband's country, was not acquainted, she believed, with the nature of his occupation. The servants at the Villa Ferdinandino were questioned, but they knew no more than their mistress. Il Signor Inglese was a great Signor. La Signora Contessa received him with distinction. He spent his money royally, never haggling about prices or wages as the foreign residents and visitors were accustomed to do. So said the Italians; and the English servants, who attended upon the little English boy, were no wiser. None of them had been hired either by Mr. Stirling or any relative of his, and they knew nothing about his English home. As to Reginald, he had one stereotyped answer for those who questioned

him. "My father, I believe, is a diplomat," he would say, in the stately little fashion that belonged to him. "But he has not done me the honour to consult me about his business."

Mr. Stirling visited his mother-in-law and son about once in two years, and, as this was only the second year of the Countess Guicciola's tenancy of the Villa Ferdinandino, he had not yet been seen by the Dacres or other residents in Capri.



"The child's father was her companion and teacher."—p. 391.

Evelyn was in some tribulation when she heard of his arrival. She came back to the terrace with a clouded face. "I hope he will let Regy come here still," she said. "The Countess says he is frightfully particular, and hasn't ever allowed him to have a friend. Do be very nice to him, father."

"Put on my best manners? very well, Evelyn, I will try. But, living in the backwoods here, you know, I may not be quite up to the occasion," said Sir John with a smile.

"What do they do in London? Are they so very, very polite?" said Evelyn,

looking at her father earnestly. "Supposing he thinks us barbarians—"

"My darling, there is not the least fear," interposed gentle Lady Dacre. "Your father is only teasing you." She turned her pale face to her husband. "Look at Mr. Stirling well, John," she said. "I am very anxious to know what you think of him."

"No doubt he will call upon you himself tomorrow," said Sir John. "I ought not to say anything to bias your judgment."

"If he is like Regy," cried Evelyn, "he is sure to be—"

"What, Evelyn? Do words fail you?" asked Sir John.

"Well! but isn't he a darling?" said the child

"Who is a darling, Evy? Mr. Stirling?"

"Oh, father! You know. It isn't a fancy of mine. I said the same at first,—don't you remember, mother?—ages and ages ago, when you and I went out to the Punta Tragara, and you would go down to see the waves dash up over the Roman wall, and you were tired and couldn't get back, and I was frightened and began to cry?"

"Yes, I remember," said Lady Daere.

"We had seen him before. He was standing looking at the sea all by himself, and he had on a lovely little holland coat, all embroidered with blue silk—don't you remember, mother?—and the dearest little blue silk cap, with a white feather. And you said he was like a picture, and I said I should like to speak to him. Only he looked so dignified, I was afraid. Isn't it funny to think of now? And then—then," cried Evelyn, who always became enthusiastic when she thought of this wonderful day, "when he saw you looking so ill, and me crying like a little goose, and when he ran up and asked in such lovely English if he could help us— Oh! I shall never, never forget it—just like a grown-up gentleman. I believe he would have offered to carry you up the next moment."

"I quite expected it myself," said Lady Daere, smiling.

"And then, all at once, how he rushed up the rocks—just like a goat! and, before we knew where we were, there was the dearest little grey pony stepping down. And what difficulty he had in persuading you that it was strong enough to carry you up! But he did at last; and then how happy and grand he looked! I do think Regy is the most beautiful and the best little boy in all the world!" cried Evelyn. "And, if his father is like him, I shall love him, I know, even if he is a little particular."

Upon this, Sir John went off laughing, and old Esther, Evelyn's nurse, came out upon the terrace to beg her mistress to come inside to tea.

* * * * *

The hours at Capri are early, and though Evelyn, who got up with the lark and went to bed not much later than the sun, had long gone to her room before Sir John Daere came home that evening, his wife was up and waiting for him.

"I could not go to bed," she said, anticipating his rebuke. "I am so anxious to hear about your evening."

"Why, Evelyn," said her husband, taking a seat beside her couch, "what is the matter with you? I never knew you so curious before."

"I don't think it is curiosity exactly, dear. Perhaps a little of it. I never profess to be above such little weaknesses, though you do your best to make me believe I am. Seriously, I love that child; I know you don't quite share my feeling."

"I am not so sure of that. I believe I am coming round to your opinion," said Sir John, whose face had taken an expression that his wife knew well. It generally heralded a fit of abstraction.

"He is a curious little monkey," he went on, "full of conceit, for which his circumstances are to blame. To see him play the Grand Seigneur to-night was most amusing. But he is affectionate and original. I rather think, too, that he has a taste for abstract thought. He seems to grasp ideas readily."

"Yes, and with pleasure. I have seen his face light up in the most wonderful way when anything was said that pleased him."

Lady Daere spoke with unusual feeling, and there was a pink flush on her delicate cheek.

"I have noticed that too. The boy is intelligent," said Sir John musingly.

"He is more than intelligent. If he were well trained—"

"Who is there to train him here? They treat him like a doll or a clever puppy. Dress him up, teach him tricks, and then applaud him. It is shocking—it goes to my heart—to see such magnificent material wasted. But so it is throughout," cried Sir John, pacing the room excitedly. "Whatever we touch, we spoil and ravage. Of the sweetest products of nature we make poisons. Our noblest faces we crowd into cities. Our children, who come to us fresh and lovely from the Father of Spirits, we force into our moulds. They are men and women of the world as soon as they can speak plainly. And if a rare and beautiful specimen—a being of some rich, exotic growth—by chance comes to us, why, we treat it worse than the others. And the worst of it is," he went on bitterly, "that you cannot get your warnings believed. You remember Delemaine's nephew. What a splendid little fellow he was; full of genius, chivalrous, true!"

"You told me about him," said Lady Daere.

"Ah! yes, by-the-by—I was in England alone. He had come over from Australia to be educated; and they educated him—educated all the passion and fire and enthusiasm out of him—showed him the world, poor little chap! Well! I could do nothing there."

"But here," said Lady Daere softly, "might you not—?"

Sir John came back to himself with a start.

"We were talking of poor little Regy Stirling," he said. "So you think I might train him, Evelyn?"

"I think you might help, dearest. I think you might advise. That is why I was so anxious to find out what Mr. Stirling is like. I wanted to know if he was a man to whom you could speak about such things—if he would accept your advice and assistance."

"I think he would."

"And you *will* take an interest in the boy, John?"

"Wait a moment, Evelyn. We must look at this all round. I might undertake his education. So far as he is concerned, I should have no fear, and for myself—" he broke off abruptly, then rose again and began to pace the room rapidly. His wife watched him with a wistful look on her face.

but she knew him too well to say a single word that might disturb him. Presently he stopped by her couch. "It is very curious, Evelyn," he said softly. "You know what I have been telling you lately, that my thinking powers, which I thought paralysed for ever, have begun to revive. I am beginning to lose not the memory of what I went through in my London work, for that could never be, but the hopeless, helpless agony of thought which it caused me. I am beginning, I believe, to see things more clearly. Faith, love, the large patience that is of eternity: those are the forces by which the man who loves the world must work. If I went down into it again——"

"You will not, dearest; you cannot."

"No" (sadly), "I cannot. My time has gone by. My arm and my heart were too weak for the work. But, if I could write my thought on a younger brain, if I could train another for the work I could not do myself——"

"You are thinking of Reginald," said Lady Dacre.

"Yes, I am thinking of Reginald."

"Oh!" she panted. "If you would try!"

"Wait, Evelyn. We are coming back to the point from which we started. Such training as I should like to give this boy would not be the work of a day. If I begin I must go on. This would bring our family and that of the Countess Guicciola still more closely together. Years will change the boy into a youth, and our own little daughter into a woman. The childish friendship, which is pretty, but, of course, evanescent, will grow into something stronger and deeper. This may not be, but it may. The question is, are we ready to face the probability?"

There was a pause of a few seconds, and then Lady Dacre said firmly, "I have faced it."

"So soon?" said Sir John with a smile.

"Laugh at me, for I deserve it, but, all the same, listen to me. Our child has had a peculiar training, John."

"We have tried to do our best for her."

"Oh, don't think I regret anything! I believe in your judgment. I would not make a single change in any of your arrangements. Still, when I look forward——" She drew her shawl more closely round her and shivered, as if the fierce *tramontana* that sweeps down from the north in the winter had touched her. "Think of what our Evelyn's life has been," she went on. "Not a trouble; not a care—scarcely so much as an ache or a pain all life long. She has never known what depending on oneself means; she lives on affection as the flowers live on sunshine and air. Neglect or want of sympathy would, I believe, kill her. When we die—and we cannot, in the nature of things, live many years longer—when she is left alone——"

"My dear," said Sir John soothingly, "we must leave all that. The future is not in our hands."

"No; but we may look forward—we may—we

must. It is our nature. Lying here, as I do, day after day, I think of these things, as others, perhaps, do not. It has come to me, John, that if we could leave our darling a heritage of affection, our difficulty would be gone. Reginald is exactly the reverse of her. He does depend upon himself. He has his own opinions, and he holds to them. Then you have yourself confessed that he has a rarely beautiful nature."

"I said, I thought I saw indications, Evelyn."

"Well! and you will see more, if you seek for them. Will you not, John?"

"I will think about it," he answered, and with this, for the moment, his wife was obliged to be satisfied.

CHAPTER III.—REGINALD'S FATHER.

So far from discountenancing his son's visits to the Villa Odyssea, Mr. Stirling did his utmost to encourage them. He told the Contessa that Sir John and Lady Dacre were the very friends he would have himself chosen for Reginald, and she answered, after her stately fashion, that she did not require to be informed that her English friends were persons of the highest distinction. She had so judged them from the first.

During Mr. Stirling's brief stay on the island, he spent much of his time at the Villa Odyssea, and, before he left, it was tacitly agreed that Sir John Dacre should, if he saw fit, direct Reginald's studies. It is not at all improbable that a plan, somewhat akin to that formed by Lady Dacre, had entered Mr. Stirling's mind, for he was particularly courteous to the Dacres, and paid a number of most amusing attentions to Evelyn, whom he thanked repeatedly for her kindness to his son. "I suppose it is London manners," the bewildered child said to her mother. "But I wish he wouldn't. I told him that Regy was kind to us."

The fact was that there was an indefinable something about the rich Englishman that pleased neither Evelyn nor her mother. Evelyn said he was not in the least like Regy, and, while smiling at her for expecting a man of Mr. Stirling's age closely to resemble a child like her own little playmate, Lady Dacre shared the feeling which had prompted Evelyn's remark. Mr. Stirling was not like Reginald. The generosity, the enthusiasm of the boy seemed to have no place in the nature of the man.

"It is London life," said Lady Dacre, with a sigh. "Who can resist its influences?"

She would have been surprised had she known how much gentler and more sympathetic Mr. Stirling was here than elsewhere. The land of sunshine had always a curious effect upon him, not because it was the land of sunshine, the land of poetry, romance, gay-heartedness, and beauty. All this had very little power over his mind. The place to live in, from his point of view, was the place where money could be made. Give him London, with its teeming

myriads, and he would make you a present of Italy, the picturesque-looking peasantry thrown in. It was because the one romance of his own life had been lived out here that he loved Italy.

Some years before, being then a middle-aged man and a rich man, he came to Naples on business, and, by a strange series of accidents, made the acquaintanceship of the Countess Guicciola. She lived in a villa overlooking the bay and on the outskirts of the town, with one daughter—her youngest child—a gentle, accomplished, and rarely beautiful girl, about twenty years of age.

To see Alicia Guicciola was to admire her. Mr. Stirling, who for these many years had been proof against feminine attractions, fell, after a few visits, completely under the spell of this lovely Italian maiden.

She did not encourage his attentions, nor, indeed, those of anyone else. She went about with slow steps and large melancholy eyes, like one in a sad dream.

The Englishman ventured to question her mother about her, and he heard her history. She had been sought out one brief summer season by a beautiful beardless Italian youth. He had said and done everything to make her believe that he would ask her to be his wife. When winter came he left her, and news had come lately that he was married to an American heiress. A common history, but none the less pathetic, whose pathos sank deeply into the heart of the rich Englishman.

He set himself to comfort the heart-stricken girl. At first she would have none of this, but, by degrees, his humbleness, kindness, and patience won upon her, and the moment came—he had been absent for a time, and she had missed his kindly attentions—when she consented to be his wife.

Brief, but exquisite, was the happiness that followed. Though she never professed to love her middle-aged husband as she would have loved one of her own choice, Alicia rewarded him for his goodness to her by a gentle sweetness of affection that satisfied him completely. Mr. Stirling did not take her to England, being fearful of the effect of the change of climate and manner of life upon her health. For one year, save for intervals of a few days at a time, when he went to London on business, he lived in Italy, surrounding his beautiful young wife with every luxury that money, guided by artistic taste, can procure. Then the dream ended. Reginald was born and his young mother died.

Since that day Mr. Stirling devoted himself to business. He would make money, and still more money. What else was there to live for? He would build up a fortune for Alicia's son. And this was the history of his life. Leisure! He did not want it. Compassion! Children's talk. Large benevolence! The dream of ecstatic madmen. "I am a business man," he would say, "and I look at things from a business point of view." Reginald was his one weakness, his one inconsistency. He

adored the boy. It was affection and pride, and tremulous fear for the safety of so precious a being, that prevented him from bringing him over to England. Reginald's experiences were to be different from his own. He was not to go through the mill. He was to grow up as fine a gentleman as any in England. He gloated over the boy's beauty and distinction, he delighted in the histories which every one about Reginald was ready to give of his unusual intelligence. The little, fine gentleman's manners and airs of command, even the vanity and petulance which the boy's peculiar circumstances had fostered, were agreeable to his father. He had made to himself an ideal of what the boy was to be, and all these things harmonised with it.

Sir John Dacre, as we know, had formed another and very different ideal; and Heaven willed that he, not Reginald's father, should have the direction of his mind.

For when, after his short holiday, Mr. Stirling left the island, business threw its claims over him more completely than ever. He was successful to his heart's desire. Everything he touched, not his own business alone, which he could easily have left in those days, but his investments, home and foreign, his speculations, and the enterprises of other men which he chose to further, brought grist to the mill in which he was grinding, as he would have said, a future for his son. But, alas! so manifold were the interests involved in his schemes that he could not let them work themselves out; he was bound to be at the wheel. Next week—next month—next year—he would begin to free himself; he would pay a visit to Italy; he would think of something outside his business. But to-day one great scheme requires his presence, and to-morrow another. He stayed on, and by degrees his desire for freedom became less and less. The poor prisoner hugged his chain. He could not go out into the free air and sunshine of the larger life.

And thus it came about that the son, for whose benefit, as he conceived it, he was giving himself, became far more to others than he was to him. Reginald, spiritually and intellectually, was the child of Sir John Dacre, and, although he did not fail to feel and express a strong gratitude towards his father, his deepest affections were given to his dear Lady Dacre, and to Evelyn, his playmate and friend. It was well for the boy that Sir John was what he was—a man deeply religious and full of humanitarian enthusiasm, for, from the first, he became his ardent disciple. The grave elderly man, who had tasted the sweet and bitter waters of life, became the hero of the inexperienced boy. His friendship lifted him to a higher moral level. The conceit, and petulance, and selfishness, which had formerly marked him became low and hateful to his mind. To Sir John Dacre's friend such feelings were impossible. And so, by a gradual and natural transition, he came under the dominion of a law higher than that of the highest human friendship.

He learned to love the good for its own sake. Through it all he never lost his early strength of will and independence of character.

Sir John delighted in him. "He is more like a man than a boy," he said of him sometimes to his wife. "He drinks in new ideas as the earth drinks in rain. There is a great future before him."

"So that it is only a good future, and happy," gentle Lady Dacre would answer with a sigh.

As for Evelyn, she grew prettier, gentler, and more accomplished every day; but not a whit more able to form decisions of her own. There was no reason, in fact, why she should. She wanted nothing, and her father, her mother, also Esther and Reginald, were at once her will and her world.

CHAPTER IV.—FAREWELL TO THE ISLAND.

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

THESE delightful days of childhood and early youth, how swiftly they pass away! We scarcely know that they are with us before they are gone. Our hands are full of flowers, and our eyes of sunshine; like a blessing from the Eternal the deep blue sky bends over us; the waters of the ocean of life stretch out before us; joyfully, carelessly, without thought of danger, we spread out our arms to embrace them, and, in a moment, there is a change. The deep blue sky grows awful in its immensity; the sunshine—ah! it is there, shining for ever and ever above us, but our eyes are dim with tears, and we cannot behold it; while the ocean of life, which had so winningly spread out before us, shows dark and awful beneath our trembling limbs. In that day of change, God help the young soul, granting it, through faith in the Divine, and pure, selfless love for the human, to win its way to another Paradise, as much above the paradise of childhood as the Father's many mansions for His redeemed are above the sinless Eden of our old world's infancy.

For many days Evelyn and Reginald wandered happily in their sunny Paradise. There was a moment of uneasiness, when it was proposed that Reginald should be sent to an English public school; but here Mr. Stirling came to the rescue. He was afraid of the climate for his son. Would it not be possible, he asked, for him to be prepared for an English university in Italy? By the time the question arose, Sir John Dacre was so deeply interested in the boy that he could not bear the idea of his training passing into other hands. He was a good classical scholar and a fair mathematician, and he gladly undertook to promise that when the time should arrive for Reginald to go to Oxford, he would be more than able to pass the preliminary examination.

No life, in the meantime, could have been happier or more tranquil than that led by the two families. The Countess Guicciola, who had at first been in-

clined to rebel against her grandson being brought up as a Protestant and a scholar, gave in gracefully to necessity. "These English," she would say to her Italian friends, "have wills of iron. To oppose them is like beating against the rocks. I am too old for conflict."

So she kept up her friendship with Lady Dacre, and continued to make Evelyn welcome both at the Villa Ferdinando and at her far more beautiful home near Naples.

Lady Dacre, though never perfectly well, grew stronger in health, as those quiet years passed by, and the doctors gave Sir John reason to hope that, with the continuation of her present circumstances, she might go on, as she was, for many a long year. Reginald was as dear to her now as Evelyn, and she never, for one moment, lost sight of her scheme.

Sometimes Sir John smiled at her for her impatience to see the children grown up. "Time enough!" he would say. "Let them see a little of the world before they get any love-nonsense into their heads."

But the Countess Guicciola would have had the children betrothed then and there. "Foolish to bind them!" she said one day to Sir John, when they were discussing the subject. "My dear sir, you do not know what you are speaking of. Bind him—yes, bind them both! If they go into the world, they will soon put fetters about their own limbs."

"But they *must* choose for themselves," urged Lady Dacre.

"I do not agree with you, signora mia. But I know these are your English prejudices—pardon the word! Your young people must fall in love, and then they must marry. Never mind how inconvenient it may be to themselves and all their friends. They must marry, marry, marry, and what is the result? My dear friend, you must have seen it yourself."

"I have seen plenty of misery from ill-considered marriages, Countess; but that is not the fault of love, it is lack of love. People often mistake fancy for love," said Sir John.

"Yes, yes, that is just it," cried the Countess. "And it is to protect these young people from what you call fancy, and I call by your English name 'falling in love,' that I would betroth them to one another. But," with a graceful little bend of the head, "the children are yours; you must do as you will with them. I will not interfere."

"They are scarcely children now," said Lady Dacre.

"Children to us," answered the Countess—"to me, that is to say. But I am older than you, my friends."

They were still at Capri when this conversation took place, but they were beginning to think of their winter flitting. It was to be to Rome, not to Naples, this year. Before going up to the university, which he was to do in a very few months, Reginald wished

to see Rome, and his father, who always fell in readily with his wishes, had sent a trustworthy agent to secure an apartment for the Countess in the best quarter of the city. Sir John had also taken rooms in Rome, and, late in the autumn, the two little families started together, to take possession of their new quarters.

Evelyn was sixteen years old now: Reginald was nineteen. They had fulfilled the promise of their childhood, being as handsome a boy and girl as it would be possible to see. The fruit of their noble and wise training was visible even in their lightest actions. Evelyn was perfectly graceful; she had none of the *mauvaise honte* that marks the half-emancipated school-girl. Her thoughts had never been directed upon herself, and her personality—which is so grievous a burden to many girls—did not trouble her at all. It was a pleasure to see her move about a room, a pleasure to listen to her sweet voice, whether she was speaking or singing, a pleasure to be served by her. And nothing pleased her better than service. The childish delight to be useful had lived on with her girlhood, and thrown a curious, indescribable radiance over her pretty ways.

Reginald was as striking in his way as she was in hers, and the sympathy between them was almost perfect—not quite, for the boy, being older than the girl in years, and mentally her superior, had thoughts and ideas which he could not have ventured to confide in her. He loved the playmate and friend of his childhood. That was most natural. The Countess Guicciola, who was not nearly so prudent as her English friends, had accustomed him to the notion that Evelyn was being brought up for him, and Reginald, at this time, could imagine no future for himself which should not be Evelyn's also.

But love, in the sense of passion, had not touched his heart.

There was a little sadness at the hearts of both of them, when, standing together on the deck of the steamer which plies between Naples and Capri, they saw the last of the limestone precipices, each nook of which was familiar to them. There was Monte Solare shining in the sunlight, and Tiberio, and San Michelo, and Telegraph Hill, and each one of them had its own pleasant memories.

In the latter years of their stay at Capri, when Lady Dacre's health became better, they had made friends amongst the English residents on the island, and taken part in many a small festivity. The society was principally of artists, who are amusing, simple folk. Some of them never left the island at all. There they stayed on year after year, working and sending out their work into the world and living frugally on its produce, and beguiling their hours of leisure with all sorts of curious, poetical devices—fishing picnics, at which not a single fish was caught, and boating picnics, and cooking picnics, and sunset excursions, and moonlight excursions. So the afternoons and evenings of the foreign residents on the island slipped by in simple, almost

childish, pleasure. And to the young such a life is perfect.

"We have been very happy on our dear island," said Evelyn, with a sigh.



"They are scarcely children now."—p. 396.

"Yes, and we will be happy there again," answered Reginald.

"I hope so, Regy. But, but——"

"Why, Evelyn, what makes you so melancholy?"

"I am not melancholy. I am in very good spirits, at least, I was a few minutes ago. You know I never like good-byes."

"Oh! to places!" said Reginald. "But that is nothing. When it comes to saying good-bye to people——"

"It must come. You go to England from Rome."

"Not yet, Evy."

"In two or three months, Regy."

"Five months, at least. And I shall be with you again in the autumn. Sir John says, I could not do better than read at Capri. Perhaps I will bring a tutor and a party of students with me," said Reginald, laughing. "How would you like that, Evy?"

"Not at all. I should like to have you to ourselves."

"Well! we shall see!" said Reginald.

But he, too, as he saw the last of Capri felt as if a chapter of his life had closed.


(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 25. ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DEATH. TWO MIRACLES.

To read—St. Matthew xiv.

I.  EATH OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST. (1—12.) (1) *The murderer.* Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great; ruler of a quarter, or tetrarchy, of his father's kingdom (see St. Luke iii. 1), viz. the province of Galilee. Is now at Machærus, a castle on east coast of Dead Sea. Hears of Christ. Thinks He is St. John risen from the dead. Result of guilty conscience. What had he done to St. John before?

*(a) Listened to him, even when told of his sin.**(b) Protected him for a time from Herodias. (St. Mark vi. 20, observed—protected.)**(c) Did many things, but not the one thing needful.*

Now he makes a foolish oath like Jephthah. (Judges xi. 30.) Is taken at his word by Herodias, and murders the prophet. Notice Herod's cowardice.

Afraid of Herodias—therefore imprisons St. John.

Afraid of people—therefore not at once kill him.

Afraid of nobles—therefore will not break his oath.

Afraid of St. John's coming to life—therefore afraid of Christ.

But not afraid of doing wrong.

Conscience makes cowards of us all.

(2) The victim. St. John spoke bold words to Herod—suffered for conscience' sake—received crown of martyrdom—epitaph written by Christ (xi. 11).

LESSONS. 1. To keep a good conscience.

2. To speak the truth fearlessly.

3. To suffer patiently.

II. FEEDING OF FIVE THOUSAND. (13—21.)

Christ departed to desert place near Bethsaida; for quiet for Himself after death of a friend, and for quiet for disciples after their first successful mission. (St. Luke ix. 10.) Followed by crowds whom He heals and teaches. (St. Luke ix. 11.) Night comes on. People want food. Christ feeds them. Notice :—

*(a) Disciples' small offering blessed and multiplied.**(b) Sitting in rows—teaching order.**(c) Disciples distribute—all to do something.**(d) Thanks given for food—gratitude.**(e) All satisfied—God's bounty.**(f) Fragments collected—duty of thrift.**(g) Emblem of bread of life, needful for souls.*

III. WALKING ON SEA. (22—33.) Disciples bidden to seek homes. Christ seeks place for prayer. Finds it on mountain. Watches disciples toiling in rowing. Walks on sea. Peter walks also, but through doubt is nearly lost. LESSONS :—

*(a) Christ's presence removes fear. (b) Gives joy.**(c) Inspires confidence. (d) Saves the falling.*

NO. 26. HYPOCRITES REPROVED.

To read—St. Matthew xiv. 34—36; xv. 1—28.

I. GENNESARETH. (xiv. 34—36.) Two miracles in last lesson. Feeding five thousand made people want to make Christ a king—walking on sea made them worship Him as God. News of both miracles reach people of Gennesareth. God is among them of a truth—all must come and feel His power. Sun of righteousness arisen with healing in His wings (Mal. iv. 2), i.e. fringes of His garment. All who touch in faith are healed.

II. PHARISEES REBUKED. (1—9.) Complaint against disciples for neglect of ceremonial washings. Such washings *(a)* frequent in East—needed in hot climate; *(b)* had symbolical meaning to teach purity; *(c)* were commanded in Law of Moses. Christ rebukes for making too much of outward ceremonies and neglecting weightier matters. Instance—Fifth Commandment. Pharisees taught that vowing gifts to God set free from necessity of caring for parents—thus making God's Word of none effect.

How are parents to be honoured?

(a) By respect and submission—as Christ at Nazareth. (St. Luke ii. 51.)*(b)* By caring for them, as David. (1 Sam. xxii. 5.)*(c)* By succouring them, as Ruth did Naomi.

Sin of Pharisees, therefore, was :—

1. Despising parents, dishonouring God.

2. Drawing near with lips, i.e. saying words without meaning them.

3. Teaching men's doctrines, despising God's Word. Are there none like them now?

III. DISCIPLES TAUGHT. (10—20.) Five great truths.

1. Outward things do not defile.

2. Evil plants, i.e. wrong doctrines, will one day be rooted up.

3. Wrong teachers are not to be heeded.

4. Blind leaders and their followers will perish.

5. Evil from within alone defiles man's soul.

Therefore flee evil—follow that which is right.

IV. WOMAN OF CANAAN. (21—28.) Heard last of great crowds of Jews being healed. Now a solitary Gentile—a Syro-Phœnician—heathen.

Notice the woman's—

*(a) Need—daughter grievously vexed.**(b) Perseverance—twice rebuffed, yet not daunted.**(c) Humility—claims only dog's portion.**(d) Faith—believes Christ can do what she asks.*Christ *(a)* Tests her sincerity, by apparent refusal.*(b)* Rewards her faith, by healing her daughter.Well may we say, "Lord, increase *our* faith."

NO. 27. FEEDING THE FOUR THOUSAND, ETC.

To read—St. Matthew xx. 27—xxi. 12.

I. MIRACLES OF HEALING. (29—31.) The faith of Gentile woman just been rewarded—now miracles

wrought for large numbers of Gentiles. Place was near east side of Sea of Galilee—having passed through Decapolis. (St. Mark vii. 31.) Christ, as often, on a mountain side. His fame has spread—large crowds come—stay three days—all their sick brought to Christ—at once healed. Notice:

- (a) Their *faith* in Christ's power.
- (b) Their *help* to each other in bringing helpless.
- (c) Their *gratitude*, in praising God.

Isaiah's prophecy fulfilled (Isa. xxxv. 5, 6), and Gentiles taught to believe in Israel's God. Thus Christ lightened Gentiles. (St. Luke ii. 32.)

II. MIRACLE OF FEEDING. (32—39.) Five thousand Jews lately fed, now four thousand Gentiles.

Differences between miracle of 5,000 and 4,000:—

MIRACLE OF FIVE THOUSAND.	MIRACLE OF FOUR THOUSAND.
(a) People been with Christ one day.	Three days.
(b) Those fed were Jews.	Were Gentiles.
(c) They sat on the grass.	Sat on the ground.
(d) Disciples asked Christ.	Christ asked disciples.
(e) Five loaves, two fishes.	Seven loaves, a few fishes.
(f) Twelve baskets left.	Seven baskets left.
(g) Baskets were small.	Baskets were large.

Blessing the food; sitting in order; giving to disciples to distribute; Christ sending away multitudes—same in both. Lessons also the same.

III. LEAVEN OF PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES. (xvi. 1—12.) Pharisees before this tempted Christ, seeking signs (xii. 38), now join Sadducees to tempt Him. Bitter enemies of each other join against Christ. What signs had they had?

(a) Prophecies of place of His birth, Virgin Mother, adoration of Gentiles, etc.

(b) Miracles of healing, feeding, etc.

But wanted special sign at special time at their bidding. Christ would give no more except point out Jonah as type of His Resurrection. Sadducees disbelieved resurrection, so Christ repeats previous saying (xii. 39, 40) for their benefit—refuses further answer.

Christ uses Pharisees and Sadducees as warning.

Leaven (or yeast) makes dough to rise.

Its *spreading* used as type of spread of Christ's Church (xiii. 33). Here, its *decay* used as warning. Leaven of Pharisees—pride, hypocrisy, formalism. Leaven of Sadducees—profanity, forgetting God.

Also the *doctrine* of these false teachers (ver. 12).

Disciples thought Christ was speaking of ordinary bread, forbidding them to eat with the Pharisees. What does their question show?

- (a) *Want of faith* in Him to supply their want.
- (b) *Forgetfulness* of His recent miracles.
- (c) *Spiritual blindness* in not understanding.

LESSON. We walk by faith, not by sight.

NO. 28. TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

To read—St. Matthew xvi. 13—xvii. 13.

I. CHRIST ACKNOWLEDGED. (xvi. 13—20.) The place. Caesarea Philippi at extreme north of Pales-

tine. Christ retired there for prayer (St. Luke ix. 18), as before His baptism, so now before His Transfiguration. *The question.* What is the current opinion about Me? Phrase, "Son of man," only used of Christ by Himself. *The answer.* Some, as Herod, think Him John the Baptist risen from the dead. Some think Him Elijah foretold by Malachi (Mal. iv. 5); others, the prophet foretold by Moses (Deut. xviii. 15). What does St. Peter say?

Christ, *i.e.* anointed Messiah—sent from God.

Son, *i.e.* the only begotten Son of the Father.

St. Peter's reward for this confession—

(a) *New blessedness* as taught by God Himself.

(b) *New name*—Peter or "stone"—part of a rock—as defender of the faith.

(c) *New honour*—as preaching and helping on the Church of Christ. Christ Himself is the rock (Eph. ii. 20), the corner-stone (1 St. Pet. ii. 6), the foundation (Isa. xxviii. 16); as such should prevail against His enemies, should build His Church.

II. CHRIST DENIED. (21—28.) Christ, just spoken of His Kingdom, now foretells His sufferings, etc.—pain, death, resurrection. Peter, foremost to confess Him, now foremost to rebuke Him. How is he answered? Same words said to him as to Satan in the wilderness. Why? Because tempting Christ to give up the pain He must suffer. Peter, just now a rock of strength, has become an "offence," *i.e.* rock of stumbling, because was thinking as man thinks, not the things of God.

As Christ, so shall His followers be. They must:—

(a) *Deny* themselves, as did Jesus. (Acts iv. 37.)

(b) *Lose* life if need be, as St. Stephen.

(c) *Receive* future reward. (Heb. xii. 2.)

The soul worth more than all in this life. Why? Because it is undying, capable of infinite happiness in Christ's Kingdom.

III. CHRIST TRANSFIGURED. (xvii. 1—13.) Three chosen disciples catch glimpse of glories of Christ's Kingdom. The *time*, evening. The *place*, thought to be Mount Tabor, north of Palestine. The *vision*, bright cloud coming down, Christ's face lighted up like the sun, His raiment shining, His companions Moses and Elias. The *conversation*, not about His Kingdom and glory, but about His death. (See St. Luke ix. 31.) Three persons spoke.

(a) St. Peter wanted to make tents and stay in glory of the vision.

(b) Moses and Elias spoke of the glory of His death.

(c) God the Father glorified Christ, and bade all listen to Him.

Disciples fall asleep—Christ remains communing with the Father—Moses and Elias return to heaven—Christ wakes disciples, cheers them with His voice, and all descend mountain.

LESSONS. 1. The blessing of communion with God.

2. The duty of listening to His voice.

3. The glory of self-denial, suffering for Christ.

4. The eternal glory of heaven.

SPECIAL LESSON ON OUR LORD'S ASCENSION.

To read—Acts i. 14.

I. INTRODUCTION. (1—4.) The Ascension—the last event connected with Christ's life on earth—happened forty days after Resurrection. Four accounts of Christ's life in the Gospels. Yet of the Ascension—St. Matthew and St. John do not mention it.

St. Mark mentions it in six words. (St. Mark xvi. 19.)

St. Luke (not an apostle) narrates it twice, in his Gospel and the Acts. Tells Theophilus how Christ showed Himself alive after His death by many proofs. What were these?

(a) He *was seen* by at least five hundred disciples.

(1 Cor. xv. 6.)

(b) He *ate and drank* with His disciples. (St. Luke xxiv. 42.)

(c) He *worked* a miracle. (St. John xxi. 6.)

(d) He *spoke* of things of the Kingdom. (Acts i. 3.)

Now arrives the day of the Ascension.

II. THE FACTS. (4—14.) Christ with His eleven disciples in Jerusalem—talks to them—tells them how soon Holy Ghost is coming—bids them wait in Jerusalem—tells them what will happen to them.

(a) They shall receive Holy Ghost.

(b) They shall receive power.

(c) They shall bear witness of Him.

So Christ goes with them from Jerusalem—over Brook Cedron—past Garden of Gethsemane—up mountain side of Olives—to village of Bethany. Here parting takes place. His last act to bless disciples—their last act to worship Him. (St. Luke xxiv. 51, 52.) Christ slowly ascends—cloud gradually hides Him—received by angels with shouts of praise. (Sec Ps. lxxviii. 16.) What became of the disciples? Two angels spoke to them—comforted them with thought of His return. So how did they feel? Full of joy. (St. Luke xxiv. 52.) What did they do?

(a) Returned to Jerusalem as Christ bade them.

(b) Prayed for Holy Ghost—promised by Christ.

III. LESSONS. (1) *Christ's work in heaven.* Why did Christ ascend?

(a) *To plead* for us by offering His own sacrifice for ever (Heb. x. 12), that we may be saved to the uttermost.

(b) *To prepare* heaven for us, by being ready to receive us. (St. John xiv. 3, 4.)

(2) *Our work on earth.* (a) *To copy* Christ. His work on earth prepared for life in heaven. So should ours.

(b) *To seek* things above (Col. iii. 1); have heart often raised to heaven.



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.



N scanning the pages of such a book as "The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales,"* and examining carefully its hundred and fifty beautiful illustrations, one is struck with wonder and admiration at the marvellous specimens there portrayed of

the glorious temples reared by our ancient forefathers to the glory of Almighty God. Truly, in another sense than that employed in Holy Writ, "there were giants in the earth in those days," men who were indeed "mighty builders before the Lord!"

Few of our great churches are of a date anterior to the Norman Conquest, though here and there a few fragments of the earlier Saxon buildings may be found, either incorporated into the present edifice,

* "The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales." Cassell & Co.

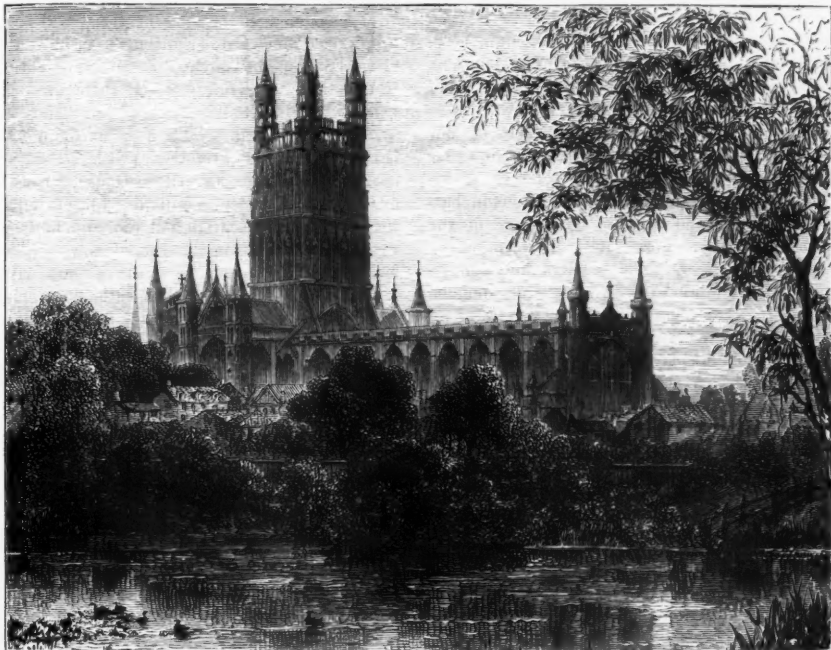
or forming the substructure upon which the later building rests. The crypts of Canterbury and Ripon may be cited as examples of the latter. With the advent of the Norman bishops came a desire to replace the ruler ecclesiastical buildings of the conquered race by others of a more magnificent and stately character, the design being in most cases a more or less close imitation of the churches with which the promoters had been associated in their native land. This sufficiently accounts for the close resemblance found existing between the churches erected in England during the earlier Norman period and those of north-western France. In course of time, however, and by almost imperceptible degrees, English church architecture assumed its own characteristics, the distinction becoming more and more marked as years went on.

Of the different styles of architecture which have prevailed at various periods of our island history since the Norman Conquest, we need say little here. It will be sufficient to remark generally that most of our cathedrals bear on their features the marks of the architectural fashion in vogue at the time when their several parts were erected. Winchester Cathedral stands out more in this respect than any other, and has even been described as a "School of English Architecture," representing, as it does,

all the successive phases and changes of the art of building introduced at various times. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and that of Salisbury, stand alone in exhibiting one uniform style, both having been begun and finished during the course of a single epoch.

To say that the cathedrals of England are indissolubly associated with the entire history of the country, is to remark what must be clearly

Anglia. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that when the original and unwieldy See of Mercia was divided, King Offa "obtained from the Pope for the Bishop of Lichfield the title Archbishop, the pall, and jurisdiction over four bishops of Mercia and two of East Anglia; but this glorification of Lichfield was of short duration"—a new Pope shortly afterwards annulling the act of his predecessor. The fierce Danish marauders paid but scant respect to the



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

(From "The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales." By permission.)

apparent to the most careless observer. Thus, to take an example here and there, both the Cathedrals of St. Paul and York remind us of the temples of Diana which, in the days of pagan Rome, stood on their sites. The building presented to Augustine at Canterbury had been originally built for Christian worship in the latter days of the Roman occupation, and we proudly remember that St. Alban's Cathedral owes its existence to the unflinching constancy of the martyr whose name it bears. Long before the consolidation of the petty kingdoms having a separate existence during the earlier Saxon period, we find mention of the chief centres of Saxon Christianity still forming the seats of modern bishops. Thus Canterbury and York spiritually represented the kingdoms of Kent and Northumbria respectively; Winchester, Wessex; Lichfield, Mercia; Ely and Norwich. East

sacred buildings they found in the land, and a large proportion of our cathedrals bear witness to their cruel and ruthless propensities. Pre-eminent, perhaps, among these are the Cathedrals of Canterbury, York, Peterborough, and Rochester. Death, ruin, and desolation marked the footsteps of the Danish barbarians, who do not always appear, however, to have escaped with impunity. An old door in the crypt of Worcester Cathedral is said to be still covered with the skin of a Dane who, lagging behind when his companions retired to their boats, was seized upon and flayed by the exasperated Saxons.

Fire seems always to have played a far from unimportant part in the history of our great churches. St. Paul's has, by this means, been three times utterly destroyed, besides the numerous occasions on which it has only narrowly and partially escaped

a similar catastrophe. And the records of many other cathedrals show that they have suffered in like manner, only to rise again from their ashes with greatly enhanced beauty and magnificence. Lightning and tempest have been the cause of others' troubles: "On the 17th of January, 1362, a terrific hurricane swept over England, and among other injuries that it wrought was a total destruction of the lofty belfry surmounting the central tower at Norwich. This belfry crashed down upon the roof of the presbytery and reduced the upper portion to a mass of ruins." The central tower has twice been struck by lightning, once in 1271 and again in 1463, as was also the Cathedral of Ripon in 1425 and 1593. The period immediately succeeding the dissolution of religious houses in the time of Henry VIII. was highly disastrous to the fabric of many of our English cathedrals. Almost more destructive, so far as concerned the exceeding beauty of their architectural details, were the multitudinous acts of barbarous vandalism committed in the middle of the seventeenth century. Fortunately, however, "the fifteen years of desecration was not a long enough time to allow the fabric to suffer any serious damage from neglect." Far more detrimental was the long period of gross carelessness which succeeded. The utter want of taste displayed in architectural matters during the latter part of the last century has also much to answer for. "Inconceivable as it may seem, our great-grandfathers appear to have thought that they were actually improving a cathedral when they blocked the vistas of its aisles by screens of plaster and of glass, when they hid the fretwork of a vaulted roof by a flat plaster ceiling, and replaced its carved stall-work by big boxes lined with green baize!"

Of the great personages connected with our cathedrals in ages long past, and whose glittering shrines became, in many instances, the goal of thousands upon thousands of devout but superstitious pilgrims through succeeding centuries, we can here say little beyond the bare mention of their names:—Thomas of Canterbury, and William of York; "Beda Venerabilis," and Cuthbert of Durham; Richard of Chichester, Thomas of Hereford, Chad of Lichfield, Frideswide of Oxford, with the little "Bonnie St. Hugh" of Lincoln, are only a few from the crowds of English worthies whose names have been handed down to us from the distant past. Nor can we stay to dilate on the privileges of "sanctuary" possessed by such favoured churches as Ripon and Durham, or the uses and abuses of the system as applicable to those turbulent times. The beautiful windows, with their delicate tracery and the exquisite colouring of their glass, admitting the "dim religious light," and shedding an air of solemn mystery around; the private chapels, the whispering galleries, the ghastly *carriaria*, must alike be dismissed with a passing notice. Even the wonderful bells, with their many inscriptions bringing to us through the silence

of the ages the various messages of their respective founders, can only for a moment be touched upon. All in this respect must suffer a common indignity at our hands, whether it be "Great Tom of Lincoln," "Great Peter of Exeter," or his namesake of York, Great Paul of St. Paul's, or the thousands of others of lesser note. Nor will space permit us to make more than a brief allusion to the special characteristics of a few of our present cathedrals. Christ Church, Oxford, is said to be the smallest of our English cathedrals; whilst Wells, though also small, is generally considered to be one of the most beautiful. Pugin once remarked of Salisbury: "I have travelled all over Europe in search of architecture, but I have seen nothing like *this*!" And there are certainly "points in which Salisbury Cathedral stands without a rival in the world." Our most northern cathedral is that at Newcastle, though Carlisle stands yet the nearest to Scotland. St. Albans is largely constructed of the ruins of ancient Verulam. Lincoln rejoices in the beauty of its situation, Peterborough in its famous west front, Carlisle in its east window, surpassingly beautiful. York possesses the largest nave and central tower of any English cathedral, whilst the celebrated inscription, "*Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum*," aptly describes its glorious chapter-house. The mention of the clustering spires of Lichfield Cathedral, "The Ladies of the Valley," and the exquisite stone covering stretching over an expanse that occupies more than half an acre of ground, and which constitutes the pride of Norwich, must bring this portion of our notice to an end.

Volumes might be written concerning the many wonderful and interesting sepulchral and other monuments which have escaped the ravages of time or man's destructiveness. But we must not dwell upon these. For we feel that this paper, brief and imperfect as it is, would be still more incomplete without some slight reference to the great revival of spiritual energy observable in our cathedral churches at the present day, and we cannot make this better than in the words of the Introduction with which our volume is prefaced: "Half a century since our cathedrals were too often falling into decay—gloomy deserted piles, in which a few clergy droned through the prescribed duties, and the people of the city felt little interest. All this is changed. . . . The cathedrals are decently, in many cases sumptuously, restored; services are numerous and attractive. The cathedral has become, as it should be, a centre of religious life and instruction. . . . Not seldom also the cathedral has become a centre of intellectual activity for the town, and the mainspring of every good work. . . . The English cathedrals are becoming in the land a great power for good." During the course of the volume we light upon many other passages of similar import, written by different authors, and all alike bearing hearty testimony to the same encouraging fact.

BIBLE TRADES, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

II.—BOOK-MAKING.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "ECCE VERITAS," ETC.



THE earliest allusion to a book in Scripture is found in Genesis v., where we read, "This is the book of the generations"—a passage which satisfactorily shows that the particulars of the generations were not entrusted simply to the memory of man and transmitted by tradition only, but were committed to writing. If the particulars of the generations were thus written, it is only reasonable to think that the history of the creation and all the important events recorded by Moses were gathered from some ancient documents possessed by the Israelites.

The most ancient written document in the world is generally allowed to be the Book of Job. The patriarch is believed to have lived some two hundred years before the Israelites left Egypt. Our version of the Scriptures gives the time of Job to be at 1520 B.C. On that calculation there must have been about thirty years between Job's time and the Exodus. But there are internal evidences in the Book of Job that writing utensils and books were well known to the patriarch and the people of his time. In one place he says, "Oh, that my words were written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen!" So in another place he says, "Mine adversary had written a book."

Long before the Law was written by God upon the tablets of stone, Moses had been commanded by the Almighty to commit to writing the experience of the Israelites during their pilgrimage from Egypt to Canaan. In Exodus xvii. we read—"The Lord said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book." The Commandments were written 1491 B.C., but it is a noteworthy fact that immediately after that event, when Moses was interceding on behalf of the unfaithful Israelites, he said, "Forgive their sin, or if not, blot me out of Thy book which Thou hast written." And the Lord said unto Moses, "Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book." If Moses had deciphered writing for the first time when God gave him the Decalogue, he would certainly have had no idea of a *book*. His utterances clearly suggest full acquaintance with the art of writing and of book-making.

Then, coming onward in the history of the world, we learn that when the Israelites reached Canaan they had to conquer and possess cities some of which were "walled and very great." Amongst these was one named Kirjath-Sepher, which means "City of Books." It had also another name, Kirjath-Sannah, or the "City of Letters." So, here was a city already famed for its books and learning, long before the Israelites reached Canaan. Probably these Canaan-

ites obtained their knowledge of letters from the Egyptians. Stephen said that Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

What has become of all the books written in antiquity we cannot say. But there are certain books which have been wondrously preserved—watched over by God, and kept from corruption and destruction. In the one volume known as the Bible we have a collection of books written by holy men of old, and these books have been the substrata of all other books. The holiest, the highest, the best authorities have referred to and drawn from these books. The Lord Jesus Christ wove the words of the sacred oracles, as the warp, into the woof of His daily instructions. He made reference to Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Samuel, Kings, the Psalms, Daniel, Hosea, Jonah, Zechariah, and Malachi. The Apostles testified to the pricelessness of the Scriptures, and very numerous are their quotations from the "oracles of God." The Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Fathers wrote books founding their teaching upon the contents of the sacred books.

Emerson has well said: "The Bible itself is like an old Cremona: it has been played upon by the devotion of thousands of years until every word and particle is public and tunable." In book-making, our noblest and best authors have come for materials of thought, choice illustrations, and expressive phrases to these grand old books. Without alluding to the noble army of divines whose learned treatises have all been based upon and in explanation of Holy Writ, and without dwelling upon the fact that there are some sixty thousand existing commentaries upon the whole or parts of the Scriptures, we turn to a few well-known writers. Spenser studied the prophetic writings before he penned his "Faerie Queen." Bacon has more than seventy allusions to the Bible in twenty-four of his essays. Shakespeare was intimately acquainted with the Book of books. Many of his phrases are akin to the inspired assertions, whilst some of his characters were evidently suggested to him by reading the historic books of Revelation. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained" are impregnated with Divine truth. George Herbert's "Temple" is filled with the light of God's Word. Addison was familiar with Christian teaching. Thomson's "Seasons" suggests his appreciation of the Book of Psalms. Pope caught the spirit of the Hebrew poets. Young's "Night Thoughts" revolve round the one luminous volume. Cowper's "Task" and "Sofa," and his minor poems, are tinged throughout with sacred truth. Walter Scott drew from the inspired pages the finest characters in his compositions. Southey showed his insight into the vision of Ezekiel. Macaulay often quotes

inspired words. And our Poet Laureate's works bear traces of intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures. These, with a galaxy of other authors, prove that but for the Book of books the volumes which now occupy conspicuous places in our libraries might never have been written, and that in the book-making of ancient and modern times an all-important factor has been that collection of books known as the Bible.

We are all book-makers. Every day we are writing history. We may never pen a line that shall appear in print, but we are ever inscribing upon the plastic hearts of our fellow-men—ever engraving good or bad passages upon the pages of the world's history. Not one action—not one word is lost. To what extent, then, do the principles and precepts of the Book of God enter into our daily life—our book-making?

Let us not forget that God is making a book. Christ referred to that book when He said—"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven." The Apostle Paul referred to that book when, speaking of Clement and others of his fellow-labourers, he added, "whose names are in the book of life." In the Revelation of St. John there are frequent allusions to the book. In the Church at Sardis it is said—"He that hath overcome, I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." St. John says, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of

life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Figuratively speaking, God is making many books, all of which He will use at the last solemn Assize. Beside that "Book of Life," in which are unerringly recorded the names of true believers in the world's Saviour, there are the books of our feelings and actions, the book of religious privileges, the book of Divine providences, and the book of our tears, to which the Psalmist alludes when he writes, "Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle; are they not in Thy book?" No man can with propriety imagine that massive tomes of venerable antiquity will be produced when the judgment seat is set and occupied by the Eternal Judge. But behind the figure is the solemn reality—that the mind of the Infinite One will remember, and recall, and weigh everything concerning us as though written by Him in a tangible book. There will be a striking and signal correspondence between the book we are each making and the book God is making concerning us. If what we are writing daily is permeated by holy principle, if we are cherishing heavenly emotions, if we are employing our talents according to the wish of the Divine Proprietor, if day by day we make the Bible a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path, then at last we shall find our names "written in the Lamb's Book of Life." All record against us shall, for Christ's sake, be blotted from the day-book, and nothing carried against us in the ledger of life.

SILLY BILLY.

A ROUGH SKETCH.



SEE! there he goes, poor fool! a regular string of small boys, like mosquitoes, pestering him this broiling August afternoon. It is half-past four o'clock, and from the village school his tormentors have hurried straight to the old pump, with the intention of getting some sport out of him before returning to their cottage homes to tea. For right well they know he is sitting on the edge of the stone trough where the cattle halt on their way from the fields to drink. He sees them coming, these heartless boys, rises, and gripping his stick with a firmer clutch, walks off in an opposite direction. Too late, Billy! the herd are upon you, and you cannot now retreat. But you can bring that weapon of yours down, notwithstanding your imbecility, with an unerring thwack upon the head of any one of them who is not fully on the alert! and they know it too. That

is the fun of it, they all agree. Small wonder is it that you lose your temper. Who could avoid it? And yet, if you could take it all in play, or appear indifferent, they would plague you less. After all, "Boys *will* be boys," Billy! Don't you know that?

"Ah!" the poor fellow might retort, had he but the wit to put his thoughts into words, "does the fox think it play—that game of hide-and-seek, in which the hounds give him ferocious chase, tracking him to the death unless he contrive to elude them by his cunning? Ah, Master Fox, you should make allowances. 'Hounds *will* be hounds,' you know! You must not object to be pursued and worried to death, since it affords them sport! I, like you, am marked out for persecution, and what have I done that it should be so?"

Alas, poor fool! God give thee recompense in His own good time! Thine is a hard lot. Pity is it that those whose path in life is comparatively easy do not try their utmost to make it easier for thee!

Poor simple Billy was not naturally ill-natured—quite the reverse—but, as everybody knows, the worm when trodden on will turn. If it is scarcely

possible for a man in his sound mind to keep his temper under outrage and insult, is it to be expected that one in this poor lad's condition should exercise greater self-control?

A long, lanky youth he is. The linen smock he wears descends below the knees, and his baggy

crowd, and to recognise him from afar, for his gait is rickety and peculiar, and, were he dressed like ordinary folk, the very manner of holding his hands, palms turned outward, would betray his individuality.

"Have done, I say, you bullies! Can't you leave the poor thing alone?" So said the postman, a kind-



"He would follow her about like her shadow."—p. 407.

trousers are much too short to hold any communication with the tops of his boots. The red handkerchief that habitually swathes his neck has to-day, on account of the excessive heat, been loosened, exposing to fuller view the thin throat into which the chin of imbecility seems to retreat, as though it felt itself quite out of place in its normal position; while the battered cap, shuffled on to the utmost limit of the back of the head, leaves entirely uncovered a remarkably low forehead, and those sad eyes whose expression is an admixture of vacancy and craft. Very easy is it to single him out in a

hearted young fellow, as he passed along the road, the sack of letters and small parcels slung over his shoulder, on his way to the post-office.

But he was only laughed at and told to mind his own business, and, in truth, being rather late, he had no time further to fight the battle of Simple Bill. The one person in the whole of Longley best calculated to do that was Mrs. Hanneton, Bill's mother; and that was an audacious youth indeed who ventured to defy her, or torment the boy whom she loved beyond anything else in the world in her presence. But she could not always be at his side,

for she was an active, industrious woman, and oftener at work than not. Well was it for her and Bill that such was the case, since she was the breadwinner upon whose exertions their livelihood depended. Tim Hanneton was well out of the way, drinking, worthless husband and father that he was while living—a bugbear and a curse, where he might, had he been soberly inclined, have proved himself the greatest blessing to those dependent on him, making their lives very different from what they were. His harshness it was that first caused reason to totter on her throne in the mind of his infant boy, and his the brutal hand that dealt the blow upon the child's temple that completed the disastrous result. Little William could not be expected, under these conditions, to realise the fine promise of his earliest years, but became duller and duller, and more unlike the other children growing up around him, till he at length developed into the pitiful object that we now behold him. See! there he goes—poor fool!

"We'll have a regular spree to-day!" suggests a boy named Joe Clark. "Old Mother Hanneton's out charing three miles off, and Silly Billy looks more vicious than usual."

"All right, Joe," laughed Jim Boles; "tell us, what have you got into your mind now? Look sharp, for I've to be back home in less than half an hour."

"You'll see. Just you make for the Spinney, that's all. He's an awfully suspicious old thing. Nothing on earth will drive him there, so we must contrive to get him to follow. Ah! you guess my game? you—"

"Capital! First-rate! what a lark! but it isn't really dangerous there, is it? not deep enough to—"

"Bless you, no! not over two feet and a bit; but there's mud at the bottom—mud, and—perhaps a few horse-leeches. But, I say, keep your own counsel. Don't say a word to the other chaps, or they'll split, and spoil all the fun."

"But the old woman?"

"Bother the old woman! she won't be back for hours, and it'll be easy enough to make up a tale. There, you go on in front and make faces at him. Do you understand?"

No words had been necessary to enlighten the mind of Jim Boles as to the scheme of mischief hatching in that of the elder boy, universally detested as the greatest bully in all Longley. The hint dropped in whispers as to the Spinney, and a nod and a wink, sufficed. Kindred spirits are quick of comprehension on some points, and the understanding of Joe's willing pupil in mischief and cowardly daring, if the expression may be allowed, was peculiarly receptive of his teaching.

Jim had caught his cue, and, running some way ahead of the poor simpleton, squatted down before him in the position of a frog, and commenced a series of the most horrible grimaces.

It was not to be wondered at if this gross and stupid insult roused Bill Hanneton's ire. It ex-

asperated him beyond endurance, seeing which, the smaller boys, heedless of the cruelty of the "joke," joined their forces to the enemy, and followed their leader even to the verge of exaggeration, each one trying to out-rival his fellow in the grotesqueness of his facial contortions, and kept up to the mark by Joe Clark, to whom the mental torture of his victim afforded exquisite delight.

Silly Billy's exasperation naturally fast ripened into a frantic desire for revenge. He rushed towards his tormentors, and, flourishing in his right hand his one weapon, the stick, sent the whole tribe running before him full tilt, little guessing that in so doing he himself was running precisely into the very snare the enemy had laid for him. Down a pleasant green path, called Parker's Lane, ran the youngsters, pursued by Bill, who, when he chose, could match any of them for fleetness of foot. At the end of Parker's Lane was the Spinney: a delightful tangle of wild rose-bushes and briar, where flowers of various hues all grew in such mixed luxuriance that it was difficult to trace the narrow path that coursed through it, especially as it had been but little frequented of late.

"Stand aside, you small fry," cries Joe at the entrance to the Spinney—"all except you, Jim. Come along, Billy—Silly Billy—have a shy at one of us—which shall it be?" And by striking a provoking attitude, the poor idiot is enticed to follow up the pursuit. He is almost blind with rage as he dodges his persecutors down the mazy path. Suddenly they have disappeared. Where can they be? Doubtless they are hiding behind that bramble hedge. There is a widish opening through it, and with a plunge onwards he falls into the trap; for in his haste he has not noticed that stagnant brook that at this point, so well concealed by bushes and its thick covering of green duckweed, almost defies detection. There is a roar of laughter from the ringleaders of the sport, and they jeer at their unfortunate victim as he flounders helplessly in the evil-smelling water. They had, in fact, got ahead in the chase, and at the critical moment had lain themselves down among the tangle to conceal their persons. Their cruel enterprise had succeeded. Now was the climax of their sport. The poor fool's fury was all washed away, and gave place to an agonising wail of despair. The more he struggled to escape from his odious position, the more hopelessly he sank into the mud.

Now, it was by no means the intention of these "sportive" boys to do a real injury to the harmless victim of their practical joke; nevertheless, his present plight was a perilous one, and neither of them knew how to undo the mischief they had wrought. And indeed, had it not been for an unexpected deliverer in the shape of the Squire's daughter, who happened to be sketching a little distance off under a clump of beech trees on the other side of the brook, Silly Billy would in all probability have come to dire grief.

Hastily laying aside her brushes, Miss Anstey

rushed to the Spinney, whence the cowardly boys fled with all precipitation, and managed to escape without detection. Calling out encouragingly to the hapless idiot, she laid herself down flat among the tangle on the brink of the brook, and bade him struggle to reach her outstretched hand. The work of deliverance was speedily accomplished, and the gratitude of the poor fool expressed itself in a fashion the most touching and, at the same time, grotesque. One day's exhibition of this gratitude Miss Anstey would have considered amply sufficient to repay even a plunge after him into the turbid stream, had necessity pointed to that mode of rescue. But it was insatiable, and became a positive nuisance. She could not move from her father's door but she saw the fellow hovering near. He would follow her about like her shadow, and, from a discreet distance, fix his imbecile gaze upon her as she sat sketching. Remonstrance was all in vain, and at length Squire Anstey took the matter up, and the removal of Silly Billy from the village became talked of as an event likely to take place in a week or so. Mrs. Hanneton was fiercely exasperated, and it was no easy matter to induce her to see how great the benefits would be to her beloved boy: that he would be beyond the reach of his tormentors at an asylum, and have the advantages of physicians whose principal object would be to assist in restoring reason to her throne. But, somehow or another, Billy's deportation from his native village was for ever being procrastinated.

One chilly October night, when it might naturally be expected that every quiet inhabitant of the little village would be wrapt in slumber, the denizens of Longley Hall were awakened by loud knockings and unearthly cries, incessantly repeated from without. Sir Eustace, putting his head out of the window, demanded in angry tones who was there, and what was the cause of this disturbance.

There stood an object in a long white smock, abbreviated trousers, cap sticking on to the back of his head, whimpering and mouthing, and calling out his daughter's name.

"Be off home, will you, this instant, you young imp!" roared the Squire, furious at the annoyance of being dragged from his bed at the summons of an idiot. "D'ye hear?" he continued, in a still louder voice; "what business have you to come prowling about the Hall and kicking up a row this time o' night? Off with you, sir, to your mother! and see if I don't have you shut up tight in a madhouse before to-morrow comes to a close."

But Squire Anstey might as well have been rating the winds as the imbecile specimen of humanity before him. He broke out into a yet stronger lament, and his contortions became exaggerated as he persistently pointed in the direction of a window near to the one that, by some means or other, he had discovered to be that of his beloved benefactress.

The application of a jug-full of cold water to the head and shoulders of Silly Billy was on the point of being carried into effect by the infuriated master of

the Hall, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the smell of burning. A hot whiff descended, and, as it were, surrounded him. There was a smashing of glass, and a burst of black smoke from overhead shut out from his view the frosty light of the stars and the bright October moon, to envelope him in an awful pall. And then—horror of horrors!—the next moment shot out tongues of lurid flame that scorched and suffocated him. His darling Laura's room was on fire. That was what the idiot meant. No, thank God! it was not hers—only the room adjoining—and she had a chance of rescue. He flew to rouse and warn her, and then tugged at the alarm-bell with such violence that the whole village turned out in an amazingly short time to proffer help. The fire-engine from the neighbouring parish came tearing down to the scene of the threatened conflagration, and, after doing fierce battle with the devouring flames that had laid strong hold upon the roof and coloured the sky above and around with a deep crimson glow to be seen for miles, at length succeeded in getting them under before they had done irreparable damage.

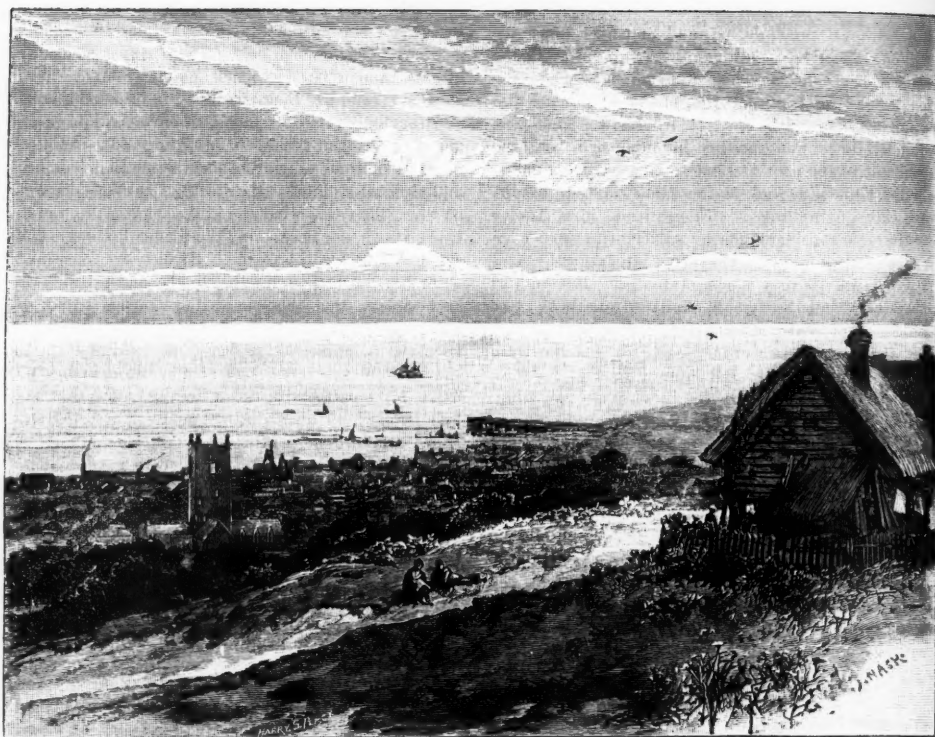
The origin of the fire at Longley Hall was eventually traced to the carelessness of a housemaid, who had placed a lighted candle in dangerous proximity to the low window-curtains of the room adjoining Miss Anstey's, and, forgetting it, went to her bed and left it there.

All thanks to Silly Billy that the Squire and his daughter, with every member of his household, were not roasted to death or suffocated in their beds! The boy had seen from his latticed window the unusual light, and, with uncommon sense, had hastened to give the alarm. But he was "Silly Billy" still, and life in his native village was a constant martyrdom.

And so he was sent to an Asylum for Idiots, with an allowance from the grateful Sir Eustace sufficient to guarantee him every comfort, and the indulgence of the utmost freedom its rules afforded. Never a month passed by but what he received a welcome visit from Miss Anstey, who would bring him pictures and puzzle-maps, and, above all, scraps of cloth, in the manufacture of which into mats and rugs the poor boy found untold enjoyment. Then his kind friend would buy the completed articles and hand over to him the money, thus endowing him with the additional gratification of seeing the fruits of his labours. These, with an alacrity surely born of a sane soul, he divided into two equal shares—one for his mother, the other to be placed at the disposal of the authorities of the asylum for the furtherance of their philanthropic enterprise.

Poor, innocent, gentle-hearted Silly Billy! Who are the fools? Tell us. Those who, with intellects intact but hearts unkind, make you the butt of their cruel jests? or you, who, through circumstances over which you had no control, have lost the balance of your brain, but have fostered, in the sacred recesses of your undying soul, the noblest instincts that can adorn humanity?

DAPHNE.



ERE THE SUN WENT DOWN.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

MAD?
Oh no, not mad!
Only sad
With a lifetime's grief
Wrought in a day!
No hope, no ray
Of glad relief
To break the gloom,
Save in the tomb!

Bad words, you say,
While yet are given
Young life and health
And hope of heaven.
Yes! yes! you're right:
There is my wealth,
My guiding light—
The hope of heaven—
For 't is my all,
My very all!

Hark! hark! be still!
Did you hear a call?
Methought 't was Will
Speaking to me
Across the sea!
Fancy!—may be!
Yet ever and aye,
Just as to-day,
When winds blow shrill,
I seem to hear
My Will, my Will,
And loud and clear
"God bless you, dear,"
Rings out once more
Above the roar
Of wind and sea.

"God bless you, dear!
Keep you for me!"

"T was the morn before
Our wedding day,
And with a smile
I stood awhile
In the market-way,
And counted o'er
My little store
Of gold, and thought
What I should buy
For him, my king;
But as I sought
Fit gift to find—
A gem, a ring—
He crept behind,
In his dear way,
And kissed me there
And oh! the day
Was fair, so fair!

That day the wind
Blew loud and long,
And the cruel sea
Raged furiously:
And, 'mid a throng
Upon the quay—
Faces spray-sprent,
Listening intent
To the signal gun—
I found my dear,
My own dear one,
A volunteer,
With the lifeboat men!
And I cried out then:
"You shall not go!

Your life you owe
To me alone!
'T is not your own!
You shall not go!"

But, with a sigh,
He put me by,
And said, "Dear love,
To One above
I owe my life,
My promised wife,
My joy, my all;
And at His call
I needs must go!"
Then, in my woe
And rage and pride,
I madly cried—
"Go, then, for good!
Good-bye for aye!"
And as I stood
Raging away
With gibe and scoff,
The boat went off!

Yet, praised be God!
I still could hear
Above the sea:
"God bless you, dear!
Keep you for me!"

The hours passed by,
And the sun went down,
The sun went down!
And the waves beat high,
And the angry sky
Was black, so black!
But the boat, the boat,
It never came back!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.



"I stood awhile In the market-way,
And counted o'er My little store."



very
risks
a por
we th
dispa
and
a de
his l
was
that
of sti
shoul
that
thoug
stand
clear
litera
the o
in spi
when
to las
much
as No
ii. 13
volum
found
unfol
a gre
under
the fi

No
and
in a
been
about
for th
prese
and
their
bodie
high
suppl
these

To
the d
Ur of
a rich

HOW GOD PRESERVED THE BIBLE.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

FIRST PAPER.



IN dealing first of all with the Scriptures of the Old Testament, we have a feeling almost of awe in calling to mind what they are, and the unique position which they hold. They are the most ancient records in the world, coming down to us from the very beginnings of mankind, and surviving all the risks and dangers which have obliterated so large a portion of the literature of the old world. When we think of Homer, and remember that there is a disparity of five hundred years between the earliest and the latest date given for his birth, and that a deep obscurity envelopes every circumstance of his life; and then reflect that the era of Moses was eight hundred or a thousand years earlier than that of Homer, and that he had records before him of still greater antiquity, our wonder is that there should be any firm, solid ground whatever, and not that there should be a few difficulties. Undeniably, though of such much more vast antiquity, Moses stands forth to view as an historical personage more clear and distinct than the great father of Greek literature, Homer. And the writings of Moses and of the other Hebrew seers have not only survived, but, in spite of their hoar antiquity, are intelligible, and when collected into a volume can be read from first to last by a person of ordinary mental power without much difficulty. Correctly, they form a "library," as Nehemiah is said to have called them (2 Macc. ii. 13), and though a vast interval separates the first volume of the collection from the last, yet they are found all to agree together, and to be the gradual unfolding of one regular plan; yet unfolding under a great variety of forms, in a piecemeal way, and under a diversity of shapes, as we are reminded in the first verse of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Now, if the human race had started as savages, and the people of Palestine been barbarians, living in a low state of mental culture, this would have been impossible. Men would have known too little about writing, and cared too little about history, for the Scriptures to have been either written or preserved. A few carvings of animals on sticks, and the ornamentation of skewers of bone for their hair, with some tattoo marks upon their bodies, would have been the utmost range of their higher efforts to attain to anything better than the supply of their bodily wants. We shall find that these early races were not savages.

To begin with Abraham. We now find, thanks to the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions, that Ur of the Chaldees, where he dwelt, was not merely a rich trading town, most advantageously situated

on the Persian Gulf, but that long before the Chaldees obtained the ascendancy there it was the capital of the Accadians, a race so civilised that very many of the works preserved in the libraries of the Assyrian kings at Nineveh are mere translations of Accadian writings. For writing materials they had skins of animals and papyrus, but they chiefly used a plastic clay, formed into tiles; and this supplied them with a material cheap, easy to write upon, and practically indestructible. So generally was it in use that, as is proved by tablets preserved in the British Museum, commercial transactions of very trivial importance were duly inscribed on well-written clay tablets. And not merely were the Accadians great in commerce, and masters of the trade with India and the African coast, but excelled in poetry, in architecture, and other fine arts. Many signet rings, beautifully engraved, have been discovered in the ruins of Ur, now called Mugheir. And it must be remembered that this high state of civilisation was not Semitic, but Turanian. The Chaldees, who had adopted Semitic manners and habits, came later; and dates here, as is the case usually, are important. The great Accadian epic of Indubar was certainly not later than 2000 B.C. The migration of Abraham is placed about 1920 B.C. Now, there can be little doubt that his departure from Ur was chiefly occasioned by the growing opposition between him and the Chaldees, who were becoming the lords of the whole country. They were fierce and masterful, and given to idolatry; yet they respected and valued the literature of the people whom they had overthrown. Mr. Sayce, in his "Lectures on Babylonian Literature," says that the Accadian ceased to be a spoken language before 1700 B.C. In Abraham's time Accadian literature had reached its zenith, but was struggling with the civilisation and literature of a people in some respects still more advanced.

Really the Chaldees, whose conquest of Babylon and Accad is recorded in Gen. x. 10, were a Cushite race, and appear to have retained their Cushite tongue for literary and scientific purposes, such as astronomy, in which they greatly excelled.* For civil purposes they had adopted a Semitic speech, a proof of the ascendancy already of the Semitic race. And between them and the Accadians sprung from Japheth stood Abraham, a true Semite, belonging to a stock superior to them both. He was not likely to fall below either race in attainments, and

* The observations, covering a period of 1,903 years, sent by Calisthenes, at Alexander's command, to Aristotle, indicate both the antiquity of their study and the care with which its records had been preserved by their learned men.

probably excelled them both. The history everywhere sets him before us as a well-bred gentleman. But he left Ur on religious grounds. On what did his belief rest? I, for my part, do not doubt that he had sacred records in his possession; for he was the head of the line of Heber, and these records, carefully preserved through successive generations, would of course come into the hands of Moses, when he was "king in Jeshurun" (Deut. xxxiii. 5).

Of Egypt also, our knowledge has been largely increased, and we find not merely that in very early ages it possessed a high degree of civilisation, but the era from Abraham to Moses is famous for the beauty of the manuscripts then written; and the extreme dryness of the air in Egypt has preserved for us considerable remains of its ancient literature, though papyrus, the writing material chiefly in use, is perishable. So much was writing valued that the scribes formed in Egypt a special class, endowed with great honours and emoluments; and some of the chief posts in the government were open to scribes of great talent. This was not of importance to Abraham, whose knowledge would be acquired at Ur, but in the case of Moses it is to Egypt that we must look for his education. Adopted by a powerful princess, and brought up in the royal house, all the learning of the country was at his command (Acts vii. 22), and this was confessedly large. Upon this point it may be not uninteresting to quote a few words from a description of the papyrus of Bek-su-Amen ("Transactions of Society of Biblical Archaeology," vii. 423). The writer there says: "The statement that the time of the writing of this letter falls during the lifetime of the Pharaoh of the Exodus is based on the graphic style of the writing." In the same page it is described as belonging to the "best specimens of calligraphy." It is certainly noteworthy that the extreme beauty of the writing of a manuscript should be regarded as *prima facie* evidence that it must belong to the age of Moses. But the learning of ancient Egypt is acknowledged; let us, then, next proceed to Palestine. Now, the dominant people there in the days of Abraham were the Hittites, a race of whom, until lately, nothing was known. But we have learnt much about them in the last few years from the Egyptian records, and find that they long contended with Egypt for the empire of Western Asia. They were finally overthrown by Sargina I., but evidently they excelled in the arts both of peace and war. Especially the Khita, as the Egyptians called them, were famous scribes, and we even find them ridiculed by their conquerors for their fondness for literary pursuits, just as the Bedaween now ridicule the town Arabs as inkpot-men, because they write. This is interesting, as it makes it certain that we have in Gen. xxiii. 17 a specimen of a written Hittite deed of sale. This has long been suspected because of the legal phraseology; and our knowledge now of similar contracts makes the conclusion certain. Moreover, it was the offered friendship and alliance of Toi, the king of the Hittite realm

of Hamath, which filled David with such exultation, and is by him described in Ps. xviii. 43, 44, as the voluntary submission of a people previously unknown. Their ascendancy in Palestine had ceased after their defeat by the Egyptians.

Nor were even the Canaanites a race devoid of learning. Like the Chaldees, they were Cushites, who had adopted the language and manners of the Semites both for trade and ordinary life. Evidently they could converse with Abraham in his own tongue, and the Carthaginians, their most famous colony, spoke a Hebrew dialect. Now, it was from them that Greece received the letters of the alphabet, and to this day throughout the West our alphabet is the same as that of the Semites carried by Tyrians to Greece. Its very name is compounded of the two first Hebrew characters. The Greeks said that they learnt letters from Cadmus, that is, the *Oriental*, and that he came to them from Tyre. Even Europa, from whom this quarter of the globe takes its name, was a mythical Tyrian princess. Evidently the race of Javan, as they wandered westward, lost much on their travels, and regained it only by renewed contact with the Eastern world; while both the Hittites and Canaanites are proved, both by written records and by the paintings on the walls of Egyptian temples, to have possessed a high degree of civilisation and refinement, and art was not neglected. Many of the vases and tazze brought as offerings by the Canaanites are extremely graceful. Unhappily, they also bear testimony to the extreme cruelty and debauchery of their religious worship.

As regards the literature of the Canaanites, it is a curious fact that we find one of their old towns called Kiryath-Sepher: that is, Book-town. Subsequently it was called Debir (Josh. xv. 15) and Kiryath-Sannah (*ibid.*, 49). This latter name probably signifies "City of Instruction," and shows that it was the place where the Canaanite priests were trained in their law and ritual. As their sacred books were copied there, it was also called Kiryath-Sepher, sepher coming from the same root as *sopher*, a scribe or copyist. But the word Debir is even more remarkable. A large number of Greek words are borrowed from the East, and this is especially the case in matters of literature and art. Now, a skin prepared for writing is called in Greek *Difther*, and this is the meaning of Debir. When, then, we find not merely Kiryath-Sepher but two or three other towns called Debir, and even a king of Eglon (Josh. x. 3), we conclude that the preparation of skins for writing was a very common and highly respectable art. And while carrying the alphabet into Greece, Cadmus and his Tyrians also carried with it the name of the material commonly used for writing, which was not, however, parchment, but simply the skins of sheep and goats so cleaned as to be fit for receiving and retaining ink.

Our increased knowledge, therefore, of Accadians and Chaldees, of Egyptians, Hittites, and Canaanites, makes it extremely probable that Abraham and the

heads of the tribes descended from him were ready scribes, and able to keep up the family genealogies, and to read and value whatever records they possessed. We find Judah even carrying about with him his signet, the use of which would be to attest his consent to documents (Gen. xxxviii. 18). Brought up, too, in an era of beautiful penmanship, it is quite natural to find Moses recording all events of importance in a book (Exod. xvii. 14), and frequent mention made of "the book of the law." Such memorials would be written possibly on papyrus brought from Egypt, but more probably on skins prepared in the Canaanite manner; and when we call to mind the preparation of skins for the hangings and covering of the tabernacle, the engraving of jewels, the embroidery, and the artistic work in the precious metals, practised by the Israelites in the wilderness, it is quite evident that they carried away with them much of the high civilisation for which Egypt was then renowned.

It would be, indeed, confined to the members of certain families. Knowledge was preserved in those days by being made hereditary. In Egypt, in India, and in most ancient nations, the son followed his father's trade or art. Guilds would restrict knowledge now, but in old times they were the means for its continuance. The home of the priesthood, therefore, would be the head-quarters of learning, and this was

situated at Shiloh, in the tribe of Ephraim. Now, throughout the troubled times of the Judges we never find this tribe in danger. Once it is attacked (Judges x. 9), but the invaders never reach its borders; and usually we find it arrogating to itself the supremacy (*ibid.*, viii. 1, xii. 1), and while unready to defend the rest, it is ready enough to take vengeance upon any of the tribes which move a finger without its consent. Once only did it act in a manner worthy of its high rank (*ibid.*, iii. 27), but as a rule it left the other tribes to fight their own battles, while, protected by its strong position and numbers, it enjoyed long peace.

And thus at Shiloh, among the mountains of Ephraim, the old learning had a safe and splendid home. There the priests were instructed in their duties, there the national archives were preserved, there genealogies were carefully recorded, and some pains taken to write memorials of stirring events. The Book of Joshua, and the Book of the Wars of Jehovah, were two of the most important writings of those days; and to the latter we probably owe the preservation of the Song of Deborah, that most spirited hymn of triumph in celebration of one of those heroic acts so common in the history of Israel. And so four hundred years sped by, and then there came danger to Shiloh, and a new era began in the history of the people of God.



TRAVELLERS' AIDS AND FRIENDLIES.

BY ANNE BEALE.

MUCH is being written just now concerning London girls; and periodicals, both religious and secular, teem with accounts of their condition. Much is also being done for them, but infinitely more is needed. The Young Women's Christian Association is doing a grand work amongst them, but, as says the Secretary, "It is but a drop in the ocean. We have appeals from every quarter, and we cannot respond to a third of them."

Still the London central office in Old Cavendish Street has quadrupled its agencies for good, and No. 16A has been added to No. 17, and both houses are full of busy workers. Here are not only Recreation and Class-rooms, but Secretaries for "Travellers' Aids," "Restaurant Branches," and what not.

The last-named is the most suggestive at the moment, for it is nearly one o'clock, and even philanthropy must dine. "Go and see the girls at our Welbeck House, Mortimer Street, and you will get a good dinner there for sixpence," is suggested, and we obey.

We find the two rooms so crowded with young girls from the large houses of business in the neighbourhood that we are fain to "bide our turn," and watch them. On an average over three hundred dine here daily, and sometimes as many as five hundred through the restaurant. Bars, tables, and all available space are filled with well-dressed, respectable young women, to whom the meal is as much a matter of business to be got through as is their shop work. Plates of meat, fish, sausages, pudding, cups of coffee, are handed about as rapidly as served, and the waitresses have enough to do.

It is almost awful to watch these young people come and go, and to think they are but a small contingent of London's millions. But it is pleasant to hear the lady who sits "at the receipt of custom" speak kindly to them, invite them to evening meetings or innocent amusements, and seek to influence them for good. "This house is not only a place for meals, open till ten o'clock at night, but has sitting and bedrooms for members, or for such as have no home in London. We have fifty cubicles always full, and if we had a hundred not one would be empty. We could fill



the upper storeys of the Lotus Clubs," remarks our friend at the desk.

We dine sumptuously on roast mutton and jam tart for sevenpence, and then hasten to have a look at these coveted clubs, while the restaurant, so lately crowded, is gradually emptied, and the girls return to their various labours.

We soon find ourselves outside a large building placarded "For sale," and partially hidden by a hoarding. It is nearly opposite the old Polytechnic, now the Young Men's Christian Institute. It is on view, and we enter the hall, where we are greeted by the words "Oriental Lounges." This partially explains what is meant by the Old and New Lotus Clubs. They have been places of luxury and pleasure; five or six large rooms communicate with one another, where printed boards still hang to indicate the ball-room, dining hall, and more "Oriental Lounges." Japanese and other ladies are represented on the walls upon paper which is peeling off; indeed, the big and empty halls are not only "deserted," but dilapidated. We wander through them, musing on the scenes they have witnessed, and wishing they could henceforth echo with praises of the Lord. We go up-stairs, and are bewildered by suites of rooms. There are three storeys above the ground floor, all unoccupied save by the caretakers at the top.

What a field is here for Christian enterprise! No wonder the earnest workers of the Young

Women's Christian Association long to plough it up, and sow wheat where tares have grown. The fifty cubicles of Welbeck House could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and "Travellers' Friendlies" found for numberless lonely girls here adjoining that over-crowded refuge. Indeed, what could not be effected in this parish of a house? Every room might be turned to good account; and as to the great halls below, they might be converted into places for religious, secular, mental, moral, and physical improvement.

In the spring the young members of the Young Women's Christian Association held a Convention, at which they discussed among themselves their needs and aspirations. They were obliged to borrow the Burlington Hall, to which flocked about 300 from all parts of the metropolis, Highgate, Brixton, Shepherd's Bush, Lewisham, Norwood, etc., being represented, as well as London proper. Showroom, shop, factory, work-room, and service, sent their delegates; and earnestness of purpose was remarkable in the papers read by these young people. They discussed all sorts of instruction classes, and social evenings, and "how best they could help one another in spiritual growth and work for Christ." It was evolved that the members at Clapham have a class for the coster-girls, found there in great numbers, and pay for a monthly tea for them; also that many branches have prayer-meetings amongst themselves. Recreations were not forgotten in the papers read at this members' Convention. In one a desire was expressed for a gymnasium and a swimming bath, evidences of the muscular development of our young women, and when we think of the pale faces and tired limbs of the thousands of girls immediately surrounding us, we would gladly give them honest recreations to turn the current of their thoughts and the posture of their bodies from the labours of their workaday life to healthy study or amusement.

Above all we would provide them with a harbour of refuge when their frail barques reach the great port of London. "Why do they come?" is continually asked. "To better themselves," they reply. But recent revelations, alas! show how they travel from bad to worse, and these have roused the sympathies of all good people. The Young Women's Christian Association made an appeal for help, and if anything could prove the need, it was the unanimity of the response. "Doctors" no longer "differed;" the case was too urgent for analysis. A committee was formed, composed of members from the Girls' Friendly Society, the Young Women's Help Society, the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, the Reformatory and Refuge Union, and the National Vigilance Association, all uniting with the Young Women's Christian

Association in a vigorous effort to save the girls. The result, so far, has been the founding of what is called "The Travellers' Aid," and "Friendlies;" and to these allusion was made when we wished that the Lotus Halls could be converted into such; or, more properly, into a place to which the girls could be sent when they arrive in London.

The foregoing was written some time ago, and, owing to various causes, remained unpublished. This circumstance may perhaps tend to show how quickly the philanthropic heart of this country is stirred, for since we wandered through these "marble halls," they have not only been purchased but utilised. The late Mr. Samuel Morley, with his customary benevolence, gave £1,000, and other generous donors supplied the remainder—that is to say, £6,500 has been paid for purchase-money and alterations; but £1,500 is still needed for furniture and fittings. Their name has been changed to "Morley Halls," and H.R.H. Princess Christian has declared them open. Thus the sleeping and restaurant accommodation of Welbeck House has greatly increased, and a splendid centre been created for the various agencies. A Servants' Home is also added—entrance in Little Portland Street. The Halls are now managed by the United Central Council of the whole national Y.W.C.A. The National and Provincial Offices, the Business Employment Agency, and the International Union Office, which has charge of foreign girls in England, are all there; and this brings us back to our "Travellers' Aid."

This is an agency for meeting girls at stations on their arrival, and directing them to the "Travellers' Friendlies" near the various stations. They must, of course, first communicate with the Secretary, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, giving proper time for an arrangement, and she will send a friend to meet them and see them respectably housed.

The "Travellers' Aid" is already doing good service, and so are the kindly waiting-women at the stations, who recommend the girls to go to the "Friendlies" or Homes. Indeed, the railway companies are rendering good service also by allowing placards to be exhibited at the stations bearing the addresses of Homes in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association and the name and address of some lady to whom the girls may refer. One thousand five hundred placards have been already sent out, and if more ladies would become "local referees" in town and country the placards would be multiplied. There are already 230 ladies at work. Thirty-eight steamboat companies have given permission for the placards to be placed in their boats, while a male agent is also employed to meet young girls on their

arrival by boat. Between March and November, 126 girls have been so met by previous arrangement, and 70 "strays" have been sent up to the office from the stations, as well as 30 older women needing lodgings.

These lodgings are called "Travellers' Friendlies," and are already established, not only near the principal London railway stations, but at the chief British and Irish ports, as well as in several of the harbours of Canada and the United States. Let us visit one, haphazard, which has housed many friendless girls. One only occupies the sitting-room at the moment, and she looks sadly ill. She is waiting her turn for the Brompton Consumption Hospital, and should be with the country friends from whom she came, and not in a lodging, however "Friendly." What made her leave them? "All my relatives died of consumption," she says quietly, and she looks as if she would soon be with them. The girls who come to this and similar lodgings are either placed in situations or sent back to their friends. They are often lured to London by what are termed "bogus" advertisements, and, if happily rescued, the only alternative is to return them whence they came. One respectable girl with a seven years' character arrived at Victoria, drove to the street mentioned in the advertisement, found a registry for governesses, not servants, got bewildered, and appealed to the cabman. He, worthy man, advised her to return to her own



home, since she had no friends in London, had never before been here, and knew nothing of its dangers. He drove her back to Victoria. Here the waiting-woman sent her direct to the Young Women's Christian Association. A lodging was found for her, and eventually, through the Employment Agency, a good situation.

But all girls are not so fortunate. Not long since, five arrived one night at a registry office. They were taken into the house upon plea of waiting till situations could be procured; kept there until their money was exhausted; then turned adrift, being obliged to leave their boxes behind them. Where unsuspecting youth is concerned, the snares of the wicked are so cautiously laid that it is difficult to bring Satan's emissaries to book.

One way of circumventing them we have in the Travellers' Aid. Another is in the Employment Agencies. One of these latter lies close at hand. Let us have a look at it. It is at 2, Pickering Place, Westbourne Grove, and is in connection with the Y.W.C.A. We find a respectable matron ready to help all seekers, and a young woman who is with her while we pay our visit tells her own tale. Obligated to leave her situation at ten o'clock last night, she was directed to a Restaurant Home, something similar to the one we have described in Mortimer Street. It was quite full, and, moreover, it was not for servants, but young women in business. "What am I to do? It is so late!" she said. They sent her on to a temperance hotel at a little distance, where she got a bed with difficulty, and paid heavily for it, and a breakfast the next morning. She is a Scotch girl, and has no friends in London. She will be seen to, and a situation found for her, for she has good references. But what becomes of the girls turned out of doors late at night, by thoughtless mistresses, who do *not* know whither to go or what to do? The query is as awful as it is perplexing.

It is, however, answered at "17, Westbourne Villas, Harrow Road, W.," whither we bend our steps on leaving the Registry. Here we find "The Westbourne Home for Women Servants, in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association." If this is not exactly a *Travellers' Aid* it is a *Wanderers' Aid*. It has been just opened, and is a large, well-furnished, well-appointed house, with a matron heart and soul in her work. Here servants out of place can have lodging and board for one shilling per day, a separate bed in

an airy room, and the privilege of finding a situation by means of the Registry we have just left. Says the prospectus, "The object of this Home is to seek the spiritual and moral welfare of servants. . . . No stimulants allowed on the premises. . . . All are required to attend Morning Reading and Prayers, and to be in by 9.30 for Evening Prayers." We need scarcely say that this work is a "labour of love," and can never be self-supporting.

But we must return to our "Travellers' Aid," from which we have diverged, just as the Young Women's Christian Association diverges, in order to look after other ways and means of benefiting the unprotected. The best yet discovered is to advise them not to visit this labyrinth of London at all, for fear of being lost in its mazes; the next best is to counsel them, if they will come, to communicate beforehand with the Secretary of the Travellers' Aid.

It is not necessary for a girl to belong to either of the institutions: to be unprotected suffices; and, unhappily, buoyant youth does not realise what that means. An unsophisticated girl cannot see the traps laid on all sides to ensnare her, or know that the specious words of some apparently interested man or woman who may accost her are merely spoken to lure her to destruction. The devil's agents are active. It behoves us, as the Saviour's messengers, to be active also. The Society have failed to trace several girls, almost children, whose friends wrote too late; let the "friends" in future look ahead. The girls are all over London—in private families, shops, work-rooms, factories, on the boards of the theatres, in the restaurants, etc. Numbers of them come from afar. Their stories are pitiful in the extreme. They touch the hearts and bring tears to the eyes of the workers of the Young Women's Christian Association, who strive to help them all, irrespective of creed. Constantly such as have been met at the stations become members of the Association, and thus feel its protecting arms around them in their manifold difficulties.

A knowledge of the society should be spread, so that girls should know how to apply either to some local worker, or to "The Secretary of the Travellers' Aid," 16A, Old Cavendish Street, W. Will the readers send her some contributions, however small, towards the work, and thus become, in person, a veritable "Travellers' Aid?"



THE MODERN PASCHAL SUPPER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.



ORD ROCHESTER, noted as an unbeliever and a libertine in the reign of Charles II., is said, after his conversion, to have confessed that there was one argument for Christianity which he could never get over—the existing state of the Jewish nation. That

evidence supplied by the undying Jew is still untouched by Time's rude fingers or the advance of science; nay, it grows every year more convincing. One particular branch of that evidence was brought very impressively before me some years ago at Paris, when I had been invited by some Jewish friends to be present at their Paschal Supper. Gentiles are seldom admitted to it, as it takes place in the privacy of each home. So the invitation was a special favour, and gladly accepted. The observances that I witnessed not only were curious in themselves, but afforded such a valuable confirmation of the truth of the Old and New Testament Scriptures as was not easily forgotten.

The table having been spread as for an ordinary meal, the company sat down round it, the men with covered heads and Hebrew prayer-books open before them. A servant entered with a tray, containing the materials of the emblematic feast. These were kosher wine, prepared in a special manner; three cakes of azyme, or unleavened bread, each wrapped in a napkin, and named respectively Cohen, Levi, Israel, thus representing the priestly family, the sacred tribe, and the whole nation; also a vessel of salted water, bitter herbs, and horseradish; a dish of "charosheth," which is a thick paste of apples, figs, nuts, and almonds, beaten up with wine; and, lastly, a shankbone of lamb or veal quite dry and bare of flesh. All being duly prepared, the ceremony began by the master of the house taking the first cup of wine in his right hand, and asking a blessing upon it in these words: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, the King of the Universe, Who hast created the fruit of the vine." The cup was handed round, and tasted by all. Water having been poured on the hands of each by the attendant, a morsel of the bitter herbs was dipped by everyone in the salted water, and eaten in memory of the passage of the Red Sea. The cake "Levi" was then divided in half, one half of it hidden out of sight, the other broken into small pieces and elevated on a plate during the recital of a prayer, which concluded with these remarkable words: "This year we are here; next year we shall be in the land of Israel. This year we are slaves; next year we shall be free." The second cup was now partaken of, and one of the children having, in accordance with Exodus xii. 26,

proposed to the father the question "What mean ye by this service?" the Haggadah was recited in reply. This is, as the word signifies, the showing forth or declaration of the principal events of the Exodus. Each circumstance of that marvellous deliverance is recounted after this cumulative fashion:—"If the Lord had brought us out of Egypt, and had not executed judgment upon the Egyptians, that would have been enough. If the Lord had executed judgment upon them, and not upon their gods, that would have been enough. If the Lord had executed judgment upon their gods, and had not destroyed their firstborn, that would have been enough," etc., etc. To this was attached the chanting of the lesser Hallel (Psalms exiii., exiv.). The hands of the company were again washed; and then the Master took the two whole cakes and the remaining half in his hands, and divided a portion to each to be eaten with the bitter herbs, saying, as he did so, "This is the bread of affliction, which our fathers did eat in the land of Egypt." At the same time each person dipped some of the herbs in the dish of "charosheth," repeating in Hebrew, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and commanded us to eat bitter herbs." Thus the first part of the ceremonial concluded. The real and substantial repast was then served and eaten, of which in some families the lamb forms the *pièce de résistance*, though often the emblematic bone takes its place.

As soon as the meal was over, the second act of this singular service was performed. This is quite distinct in character from the first. As the former was especially expressive of gratitude for past mercies, the latter breathes a spirit of joyous expectation of Israel's future glory. The third cup, "the cup of blessing," was now drunk. An interval of silence followed, during which the door of the room was opened, and a chair left vacant at the table for the prophet Elijah, whom the devout Jew is taught to look for at the Passover, in fulfilment of Malachi's prophecy, as the harbinger of Messiah and the herald of his nation's restoration. In this hope they repeat Psalm lxxix. 6, 7: "Pour out Thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known Thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon Thy name, for they have devoured Jacob and laid waste his dwelling-place." The fourth or last cup was then filled, and with the singing of the greater Hallel (consisting of Psalms cxv. to cxix. with cxxxvi.), and of the heart-stirring national anthem, "Build Thy temple speedily," these most impressive rites were ended. The whole scene was such as would stamp itself deeply on the memory. A few of the thoughts suggested by it may now be briefly touched upon. The Old and New Testament histories seemed to

meet around this Paschal board, and, as in so many instances, to harmonise with each other as well as with facts still existing in the present day.

It is the fashion in some quarters to disparage the Old Testament, and to question the reality of its miracles. Here we have a sensible confirmation of the most marvellous part of its history—the deliverance from Egypt. The existence of a religious festival for any length of time will not, indeed, of itself establish the certainty of the event which it is supposed to commemorate. The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, for instance, though observed by the Roman Catholic Church for many centuries throughout the world, cannot be fairly adduced as evidence of a figment invented in the Middle Ages. But in the case of the Passover the most important of these rites can be traced back to the very time when all these wonders were wrought, and when it was impossible for those who first practised them to have been deceived about them. The history and the rites mutually confirm and illustrate each other. Thirty-four centuries have passed since the memorable night when the Israelites were led forth from the house of bondage by the outstretched hand of Jehovah, and yet the Jews in every land celebrate the event at the same season, in the same manner. Our Lord Himself gave His own Divine sanction to the observance, and so endorsed the history, which He would never have done had it been a mere myth or legend.

Gazing at the characteristic features of parents and children lighted up by the evening lamp, as they gather round the table, one could almost feel the cold dark shadow of the Destroying Angel as he swept past the blood-stained door, and almost expected to see the company with girded loins and staff in hand setting out on their desert journey. There was the unleavened bread, as though it had been prepared amid the hurry of departure. The bitter herbs and the charosheth pointed to the bitter bondage, from which they might have been just escaping, and to the mortar wherewith they had been lately toiling. The whole unbroken lamb was, indeed, conspicuous by its absence; but the dry shankbone was there as a silent witness at once to Israel's great deliverance and their present death-like state of apathy and unbelief. In the words of an eloquent writer, "History herself was born on that night when Israel, by Divine aid, achieved a

glorious triumph, emancipated itself from thralldom, and taught the lesson of freedom to the world." In fact, we here have sensible and most convincing proof of the truth of that event, which we may challenge all the rationalists of our age to refute.

So, too, we can scarcely fail to mark the additional evidence afforded to the veracity of the Gospels. If we compare the accounts of the Last Supper with those modern usages, we must be struck with their close agreement. Whether our Lord and His Apostles kept the Passover at the regular time, or, as St. John seems to intimate, a day earlier, we see Jesus condescending to preside at the Paschal Supper. The room had been duly furnished and prepared. Probably the usual search with lighted candles for leaven had been made, and the materials, as we have described them, made ready. The Master took up the unleavened cake, blessed, brake, and distributed a portion to each. We have again the benediction of the "fruit of the vine," and two of the cups are distinctly mentioned, especially the "cup of blessing," by St. Paul. In our Saviour's wondrous act of humiliation we have the washing, not of the hands, but of the feet of the disciples, and Himself amongst them "as one that serveth." The dipping of the sop in the dish is the sign by which the traitor is made known.

The second part of the ceremony, anticipative of God's Kingdom and the advent of the Messiah, must have fully harmonised with Christ's own predictions of His departure and return, of the mission of the Comforter, and of their drinking the new wine in the Father's Kingdom. Most appropriate to this sad and solemn parting must have been the "hymn" they sang, the greater Hallel, consisting of Psalms closely relating to Himself. Especially seasonable would be the words of Psalm cxviii., "God is the Lord, Who hath showed us light; bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." The Divine Victim was there ready to be offered the next morning, Himself the very Paschal Lamb. The cords were already prepared wherewith He was to be bound; but they were unnecessary, for He bowed submissively to His Father's will, and was ready to pour out His soul unto death for our salvation. In all these minute particulars how accurate are the records, and what a flood of typical meaning do they pour upon this Jewish rite!

A PRAYER.



GOD, who canst alone control
The secret longings of the soul,
Alone with Grace Divine sustain
The purity of heart and brain:
Oh, be with me in danger's hour,
And save me from the tempter's power!

When all around is dark and chill,
My thoughts with heavenly promise fill;
And when my sky is bright and fair,
Let me still recognise Thee there!
So sorrow shall but purify,
And love and joy bring Thee more nigh.

W. T. C.



THE EDELWEISS; OR, NOBLE
WHITE.



RARE and lovely flower! ne'er art thou
seen

'Mid verdant meads and pastures bright
and green;

Far above these—up through the pine-clad height,
Where Alpine cedars make an early night;—

Beyond the Alpen-roses, clusters fair

'Mid solemn snow-fields braced by icy air,

And watered by the glacier's ceaseless drip,

Masses of crystal melting to thy lip;—

Content with these, 'mid heaven's own air
and light,

To live thy life, O starry "noble white!"

Shall we repine, if God has cast our lot
Above the verdant meads, by man forgot—

But not by God? He placed us there, and He

Each storm foreknows, each trial can foresee.

He gives a mantle noble white indeed,

Beyond our hopes, beyond our utmost need—

A flowing robe, a starry-spangled dress,

The wedding garment, Jesu's Righteousness.

M. C.

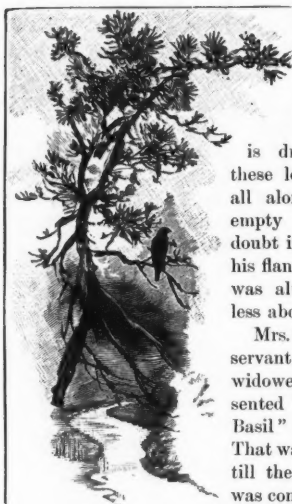
MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER IX.

THE "GHOST" AGAIN.

"What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?"



"I'm sure that dear boy is getting quite low-spirited," said my mother plaintively. "It is dreadful for him, these long dull evenings, all alone in that great empty house. And I doubt if Mrs. Munns airs his flannels properly—she was always rather careless about airing."

Mrs. Munns was an old servant of ours, recently widowed, who had consented "to do for Master Basil" till his marriage. That was not to take place till the summer, when it was considered that May's initiation into country life

would be made under the most favourable circumstances; and if Basil found it hard to wait, he was too unselfish to complain. Nevertheless, I agreed with my mother that he looked depressed. He had lost his usual cheerfulness, and when he came over to see us he was often absent and abstracted, and almost gloomy. But he persisted that he was both well and happy, urging the latter with so much insistence that I felt sure he suspected us of blaming May for not consenting to an earlier marriage, and would own to nothing that seemed to reproach her. But in truth I did not blame May at all. I believed she would have been as willing to go to him under grey December skies as under the blue heaven of June, and I did not see how she could have set herself in opposition to her parents' wishes in the matter.

I think that the winter was passing heavily for pretty May too. The Home Farm was scarcely a mile away as the crow flies, but it lay on the opposite side of Hazelford Park, and the road to it swept round the base of the great hill on which the Castle stood, so that Basil had four miles to ride or walk whenever he came to see his lady-love. It was true that he had permission to pass through the park, but that was only feasible in the day-time. The side gates were locked at dusk; and if they had not been, it would have been scarcely possible to find one's way

through the park in the dark of a winter's night. So Basil was virtually four miles away, and when the snow came, and made the park a pathless white desert, and the high road almost impassable, we seldom saw him more than once or twice a week. My mother, who had certainly no lack of maternal feeling for Basil now, became quite concerned about him, was sure he was "moped," and that Mrs. Munns did not attend properly to his comfort, and finally decided that someone ought to go and look after him, and that the someone should be myself.

I was very willing to go. The prospect of a week with the brother I loved so well was not without its charms, and if I was not so anxious as my mother, I certainly thought that Basil looked paler than usual, and seemed depressed in spirits. No doubt he found the solitude of the Home Farm dull after the lively nonsense that Charlie always found for us at home, and no doubt he missed the daily meetings with May, and the evenings at the Vicarage even more. I could not be so amusing as Charlie, and certainly I could not hope in the most distant manner to be a substitute for May, but I flattered myself that my company might be better than none, and consented to go if Basil should be found to take the same view.

Apparently Basil thought it very much better indeed. He received the proposition with quite disproportionate gratitude, drove over for me himself, with the dog-cart piled with rugs, and talked all the way back of my "amazing goodness in coming to share his loneliness in an out-of-the-way hole like that."

"It is only out-of-the-way in winter," I said cheerfully; "and next winter, dear Basil, you will not be alone."

Basil flicked the horse and said nothing, and I wondered if he had heard. I knew enough of driving to be aware that the steadiest of steeds can be supposed to require immediate attention if the driver does not wish to give an immediate reply; but what was there in my harmless remark to make Basil wish to avoid a reply? I doubt if I should even have fancied such a thing, but for the elaborate unconsciousness with which he gave all his attention to the not very difficult task of guiding Brown Bess along the wide and solitary road. Dear Basil! he need not have feared that I should obtrude my sympathy upon him; but the fact that it no longer seemed acceptable showed me more plainly than anything I had noticed yet that the three months he had spent alone had altered him.

I glanced furtively up at him, as he towered above me on the high-piled cushions, and thought that physically, at least, the alteration was only an improvement. He looked older and more manly, and I told myself with pride that even Uncle Chayer

could not have called him "boyish-looking" now. Yet it was difficult to say wherein the alteration lay. Fair and beardless as a boy's the clean-shaven face was still, but no boy's mouth sets itself in quite such resolute lines, and I was obliged to own, however unwillingly, that boys' faces do not bear the impress of hard and painful thought, of anxiety and struggle, as Basil's did, even to my reluctant eyes.

We drew up at the door of Basil's new home just as the sun was setting behind the pine-trees in the park, and the whole scene seemed to me the perfection of winter beauty. There was snow on the dark branches, and the park and fields were a level waste of white, just touched with crimson where the stems of the trees and the snow lying between them caught the sunset glow. The sky was cloudless, and the sun itself a ball of crimson in an amber sea.

"Wintery, isn't it?" said Basil. "There is no sign of the frost giving yet."

He helped me down from the dog-cart and took me into the house, where Mrs. Munns stood smiling at the door, and a cheerful fire burned in the large, old-fashioned hall.

"You must put up with bachelor's quarters, you know," said Basil apologetically; but I thought there was very little to put up with.

The dining-room was as cheerful as the hall—a pleasant room with a bay-window, an oak wainscot, and a low raftered ceiling, on which the fire flickered cheerily. Mrs. Munns had set out a bountiful meal with a care that seemed to show more attention to Basil's creature comforts than my mother had expected, and altogether I came to the conclusion that he was not so very much to be pitied, at least as far as outward circumstances went.

That he was a man with whom they would go a very little way indeed, I knew very well, and it was not long before I began to suspect that some unconfessed anxiety or trouble lay behind his change of looks and manner. Had Mrs. Fielding been showing her disapprobation of the match? I wondered, or had May's vapid prettiness begun to pall—too late? I had to content myself with wondering. Basil made no approach to confidence, and, indeed, I learnt more from Mrs. Munns than from himself.

The report she gave was not likely to allay my mother's anxiety. She said that Basil was certainly out of health or out of spirits; that he sat and brooded for hours at night, and that his appetite was so bad she did not know what to get him to eat.

"And when he don't sit staring into the fire, Miss Esther, 't is worse, for he gets his fiddle, and plays the fearsomest tunes you ever heard. Creepy they are, and when we're alone in the house they just make my blood run cold. If he plays like that at the Castle, 't is a wonder they ever axes him again."

"Does he go there often?" I asked, with some little compunction. Only my great anxiety could have induced me to seem to play the spy upon my brother.

"Every now and again," said Mrs. Munns; and I was ashamed to ask how often that might mean.

Basil himself scarcely spoke of the Castle at all, and I saw none of the inmates. The snow was a barrier both to walking and driving, and beside this, Lady Otterbourne was worse, and Miss Temple was in close attendance upon her. It seemed likely that I should have to go back without seeing any of Basil's noble friends. A week was to be the limit of my stay, and though Basil wanted me to prolong my visit I was doubtful if I could be spared.

"Do you know what is the matter with Lady Otterbourne?" I asked, as we sat at supper the last night of my week.

"They never say directly," said Basil; "but I can't help fancying it is a sort of melancholia. The Earl told me she had never been the same since the death of her child, and Miss Temple never likes to leave her for long at a time."

"You have never seen her, have you?"

"Only once, just for a minute. She came into the music-room once when I was there, and went out again as soon as she saw her husband was not alone. She is very small, and fair, and delicate-looking, her hair quite white, and her eyes bluer than May's."

"Then they must be blue indeed! May's are the bluest I ever saw, except yours when you were a little boy."

"Lady Otterbourne's are quite a different colour from May's—much darker and deeper in shade. It is the difference between sapphire and turquoise."

I thought myself that sapphires, with their dark pellucid brightness, might very well stand for an apt simile of his own, but Basil and I never wasted compliments on each other.

He went very near transgressing the tacit rule, however, when he wished me good-night.

"How I shall miss you!" he said, looking down on me with something like his old sweet smile. "You don't know all that your visit has been to me—all that perhaps it has saved me from."

"Saved you from? What do you—what *can* you mean?"

"Nothing that you could understand, child, or would believe if you could. I think that just to be yourself—so loyal, and true, and pure—is the best sermon you could preach. Sophistries fly before your simple uprightness; one understands that duty comes first—is the first thing and the last, and that if one can only do it, nothing else matters much."

"Your duties are surely not difficult ones," I said, wondering at the suppressed emotion in his face and voice. "Is it so very hard to be patient, my poor Basil? June seems a long way off now, no doubt, but it will come—"

"Oh, yes!" he said, with a sudden jarring laugh; "it will come. Why do women always think platitudes so consoling?"

He stepped back into the room and shut the door, and I went up-stairs in a painful agitation that was difficult to bear. I could not understand Basil—had

he not admitted it himself?—but I understood that he was troubled and tried in some way I did not know, and perhaps even tempted to wrong-doing. What else could I think as I recalled his words and looks? and that I was absolutely unable to guess what the trouble was only added to my perplexity, and took nothing from my pain.

I wished I could have stayed with him, especially if, as he said, I did him good. He needed help and comfort, I was sure, little as there was in his position that suggested the need of either. Had all Uncle Chayter's kindness been thrown away, and had Basil really been happier before his wedding-day was fixed? Had he been finding out, as so many a man has done before, that a pretty face is not everything in a woman? And was he learning how little beside a pretty face there was in May Fielding?

"But she will improve," I told myself, as I listened to the wailing tones of Basil's violin. "Who could be Basil's wife and not improve? It will be a case of 'Locksley Hall' reversed; and if he is fancying now that he no longer loves her, she will grow to his ideal day by day, and he will end by adoring the nobleness that his own nobleness has created."

It was a fanciful prophecy, no doubt, but at least it served to comfort me, and to enable me to listen with compassion rather than despair to the despairing strains that came up in the silence like the cry of one in stress of overmastering pain. If that was how Basil relieved his solitude, no wonder Mrs. Munns called his playing "creepy." Little as I understood music, I knew that this was full of a strange and weird power, that Basil was playing as I had never heard him play before, and that there was infinite pathos in the passionate sounds. Presently they ceased, but the echoes seemed to linger in my heart. "There must be something uncanny about the house," I thought. "Old Jones gets illusions, sees visions, and I daresay dreams bad dreams; and Basil plays as if he and his violin were both bewitched together."

I suppose it was the association of ideas, but something impelled me, when I had put out my light, to undraw the white dimity curtain, and look out into the clear, moonlit night. It was so light as to be actually dazzling. The moonlight glittered whitely on the white snow, and was reflected from it; the snow stretched away, a sheet of dazzling whiteness, under the silvery beams. I could see right across the park to where the Castle stood, a stately moonlit pile, with its deep black shadow sharply outlined on the snow. And as I gazed, I thought that I too must be infected with the spirit of the house in which I was. It could be only a delusion, but though I rubbed my eyes till they were sore, I could not rid myself of the impression that a white figure such as Mr. Jones had described had issued from the private door in the Castle, and was making its way over the snow in the direction of the coppice.

I threw my dressing-gown round me, and ran down-stairs.

"Basil!" I panted, "I have seen it—I have seen the ghost!"

Basil did not answer, and for a moment I thought he was asleep. His arms were folded on the table, and his head was resting on them in an attitude of utter weariness. The violin lay on the table, with a broken string lying loosely across it, and a vase of flowers overturned beside it seemed to show that it had been flung impatiently aside. I remembered all these things afterwards, but at the time I was too excited to notice them.

"Basil, do you hear?" I cried; "I have seen the ghost!"

He lifted his head and looked before him in a dazed sort of way, and even in the midst of my own excitement I was struck with the pallor of his face and the pain in the "sapphire" eyes.

"The ghost?" he said, with a faint incredulous smile. "My dear Esther, you have been dreaming. Go to sleep again."

"I have not been to sleep," I interrupted, "and I saw it as plainly as I see you. Do come up-stairs and see! It came out of the little door, and went down the park and into the coppice, just as Mr. Jones said, and——"

"And that pork-pie Mrs. Munns sent us in for supper evidently didn't agree with you," said Basil, finishing the sentence for me in a way I had certainly not intended. "Let me feel your pulse. Why, my dear child, it must be going hundreds to the minute! and your teeth are chattering and your hands like ice. You don't mean to say you believe that nonsense of old Jones's? Really, Esther, I thought you had more sense."

"There really was *something*," I protested, but Basil would only laugh at me. Certainly the ghostly theory seemed much less plausible in the light of the warm, fire-lit room and Basil's sarcastic smile, and I went up-stairs at last, cheered and warmed and comforted, and more than half inclined to laugh at myself as the victim of my own foolish fancy.

Basil was out when I came down the next morning, and I would not excite Mrs. Munns' ridicule by saying anything about the ghost. She brought a note in for Basil while I was waiting—a square, coroneted envelope, addressed in a clear feminine hand.

"From the Castle, miss," she said, as she laid it by Basil's plate. "They'll be having gay doings there before long, if all is true one hears."

"I think very little is true that one hears," I said repressively, for I knew Mrs. Munns' weakness for gossip of old. "There was a clever man once, Mrs. Munns, who used to say that it was wisest to believe nothing you heard, and only half you saw."

"Did he, now?" said Mrs. Munns. "He must have been a curis gentleman, miss, if he didn't believe his own eyes."

I was too much in the "curis gentleman's" case myself to enter on an argument, and indeed argument was not Mrs. Munns' desire. Obviously, she

had heard some fresh bit of gossip, and was burning to deliver herself of it. She fidgeted about, rearranging the knives and forks and spoons, that were already adjusted to the sixteenth of an inch, and

"No, I was not here at Christmas."

"I thought perhaps you might have seen him in Hazelford," said Mrs. Munns. "A handsome gentleman he is, and free and pleasant-spoken. He'll be



"He lifted his head and looked before him in a dazed sort of way."—p. 420.

then she moved the coroneted letter to the other side of Basil's plate, and looked at it reflectively.

"Yes, miss," she said, just as if I had spoken, "Jack Brenton, the boy that brought the letter, told me that Colonel Hazelford is down at the Castle again. You remember him, miss?—the tall, light-haired gentleman as was staying at the Castle at Christmas?"

the Earl some day, miss, you know, and they say he's to marry Miss Temple."

Basil was coming in at the door as she spoke. He must have heard—he did hear, I knew, for he paused just the fraction of a second, and in his face was something that told me that the news was a surprise to him. If it had been anyone but Basil, I could have fancied that it was not only a surprise,

but a shock. He put out his hand with a sudden aimless gesture, and then he caught at the door and steadied himself against it. The next moment he came into the room, and wished me good-morning in his usual manner and with his usual kiss, and except that his lips were cold—as any man's might have been on a morning like that—there was nothing to make me fancy, as I had done for a moment, that the news he had just heard had any special interest for him. He sat down in his place at the table, and read his note, and then he handed it to me :—

"DEAR MR. FORD,—The Earl would be glad if you could come and see him about the new cottages at Coombe on Thursday instead of to-morrow. Colonel Hazelford came unexpectedly last evening, and the Earl will be engaged with him both to-day and to-morrow.

"Yours very truly,
ELLINOR DIEUDONNÉE TEMPLE."

"What a curious name!" I said, looking at Miss Temple's signature. "But it seems to suit her. A girl with a face like that ought not to have a commonplace name."

"No," said Basil briefly.

He took his letter again, and put it into his pocket, and then he looked at me, and observed, with a touch of satire in his tone—

"That was a tolerably substantial ghost of yours last night! I took the trouble to wade through the snow in the park this morning, and there were footsteps all the way from the side door to the coppiece."

CHAPTER X.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

"Dumb witnesses the silent Night betray,
And bare its secrets to the eye of Day."

THE discovery that the "ghost" was of so corporeal a nature as to leave visible footsteps behind it was rather pleasant and consoling than otherwise, but the wonder that was lessened in one direction only increased in another. Who could it be that had taken that midnight walk, and left those silent witnesses of the fact? Basil thought it right to communicate his discovery to the housekeeper at the Castle, but I heard afterwards that no one could throw any light on the mysterious occurrence. It was quite true, as old Jones had said, that the side door only led to the ladies' apartments; and though, of course, the key might have been abstracted, there was not the slightest clue to indicate by whom or for what reason.

We were still discussing the perplexing mystery when Uncle Chayter rode up to the door. He came in, stamping the snow from his boots, and looking decidedly cold and unamiable, and tossed a letter into my lap.

"There," he said. "You'll please yourself, of course; but, if I were you, I wouldn't mew myself up here any longer. Basil's had enough of you, I'm

sure, and I want you back—but, of course, you don't care for that."

"Does the mother say she may stay?" said Basil eagerly.

He always spoke of our mother as "the mother"—not "*my* mother"—though I am sure he gave her the respect and affection of a son. It was a joke against him that he still kept up, in speaking to her, the "mamma" of our childish days. But I, at least, understood that he would not give the name of "mother" to any but his own. It was the one little bit of sentimentality in Basil's unsentimental nature, and I used to wonder sometimes if our own dear mother, with her dark refined face and gentle gracious ways, was not more truly akin to her adopted son than the loud-voiced, kindly, but decidedly vulgar woman who had brought him to our charpoy, and who I had little doubt was the wife of poor Trumpeter Ford.

I read my letter through, and answered for myself. "Yes!" I cried. "She says I may please myself, and I please to stay, if you would like it, Basil."

Basil's smile was enough for me, but not, it seemed, for Uncle Chayter.

"Where are your manners, sir?" he growled. "Is there any need to be a boor because you are a farmer?"

"I hope not, sir," said Basil quietly; and indeed anything less like a boor could hardly have been imagined. I wondered my uncle did not beg his pardon on the spot, but he only grunted, and looked sourly round the room.

"You call this a farm-house, do you?" he observed, and Mrs. Fielding herself could hardly have been more scornful. But Basil would not take offence.

"Don't you think it's improved, uncle?" he asked. "It was Esther's idea to fill up that ugly three-cornered cupboard with the blue china, and I'm sure it's a great success."

"Jones kept his samples in it, and I take it that sample bags are more in a farmer's way than blue china," said Uncle Chayter perversely.

"The sample bags are here all right," said Basil, opening one of the side-board drawers, and showing a business-like array of those useful commodities. But Uncle Chayter would not be beguiled into approval.

"Silver waiters! What next?" he ejaculated, looking at a modest little salver that adorned the plain oak sideboard, flanked by an oak-and-silver flagon, and a biscuit-box of similar description. "I should have thought it a handy place for keeping your books. But perhaps," added my uncle, sarcastically, "you're too much of a farmer to keep accounts. It's a thing, I believe, they never do."

Basil looked at me and raised his eyebrows in conical resignation. Uncle Chayter was clearly determined to grumble, and it was better to let him have it out—that was what Basil's look said, as plainly as if he had spoken, and I quite agreed with him. I am bound to confess that my uncle fully availed himself of the tacit permission. The shortcomings of farmers and the follies of women were the

theme of his discourse, and he enlarged on the fruitful subject till he fairly grumbled himself into good-humour again. I was careful not to interrupt him, and as for Basil, I doubt if he even heard the splenetic tirade.

He stood by the window, looking out at the desolate waste of snow, and something in his expression reminded me of the white, weary face I had seen when I came so unexpectedly on his midnight musings. Whatever his thoughts were, they were not pleasant ones, I was sure, and I was more grateful than ever for the permission to stay with him.

"Well," said my uncle at last, getting up and shaking hands with us quite amiably, farmer and woman as we were, "I must be going now. The Earl wants to see me on business, and as Colonel Hazelford's here, of course I can guess what the business is. Yours won't be the only wedding this summer, Master Basil, and I only hope the Earl will insist on proper settlements for his ward."

"What relation is Miss Temple to the Earl?" I asked, as Basil did not speak.

"Upon my word, I don't know," said my uncle, after a moment's reflection. "It's very odd, but I really do *not* know—not even if the relationship is on my lord's or my lady's side."

"Miss Temple is no relation to either," said Basil, without turning his head.

He was standing by the window still, but it seemed he was less absorbed in his own thoughts than I had supposed.

"Eh! How do you know? I always thought she was niece to one or the other."

"I know because she told me herself," said Basil briefly.

And then Uncle Chayter took himself away, and Basil went out with him, and stood at the gate looking after him as he trotted away over the soft, silent snow. How hushed and still everything was, I thought. How grey—almost black—the sky looked against the snow; how un-English and even Arctic it all was. And then I looked at Basil, and retracted my thoughts. The tall, straight, fair-haired figure in the rough tweed suit could be only English; no other nationality has ever produced just that union of strength and grace, of courtliness and freedom, of the townsman's culture and the countryman's naturalness and ease. My brother! How proud I was of him. How ardently I longed to pierce the secret of his grief, and bring him such consolation as I could. That some trouble had come to him I no longer doubted. His face, seen thus in repose, was too sad to leave room for doubt. I felt quite guilty, watching him like this, when probably he believed himself alone, and I moved away from the window, wondering how long he would stand looking after Uncle Chayter in that aimless sort of way. Suddenly he turned and came into the house, and asked me if I would like to go for a walk.

"If you are not busy," I said, "I should like it very much."

"Busy? The snow stops everything. And besides——"

He put his hand to his head with a gesture of pain, but he did not finish the sentence. "Wrap yourself well up," he said; "the frost is the hardest I ever knew."

It was like him to be so thoughtful for me when I was sure his own head was aching—but was he not thoughtful for everyone, this good brother of mine? Pretty May was the pet of the Rectory, but I thought that, when she was Basil's wife, she would scarcely miss the loving care she was accustomed to at home, as so many young brides do.

I could not help saying something of the sort to him as I thanked him now, but he did not respond to the remark, and once more I felt as if my sympathy had been repulsed.

It was rather a silent walk we had, but what a walk it was! Basil had suggested that we should go and look at the footprints in the park, and we turned in at the great gates, and up the broad drive where alone walking was possible. A way had been cut through the snow, and great white blocks were piled like a glittering wall on either hand. All around us the country was a vast sheet of white, and the trees a fairy fretwork of frosted branches. Near the horizon the sky looked black from contrast, but it cleared to a pale frosty blue in the zenith, while low in the south hung the wintry sun, shorn of his beams, and looking scarcely larger than a moon.

Basil said that the thermometer showed thirty degrees of frost, but we were not cold. The air was so absolutely still that it seemed to have a dreamy languor in it, like that of a summer's evening.

Altogether it was a sort of enchanted scene, and though I had come out to please Basil rather than myself, I felt well repaid.

Presently we turned the corner of the house, and came in sight of the side door, from which a line of footsteps was plainly visible in the snow, stretching away from the door to the dim white coppice hardly to be distinguished from the swell of the snow-covered park.

"How small they are, and how close together!" I said, looking at them with a good deal of interest. Basil stooped down and measured one.

"Yes," he agreed. "It knocks the sweethearting theory on the head. It must have been a child."

"The figure I saw was too tall for a child; and besides, there are no children at the Castle," I objected; but Basil would not be convinced.

"I think you were much too frightened to be any judge of the 'ghost's' size," he said, with a laugh. "Fear always magnifies things, you know. It must have been a child, for no one else could leave a print so small. You have dainty enough feet, my dear, but put one of yours down by these and see."

I did as he desired, but though we Grahams pride ourselves on our small feet and hands, and my boot was only a "three," it certainly left a considerably larger impression. I came round to Basil's conclusion

that the "ghost" must have been a child, but I felt very sorry to think that any child should have taken that midnight walk over the snow.

We were still talking about it, and wondering what child it could possibly have been, when the side door opened, and Dr. Cheriton, our Hazelford doctor, came down the path towards us.

Dr. Cheriton had recently taken old Mr. Price's practice, and Hazelford opinion was greatly divided about him. The men—what few there were—liked him, but the old ladies sighed for Mr. Price as with a single voice. As for the young ladies, they were for once of one mind with the old. Dr. Cheriton was not in any sense a ladies' man, and manifested an unpardonable indifference to the charms of the Hazelford belles. Nevertheless I liked his face. If it was plain, it was honest and shrewd, keen of glance and firm of lip, and with wonderful power in the broad rugged brow. As he came towards us now, he discovered also a very pleasant smile, and I found that during Lady Otterbourne's illness he had developed quite an intimacy with Basil.

"Mr. Ford was good enough to let me come and stay with him sometimes," he explained, and Basil added that there had been a night or two when Dr. Cheriton had thought his patient in too critical a state to be left, and yet had not liked to alarm the Earl by staying at the Castle.

"But she is better now," said the doctor cheerfully—"so much better that I have knocked her off the list. But, unless I am very much mistaken, I'm afraid I shall have another patient there before long," he added, with a shrewd little shake of the head.

"Another?" said Basil quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Whom do I mean, would be more to the point," said Dr. Cheriton. "I mean Miss Temple. I don't like her looks. Her eyes are too bright."

"Too bright? Men don't often say that of a woman's eyes," I said, foolishly enough. But some instinct of covering Basil's silence made me rush into unconsidered speech.

"I'm not a man—I'm a doctor," said Dr. Cheriton, and I felt as crushed as he could possibly have desired. "I mean," he went on, "that eyes are too bright when they are not in correspondence with the rest of the frame. Inert and languid movements and restless sparkling eyes show disturbed balance somewhere in the wonderful machinery we doctors try to keep in working order. Tinkers we are at best, you know, but even a tinker can see when a cog gets out of gear. Now Miss Temple's is a peculiar constitution——"

"Tinkers are never happy unless they're talking shop," said Basil, with an offence in his tone that seemed to me quite uncalled for. Decidedly he was not the easy-tempered Basil of three months ago—or perhaps he had expended all his patience on Uncle Chayter.

Dr. Cheriton laughed.

"I believe it's true," he said pleasantly, "and I

ask Miss Graham's pardon. As some atonement let me suggest that you go with me to see the skating on the lake. They have had men at work all the morning clearing off the snow, and it isn't often you get a chance in England of such ice as there is beneath. I'm going round myself to have a peep at it—which, alas! is all I shall have time for," ended the hard-working doctor with a sigh.

We went down to the lake together, Basil and the doctor talking of the "ghost" I had fancied I saw last night, and of the footsteps that proved the fancy to be so easily accounted for. As for the footsteps themselves, Dr. Cheriton agreed with Basil that they were probably a child's, though whose remained a mystery.

"It won't be a mystery long, I suspect," laughed the doctor. "Any reasonable child ought to be laid up with inflammation or bronchitis after a walk like that. Depend upon it, Miss Graham, I shall discover your ghost yet."

CHAPTER XI.

FACES AND FANCIES.

"How much her grace is altered on the sudden!
How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks!
And of an earthly cold! Mark you her eyes!"

THE lake was a sheet of ornamental water in the park, surrounded by trees, and of a depth too inconsiderable to alarm even the most timid of skaters. Yesterday it had been a plain of snow, indistinguishable from the rest of the park, but to-day it was clean swept, and the smooth ice showed darkly against the surrounding snow. A few skaters were already on it, and two or three groups were clustered at the edge, talking and looking on.

The Earl was there, and Uncle Chayter, and a gentleman whom I presumed to be Colonel Hazelford. They were talking together, and a little further off were Dr. Bennett, the vicar of Coombe, and his two pretty daughters, Miss Temple, and a lady whom I had not seen before, but who seemed to be very much at home. I knew afterwards that she was Mrs. Desborough, Colonel Hazelford's sister, and that a short, stout man who just then came on the ice was her husband. Mrs. Desborough was very richly dressed in sealskin and fur, and Miss Temple, as usual, was looking superb in a style entirely her own.

I knew that the Miss Bennetts were considered some of the prettiest girls in the county, but their beauty seemed to pale beside Miss Temple's, even as May's had done. They were handsome and well dressed, but as Miss Temple stood talking to them they looked insignificant and dowdy. What was there in this girl's beauty, I wondered, that it should dwarf and subdue all other women's? Was it the features so much more clearly cut than is common in Englishwomen, or the mingled fire and softness of the dark, lustrous eyes, or only that the noble and

rather exalted expression seemed to lift her to some plane above the thoughts and ways of lesser and more ordinary natures? As for her dress, a tight-fitting robe of blue velvet—unrelieved by any trimming but the silvery fur at throat and wrist—would have been trying to most women, but it seemed exactly to suit the regal beauty of Ellinor Diendonée Temple.

I found myself thinking what a curious name it was, and unconsciously saying so half aloud. But Dr. Cheriton had ears of abnormal acuteness.

"Yes," he agreed; "I had no idea she possessed anything so magnificently appropriate. The Countess always calls her *Donnie*."

"That is a pretty name too."

"But not half so suitable. What a splendid creature she is, to be sure! Quite a psychological study."

I wondered if the interest in his tone was purely professional, or if Miss Temple's extraordinary beauty had moved even this unsusceptible doctor from his usual scientific indifference. He certainly seemed to follow all her movements with interest, and presently he went on to the ice, and joined the little group of which she was the centre. He stood talking to her a little while, and then I saw him kneel down and fasten on her skates.

"Of all things, a scientific medico is about the most insufferable!" said Basil suddenly.

"I thought you liked him!" I exclaimed.

"He is well enough on his own ground," said Basil; "but men like that never seem to understand that anything on earth should be sacred from their impertinent tongues."

I listened in some astonishment, for indeed I did not see what the doctor had said to deserve such sweeping censure. However, Basil said no more; and indeed at that moment my uncle and the Earl came towards us. Uncle Chayter introduced me to the great man, and I was conscious of a little wonder to find him so much like other people. He asked us to join the skaters, but Basil excused himself, and I did not like to go without him.

"I thought you were so fond of skating, Basil," I said, when the Earl had rejoined his friends.

"I don't care to go amongst those people on sufferance."

"On sufferance? Oh, Basil! I'm sure nothing could have been nicer or more friendly than Lord Otterbourne was just now."

"The Earl? Oh, yes, he is friendly—he is a friend. But his friends are a different matter. I'm not going to put myself in the way of conventional insult."

I thought the fear morbid and quite unnecessary, but probably Basil knew best; and indeed I could not but be struck by the difference between the Earl's manner, so simply friendly and unaffected, and the supercilious stare with which Colonel Hazelford favoured us as he skated by.

But, in spite of his rudeness, I could not look

without interest at the man who was betrothed to Ellinor Diendonée Temple. He was a good-looking man, tall, and with a military bearing, but older than I had expected. His hair was light, and he wore a tawny moustache with long pointed ends. But though his figure was young, and neither hair nor moustache had a strand of grey in them, I felt I was not far out in putting him down on the wrong side of forty. There were lines about the pale grey eyes and round the corners of the mouth that youth never knows, and I found myself wondering how a man of his age could have won a young girl's love.

I looked from him to Miss Temple, almost as if I expected to find an answer in her face, and I was struck with the restlessness of her glance and the languor of her movements almost as much as Dr. Cheriton had been. She was skating now, gliding gently over the smooth ice with scarcely perceptible effort, but with something in the feverish brightness of her eyes that seemed to contradict the impression of indolent grace the undulating movement gave. Colonel Hazelford kept close to her, speaking eagerly from time to time, and winning, it seemed to me, but brief and indifferent replies.

"She knows her power, and means him to know it too," I thought. Yet I felt half ashamed the next minute.

Their course round the lake had brought them to our side of it again, and as they passed Miss Temple bowed to Basil with a courtesy that seemed all the more pointed for her companion's arrogant stare.

It seemed a disappointment to everyone, and I am sure it was to me, when Miss Temple left the ice, which she did a few minutes afterwards. I heard Colonel Hazelford remonstrating, and Mrs. Desborough joining her entreaties to his, but without avail.

"I am tired," Miss Temple said, "and don't you think it is getting very cold?"

She shivered as she spoke, and I saw that her cheeks were pale, and her lips bloodless. The restless eyes shone under their drooping lids with a sort of feverish light, and I thought of Dr. Cheriton's prophecy, and wished his duties had not already taken him away. Miss Temple looked ill enough to need his services, I thought, as she went away on Colonel Hazelford's arm, but Basil did not agree with me.

"Ill?" he said almost irritably. "I never saw her looking better in my life. What possesses you to take such fancies in your head? But if you've had enough of this, I think we'll be going home. I can't afford to waste all the day."

Of course I said I was ready to go, though I had been enjoying myself too much to think the time long. There is always something interesting in watching people whom you do not know, but concerning whom you know a good deal, and my interest in Lord Otterbourne and his friends had prevented my feeling fatigue. I realised now, however, that my feet were cold and my fingers numb, and remembered that Basil had a headache, and that

for him the "Castle people" had passed out of the region of speculative conjecture into actual acquaintance, and were probably no more interesting than the rest of the world. Even for me, Miss Temple's departure had very much reduced the interest, and I turned homewards willingly enough.

After lunch Basil went out again, but the brief glory of the January day was already over. The sky was cloudy, and a cold north wind was blowing.

I drew my chair to the fire, and sat down to the hemming of the fine damask table-cloths which were to be part of my mother's contribution to Basil's housekeeping. But the waning light soon forced me to desist, and I leaned back in my chair, and looked idly out of the window, as next winter perhaps May would look out of it—May, who would be my brother Basil's wife.

I fancied I could see her—not May Fielding, but May Ford—with a certain change upon her butterfly ways, a matronly dignity that Basil's wife could hardly fail to wear, and that would become her well.

Here in the dusk she would sit, as I was sitting now; waiting, as I was waiting now, for him; her girlish petulance stilled to a fulness of content, an abiding peace that perhaps only a good man's wife can know. Dusk as it would be, she would not light the lamp, for perhaps he might come up the garden-way, and she would miss seeing him if she did. I could fancy her sitting by the firelight, just as I was sitting, leaning her ear to catch his earliest footfall, or lifting her head to see him coming in at the door. Mrs. Fielding often sighed pathetically to think of "poor dear May buried alive in a lonely farm-house," but I could have laughed her pity to scorn. May need envy no one, I thought, when once she should be my brother Basil's wife. What loneliness could she know when he was her companion, and when even solitude would be only a happy waiting for his coming? Even to me the Home Farm was neither dull nor lonely; how much less then could it be either the one or the other to my brother Basil's wife?

How pleasant it was, sitting here in the "darklings," with the firelight dancing on the raftered ceiling, and glinting on the salver that had given Uncle Chayter such offence. Outside it was quiet enough, of course. There was nothing to be heard but the barking of the sheep-dog, and nothing to be seen but the white road glimmering in the fading light, and the white palings that looked quite dingy against the snow. Basil was out at the back, seeing no doubt to the diligence of his men and the comfort of his beast—Basil being a man who believed in the master's eye—and passers-by were rare events at the Home Farm. It was all the more surprising to see Dr. Cheriton's gig suddenly flash by—and, unless I was very much mistaken, Colonel Hazelford was sitting by his side.

Miss Temple must be ill! That was the only thing that Colonel Hazelford in the doctor's gig could mean. I listened to hear if they turned off the road into the park, but the snow muffled the wheels, and I heard

nothing. By the time Mrs. Munns appeared with the lamp I had fallen back to my old musings, and my thoughts had come home from Miss Temple to Basil and May.

It was less easy to imagine Basil in his married life, and the pictures I drew of him were less complete. The face I saw bent to his girl-wife's kiss was noble and grave and sweet, for it was Basil's; but the brow was shadowed, and I felt that if I could have seen the eyes they might have worn the look they wore when they met mine in this very room last night. I told myself that it was not fair to attribute to May's husband an expression that was probably only the result of weariness and waiting, or of some temporary trouble that would have passed away long before then; and then I lifted my eyes, and saw Basil coming in at the door, with a look that was only too much like the pictured face my fancy had created.

"Basil, how tired you look!" I exclaimed; "do sit down and rest. Shall I take your coat into the hall?"

For I saw with surprise that he was still wearing the coat and leggings in which he had been making the round of stable and byre and yard. Never before had I known fastidious Basil come into the sitting-room thus, and I thought it showed how tired he must be.

But Basil did not sit down.

"I only looked in just to tell you not to wait tea," he said, still standing in the doorway. "The Earl wanted those plans for the Coombe Cottages, and I thought I would take them down myself."

"To the Castle? Did you see Dr. Cheriton go by a little while ago? I'm afraid someone must be ill."

"So am I," said Basil; "I will ask when I leave the plans."

"Won't you have some tea first?"

"No, no," he said impatiently. "I can't wait—I must know."

He shut the door, and I rang for Mrs. Munns and the tea-pot. I had no inclination to return to my musings over the fire. The spell was broken, and, besides this, I felt that my thoughts might have outleapt those quiet and peaceful channels. Something in Basil's face, in the disturbance and disquiet in his manner, had raised a vague disturbance in my breast. I shrank from investigating the cause of my own disquiet, from inquiring too curiously into the cause of his—and this, not that I despaired of finding an answer, but, that I feared I might find one too easily for my own peace of mind and for his.

CHAPTER XII.

"CINDERELLA."

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches: none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

WAITING in happy anticipation and waiting in something very like doubt and anxiety are two entirely different things, as everyone knows who has tried them, and by the time Basil returned I was thoroughly

tired of my own society. I had kept the tea on the table, and it was fortunate I had, for Basil did not come alone. Dr. Cheriton was with him, looking very tired, and evidently grateful for the cup of tea I offered him.

"I've had nothing since breakfast," he explained, "for I dawdled about that skating this morning till I'd no time for lunch, and just as I was sitting down to dinner, Colonel Hazelford fetched me to see Miss Temple."

"Then it *is* Miss Temple who is ill?" I asked, and some impulse I could neither resist nor explain prompted me to look at Basil as I spoke. But Basil was sitting with his hand over his eyes, and did not even see me.

"Yes, it is Miss Temple," Dr. Cheriton said, "and a pretty sharp attack she's got. Pneumonia—of one lung at least—and so sudden, too. She had no business to be out this morning! I thought there was mischief brewing, but I didn't think she was in for such a serious affair as this."

"Do you mean that there is danger?"

"There is no immediate danger in her condition, but I suspect we haven't seen the worst yet. She's in a very critical state, and no one can say which way it will go," said Dr. Cheriton, passing his cup for the fifth time. "Come, Ford! I'm making all the running—I don't get butter and cream like this every night, you know—but you're eating nothing at all."

"I'm all right," said Basil, rousing himself, and lifting his cup. But his hand shook so much that he set it down untasted.

Dr. Cheriton looked at him curiously.

"Hullo!" he cried, "what have you been doing to yourself? You're as white as a sheet—nerves unstrung, and all the rest of it. Did *you* see the ghost last night, or what is it?"

"Nothing," growled Basil; "I wish you would not be absurd."

"Absurd or not, I should like to know what's bowled you over like this. Let me feel your pulse."

"Not I," said Basil, with a laugh that did not sound quite natural to me, whatever it did to Dr. Cheriton. "Get on with your tea, doctor. When I want you professionally, I'll let you know."

"But, Basil," I cried, "I am sure Dr. Cheriton is right. You are not well—you have not been well all day."

Basil gave me a look that effectually stopped me, and Dr. Cheriton, who probably caught the repressive glance, discreetly changed the subject.

"I saw Miss Fielding this morning," he observed. "You ought to get her over for some skating, Ford. I've no doubt you could getper...sion from the Earl."

"Miss Fielding does not skate," said Basil, with an air of settling the matter.

"But you could teach her," said the irrepressible doctor. "If I were engaged to a pretty girl like that, I should jump at the chance. You'd have the lake pretty well to yourselves, too, for there won't be

much more skating for the Castle people, I'm afraid. Colonel Hazelford goes to-morrow, and it will be a good while before Miss Temple will wear her skates again."

"But will Colonel Hazelford go if Miss Temple is as ill as you seem to think?" I asked.

"What good could he do if he stayed?" said Dr. Cheriton.

I did not think that that was quite the point, and I was sure that Basil muttered "Brute!" But whether the exclamation referred to lover or doctor I did not know.

Perhaps, after all, neither of them deserved it. Dr. Cheriton, of course, looked at the question from a doctor's point of view; and Colonel Hazelford certainly looked like a man who would be intolerably in the way in a house with sickness in it. I said so now, and Dr. Cheriton entirely agreed with me.

"I don't think it's from any want of proper feeling that he talks of going," he said. "He seems very fond of Miss Temple, and full of concern about her, though he's certainly not an emotional man."

"No," I agreed; "I call his face decidedly hard. I can't think where I've seen just that expression before, pleasant and repellent at once."

"I should call that a highly original expression," said Dr. Cheriton gravely. "In the course of a somewhat extensive acquaintance, I can't say that I've ever met with it myself."

"You may laugh," I retorted, "but it's quite true. He *is* pleasant looking, with a sort of surface pleasantness, and yet he repels in spite of it. One feels—or, at least, *I* feel—as if he was cold and selfish, if you could get at his real self."

"Dear me!" said Dr. Cheriton, looking at me with mock apprehension. "I hope you don't detect any secret vice about me, Miss Graham? It's quite alarming to sit opposite such a keen-sighted young lady!"

"I don't pretend to be that," I said, "but I feel sure I'm right about Colonel Hazelford; and the odd part is that I'm sure I've seen a face just like his before. Don't you know, Basil, that I told you so coming home?"

"Did you?" said Basil. "I did not remember. But you know, Esther, that you see a good many things that escape other people—from ghosts upwards, I daresay."

"The ghost was really something that could be seen," I protested, "and I still maintain that I have seen a face with just Colonel Hazelford's expression, though where or when I can't remember."

"He's a good-looking fellow in his way," said Dr. Cheriton, "and wonderfully well preserved. Well, they'll make a handsome pair, if only my patient pulls through this all right, as I'm sure I hope she will. It's a queer attack altogether, coming on so suddenly, and with absolutely nothing to account for it—unless, indeed," cried the doctor, sitting up in his

chair in great excitement—"unless, indeed, a wild idea that's just occurred to me should turn out to be right. You didn't measure those footprints in the snow, did you, Ford?"

mad! Miss Temple rambling about the park at twelve o'clock at night—how can you dare to say, or even to think such a thing?"

Dr. Cheriton laughed at Basil's indignant tone.



"As they passed, Miss Temple bowed to Basil."—p. 425.

"No; that is, I took no exact measurement. But what has that got to do with it?"

"Well," said Dr. Cheriton, looking very knowing, "I happened to notice, when I was putting on Miss Temple's skates, what a very small foot she has—ridiculously so for a woman of her height—and I can't help wondering if she was Miss Graham's 'ghost.'"

"Miss Temple!" cried Basil. "You must be

"Don't excite yourself, my good fellow," he said coolly. "I've as great a respect for Miss Temple as you can have, but queerer things than that have been done by girls every whit as nice. Perhaps it was just a girlish freak; or perhaps Colonel Hazelford was to meet her at the coppice, just to give a flavour of romance to their spooning. Miss Lydia Languish is not the first or the last young woman who

has thought a humdrum engagement rather slow. Well—" as he became conscious of Basil's wrathful eyes, "I beg her pardon if I do her an injustice; but I'll ask her maid for a shoe, and compare it with the footprints all the same. You see it would account for everything—for the use of the private door, and for the discrepancy between Miss Graham's impression of the height of the figure she saw and the actual size of the footsteps. It would account for this illness, too; after a chill like that pneumonia would be the most natural thing in the world. But what did she go for? That's the weak point; and why did nobody know?"

Dr. Cheriton stood frowning and biting his moustache, but neither of us attempted to answer. To me the idea seemed wild and preposterous, and if I read Basil's indignant face aright, he regarded it as absolute profanation.

Nevertheless, when Dr. Cheriton appeared the next night, he brought word that Miss Temple's illness was assuming a still more serious form, and added gravely enough—

"And no wonder, for her shoe fits those footprints as exactly as Cinderella's foot fitted the glass slipper."

(To be continued.)

THE PHARISEE'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HILL, M.A., LEEDS.

"God, I thank Thee that I am not as the rest of men."—ST. LUKE xviii. 11 (*Revised Version*).

IT was rather a soliloquy than a prayer, rather a congratulation addressed to himself than a supplication meant for the ear of God; and perhaps this is what our Lord meant when He said, "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself."

As we read the parable we feel all the way through that there is something wrong about this Pharisee. We watch him as he enters the Temple, spreads out his hands to pray and pours forth his fluent words; and the man provokes our antipathy: just as our sympathy is excited by the other worshipper who stands afar off, and dares not lift his eyes to heaven, but smites upon his breast, ejaculating, "God be merciful to me a sinner." We are quite prepared for the closing words of the story. We have a sufficient knowledge of God and of the laws of the spiritual life to be able to anticipate the Divine verdict on two such prayers as these. We know beforehand that the Publican will find acceptance rather than the Pharisee.

What, then, was there wrong in the Pharisee and his prayer that he and it come under the condemnation of God and of all good men? It may be well to consider this a little.

We are apt to think that the Pharisees were all great hypocrites. In the common mind "hypocrite" and "Pharisee" are almost synonymous terms; and in the hypocrite of to-day is recognised the Pharisee's modern representative.

Now, that the Pharisee of our Lord's day often was a hypocrite there can be no doubt; we know that on account of his hypocrisy he came under the Saviour's most scathing rebuke. A hypocrite is an actor, a pretender; a man who professes to be what he really is not and knows that he is not. Hypocrisy is

always offensive; hypocrisy in religion is peculiarly offensive. For a man to make a profession of goodness when he knows that he is at heart a bad man; for a man to assume the outward garb and show of piety when in truth he is worldly and corrupt, is to offer insult to the All-seeing God and to deserve the censure of all honest men. And this is what many of the Pharisees did. For their hypocrisy they were indignantly rebuked by Christ and are held up to the scorn and contempt of all the ages.

But all the Pharisees were not hypocrites; and there is no suggestion in the parable that our Lord now had in view this fault in particular. When the man said, "I am not as the rest of men," he was not wilfully lying; he was perfectly sincere. And if he was not an extortioner, if he was not unjust, if he was not an adulterer, why, then of course *he was not*; and had he confessed that he was an utterly abandoned and wicked man, when he honestly believed himself to be nothing of the kind, he would thereby have made his prayer not better but worse, inasmuch as to all its other faults he would have added that of deliberate falsehood. No, the fatal blemish in the Pharisee's prayer was not insincerity. He said what he meant, and meant what he said. And this honesty of speech, so far from being a blemish, is an essential condition of acceptable prayer.

Nor is the prayer of the Pharisee to be condemned because it assumed the form of thanksgiving rather than of supplication. Careless people have too readily regarded the mere formal expression, "God, I thank Thee," as Pharisaical, and have supposed that Christ's censure was aimed at that—a quite unwarrantable assumption. It cannot be wrong to give thanks to God for what is felt to be His mercy. John Bunyan, who had as little of the Pharisaic spirit as most men, says very wisely, "A

prayer made up of praise is a prayer of the highest order." To offer thanks to God is at least as becoming as to offer requests. It was never intended that in our worship we should be no more than beggars—beseeching, beseeching, always beseeching; constantly asking and receiving, without rendering to our Heavenly Benefactor the tribute of our grateful acknowledgment. If, then, a man is conscious that God's mercy has kept him from dishonesty, from impurity, from injustice—from vices into which others have fallen—is he to blame for knowing this? or, knowing it, is he to blame for making mention of it in his prayers? Let it be but sincere and heartfelt, and the grateful "God, I thank Thee," is as truly devout and acceptable as the cry, "God be merciful to me."

What, then, was the fault of the Pharisee's prayer? If we may regard it as having the virtue of sincerity, and if we must own that thanksgiving is an acceptable form of devotion, what was the defect on account of which this worship of the Pharisee is deemed unsatisfactory?

We must keep in mind that in the few words of prayer ascribed to him we are meant to see what reveals the character of the worshipper. That is to say, the prayer is not simply a part of his worship; it represents the whole, and therein shows what the man himself is. When he stands in the Temple and says "God, I thank Thee that I am not as the rest of men," he lays bare his spiritual condition; he indicates the dominant thought of his mind, the dominant feeling of his heart. The prayer is to be regarded as an index of the man.

Remembering this, as we read the prayer again, we are struck by *the man's complete satisfaction with himself*; by the absence of all sign of a sense of sin. The Pharisee stands in the presence of the All-holy, before whom the angels veil their faces; he takes upon his lips the sacred name of God and invokes the attention of the Searcher of hearts; but he is conscious of no imperfection, no sinfulness, no unfitness for the awful presence. For a word expressive of any consciousness of demerit or unworthiness we search his prayer in vain. He is on good terms with himself, and thinks that he is on good terms with God. He is not as the rest of men. He is of a very different order from "this Publican." He trusts in himself that he is righteous, and so he stands forth confidently to make his prayer.

That this self-righteousness, this absence of all sense of personal sinfulness, is what our Lord condemns, is made emphatic by the contrasted description of the second worshipper. He, too, goes up to the Temple to pray—to the same place, for the same purpose—but his feeling of personal unworthiness is manifest in all he does and says. He stands afar off, he lifts not so much as his eyes unto heaven, he smites upon his breast, and the cry of his heart is, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" From the one worshipper the sense of sinfulness is conspicuously absent, with the other it is overwhelmingly present.

The first thinks of God, and is at ease; of his past life, and is contented; of himself, and thanks God that he is so good a man. The second thinks of God, and is troubled; of his past life, and is filled with shame; of himself, and entreates God's mercy on one so wicked. This is the great distinction between the worshippers: the one has not, the other has, a deep consciousness of sin.

It is not a matter of mere words; let that be clearly understood. We are too familiar with the teaching of Christianity to think of making our devotions consist of thanks to God that we are better than our neighbours. We own, readily enough, that we are sinners, and without any hesitation we adopt the language of the Publican and pray for mercy. Yet, for all that, far from sharing the feeling of the Publican, we may be under the influence of that self-righteousness which we see in this Pharisee. And not the words of our lips, but the thoughts and feelings of our heart, determine our spiritual condition and the value of our prayer.

How may we account for this absence of a sense of sin on the part of the Pharisee? What explanation can we give of the self-righteousness which is so conspicuous in his prayer?

In the first place he had a wrong idea of the nature of true religion, and a most inadequate conception of the Divine requirements. He thought the service of God consisted in the maintenance of decorous behaviour and the observance of certain religious rites. He abstained from gross vice, he fasted twice a week, he gave tithes of all his gains, he attended the Temple and said his prayers with due regularity; and, doing this, he was quite content. All his religious duties were satisfactorily performed: what more could be required of him?

Then, his self-satisfaction was fostered by the good opinion of others. His religious observances being noticed by those around, he won a reputation for piety; and, accepting the common opinion as correct, he had no difficulty in passing a favourable judgment upon himself.

Such a judgment was all the easier when he compared himself with the rest of men. He was not like them. Many were notoriously bad, like "this Publican." Many more lived in entire disregard of the claims of religion. Not so he. Clearly he was conspicuously superior to the common run of men. With them it might go hard in the judgment of God; but, confident in his own righteousness, he had no fears for himself.

And so, if we have read the man aright, we perceive how his very religiousness and morality blinded him to his actual condition—filled him with contempt for others and with spiritual pride and conceit. Because he had lived a respectable life, because he had kept free from vulgar vice and had practised a few petty charities and self-denials, because he had said his prayers and kept his fasts and given his tithes, he could strut proudly into the awful presence of the Most High, enwrapped in the garb of his own

righteousness, to advertise before Heaven his unusual excellence, and give thanks that he was "not as the rest of men."

We see how wrong this was, how utterly alien was the spirit of the Pharisee from the spirit with which men ought to worship God; and we say at once that a man who could be content with such a prayer did not know the truth about himself. For if anything is true about us this is true: that we have all sinned against God; that while the very best among us is an unprofitable servant who has done no more than his duty, every one of us has offended a thousand times against God's holy laws; so that self-righteousness, spiritual pride, on the part of those whose only ground of hope is God's mercy to the undeserving, is inexcusable and hateful. Surely men ought to know this. For not only is man's sinfulness asserted in the Scripture with unwearied reiteration, not only is it implied in such terms as "salvation," "redemption," and the other great words that are specially characteristic of the Christian faith, but conscience, if listened to, would teach any man that at least sometimes he has erred and strayed, has done the things he ought not to have done and left undone the things he ought to have done. Self-righteousness can come only of self-ignorance; and such self-ignorance is without excuse.

Suppose the Pharisee, instead of measuring himself by what he knew of other men, had measured his life by that great law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself;" what a sense of failure must then have filled his mind! Suppose that, instead of allowing his thoughts to dwell on his little negative virtues and his paltry fastings and gifts, he had thought deeply and earnestly of the Holy God whose name he took upon his lips, who cannot look upon iniquity, and in whose sight the heavens are unclean; there had been an end of his self-complacency then. The vision of God makes self-righteousness impossible. "Mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself." "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." The instinctive cry of everyone who gains any clear sense of the holiness of God is, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Nothing is more fatal to true worship, nothing is more fatal to true piety than self-righteousness. The man that is farthest from the Kingdom of God is not he who by his many and great sins seems to have put himself almost beyond the reach of mercy; but it is he who is so satisfied with himself, so proud of his religious attainments that he does not know his need of mercy. When a man is so ignorant of himself and of the nature of true goodness that he can separate himself from "the rest of men" to thank God that he is not like them, and can confidently specify the different items of his excellence on which he rests his claim to the Divine regard, he can have little appreciation for the Gospel, little consciousness of

sin, little sense of his need of the cleansing blood of Jesus and the purifying work of the Holy Spirit. In reality his need is as great as the need of any other man; but he does not know it, and consequently has no anxiety that it should be met.

What can Christ do for such a man? What can the doctor do when the sick man insists that he is quite well, and therefore refuses all offered help? And what can the Saviour do when the sinner whom He fain would save says, "Thank God I am not as the rest of men!" Christ comes to men bringing blessings of infinite worth. He offers pardon for past offences and grace to help in every time of need. His gifts are free to all: the only condition of receiving is an earnest desire to possess them. An empty hand stretched out to the Saviour will always be filled. But the hands of the self-righteous man are so full of his own supposed treasures that he has no room for the gifts of Christ, and so they never enrich him.

Again and again the Gospels repeat the lesson that what hinders men from receiving pardon and salvation is not the greatness of their sin but the ignorance of self which issues in self-righteousness. The prodigal, sadly returning from the far country where he has wasted his substance in riotous living, and making his penitent confession, "Father, I have sinned," creates a joy such as was never evoked by the elder brother whose boast is, "I never transgressed Thy commandment." The woman who had been a sinner, and who, in a burst of grateful feeling that could not be repressed, washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, was nearer to God and heaven than was Simon the Pharisee, cleanly, respectable, satisfied with his own righteousness and contemptuous towards "this woman" and towards the "Prophet" who could allow her touch to pass unrebuked. It was of the self-righteous Pharisees that our Lord said, "The publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." And He explains this saying in another sentence addressed to the same class: "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners."

Let us not imagine that the need for such teaching has passed away, and that the condemnation of the Pharisee's prayer has no lesson for us. Self-righteousness is a subtle evil, insinuating itself where we think not; seen by God where we do not suspect its existence: and those who by God's mercy have been kept from many sins, and who live in the enjoyment of many privileges, are perhaps specially in danger of being caught in this snare. We need to search our hearts diligently, and to cultivate a humble and lowly spirit. We need to remember that we have no goodness but what must be ascribed to the grace of God; nothing that we have not received, nothing that furnishes a reason for boastfulness or pride. We must learn to feel what the publican felt; for, in truth, we all have need of mercy. Whatever our differences in other respects, in this,

at any rate, we stand on one level and belong to one category: we are all sinners. It is a commonplace of religious teaching, and, like all commonplaces, it is apt to fall upon our ears without being heeded; but it is a truth that we should labour to feel in our inmost heart. For the more keenly we feel our sinfulness the more deeply conscious shall we be of our need of the mercy and grace of the Redeemer. And abandoning all confidence in ourselves, we may

put the most absolute confidence in Him. He is the Saviour and the Friend of sinners. He came from heaven to earth and took our nature, and died upon the cross for our salvation; and now He lives to save all that come unto God by Him. With contrite hearts and simple faith let us make our appeal to Him; and to our lowly cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," we shall receive the welcome answer, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven."



SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

BY A SUPERINTENDENT.



IF necessity the time during which scholars are under the direct control and influence of their Sunday-school teachers is short, and that time is or ought to be devoted to the work of instruction in Bible truths. All the rest of the week, even with those teachers who show the greatest amount of personal interest in them,

they are subject to impressions which are often detrimental rather than helpful to their character. Hence it is most important that some link should be found by means of which the scholars can be kept in unison with their school influences, and by means of which, also, some at least of the corrupting surroundings of the poorer children can be counteracted. The visits of the teacher will provide this link to a limited extent, but to a limited extent only, for it is neither possible nor advisable that teachers should make too constant visits to the homes of their scholars. The objections, however, which would obtain against such continual supervision cannot be urged against a book from the Sunday-school, for it cannot be suspected of "spying," and its presence in no way inter-

feres with the ordinary avocations of the household. On the other hand it has—apart from its inherent value, whatever that may be—a distinct power and influence by the mere fact that it belongs to the Sunday-school. It has that power, too, not only on the mind of the scholar who has brought it, but upon all the family, for every one of them is reminded, every time they see it, of the place whence it came, and by a natural, an inevitable, train of thought, of the work which is carried on there and of the day with which that work is associated. The importance of this is not always realised, and hence we find many schools which have no libraries, or which have them so poorly and carelessly stocked that their shelves offer no temptation to the majority of scholars.

The Free Libraries Act has had much to do with the decrease in the number of school libraries and in the care and attention bestowed upon them. A few years ago the Mechanics' Institute and other subscription libraries, and those connected with special organisations—such as the Sunday-schools—were the only sources from which books could be obtained, and two of these sources were not open to scholars.

They are, as a rule, not old enough to join the Mechanics', and they are almost invariably too poor to join the subscription library, which also did not cater for them even in the slightest degree. The consequence was that the school library was the only one open to them, except in a few favoured instances, and a very poverty-stricken source it was in many cases. Here and there we still find fossilised relics of the past school libraries in the shape of well-thumbed, badly bound and badly printed volumes whose contents are of the heaviest and most uninteresting character. As these may be considered fair samples of the whole—they should be the very best according to the theory of "the survival of the fittest"—the scholars of the present day have cause to rejoice that they were not born in the days when their parents were children. The general adoption of the



THE LAST NEW BOOK.

Free Libraries Act has had a sweeping effect, for it has led in almost every instance either to the abolition or the thorough reform of the school library. Where the former has been the case it is greatly to be regretted, because the Sunday-school teacher can exercise little or no control over the books which his scholar obtains from any outside source. Even if he should try to do so he will fail to a very large extent from one cause which he cannot overcome. This is that no library can keep a sufficient number of books for each borrower always to obtain one even out of a dozen selected volumes, and therefore he takes what the librarian thinks will suit him. My own experience is that the librarians of Free Libraries are as a class among the most obliging and painstaking people in the world, but they cannot be expected to exercise the supervision which would be exercised by Sunday-school teachers and officers. Hence a boy who fails to get the book he wants takes some other which is "a boy's book," but which may have a deadly influence on his life. Over and above this a book from a Free Library is no link with the school, and in that way can have no influence for good. Hence the loss which has arisen wherever this competition has stamped out the school library.

Looked at in this light the immense importance of care and judgment in the selection and management of the school library becomes patent, as does also the responsibility resting upon those who have the management of it to see that the facilities they provide are in the cause of good. This will not tend to the banishing of fiction, but will see that that most powerful instrument is only used in such a way as to stimulate right action and cultivate right motives. Indeed, fiction must ever be an important element in the library, and no one can say but that the works of such men as Ballantyne, Kingston, and others, and such books as "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Tom Brown," must interest and benefit all who read them. Still, it is not by any means safe to depend simply on the name of an author, for it would be easy to name those who have written works which should be in all our school libraries, and others which we would not willingly place in the hands of our own boys. Every book should be well known to the librarian, and therefore that officer seems to me to be second in importance to none in the school. On him must depend in a great measure the original selection of the whole, and in a still greater degree the weekly selection and distribution to the scholars, who, as a rule, will trust to his decision if they are once convinced that he is thoroughly familiar with his charge. In connection with this I should

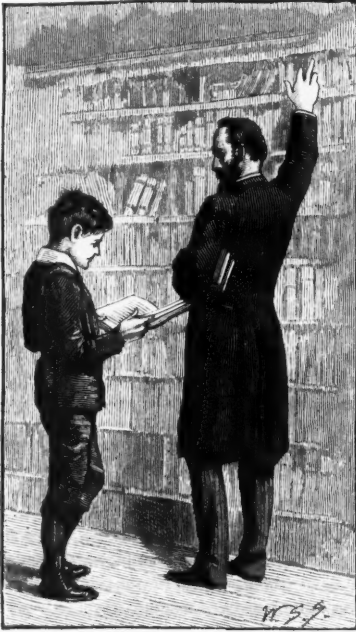


FOR FATHER'S BENEFIT.

like to draw special attention to what has always struck me as one of the weakest spots in our libraries, and that is that there are far too few books of travel. Almost without exception these can be accepted as "safe," nay, as being excellent; and they are most fascinating, for, added to all their other charms, they have that crowning one of being true. If I might make a recommendation, I should say that no library should be without copies of the voyages of Parry, Franklin, McClintock, Hall, and Kane, in the Northern Seas; and of Grant, Speke, Burton, and Baker, in the South. I do not mention these to exclude others, if they can be obtained, but these have an attraction greater than the other books, with a few wonderful exceptions.

The usual mode of forming a Sunday-school library is scarcely that best adapted to serve the best ends. When such an undertaking is promoted the first thing is generally to invite friends, on whom the school has any shadow of a claim, to contribute any volumes they can spare. It may be that I am somewhat of a bibliomaniac, but it always amuses me to hear such a request preferred, because, in my case, I know that to give away a book that I thought of any value would be like parting with a friend. I fancy that others must feel the same, and, if so, the books which are sent in in response to the appeal will be the mere scum of the shelves; they will be dull, heavy volumes so very "solid" that no one cares to read them, and so antiquated in their scientific theories that no one would believe them if they did read them. These are certainly not the things to put into the hands of the children, nor are they calculated to give them a taste for good literature or to improve their moral tone. It is far better to obtain small donations of money, and by that means to raise a fund which can be spent in the purchase of new and well-chosen books. The great mistake in connection with such a

fund, as with many others, is in allowing people to suppose that if they give they must give something substantial. It is far easier to obtain a goodly sum in little amounts than in large ones, and if each who



MAKING HIS CHOICE.

can contribute a few pence is asked to do so, instead of to give a volume which is worthless to the library, whatever money value the donor may put upon it, a sufficient fund will very quickly be raised. When this has been done, a little inquiry will discover an association which will sell suitable books at a very large reduction from the published price. Such associations exist in connection with all denominations, and the volumes which they supply may be depended on, as a rule, to be fit for the purpose for which they are designed. Still, it is well to choose, as I have said, a librarian who has an extensive knowledge of the literature of the day—especially that for the young—and who is sufficiently fond of miscellaneous reading to go through those works with which he is not already acquainted. By means of this double check the books can be classified so as to suit the tastes of the varying descriptions of scholars, and a selection is made of those which shall be interesting and useful. Upon this depends very much the success of the library, financially as well as in other ways. Scholars have a keen appreciation of the value of their pence, and they will not invest them unless the library meets their wants at least to a reasonable extent. They

certainly ought to contribute something towards the cost of maintenance, if it is only in the shape of paying an occasional penny for their card; for the old saw that "that which is lightly gained is lightly valued" holds good with them as with everyone else. One caution should be borne in mind, and that is, that if no one can be got to examine and decide upon the books, their selection should be left to the association from whom they are obtained, for any attempt to choose them by their titles will prove as futile and unsatisfactory as it would to attempt to select them by the colour of their binding.

When the shelves have been sufficiently stocked, the first question to be decided is who shall be entitled to the privilege of using their contents? Our own rule is that no scholar shall be entitled to join the library until he or she is at least twelve years of age. Although this is a fair age to fix, it might be raised or lowered according to the circumstances of the school. There should be a limit, and it should not be fixed too low. My reasons for this assertion are that for children under twelve the home lessons and the books which are now to be found in every house are as much literature as is good for them, and that children should be practically, as well as theoretically, taught that increase of years brings increase of privileges. One of the great complaints of the day is that reverence for persons older than ourselves is being lost, and this can hardly be wondered at when children, even of tender years, have the same privileges as their seniors. They cannot fully appreciate these advantages, neither can they fully utilise them, but the fact that they have them tends to give the children the idea that they are as good as anyone else, and perhaps a little better.

The other question to be decided in starting the library is the system which shall be adopted in working it. As this is a mere mechanical process, every librarian must adopt that which is easiest to himself or herself, provided that it correctly records the issue and return of the volumes. If possible, the distribution and receipt of books should be one of the week-evening occupations, but in many cases this is impossible, and the work must be done on the Sunday.

All this deals with the library on the old, and perhaps on the whole the best, system, but there is another which has been adopted in some schools, and has been found successful. It is to take a number of the most suitable magazines, and to circulate them month by month among the scholars. One great disadvantage is the expense, for several copies of favourite magazines have to be obtained, and of course in large schools the number of different magazines will be considerable. Another disadvantage is that it entails much work on the librarian, for unless the various papers are issued and returned with the utmost regularity, the interest in them is lost. Children will fail at times to fetch their magazine in their turn, and, still more frequently,

they will fail to return them, and on the librarian will fall the task of rectifying their errors. The advantages are, however, greater and more numerous than the disadvantages, where the funds and the man for the work can both be found. If the list is carefully drawn up at the outset, the contents of the magazines may be relied on to be attractive and safe. The matter which they contain will also be new, and whatever branch of science or art they may deal with, the information will be well abreast of the times. The interest of the parents is also secured, for many who will not care to read a volume which their children may bring home, will be glad of an opportunity of glancing through two or three good magazines during the month. This tends to lighten the pecuniary burden, as under such circumstances parents are likely to sanction a little larger expenditure by their children on the school library than they would if they had no interest in the matter.

By interesting the parents in this part of the school work, they are also brought to appreciate more highly and to inquire more closely into other departments, and that is a further and a distinct gain to any school. The success of the system, however, depends entirely on the librarian. If he is enthusiastic, painstaking, and methodical, it will succeed. If he is careless, it will fail; for to miss reading a single number of a magazine is with many persons to cease to care for it at all.

Whichever system is adopted, much depends upon the man who is to carry on the work. More, far more, depends on ever bearing in mind the fact that the library is the connecting-link between the Sunday-school life and the week-day life, and on seeing that the contents of the books, while as bright and attractive and joy-giving as the religion of childhood, are in thorough keeping with the memories that the sight of them calls up.

DANTE'S WIFE.

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

(From the German of Josefa Von Hoffinger.)

[The writer of the following lines holds a place of some eminence among the Dantophilists of Germany. In the year 1865 she published a rhymed translation of the "Commedia" of considerable merit, and remarkable for having been completed within the space of sixteen months, a *tour de force* which it is believed has scarcely a parallel in history. Her work was recognised by her election as an honorary member of the German Dante Society, of which the late King of Saxony, himself a translator under the *sobriquet* of "Philaethes," was president. In reading the Transactions of that Society I have come across this poem, and it seemed to me worth while to bring it before the notice of English students of Dante.]



Not every tongue is Beatrice's name :

Of thee, much sorrowing one, no song doth tell ;

The pang of parting like a keen dart came,

And pierced thee with a wound invisible :

Art brings her incense only to the fair,

Virtue must wait her crown in heaven to wear.

E'en he, for whom thou didst thy burden bear,

By not one word his love for thee revealed.

His wailings o'er his country all might hear ;

For thee those lips so eloquent were sealed ;

And so on him and thee cold hearts cast blame,

Not knowing silent grief brings worthiest fame.

The deepest wound still shrinks from slightest touch,

It feeds upon itself in secret pain ;

The breath of words but makes it more from much ;

A beggar dumb the sufferer must remain :

The keenest pang, which language fails to reach,

Finds, in half-broken sobs, its only speech.

They know not, when each nerve with anguish thrills,

How palsied sinks the artist's expert hand,

And, where sharp sorrow all the spirit fills,

The poet's lips no utterance may command :

Life's bitterest moments find no voice in song ;

Groans only tell of hearts opprest with wrong.

"From all thou lovest best thou soon must part" *

So ran the broken speech of his lament ;

Far off that greeting came from grief-worn heart,

To the true wife, his faithful helpmate, sent ;

A farewell glance from eyes whence flowed no tears,

Dry with vain longings through the lonely years.

"The pilgrim's grief, when sound the evening bells,

The day that he has bid dear friends Good-bye : " †

Thus through the soul thrill memory's magic spells,

The sorrow-stifled germ of melody ;

A cry of anguish, melting into sighs,

Tells of the throbbing heart's dull miseries.

Yes, thou brave woman, mother of his sons,

'T was thine to know the weight of daily care ;

'T was thine to understand those piteous tones,

Thine much to suffer, all in silence bear ;

How great thy grief, thy woes how manifold,

God only knows—of them no song hath told.

* "Par." xvii. 55.

† "Purg." viii. 1-6.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

ANDREW SELWYN was considered one of the brightest and most promising art students in his class. He was full of hope just now, for he expected to win a small prize, or scholarship, which would bring him in about twenty or thirty pounds a year. Thirty pounds meant a great deal to a lad who was poor, who knew that his mother's purse was very light, and that to enable him to



study the profession he loved best she stinted herself at every turn. If he won this scholarship his art expenses would be more than paid: in short, he felt that his future would be before him.

Andrew was sixteen years of age—he had blue eyes and curly hair. He was a well-made young fellow, and had the air of one who had been made a great favourite of at home. He was his widowed mother's only son, and she and his pretty sister Gypsy could never make too much of him. Young Selwyn was not attending any of the usual art schools, but was studying in the studio of a very clever, kind, but somewhat eccentric artist. Mr. Mitford never allowed any pupil to enter his studio who had not, in his opinion, sufficient talent to rise to distinction if he chose. He cared a great deal more for encouraging genius than for making money. He took great pains with his pupils, and on occasions he would admit a clever lad to work under him for half the ordinary fees. He was himself now giving this scholarship, which was to be held by its lucky possessor for five years. Three months before this little story opens he had told his pupils of the value of the prize which awaited them.

"If you win it, Selwyn," he said, going up to the handsome lad, and laying his hand on his shoulder, "I don't doubt but that, with this help, your mother will be able to give you a couple of winters in Rome."

Andrew's blue eyes had sparkled as his master spoke; they danced even more vividly when Mr. Mitford added—

"To say the truth, I want you to win the scholar-

ship. You have marked ability; try hard—don't disappoint me."

Selwyn listened to all the conditions breathlessly; he knew that he would have to work hard, for some of his fellow-students were much older, and knew far more about the technicalities of art than himself. He was determined, however, to win, and he hurried home that evening to his mother's tiny house in Hammersmith with his heart brimful of hope.

Mrs. Selwyn and Gypsy lived for Andrew; their brightest day-dreams pointed to the time when he would be rich and famous, and they both would have sacrificed anything for the handsome son and brother.

"You can send me to Rome, can you not, mother, if I win the scholarship?" asked Andrew, as he ate his bread and butter that evening.

"Oh, yes; we'll manage it somehow," replied Mrs. Selwyn, glancing at Gypsy as she spoke. Gypsy smiled, and sighed a little. She was a very pretty girl, and she always wore her shabby frocks without a murmur; she had the most loyal heart in the world for Andrew, but she was just wondering at this moment how they could stint themselves any further. Of course Andrew must go to Rome, but—but—how did mother mean to provide the money? Andrew failed to notice the slight cloud on his sister's brow. If his mother said he could go, why, of course he could; and when he went back to his work the next morning, he told Mr. Mitford that the matter was arranged, and if he was lucky enough to obtain the substantial help of the scholarship, his mother would provide the remainder of the necessary funds, and give him at least one winter in Rome.

"Then it is all right," replied the artist. "I must not favour you more than the others, Selwyn, but I honestly say I hope you will win."

CHAPTER II.

TIME went by, and at last the day arrived when the competition for the great prize was to take place. No student had worked so hard as Andrew Selwyn. His companions even laughed at his unsparing efforts. They joked him about his feverish cheeks and shining eyes, and one young fellow whispered to another—

"If Selwyn fails, he'll get into a fever or something—I never saw anyone so excited about a trumpery thirty-pound prize in my life."

"Thirty pounds means a great deal to Andrew," remarked the lad addressed. "Why, they are so poor down at Hammersmith, I expect they are half-starved. Have you ever seen Selwyn's pretty little sister? I met her the other day; she wears cotton gloves, and they are darned. I expect thirty pounds



"Selwyn listened to all the conditions."—p. 436.

a year will mean a lot to Selwyn's people. I hope he won't fail."

No, Selwyn did not fail—he came off first in the competition, and won the prize on which he had set his heart.

"I am more than pleased," Mr. Mitford said, as he shook hands with his favourite pupil. "You shall get into Villari's studio in Rome," he said. "It is difficult—he takes very few pupils—but I can manage it. If Villari takes you up, your future is made."

Young Selwyn hurried home. He was not at all more selfish than any other lad, but at this moment he was certainly absorbed with himself, and did not notice how white and faint his mother looked, nor how red were the rings round Gypsy's bright dark eyes. All during tea he could talk of nothing but Rome and Signor Villari, and of the dazzling, dazzling future which lay before him.

"Mr. Mitford will write to-night or to-morrow," he said; "he wants me to start as soon as possible. Mother dear, of course the needful will be forthcoming?"

Mrs. Selwyn looked at Gypsy, gave a poor attempt at a smile, and then rose suddenly from her chair.

"I am not quite well, Andrew; I have had a trying day. Whatever can be done will be done, my dear and only son. Rest assured of that, my boy. But I cannot talk over matters to-night; I am going to bed. You and Gypsy can discuss your future."

Gypsy's face did not brighten, as was its wont; on the contrary, she coloured deeply, and when her mother left the room Andrew observed that she was looking on her plate, and that one or two tears were gathering on her eyelashes. Andrew loved Gypsy, and was very proud of her. Her tears touched him; he got up at once and went to her side.

"What are you crying for? what is the matter? Oh, Gypsy! I thought you and my mother would have been so happy to-night."

"It is selfish of me to cry," said Gypsy, "but—but the fact is we have had trouble."

"Trouble! but I have won the great prize; I have got the scholarship."

"I will tell you, Andrew," said his sister. She left the tea-table, and going over to the fire-place, leant against the mantel-piece, and began speaking fast and hurriedly.

"Mother and I are in trouble, because—because—but I'd better tell you everything. Andrew, you have always known, haven't you, that we are very poor people?"

"Why, of course, Gypsy darling. The knowledge that you and mother have stinted yourselves so much has made me work harder than anything else. I have always known that this kind of thing could not go on, and I have hoped to add to your income as soon as possible. I think I see an end to our troubles at last," continued the young fellow, a flush of modest pride brightening his cheeks. "Without being over-conceited, I believe two years at Rome will turn me into an artist, and then good-bye to all our poverty, Gypsy darling."

"Yes, that is just it," replied Gypsy; "but two years are two years off, and how are we to live in the meantime?"

"Why, Gypsy, what do you mean? I am sorry, of course, but I am afraid you must go on as you have always done."

"You want to go to Rome, Andrew; you cannot go there for nothing."

"No, no—oh, surely there need be no difficulty about that. My thirty pounds will go a long way, and mother won't have me to support at home, and she won't have to pay for my terms with Mr. Mitford. The household purse will be much as usual, dear Gypsy, for you may be sure I shall take as little as possible from our mother."

Gypsy clasped her hands tightly one inside the other; two burning spots rose to her cheeks; her pretty eyes looked despairing and almost feverish.

"Oh! I wish it could be done, I wish it could be done!" she half sobbed. "Andrew, I love you; I would sacrifice anything for you, but the facts are these: I lost my situation in Miss Cane's school this morning, and when I came home I found our dear and precious mother fainting; I ran for the doctor, and he said she was very weak, that she wanted the best care and the most nourishing food. How can I give her that when I have lost thirty pounds a year?"

Poor Andrew's face was white enough now.

"But how did you lose it, Gypsy dear?" he said. "I thought you and Miss Cane were inseparable as day is from night. I thought she liked you so much."

"I thought so too," said Gypsy, "and perhaps, as far as I personally am concerned, she does; but she tells me some of the girls' parents have been complaining, and she says there is no help for it, but she must look out for a teacher who has got higher certificates than any I have been able to win. Fathers and mothers think of nothing in these days but what they call higher education, and Miss Cane says that though she is fond of me for myself, she cannot pretend that I am up to the standard.

In short, Andrew, I am dismissed, and we are the poorer by thirty pounds a year."

"And my mother is ill," said Andrew, very slowly; "yes, the news is bad. I'll just run up and bid mother good-night, Gypsy, and then go out for a walk. Poor little sister, don't cry; you may be sure I would not willingly add to your burdens."

CHAPTER III.

YOUNG Selwyn stole softly into his mother's room, pressed a kiss on her face, and then, without waiting for her to address a single word to him, he left her, went down-stairs again, and putting on his hat, went out.

The air of the humble little house in Hammer-smith seemed to suffocate him; he did not want to meet Gypsy again that night; he hurried out, and when he got into the street, walked rapidly, not greatly caring whither he wended his way. He was clever, ambitious, and to-day he had made a marked success. Before him lay a tempting, a distinguished path. Why did he suddenly feel so miserable? He had but to keep his mother to her promise, he had but to impress on Gypsy the absolute necessity of being very, very saving, of wearing still shabbier dresses, and still more darned gloves. His mother had but to do without the nourishing things which the doctor ordered, and he could still go to Rome, and in two years he would be an artist, able to earn a good income—able to support them all. Surely, even from a prudential point of view, it would be right for his mother and Gypsy to deny themselves now.

These tempting thoughts did assail the young fellow, but somehow they did not conquer. If Andrew was selfish, it was only from want of thought. He remembered to-night certain things about his mother—patient, patient deeds of daily self-denial; he remembered how pretty Gypsy had looked once in a new hat which he had managed to buy for her. He recalled with a great stab of agony a little speech which his sister had made that evening:—

"How are we to live during the two years while you are being made an artist?"

He stayed out for many hours; during that walk he had a sore, sore fight with himself; when he did creep home he felt dead tired.

The next morning the successful winner of the scholarship sought his master.

"You offered that thirty pounds a year with a certain object, did you not, Mr. Mitford?"

"I certainly had an ulterior object, Selwyn," replied the artist. "I meant the successful competitor to take advantage of the money to go to Rome, and there perfect his education. In short, I hoped you would win the prize, Selwyn; you have done so; all is right. But what is the matter, my lad?"

"I only wished to know, sir, if the scholarship remains mine in any case—I mean, must I use it for going to Rome, and for that purpose only?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Mitford. "You won your scholarship without any such conditions attached. I recommended a certain course; I still recommend it; but as far as the scholarship is concerned, it is yours for the next five years. You can make ducks and drakes of it, if you like."

Selwyn's face became very pale.

"Is it necessary for me to go to Rome to become an artist?" he asked.

"Not necessary, but the education you will there receive will considerably shorten your time of probation. I can do much for you in my studio; I am vain enough to say I can do as much for you as any artist in England, but Rome is the right place for an artist's education, my dear boy."

Andrew Selwyn's face grew a little paler.

"Forgive me, sir," he said at last; "I cannot go. It is—it is a great disappointment, but my mother and sister—my mother is ill——" Here he stopped abruptly, dashed his hand across his eyes, and rushed out of the studio.

Mr. Mitford felt truly bewildered.

That afternoon, however, the benevolent gentleman and great artist found his way down to the humble little house in Hammersmith. There he had an interview with Gypsy and her mother, and there he learned some things which made him prouder of his favourite pupil than ever.

"The boy shan't be balked of his self-denial," he said to himself. "After all, a sacrifice such as he makes for his mother and sister is worth more to the training of his moral nature than all the laurels which Rome can bring him. I'll take extra pains with the boy, and see if for once I can't turn out as fine an artist as Signor Villari himself."

Mr. Mitford kept his word. Andrew Selwyn has long before now stepped up many rungs on the ladder of fame. Mrs. Selwyn has got well and strong again, and pretty Gypsy thinks of darned and cotton gloves as things of the very dim and distant past.

MISS WHATELY'S WORK IN CAIRO.



MISS M. L. WHATELY.

EGYPT has been so long the object of special public interest, that one need hardly apologise for giving a little sketch of a work in Cairo which is less known than it deserves.

Not many minutes' walk from the principal railway station stands a spacious building, with a smaller one beside it, close to a pleasant garden bright with flowers and foliage. These buildings are the schools and dispensary of the English-Egyptian Mission.

Early and late in the day, the school door is crowded with boys in their variously coloured dresses, books and slates in hand, entering or leaving the school, while a back way admits a train of white-robed girls proceeding to their separate entrance.

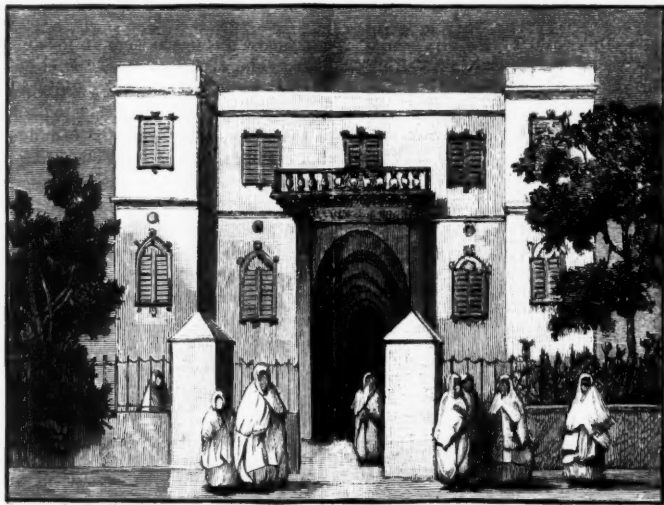
Seven hundred in all are in daily attendance, the boys being the more numerous. Arabic is the school language, for all are native Egyptians—with few exceptions. But any visitor to the boys will hear them read, translate, and answer questions in English and French; and a very cursory examination will show they are receiving a thoroughly solid education. The girls marry so young that they can only find time for mere rudimentary teaching; but all read and write in their own tongue, and their beautiful needlework shows that the female industry is not neglected. But all boys and girls, Copt and Moslem alike (and the Moslems comprise fully half the boys and two-thirds of the girls), are daily instructed in the Scripture and in Gospel truths; and any who will take the trouble to question them through the English-speaking teachers, will ascertain that their knowledge is correct and thorough. It is a pretty

sight to watch the little girls grouped round the large school-room, in their Arabic dress, singing some of the old familiar hymns or repeating together, in their measured chant, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. And how they enjoy their school is sufficiently shown by the eagerness with which they return in after-life to visit it, and their desire to bring their children—for this work is now more than twenty-three years old. More than that time has passed since an English lady (Miss M. L. Whately) when staying in Cairo for health, felt impelled to make an effort in behalf of the many neglected little girls she saw playing at her door. At that time few Copt and no Moslem girls received any education at all. The difficulties she had to encounter were many and great, and she was then only imperfectly acquainted with the language: but she succeeded at last in collecting half a dozen little ones in her own sitting-room to learn the alphabet of their own tongue and a Scripture text. This small beginning has gone on till it has grown to the flourishing schools we now see as the result. Many hundred boys educated in them are now filling important situations of trust, and many married girls read the Gospel in their homes, and bring their little ones to the school.

But this is only a part of Miss Whately's work for Egypt. The smaller building beside the school-house is the dispensary of the Medical Mission. There a skilful and excellent doctor (a Syrian by birth, trained in the American College at Beyrout) attends daily for five mornings in the week, and crowds of the sick poor flock for relief: for no *gratuitous* medical help is within reach of the Cairo poor, and numbers yearly lose their sight from the terrible eye-diseases of the country, for want of timely care. It was for this need

that the Medical Mission was established. The doctor's consulting room opens upon two waiting-rooms for men and women respectively, a small group of turbaned and long-robed men in one, and a larger number of blue-mantled women seated on the floor of the larger one, many with infants or older little ones brought to consult the "Hakeem;" and while they wait their turn, the lady sits at her table with her large Arabic Bible, and reads a parable or a Bible history, and gives the simple explanations needed by those who have never received teaching before. At first the newcomers stare and are restless, but gradually the power of the narrative is felt, and one and another whispers, "These words are good and sweet words; we never heard any like them."

Many who came only for healing of the body, have stayed to listen, and wished to come again only to hear. One poor Nubian Nile-boat captain, whose sight was restored by the treatment, asked for a Bible as soon as he was able to use his eyes. And the tender care given has done much to soften Moslem prejudice against Christians. "These people love us! they do all this for the love of God!" is often remarked. In the native hospitals, chloroform (an expensive article in hot countries, from the evaporation) is often refused the poor patient out of economy; in the Medical Mission it is freely given, and the costly remedies often required are never spared. But this is only done at the cost of most painful effort. Miss M. Whately has given all she had to give of her own private means; her funds depend on friendly contributions, and the death of old friends, and bad times, have diminished these. Yet the need is the same and even greater, for more and more poor patients flock to the only place where relief is possible. Miss Jourdan, 21, Westbourne Park



SCHOOL HOUSE, CAIRO.

Villas, W., is the Hon. Secretary and Sub-treasurer of the Mission, and will be glad of any help. Thousands have been cured and relieved; many totally blind restored, others saved from loss of sight, besides other cases of cure. And the schools would increase largely were means at hand. This is a call

on the sympathies of British Christians, through whose means much may be done in this way to soften hostile feeling in Egypt, and to alleviate a heavy burden of suffering; and it is with this hope that we venture to try and enlist the sympathy of all who feel pity for poor Egypt.



EGYPTIAN SCHOOL-GIRLS AT EMBROIDERY WORK.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

59. What prophet is described as having acted as servant to another prophet?
60. What space of time was occupied by the Israelites in wandering through the wilderness after they had reached the Holy Land?
61. What words were engraven on the mitre of Aaron?
62. On what occasion was an army sent to take one man?
63. Our blessed Lord, in speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, says, "The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light." What prophet used similar language in reference to the destruction of Egypt?
64. To whom was the city of Hebron given as an inheritance?
65. What words of our blessed Lord seem to have most deeply impressed the woman of Samaria as to His prophetic character?
66. By what plea did the Jews excuse themselves for putting Jesus to death?
67. What captain is mentioned in the Bible as noted for his furious driving, and in what way is his name now used?
68. We often tell people that it is very foolish to get out of temper. What proverb teaches this?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 346.

49. Of the city of Samaria. (1 Kings xvi. 23, 24.)
50. Because "he spake of trees, from the cedar which is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop which groweth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts and fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes." (1 Kings iv. 33.)
51. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35.)
52. "The mount of corruption." (2 Kings xxiii. 13.)
53. The woman at the well in Sychar said to Jesus, "I know that Messias cometh which is called the Christ. When He is come He will tell us all things." (St. John iv. 25.)
54. "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." (St. Luke xii. 7.)
55. On the occasion of any national or public fast. (1 Sam. vii. 6.)
56. The field and cave of Machpelah, purchased by Abraham from the sons of Heth. (Gen. xxiii. 17, 18.)
57. Because they did not fully realise the greatness of the work which God had wrought for them, as David says, "Our fathers understood not Thy wonders in Egypt." (Ps. cvi. 7.)
58. The wise woman of Tekoah, who was sent by Joab to King David. (2 Sam. xiv. 2-8.)

THE ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

443

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
Field, Charlotte	Godstone.	12
Firman, Eliza	London, E.	8
Ford, Maria	Salisbury.	7
Fairbrother, Ellen	Derby.	11
Fickling, Susannah	Jewell.	16
Fuller, Mary Ann	Kingdon Hill.	14
Fuller, Harriett	Eastbourne.	22
Fuller, Emma	Eastbourne.	7
Flory, Rachel	London, S.W.	8
Fairlie, Clara	London, W.	8
Featherby, Mary	Wakefield.	10
Griffin, S. Lina	Torquay.	11
Gilbert, Jane	Leamington.	18
Gladwell, John	Eastling.	8
Gane, Jane	Wheatfield.	18
Gault, Alfred Geo.	St. Neots.	13
Gault, Martha	St. Neots.	13
Goff, Hannah	Eccles.	17
Gardner, Sarah	St. Leonards.	17
Graham, Elizabeth	Edinburgh.	14
Green, Sarah D.	Thornton Heath.	13
Gibson, Elizabeth	Denmark Hill.	7
Giddons, Eliza	Exeter.	16
Griffey, Jane	Matlock.	11
Gardiner, Laura A.	Trowbridge.	7
Gill, Annie	Bristol.	16
Goodie, Annie	London, W.	20
Griffiths, Jane	New Hinksey.	7
Graham, Jane	Brighton.	24
Gouli, Mary Ann	Egypton.	16
Green, Eliza	Buckley.	16
Green, Jane	Hereford.	23
Hendy, Margaret	London, S.W.	14
Harris, Jane	Richmond, S.W.	13
Haywood, Emily	Winchester.	10
Hill, Annie	Brixton, S.W.	7
Hughes, Maria	Milford Haven.	13
Holson, Mary A.	Brixton, S.W.	15
Holson, Hepzibah	Brixton, S.W.	21
Howick, Mary Ann	W. Tarring.	7
Hill, Charles	Swindon.	16
Holder, Ellen T.	Wimbleton.	9
Harper, Maria	Harrogate.	14
Hinds, Thos.	London, W.	14
Hollands, Caroline	St. Leonards.	17
Harris, Rebecca	Eynham.	17
Hawkins, Emma	Yorktown.	13
Hooke, Maria	London, S.W.	12
Holton, Josiah	Tunbridge Wells.	14
Hopton, Ellen P.	Cheltenham.	10
Harris, Mary	Leamington.	23
Hartout, Sarah Ann	London, S.W.	21
Holmes, Sarah	Nuneaton.	22
Hammond, Eliza	Old Swinford.	21
Hart, Louise	London, S.W.	7
Hewitt, Emily J.	Bristol.	10
Harris, Charlotte	London, S.W.	7
Horne, George	Bournemouth.	17
Harris, Benjamin	Handsworth.	14
Hughes, Anne	Bettws.	19
Harrington, Caroline	London, N.W.	10
Huchess, Kate	Linlithers.	8
Hooper, John	Berkhamstead.	10
Heard, Sarah	Sleaford.	23
Hill, Phoebe Anne	H.	14
Holmes, Mary Ann	Hastings.	10
Higgins, Eliza	Salisbury.	11
Heath, Harriett	Wolverhampton.	17
Henderson, Isabella	Hawick, N.B.	14
Hayes, Reginald W.	Lowestoft.	8
Hayward, Henry	Cheltenham.	22
Hinton, Sarah	Prior, John.	9
Hilliard, Annie	Wheatfield.	12
Hughes, Martha E.	Ellesmere.	13
Hodgeson, Ann	Silith.	23
Hollyman, Eliza	Handsworth.	12
Howard, Martha	Didbury.	16
Harford, Mary	Hemington.	11
Hucham, Eliza Ann	Stonhouse.	11
Hill, Eliza B.	Wimbleton.	22
Heaven, Emily	Bristol.	16
Johnson, Hannah	London, E.	19
James, Rose	Hamstead.	11
Jones, Eliza	Pembroke Dock.	9
Jones, Harriett	Cranbrook.	21
Johnson, Harriett	Queensferry.	7
Jones, Sarah	Chiddingfold.	7
Jones, Sarah	Wrexham.	14
Jones, Sarah	Reedham.	8
Johnston, John	Orkney, N.B.	15
Jarvis, Jane Eliza	Bottesford.	11
Jones, Emma Maria	London, W.	20
Johnson, Elizabeth	Hannali.	7
Jones, Emily	Holmfirth.	7
Jackson, Eliza D.	Cheltenham.	13
Judge, Annie	London, S.W.	15
Killey, Emma	Rockley.	8
King, Amy	Undercliffe.	12
Kirkwood, Barbara	Sunderland.	14
Kimbury, William	Swindon.	14
Keats, Jane	Tonbridge.	11
Keck, Rebecca	Wisehe.	15
King, Emily	Paton.	17
Kellaway, Jane H.	Watford.	7
Kilbams, Eliza	Midhurst.	7
Kingsford, Sarah	Ann.	24
Longland, Janet	Wingham.	15
Lewis, Henry	Wimborne.	12
Lownds, Elizabeth	Bristol.	15
Lock, Rose	Rushmore.	9
Leish, Elizabeth	Plymouth.	9
	Stourport.	9

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
Lawrence, Ellen M.	Thattham.	16
Laneley, Eliza Sarah	London, W.	10
Lawton, Mary	Herne Hill.	22
Lavender, Caroline	E.	10
Lawrence, Harriet	London, N.W.	10
Lee, Rebekah M.	London, S.W.	9
Lawton, Sarah	Hampstead.	20
Lock, Eliza	Edgimston.	12
Lynch, Caroline	London, S.W.	11
Loe, Mary	Witham.	16
Lockock, Jane	London, S.W.	12
Mays, Harriet J.	London, E.C.	11
Morris, Sarah Eliza	Corven.	11
Manser, Sarah	Brighton.	11
Mitchell, Sarah	Wolverhampton.	12
Morris, Is. Sina	Streatham, S.W.	14
Male, Bessie	Bournemouth.	10
Male, Emily	Bournemouth.	7
Mubinet, Thos.	Devonport.	14
Milson, Edith	Wakefield.	10
Muddiman, Mary	Eynham.	14
Moss, Emily F.	London, E.C.	16
Moss, Sarah	Bristol.	16
McGarvie, Ellen	London, N.B.	7
Mansell, Ellen	London, W.	17
Maylor, Eliz.	Stonard.	20
McLaren, Mary	Falkirk, N.B.	14
McLinen, James	Prestbury.	8
Mays, Mary	Bournemouth.	10
Milard, Elizabeth	Lee, S.E.	15
Mems, Antoinette	Eastling.	18
Moon, Caroline	Worthing.	18
Massey, Eleanor E.	London, W.	17
Morton, Louisa	Hampstead.	11
Middleton, Susan	St. Neots.	12
Maddleton, Sarah F.	Sainsbury, Seclina.	12
Moss, Diana C.	Bristol.	18
Moore, Mary R.	Grantham.	18
Mackie, Jane	Bath.	7
Maidoway, Mary	London, W.	15
Mitchell, Marg. Jane	Belfast.	15
Malley, Ann	Wisehe.	11
McWhinney, Jane	Syrett, Caroline.	13
Mullard, Fanny	Richmond, S.W.	14
Mattacks, Louisa C.	Hampstead.	15
McDougal, Eliza	Dalkeith.	18
Meadows, Jane	Wisehe.	14
Michael, Susan	Beverly.	15
McCreery, Annie	Lisburn.	10
Maidens, Eliza Mary	Lincoln.	7
Millican, E. C.	Silith.	15
Moore, Fanny	Caterham.	10
Moore, Sarah Anne	Stoke Abbott.	7
McKeeban, Janet	Liverpool.	16
McLean, Elizabeth	Milton Lockhart.	7
Nicholson, Annie	Thrapstone.	12
Ned, Robert	Turham Green.	19
Neves, Emma	Streatham, S.W.	14
Noot, Harriet E.	Swanswick.	13
Newton, Jane Ann	Melch urpe.	10
Oakley, Sarah	London, N.W.	13
Osgood, Jane	Higgate Hill.	10
Ormanby, Eleanor	Elvaston.	7
Orpe, Maria	Asbourne.	12
Oxland, Fanny E.	London, W.	18
Oxley, Annie	Bedford.	12
Payne, Eliza Jane	Totnes.	11
Powell, George	Brighton.	16
Phelps, Eliza	Southend.	15
Prior, John	Bluntham.	10
Prior, Harriet	Bluntham.	11
Peacock, Eliza	Bluntham.	11
Pearse, Elizabeth	London, S.E.	14
Porter, Jane	Sydenham.	7
Pearce, Amelia E.	London, S.E.	14
Pike, Lucy	Bristol.	11
Pullen, Susannah	Streatham, S.W.	20
Palmer, Mary	Gosforth.	17
Palmer, Sarah	Herne Hill.	8
Parsons, Emily	Brighton.	10
Pavey, Fanny	Lee, S.E.	10
Parkinson, Maria	Lisburn.	13
Petty, Sarah	Godstone.	13
Petty, Mary	London, S.W.	12
Packer, Lillie Eliza	Berkley.	7
Peck, Ann	Bedford.	13
Parker, Annie	London, N.	12
Prittman, Timothy	Lowestoft.	10
Pitt, Sarah	Twickham.	10
Parrott, Eliza	Calington.	10
Phillips, Mary (1)	Torquay.	7
Phillips, Mary (2)	Bermundsey, S.E.	15
Parham, Eliza A.	Emsworth.	10
Pelmeck, Joanna	Palmerston.	14
Pilkington, Kate	Halifax.	15
Pert, Jane	Montrose, N.B.	7
Petch, Eliza	Wakefield.	10
Pavler, Charlotte	London, W.	22
Partridge, Wm.	London, S.W.	15
Pain, Eliza Jane	Addiscombe.	8
Paton, Fanny	Alverthorp.	10
Rivers, Eliza	London, N.	12
Rundle, Eliza Ann	Devonport.	9
Redgrave, Eliza	Wellsboro.	10
Roberts, Richard	Canterbury.	9
Rutledge, Ellen	Canterbury.	18
Rogers, Jane	Tenby.	18
Rushmore, Helen	Wacest.	18
Rennie, Barbara	Canterbury, S.E.	13
	Chislehurst.	13

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
Ruff, Eliza	Thrapstone.	14
Roberts, Mary	Bristol.	9
Russen, Mary E.	Clapham, S.W.	9
Rick, Henrietta	London, S.W.	7
Ross, Marie	Godalming.	7
Russell, Euphemia	J.	7
Rennie, Marion	Withbury.	18
Richard, Jessie	Brighton.	18
Robins, George	Devonport.	18
Ross, Ann	Heavitree.	18
Ralph, Ellen	London, W.	7
Ralph, Emma	Beckenham.	10
Robertson, Cathra.	London, W.	9
Sage, Annie Maria	Dunoon, N.B.	14
Smith, Anna	Bristol.	14
Stanley, A. Louisa	London, N.W.	14
Smith, Mary Ann	London, W.	8
Smith, Mary Ann	Bristol.	10
Sayers, Elizabeth	Banbury.	17
Stammore, Rose	Bellvedere.	16
Smith, Jane	Southborough.	24
Stenning, Fanny	Edinburgh.	7
Stevens, Ann	London, W.C.	22
Steymour, Amelia	Stourbridge.	22
Stonard, Mary Ann	Clapham, S.W.	7
Sheepwash, Clara	Richmond, S.W.	17
Searle, Sarah Ann	Sidmouth.	19
Searle, Susie	Sidmouth.	19
Sperring, Charles	Cotnam.	12
Stark, Maggie	Carnwall.	12
Screen, Elizabeth	Dorchester.	22
Sampson, Eliza Jane	Newcastle.	19
Sheers, Sarah Ann	Plymouth.	10
South, Caroline	Plymouth.	9
Sainsbury, Seclina	Boston.	12
Stevens, Sarah	London, W.	9
Stonard, Jane	Croydon.	20
Stephenson, Mary	Stockholm.	8
Sanders, Mary S.	Barnstable.	24
Stevens, Mary	Bristol.	11
Syrett, Caroline	Wakfield.	13
Saltner, Ellen	Wakfield.	11
Somkin, Harriett	London, N.W.	13
Tite, Alice	London, N.W.	13
Thompson, Isabella	Cambridge.	12
Taylor, Eliza	London, N.	12
Talbot, Albertina A.	London, N.	12
Thompson, Martha	London, E.	8
Tuckwell, Lizzie	London, W.	16
Thorne, Emma	Chelsea, S.W.	13
Tye, Mary Ann	Billyleigh.	16
Tate, Mary Ann	London, W.	21
Thorogood, Mary	Bath.	8
Tulb, Mary	Bath.	17
Ty, Mary Anne	Richmond, S.W.	9
Tugwell, Mary	Leeds.	7
Terry, Annie	Hamstead.	7
Turner, Sarah	Sutton, Surrey.	14
Turner, Robert	Sutton, Surrey.	14
Turner, Sarah	Crouch Hill, N.	10
Townsend, Sarah	Wisehe.	13
Taylor, May	Beckenham.	16
Tyson, Harriet	London, W.C.	14
Emma	Bedford.	7
Virgins, Anne	Bedford.	8
Wilks, George	Keils, N.B.	7
Wilkins, Janet	Romford.	9
Wade, Eliza	Wakfield.	15
Wallis, Sarah	Stratford.	10
Willis, Mary	London, W.	14
Whitmarsh, Harriet	Sutton, Surrey.	14
White, Margaret	London, S.W.	15
Winter, Jane	Crouch Hill, N.	10
Walcroft, Fanny	Wisehe.	13
Wright, M. Eliza	Wisehe.	15
Wooler, Fanny	Brighton.	10
Wor, Sophia	Halkin.	18
Williams, Jane	Brighton.	10
Wilson, Susan E.	Epping.	8
Warrington, Caro-	London, W.	16
line	Clapham, S.W.	7
Williams, Margaret	Bedford.	13
West, Caroline	Wiltoning.	17
Wheatley, Ellen	Eccles.	17
Wood, Mary	Blackheath.	12
Walker, Annie	Bedford.	17
Wilsber, Sarah	E. Finchley.	10
Watson, Mary Anne	London, W.	23
Wallace, Mary	London, W.	24
Wickens, Eliza	Canterbury.	17
Walker, Hannah	London, S.W.	13
Webb, Louisa	Watts, Hensley.	11
Watts, Hensley	W. Brighton.	11
Wallington, Alice	Aintree.	13
Williams, Martha	L. don, W.	10
Weston, Catherine	Southborough.	12
Windus, Sarah Ann	Swanswick.	12
Wills, John	Bradford-Avon	16
Webb, Emma (1)	London, W.	9
Webb, Emma (2)	Ramnor.	10
Watson, Catherine	Edgimston.	20
Whitmore, Harriet	Ruckhish.	10
Waller, Jane	Southport.	11
Wardle, Mary	London, N.W.	8
Wright, Emma	Wagrow.	17
Wallace, Isabella	London, W.	16
Wacest, Emma	Crawley Dn.	18
Waldron, Sarah	Twickenham.	10
Young, Jane		

Those marked * have received Bibles ranging in value from Six Shillings to £3 10s.; besides Medals and Certificates. Those marked + have received Medals of the Order and Certificates. All the rest have received Certificates of Membership.

No correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the awards, which have been made upon a careful consideration of each case, in accordance with regulations which have been duly supplied to the Members concerned.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"SAVE THE CHILDREN."



LORD ABERDARE.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

"CHILDREN," said Binney, "are the poetry of the world, beams of light, fountains of love, fresh flowers of our hearths and homes." Some of us, whose hearts thank God for the innocent loveliness of little children, know, too, another side of the picture—childhood neg-

lected, shamed, polluted, crying in the darkness for the aid which the worldly-minded will not pause to give. Precious to the people of God are the lambs for whom the Saviour bled, and to Christian sympathies they cannot cry in vain. Lord Aberdare issues a circular letter on behalf of vast numbers of children exposed to evil associations, and growing up dangerous to society by reason of the pernicious circumstances surrounding them. The Children's Aid and Refuge Fund (32, Charing Cross, S.W.) was started in 1856 for the help of such, and the Fund maintains three rescue officers and a boys' beadle, who are continuously working for the benefit of neglected children. The boys' beadle attends the police-courts and the London School Board meetings to give advice as to the disposal of destitute children in suitable homes. The late Earl of Shaftesbury used to say that only this and similar societies could have saved our great cities from social perils occasioned by misery and despair.

"ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH."

The following case, related by an evangelist, should deepen and renew our conviction that "with God there is nothing impossible:"—"I am very much troubled," said a gentleman, with whom the evangelist was staying on a visit, "as to my brother, whom I expect down here from Saturday to Monday; he is essentially worldly, and I cannot talk to him about religion, though I long for his conversion."—"Let us pray for your brother," said his friend; and together they knelt down, pleading with God for this brother's soul. When they rose from their knees,

Mr. S.—asked his host, "Do you *believe* the Lord will draw your brother's heart to Himself?"—"I hope so—I long for it," was the answer.—"Ah! but you have prayed for it; do you *expect* He will?" There was no reply, and they knelt down again and prayed till there came the heartfelt cry, "I know and believe the Lord has heard my prayer." The brother arrived, careless in demeanour, and amused at the notion of attending service on a wet Sunday. Mr. S.—stayed at home with him, and they had a pleasant talk together. It turned at last upon the subject of sea and ships, and Mr. S.—turned to his companion with the earnest question, "Are you outward bound, or homeward bound?" He followed up the question by a few words of solemn truth, as to the sin of resisting the Divine invitation. His companion seemed utterly silenced and broken down. At last he said, "No one has known it, but I have felt the call of God to Himself, and I have resisted it." As we heard of this exclamation, we felt that, could his brother have overcome his shyness, how helpful he might long since have been to this soul, secretly conscious of heavenward thoughts! By Divine help, may we all take courage to be faithful witnesses even to our nearest and dearest. When the rest of the party came home, that brother, almost despaired of, was on his knees; when at last he rejoined the others, it was to confess openly with his lips, "Brother, I have surrendered to God this morning; henceforth my life is His."

"NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS."

The poet Whittier says of this book (published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott), "It is a sweet and tender record of the exceptionally beautiful life of a young woman whose natural gifts were sanctified by religion." Mary Willard, as described by her sister, is a most attractive picture, and her own journal and notes are full of deep interest. There are many Christian lives that would shine more brightly by adopting one of her favourite rules of action: "I try not to hurt people; I try to remember, even in trifles, what will be kindest and pleasantest for them." Full of intelligence and vivacity, Mary Willard had a constitutional fear of death, and her painful illness was a grievous trial of faith. "Read me something that shows He is sorry *now*," she said, after hearing a passage as to Christ's healing the sick. "My mother loves me and wants me to recover, but Christ does not seem to care." Her one longing in her weakness was, "I want to feel Him *nearer*," and at the last the clouds all rolled away. She looked up with a smile and said, "I'm *getting more faith*," and at the end she could cry, "He holds me by the hand." "I

know many," says Bacon, "who fear to die, but none can divine how able he shall be till the storm come; the perfectest virtue is tried in *action*." And never a prayerful, trusting heart has gone down into the shadow-valley without finding a Presence there that conquered doubt and dread for ever.

CHRIST IN THE LIFE.

"How can you quiet your conscience by such sophistry?" asked a professor of religion of an atheist.—"How can you quiet *yours*?" was the reply. "If I believed what you profess, I should think no zeal sufficient." The exponent of religion, living too near the world, contradicted his own arguments. The tempter tries sometimes to draw us with a hair, when we would resist a *rope*: we give way in some little thing, forgetting that our only strength is in cleaving wholly and utterly to the Rock of Ages. We heard of the keeper of a railway-bridge over a sheet of water who was entreated by a captain below, a friend of his own, to lift the bridge "just this once" for the passage of his ship: the railway servant argued that his duty was to retain the bridge in position till the express had passed, but he went on protesting and listening to his friend's persuasions, till at last he obliged him, "only this once." By this time other vessels had congregated, and having given way to one captain the pleadings of the others were granted likewise—the boats passed through, but on came the express, and ruin and loss of life were the result. "You think you will leave God's track this once and then return," was the rebuke of a pastor to an inconsistent disciple; "believe me, if you do, the return is very doubtful." In yielding to *one* temptation, the way is opened for so *many*; nothing will serve us day by day but a humble trust in Him who is able to keep us from falling, and earnest striving to watch as well as pray.

A MOTHER'S WORK.

"My children bring their contributions to the missionary cause," we heard a mother say one day at a Woman's Conference; "but it dawned upon my mind that they did not bring their interest, their *hearts*. How was I to awaken the interest of my boys and girls in this far-away work that I considered of such vital importance? I resolved to have a missionary evening once a week; the time set apart is now tea-time on Sundays, when we make a family collection for missions. All through the week my eyes are open for any anecdote or bit of news bearing on the subject; these I mark or cut out. By Sunday I manage to have quite a store of missionary reading, and the children have grown to expect and enjoy it. Now they know our missionaries' names, and eagerly follow their work. All this means trouble, but the children say to themselves, 'Since mother has taken all this trouble, this matter must be worth thinking about, and we will begin to look into it.'"

The same mother told us she takes a Temperance evening for her children, when she has a collection of reading awaiting them bearing on this special subject. "By the time my children are eighteen or nineteen," she said, "I shall see the results. I do not mean to begin this sort of work *too late*."

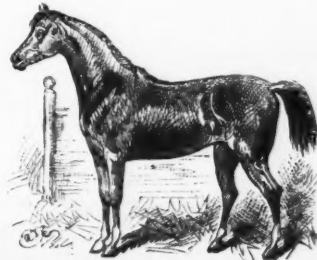
OUR SAVIOUR'S PARABLES.

The Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor's last book will add, we think, to his already wide and high reputation for Biblical exposition. His "Parables of Our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a work we thoroughly recommend to the ministers of all Christian Churches, who will find in it much helpful and suggestive material. From the same publishers we have received "Rifted Clouds," the autobiography of an estimable Christian lady, containing much that is generally interesting, and much more that concerns no one outside her own family and immediate circle of friends. We have also received from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton the new edition, at a price which brings it within the reach of all, of Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."



THE DUMB CREATION.

The heart is unfortunate that has no room for dumb creatures; some of the greatest souls that earth has known have been characterised by a sort of reverential tenderness towards these wonderful, faithful lives of an inferior order to our own. "Be comforted, little dog," said Martin Luther to his canine friend; "thou too in the resurrection shall have a little golden tail." Be not over-shocked, reader! we



do not comfort our dogs like Martin Luther, but we confess to a consciousness that dogs can comfort *us*. Our Sunday-school children once appealed to us to settle an argument that threatened to overpower the Scriptural lesson: "When horses look at men," said one of the boys, "I've heard say the men look dreadfully big to their eyes—just like giants. Why, if they saw us as we *are*, of course they wouldn't mind us." It was amusing to hear the conflict of theories, but we could not help thinking, would our cats and dogs admire us so much if they knew us as we *are*? A pleasant essayist remarks that whatever our sorrows or failings, our cats do not hope it will be a warning to us, but come to our shoulder and purr, "Come, I am sorry for you, old man;" and our dog looks up and says with his honest eyes, "Well, you've always got *me*, you know." We would not insult the poor, and afflict the self-respect of our dogs, by dressing them in gems and trinkets; but we would deal with them lovingly and gratefully, and we are glad to note that a movement has been established to provide

for the veteran days of animals, to rest convalescent horses in pleasant pastures, and to afford them comfortable care and grazing when their working days are ended. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals publishes the *Animal World* and *Band of Mercy* specially to train young people in works of mercy and kindness; surely the more we consider God's wonderful Hand in the instincts and natures of animals, and even of insects and fish, we shall feel with the great naturalist who loved them all: "He who is so good to the little fishes in the wave will not forget to care for *me*."

"THESE SEVEN YEARS."

Under this title Miss Skinner has published an interesting account of her Friendly Letter Mission,

so well known to many of our readers. "When my first letter was written," says she, "I was living in a country rectory, engaged in parish work, and surrounded with interests of various kinds; ere the *twentieth* letter of the series was published I found all the village ties were broken by my father's death. I came as a very small unit to a city of 70,000 inhabitants, but I have since thought that God ordered my lot so that I might have a wider experience

of different classes of people." Miss Skinner, in her messages of comfort, seems to have thought of everybody—even the donkey-boys, the gamekeepers, the herdsmen, have special letters addressed to them, as well as organists, printers, laundresses, and many others. Thousands of men and boys are employed in the Welsh collieries and quarries, and to such, whose lives are often hard and lonely and exposed to peril, these cheerful, loving letters must be welcome indeed. Some have now gone out into France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, and even into the far East. "I am working among ignorant women," writes a corre-



A FRIENDLY LETTER.

spondent from Mount Lebanon; "they would be thankful for a Friendly Letter they could understand;" and Miss Skinner exclaims, "Nothing gave me more pleasure than to see my letters in Arabic, and feel that by their means I might do some good in the land where Jesus lived and died." It is believed that about 364,700 Letters have been distributed in various countries during "these seven years," and all were specially written to draw the human heart nearer to the Lord of all. "I hate letter-writing—I never know what to say," is a familiar cry of the present generation. What a difference it would make even to our own feelings if, in this weary letter-writing, our hearts could say, like a young scholar who explained to us his feelings, "I do the best I can, because my Father stands by and watches me while I write!"

A FRIEND'S SUGGESTION.

One of our readers draws our attention to a matter which is of more importance than may at first appear. Christian workers in benevolent enterprises will not be offended if we enforce his suggestion. It appears to him—and his view of the case will surely appeal to all—that prompt acknowledgment of contributions sent is certainly due to subscribers, and should in no case be omitted. “Three times lately,” says he, “have I forwarded cheques, meeting with no acknowledgment until I applied for a receipt, and this, I learn, has been the case with others.” Courtesy and a business-like method of conducting affairs will certainly be far more likely to result in a repetition of aid. Neglect, whether caused by thoughtlessness or pressure of work, must in the end be prejudicial to the charity. “You are the only boy who has written to thank me,” gratefully said a gentleman to a polite lad, one of many to whom he had forwarded gifts. He was beginning to fear politeness was becoming extinct in the rising generation! “Manners make the man,” says the proverb. We, who are grown up, may well bear in mind that “manners” may likewise make or mar the blessed work which we have taken up for God.

“BENEVOLENCE IS THE MINISTER OF GOD.”

There is plenty of subject for meditation in these words of Carlyle's. The present age is beset by conflicting doctrines, thoughts, and arguments, but those who bear the image of God have learnt in doing good the secret of pleasing Him. Eloquent sermons are preached on Hospital Sundays on behalf of the sick poor, and in general hearts and purse-strings are loosened, but all the year round such institutions stand open to relieve and heal, and though things have been depressed in our country of late, let not retrenchment begin with our help to the hospitals, for the very slackness of trade increases the number of patients and the applications for relief. We would draw attention this month to a hospital which perhaps treats more accident cases than any other in London, being situated in a very central position as to traffic, and near the narrow thoroughfares of St. Giles'. One night three cases of fracture were brought into Charing Cross Hospital, and between midnight and three a.m. twenty-two cases of wounds were treated. The children's ward is always full, and there is a special Samaritan Fund for feeding and helping poor patients, sending them to convalescent homes, etc. “Defer not charities till death” is sound advice, which, if heeded, would lighten the burden on many a benevolent institution. We all delight in the virtue of love to our species, as set forth by the poet or the preacher, but we read once of a little girl to whom “Auntie” sent her “love,” and who received the message by replying, “I like Auntie's love best in a *parcel*.” The poor, and those whose energies are spent in aiding them, will appreciate our love and sympathy best of all if

accompanied by some helpful, ministering contribution of substance, clothes, or food.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Instruction and guidance both by precept and example may be obtained by the perusal of records of useful lives dedicated to the service of God. Such a life, in an eminent degree, was that of the late Dr. Lindsay Alexander, whose career and work have received a fitting memorial in the book lately published by Messrs. Nisbet. The same house has also issued an interesting little work, “Young Plants and Polished Corners,” by the Rev. C. H. Nash of Croydon, who has brought to his task a cultivated mind and an earnest spirit. Sunday-school teachers will find this a useful little book. A passing word of commendation is all our space will permit us to give to Mr. Viney's booklet on “The Valleys and Villages of the Bible” (Elliot Stock), Miss Wright's “Garland of Orange Blossoms” (same publishers), and the Rev. John Brown's edition of the “Pilgrim's Progress” (Hodder and Stoughton), which is nicely got up, minus illustrations, but cannot be said to possess any special claims upon popular acceptance, beyond being in portable form and in very readable type.



THE ROYAL ROSE.

“Why wert thou not born of the thistle breed?” the rose is asked in the fable; “then the world would have deemed thee useful, for thou wouldst have served for food.” But is there no use—no precious, heart-healing blessing—in the rose as God has made it, whether “dew-diadem'd, it salutes the sun” in garments of snow-white or blushing pink, creamy yellow or royal dusk? Beauty has been defined as the fringe of Divine apparel: surely this perfect flower, flinging its incense across the cottage-garden as through the grounds of the wealthy, is the Master's missionary, inspiring us with dreams of the loveliness of His Eden, where *He* is fadeless light, and wintry chills are ended. Heaven would not dower the *rich* alone with beauty. In every heart there is a craving for the fair and sweet—a sense of joy and rest, when one by one the rosebuds—“little tents of odour”—peep out and look for summer. Roses are essentially the poet's flowers; bards have sung of youth as crowned with roses, of woman's grace of modesty veiling her as moss-roses

are mantled round, of budding garlands strewing the marriage-path of hope, and of roses, pure and pale, laid down upon the new-made grave. And to the Christian heart the queen of flowers has a message too; it is borne upon a thorn—even as we cull its bloom we touch the briers. And where do we find the richest, most fragrant characters, blessing the home, the church, the neighbourhood? How often amid the briers of affliction! for the heart that has never known the thorn has missed Heaven's sweetest, deepest teachings. Mrs. Stowe reminds us

about reaching the masses, we cannot doubt that the Lord is well pleased with those who are *doing* the work, and seeking and saving the outcast. Last year we drew attention to the noble institutions of Field Lane, and we give this month a representation of the scene enacted there when the broken food arrives, sent by many city firms, and absolutely in some cases the means of saving lives from starvation. "Have you any old clothes for me, sir?" a boy asked at the schools one day; "my master says that I cannot go on with my work unless I look



WAITING FOR BROKEN FOOD—A FIELD LANE SKETCH.

that gardeners sometimes, for the sake of richer flowering, deprive the rose for awhile of moisture and light; it seems sinking to decay, but, when stripped of all its leaves, new life is stirring within, and the result is a wealth of radiant foliage. So glorious bloom often visits the life that seems to us stripped of all earth's brightness. And what of the withered petals that we gather from the ground at last, sighing to think that so short is the rose's life? Perfume is stealing around them yet, and they breathe to us that the memory of every true heart is blessed, and will "blossom in the dust," and that the fragrance of the good and holy life that we call *dead* will abide through boundless ages.

"CHARITY IS THE SCOPE OF ALL GOD'S
COMMANDS."

In bygone years so cried Chrysostom, and to-day,
while many brilliant things are said and written

more decent." The boy was in rags; and such are the applications that render any gifts of apparel to the Field Lane Schools invaluable. By gifts of old clothes many have been enabled to seek and obtain employment. It is a privilege to have the smallest share in the rescue and refuge work ever going on here under the care of Christian workers. Unfortunately, the prevailing commercial depression affects everybody's pockets more or less, but the Rev. Burman Cassin cited the instance of one who, having met with a heavy loss, gave £50 to a charity instead of £5, not knowing how much longer he might be in a position to give. We know not how short the time may be—how few our opportunities below of giving the "cup of cold water" in the Master's name.

"And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee."



THE SISTERS' EVENING HYMN.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY ANNE BEALE.



AMONG THE INFANTS.

ABOUT fourteen years ago Miss Leigh wandered through the length and breadth of Great Britain, in order to collect ten thousand pounds to purchase a Home for English Girls in Paris. In less than a year she raised the sum, bought the house at 77,

Avenue Wagram, and established the Home. We were with her at the commencement of this undertaking, and having just returned from a third visit to her in Paris, would fain express our amazement at the results of this, her early effort. But how condense them into one brief sketch? How tell of the ramifications spreading far and wide from the original root, or of the 5,000 girls benefited by the sheltering tree?

It is always pleasant to meet old friends, and it was really delightful to be received in that shady Avenue by the *concierge* and his wife, whose acquaintance we made when first we visited Paris and this English Home there. They have kept their posts ever since it was opened, and we found their pretty and ornamental apartment on the ground floor—French though they and it undoubtedly are—adorned with photographs of girls and children rescued by the foundress of the Home from distress, and sometimes degradation. In many of these photographs we recognised old friends, orphans who had tenanted the top *étage* before M. Galignani gave Miss Leigh her present Orphanage at Neuilly, and who were now respectably placed in the world. Some of these are happily married, others have been adopted, and all, said the wife of the *concierge*, who knew them fourteen years ago, “grown up and scattered.” “We like to see them as they were,” she added, “but it makes one feel old.”

Again, it was pleasant to be welcomed in the Bureau on the next *étage* by the same lady who was seated there when first we visited the Home, and who has worked with Miss Leigh from its commencement. She has proved “a friend indeed,” giving time, money—life, in short—and holding by Miss Leigh through “evil report and good report.” So, indeed, have most of her co-labourers. It would be impossible to give an idea of the young Englishwomen and French ladies who have been interviewed

in this small office, or the patience and tact needed to suit employer and employed; but thousands of lonely, unprotected girls have found situations free of charge, and have gone to them from the Home in their capacity of governess or servant, with power to return to it if necessary. And these girls continue to flock to Paris from England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, in spite of every effort made to induce them to remain in their native lands. They are supposed to pay, and *do* pay, for their board while at the Home, but many come there utterly destitute, and none are sent away. To these payment is impossible. They must not only be fed, but clothed.

French ladies come to the Bureau daily in search of “English girls.” Yes, *daily*: though it is not open on Sunday. “It will not be convenient for me to call again to-morrow; will you kindly let me see the girls to-day?” pleaded a gaily attired Frenchwoman only last Sunday. “It is contrary to rules—we never open the registers on Sunday,” replied the inexorable lady in charge. “*Oh! ces Anglais!*” ejaculated the one, with a shrug of her shoulders; but the other remained mistress of the occasion, and the Sabbath was kept.



IN THE INFIRMARY.

From the Bureau we proceeded to wander over the rest of the house. On the basement was still the large text-adorned room where, on an average, forty

English or American girls have their meals; and where such as like assemble for prayers every morning and evening. Here all were strangers to us; so were the children in the *Crèche*. In France, as in England, weary mothers are glad to leave their little ones in the charge of a competent friend while they "turn an honest penny," and from twenty to thirty were alternately learning, playing, and eating.

Above stairs we found the old *étages*, where sitting- and sleeping-rooms run into one another in strange confusion, and where lady-helpers preside over those so greatly needing help. On the topmost storey, where the orphans dwelt once upon a time, is the Sanatorium, where the ministering and kindly nurse is rarely without one or more patients. A young lady from Ireland occupies one of the rooms at the present time, who, finding her native land in a sadly impecunious state, rushed over to France to seek a livelihood in Paris, and "improve herself in its language." This is still the cry, "*Parisian French*," and it attracts hundreds who had better stick to grammatical English, not always the foundation of the education even of a governess. This poor child, for she is little more, will probably be saved from a nervous illness by kindly treatment and attendance. How many have been similarly rescued, who shall say? but the Sanatorium is bright and airy, looking over a portion of Paris, and breathing a quiet which the lower *étages* could scarcely command. Several rooms are dedicated to invalids, and they are rarely empty. It is not wonderful that one exclaimed lately, "This is like heaven!" She had been shipwrecked on the foreign shore of Paris; had pawned or sold all she possessed; and must have been lost

but for a God-inspired thought to seek a clergyman, who sent her to the Home. Neither is it surprising that now and again a daily governess, who makes her abode at the Home, should ask to be located in this seventh storey, the toil of mounting endless stone stairs being compensated for by the reposeful situation.

If the nurse rules over her special dominion, so every other *étage* has its presiding genius. The centre apartment is occupied by a lady who superintends the inmates of her flat, and thus none need feel quite alone, even though coming to the refuge as a stranger.

It would be impossible for anyone staying at 77, Avenue Wagram, not to be impressed with the enormous good effected within its walls; and it is almost impossible to describe the benefits conferred by the various branches connected with this, the parent institution. We saw them all, and "seeing is believing." Everyone has heard of the Orphanage presented to Miss Leigh by M. Galignani. A description of it appeared in *THE QUIVER* some years ago. It is in full working order, and about forty children live happily within its walls. The Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild has added to it a magnificent school-room, and a wing appropriated to the use of Miss Leigh, containing sitting- and sleeping-rooms, and what will be a conservatory. Then there is its near neighbour, Christ Church, Neuilly, with its pretty parsonage, where the English chaplain lives. These have been often described. But the various institutes connected with the work are less generally known, and we may be perhaps allowed to enumerate them.

That in the Rue Bastien we visited on Sunday with Miss Leigh, who was to hold a Bible-class there. Here we find between twenty and thirty governesses, together with the ladies who reside at the institute and devote themselves to their service. As there has been much misrepresentation, it may be well to state that Miss Leigh's voluntary helpers all live at their own expense, and are in no way chargeable to the general funds. She who presides at the institute is evidently a great favourite, for the girls buzz round about her like bees round their queen. Both she and the institute are boons for those who, having employment in Paris, have yet no home, and few if any friends. They come here when they like for rest, meals, and even lodging; for there are a few bedrooms to let to such as need. For this, payment is made; but on Sunday, rooms, Bible-class, and tea are free to all. The girls welcome Miss Leigh warmly, and rejoice to have her as leader of their class; and with reason, for she has the happy gift of interesting both by manner and matter. If only she could multiply herself so as to be working in all her institutions, and collecting funds here, there, and everywhere to support them at the same moment, nobody would lament over her enforced absence. But as she cannot be ubiquitous, she is compelled to leave us, when the class is done, for a service at



IN DISGRACE.



MISS LEIGH'S OFFICE.

the Home. We remain awhile behind, to listen to harrowing tales of governesses who have lain down to die alone in this gay city. One of the company, who has been herself for many years a governess in Paris, tells us how she persistently followed one, advanced in life, until she found her poor *appartement*. She was all but starving, and quite friendless, but evidently a lady. Suddenly she lost sight of her, and after much search found her in the English hospital, dying of cancer. She visited her daily, and was with her when she died. She seemed to have lost faith in God and man. Let us hope that the loving sympathy of a stranger led her back to her Saviour.

"Only one day last week," puts in the Lady Superintendent, "a young American was here, with what I call 'an ache in her throat,' from much talking. She had a walking engagement, which means that she walked and talked English with her pupils two hours daily, at ten francs a week. She was a very nice girl, and much liked by the people of the house in which she eked out her eight or nine weekly shillings. These good people missed her, sought her, and found her—dead!"

"And this is no solitary instance," says someone else. "This very week an English governess went from the Home to see an American girl whose acquaintance she had made casually. She was not well, and she left her sipping iced water. Returning in three hours, she found her on the floor, a corpse. No one knew her history or had a right to touch her property, such as it was." "Heart complaint" was

said to be the cause of death in both instances—but what of the previous stint? In these days girls leave their homes in search of they know not what; but America seems a long way off. No wonder Miss Leigh contemplates visiting it in the hope of interesting the generous natives in her work, since Americans help to fill her Homes. One girl was sent to her out of her mind, who, it was subsequently found, had no need to seek her fortune anywhere, but the craze for change ended in the fatal one of insanity, and the brother who crossed the Atlantic to fetch her home, was compelled to leave her in an asylum in England. Indeed, several have come to her for help whose reason has gone "for very trouble."

While the governesses are thus domesticated in the Rue Bastien, a similar reunion takes place in the Faubourg St. Honore, whither the shop-girls belonging to the Young Women's Christian Association resort; but of them more anon. And there is a Sunday-school in the Soup Kitchen, or Mission Hall, adjoining the Home, at which English children with strong foreign accent read the Scriptures and learn and repeat hymns; while in the Home itself a Bible-class is held for such of the inmates as care to join it. It is encouraging to feel that all connected with Miss Leigh's many good works keep the Sunday religiously. While work and play alternate in the streets, prayer and praise ascend from these institutions. In addition to the Bible-class is one for adult elementary reading lessons.

The Sunday concludes with a service in the Mission Hall, where the chaplain of Christ Church

gives a powerful extemporary address to the congregation. In this hall Mothers' Meetings are also held, and in the winter it becomes a scene for the relief of distress. The good ladies administer soup to the needy, and many a case of destitution is brought to light, and eventually relieved, by one who visits the English in their own homes.

We were invited to a *soirée* in the Faubourg St. Honore, and again accompanied Miss Leigh. Since we were here last, the institute has moved to a roomier *etage*, where, as in the Rue Bastien, is sleeping accommodation for such girls as may require it. Eight can be housed, boarded, and cared for by the ladies who reside here. These ladies also visit the English girls in the shops, and invite them to become members of the Institute and of the Young Women's Christian Association. It was pleasant to meet so many, and we might have been at a Social Evening in Old Cavendish Street, since all were more or less interested in the Young Women's Christian Association, and all had much to say to one another, friend greeting friend with effusion.

A cheerful tea, a game or so, and conversation, served to entertain us from eight till half-past nine, when Miss Leigh concluded with prayer and a few helpful words. The rooms were crowded by women

and girls, some resident in Paris, others here for improvement in the language or the fashions! all needing friendly help and advice. One of the ladies, having been with Miss Leigh almost from the commencement of her work, is well calculated to give them both. There were also one or two of the guests who had benefited by the Home fourteen years ago, who embraced Miss Leigh with a fervour that spoke for itself. "I have known her from the first," they said.

"And so have I," we replied.

As all the party surrounded their benefactress to wish her "Good night," we inwardly prayed that she who was, we knew, very weary, and much out of health, might be cheered and encouraged by the fruits of her labours. We also asked Him whose work it is, to stir the hearts of His children to help her with the same generous, unselfish zeal with which she has aided our countrywomen, and to remove from her shoulders the burden of anxiety about ways and means that sometimes weighs them down. Will the reader remember her and the young people she assists, and enable her to persevere in her efforts to save both soul and body of hundreds of girls and children, so often alone and friendless in a foreign land?

MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

"For sure the greatest evil man can know
Bears no proportion to this dread suspense."



TIME went slowly in that last week of my visit at the Home Farm. The weather was bad, with cold, drizzling rain overhead, and all the miseries of melting snow underfoot. The frost had gone, but a harsh north-west wind was blowing, and the change from the stillness and sunshine made

the thaw seem the colder of the two. Of course we were not in the evil case of dwellers in cities when a thaw sets in. It was not pleasant to have to walk over sloppy fields, and roads where there were more puddles than stepping-places; but, as I said to Basil when he grumbled at the slush he had to wade through, "At least it was clean dirt."

If the snow had lost its virgin whiteness, it was only

where the rain had pitted it, or the grass had forced its way through. To the last it was beautiful, and the shady corners where it lingered were white as ever still.

I had rejoiced in the first symptoms of a thaw on Miss Temple's account, but Dr. Cheriton told me that a thaw like this was worse than the frost itself. We saw him very often in the first week of Miss Temple's illness. Double pneumonia—whatever that might mean—had set in, and I could see that Dr. Cheriton was very anxious about his patient. He went to the Castle three or four times a day, and generally came in to tea or supper with us. It was "rest and much-needed refreshment" to the hard-worked doctor, as he told us with a heartfelt gratitude that seemed almost incongruous in a man of his character; and to us it was a relief from the monotony of the day, and a certainty of reliable information instead of the vague and exaggerated reports that reached us from other sources. I was always glad when the doctor's gig stopped at the gate, for indeed I was interested in Miss Temple on my own account. How could I not be interested in the beautiful, gracious creature who, only a week ago, had been looking forward to her marriage with the man of her choice, and whose life seemed now to hang on so frail a thread? There were elements of pity, and

even of tragedy, in the contrast, and I always felt my pulse quicken as I waited for Dr. Cheriton's report, while Basil stood by with a dumb questioning in his eyes beside which my own anxiety seemed trivial curiosity indeed.

May he loved—it was this other girl, so far above him in station, and herself betrothed; this girl with the beautiful face and the lustrous eyes, whose life was hanging in the balance now, and who, even if she lived, could never be his wife.



"Good-night, dearest and best of sisters."—p. 457.

Oh, Basil, my brother! how my heart ached for you in those sad days! How I longed to utter the words of sympathy that yet I dared not speak. I could not—I did not—attempt to deceive myself any longer. Basil's restless misery and uncontrollable anxiety told me only too plainly what his secret was. He was May Fielding's betrothed, but it was not

It was not wonderful that he went about his work like a man in a dream; that he sat opposite to me at meals with wide unseeing eyes, like one whose senses were numbed and dazed with pain; that he brooded over the hearth at night as if he were unconscious of my presence, and only roused himself when Dr. Cheriton came in, to turn upon him a gaze

that seemed as if it would have wrung from him by its own intensity the tidings for which Basil could not or would not ask.

They were graver every day, and as the week drew to its close, even Dr. Cheriton, persistently hopeful as he had been, was obliged to own that there was little hope left. Two London doctors had been called in, but their opinion had been unfavourable from the first. They had both gone back to town declaring that nothing more could be done, and though our brave little doctor said that so long as breath remained he would not give up the fight, I could see that he felt it a forlorn hope at best.

"To-night will probably decide it," he said, as he got up from tea on the evening of the seventh day. "I'm not a believer in *crisis*, in the usual acceptation of the word, but unless a critical change takes place in the next few hours, I'm afraid her strength won't hold out."

I dared not look at Basil. I seemed to know and feel all that he must be feeling without that.

"Well, I must lose no time in getting back," Dr. Cheriton went on. "The Earl would like me there all day, but it's true enough there's nothing to be done. If ever there was a case for expectant treatment, it is this."

"What is expectant treatment?" I asked.

Basil had got himself out of the room on the pretext of ordering the doctor's gig—his horse was always taken out and rubbed down and fed while its master had his tea—and Dr. Cheriton had not as usual accompanied him.

"Expectant treatment? Oh, it's just folding our hands and letting nature do the work we can't. It's what most doctoring amounts to, but sometimes we've the sense not to interfere. But, Miss Graham, I stayed behind to say something—to ask you——"

He broke off, looking quite embarrassed, and I wondered what he could possibly have to say that should cause him any difficulty. I am certainly not a formidable person, and Dr. Cheriton was generally glib enough of speech.

"I daresay you'll think it's no business of mine," he went on at last, "or perhaps," with a short, scornful laugh, "perhaps you'll think I'm touting. But can't you see for yourself that Ford ought to have advice?"

The tears rushed to my eyes. I knew it so well—as well as I knew how useless any advice of the sort he meant would be.

"Not mine, you know," cried the doctor, frowning quite savagely, but looking at me with an honest anxiety I could not but like him for. "You know me, I hope, too well to think I mean that! But can't you get him to see someone? A man doesn't look as he does unless he's either ill or unhappy, and, in Ford's present circumstances, there can't be much doubt which it is. I thought he was out of sorts before you came, but this week he's been looking ghastly."

"Oh, I know," I said sorrowfully. "But what can I do? I wish he would see you."

"I wish you would leave me out of it altogether! Tell him you're concerned about him, and get him to see someone in town. You could do that, couldn't you?"

I shook my head, for Basil was coming in at the door.

"Try!" said Dr. Cheriton emphatically. "I'll come in again and let you know how Miss Temple is," he said in a louder tone, and with a matter-of-fact manner.

But as he went out of the room he looked at me significantly, and I saw his lips silently form the word—"Try."

I wished he would have tried himself, but I knew that was a hopeless wish. Dr. Cheriton, with his back up on a point of professional etiquette, would be the stubbornest of men.

"Pig-headed man! he would stand superciliously by and see Basil *die* before his eyes unless he were properly 'called in!'" I told myself with great irritation, and, I own, with great injustice. He was not standing by, either superciliously or otherwise, but doing his best to see that help was provided—so long as it was none of his.

I looked at Basil, and felt that he was right. Whatever the cause—and I thought I knew it all too well—my brother was ill. Zoophytes and fungous germs are not the only disturbing forces in the human economy. So long as body and soul are linked together, so long will sorrow and anxiety, perplexity and remorse, count as not less powerful factors; and could I doubt that Basil was suffering from each and all of these? What bitter grief, what anguish of anxiety, a man who loved Ellinor Dieudonné Temple must have endured in the week that had just gone over our heads! What agonies of perplexity and remorse must not May Fielding's betrothed be feeling, who could suffer thus for another woman's peril!

Basil had got out his violin, and was tuning it with all the absorption in the process that musicians affect, but Dr. Cheriton's parting glance nerved me to interrupt him.

"Are you going up to town on Monday?" I asked, the happy thought occurring to me that the Farmers' Club would hold one of its meetings then.

"No; I can't leave," said Basil, without looking up.

"I thought you always liked to be at the February meeting?"

"I can't go this year. I couldn't, till——"

Trying a string was a fair excuse for not finishing the sentence; but I could supply the conclusion only too well.

"I wish you would," I persisted. "Do you think I don't see that you are not well—that you are not happy, Basil? And do you think I don't at least guess why?"

"Is that why you want me to go to the club, and enjoy the soothing effect of a discussion on railway tariffs, or bi-metallism, or the amount of loss in

silage cured without a silo?" asked Basil bitterly, as he screwed up a string with such energy that it snapped in two.

"No, you know it isn't. But if you went up to town, you might see a doctor there. You look ill—you *are* ill, Basil; and, indeed, I should be so much happier if you would."

"Don't be a goose!" was all that Basil condescended to reply.

And then he took his violin and fitted another string to it, and played as I had never heard him play before. I could not see his face, for he sat back in the shadow of the great chimney-piece, and the shade on the lamp concentrated its light on the table where I sat at work; but, as I listened, I could have wept, unmusical as I am. No other playing had ever moved me like Basil's; but *this*—it was like looking into the depths of his troubled heart—like reading a story of love and conflict, of passion and pain, that I knew could be only his own.

It does not need an acquaintance with the laws of counterpoint, or the subtleties of harmony, to feel when a master's voice speaks. The language may be strange to us, but Nature's tones are the same in every tongue. There are strains, as there are books, in which the artist's soul makes its passionate appeal for sympathy, and will not be denied. As I sat and listened, I could contain myself no longer. I went to him and knelt beside him, and laid my head upon his shoulder and wept as if my heart would break.

"Oh, Basil, Basil!" I cried, "I can't bear it—I can't indeed."

Basil put down his violin, and I felt his arm round me, and his hand upon my hair, but he did not speak.

"She is young, she is strong—she may get better yet," I sobbed. "Dr. Cheriton does not give up hope, whatever the other doctors do."

"Do *you* care so much?" he said, smoothing my hair affectionately. "You hardly know her, and yet you weep like this. Is it any wonder—"

He broke off, and then he said, in a tone that renewed all my grief—

"But there is no harm in your tears—they wrong no one. In *your* grief is neither reproach nor shame."

"Oh, Basil, don't talk like that!" I entreated. "You could not help it—you would have been true to May if you could, I know."

Something very like a sob stirred my brother's breast. Then he got up, and put me away from him a little sternly.

"'Could not help it!'" he repeated. "That is a woman's excuse—or a child's. Is a man to say he 'cannot help' doing wrong? I must and I will help it—if only that I may pray for her with unperjured lips."

He went away, and left me kneeling by the chair, and I bent my head on my hands, and prayed with all my heart both for him and for her.

Basil did not come back again, not even when Dr.

Cheriton's gig stopped at the door. But when I ran into the hall to meet him and hear his news—as in my eagerness I could not refrain from doing—I heard Basil's door open overhead, and I knew mine would not be the only ears the doctor's report would reach.

"I haven't a minute to spare, but I thought you'd like to know," he cried, seizing both my hands, and almost shaking them off. "The pulse is only 100, and the temperature half a degree above normal!"

"But what does that mean?" I asked, for I thought this vehement agitation might have been either joy or grief.

"It means *life*, Miss Graham, life instead of death," said Dr. Cheriton.

"Thank God!" I said from my heart. For indeed I felt that Miss Temple's life was not the only one that had hung trembling in the balance, nor hers the only one for whom thanks were due.

I did not see Basil again that night, and when I came down in the morning, he made no reference to what, I am sure, was uppermost in both our minds. For me, I was too shy, and too afraid of wounding or offending him, to allude to the subject again, and, indeed, Miss Temple's name was not mentioned by either of us till once more my leave of absence had expired, and the last night had come.

Everyone knows how potent the spell of the last night is, how it thaws reserve and draws out confidences. I felt that if ever Basil was to speak at all it would be to-night, and I was not disappointed.

He held my hand as I wished him good-night, and looked down on me with a grave and tender smile.

"Good-night," he said, as he kissed my brow; "good-night, dearest and best of sisters. How good you have been to me! How little I can ever repay you! I wish there were anything I could do for you. I wonder if there is?"

"Be happy, Basil," I answered. "I want nothing else—nothing but to see you *that*."

"Do you think anyone ever won happiness by trying for it, Esther? Suppose we leave that question to take care of itself. I will try—I *am* trying—to do right, and the other does not matter, after all."

"It matters to me," I said stoutly. "But if you do right, Basil, will it not come?"

"We will hope so—some day—though not as you mean it, my dear. It is best that I should face the truth, I think, and learn to do without it."

I bent my head, lest he should see the tears I could not keep back. But I think he guessed how much I sorrowed for him.

"Don't," he said gently. "If you were not so sorry for me, you would be the first to remind me that there are higher things than earthly happiness. I have made up my mind not to think about it, only just to try to do right."

"To May?" I ventured to whisper.

"Certainly. That is what I meant."

"But, Basil—" I hesitated, and then went on desperately—"I don't quite understand. Do you

mind telling me what you mean? Are you going to break off your engagement?"

"Most certainly not. What do you take me for? Did I not tell you that I intend to try and do right?"

"But it seems to me," I said firmly, "that the really right and honourable thing would be to break it off. You do not love May now, whatever you did once—and—and there is Miss Temple, you know," I ended lamely.

Basil did not speak for a moment. Then he said, in a voice that was low with pain—

"I do not think I need consider that. Miss Temple, even if she were free, is too utterly above me to affect the question. She will pass out of my life soon, and I shall learn to forget her. I need not sacrifice May's happiness because I have allowed myself to indulge in vain imaginings and impossible dreams."

I did not agree with him. How could I, knowing him as I did, and realising the strength and depth of his love, perhaps even more fully than he did himself? But I understood also that his mind was made up, and that it would be useless for me to try to alter it.

"Shall you tell May?"

"No, it would only pain her. And she would not understand. It has been a madness—a dream—but it is over now. Forget it, Esther, and remember only that your sympathy has helped me more than anything else in the world."

So I went back home, with the remembrance of much that had been trying and painful in my visit, of much that it wrung my heart even to think of, but with this little flower of Basil's thanks folded away in my inmost heart to sweeten and perfume all the rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

BOUND IN SHALLOWS.

"The sober comfort, all the peace that springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend."

BASIL drove me home himself, on a lovely February afternoon when everything seemed to breathe of life and hope, to tell of new possibilities, to whisper of returning spring. The snow had nearly all disappeared, though there were white patches still in the hollows of the downs; but there was something in the sunshine, in the soft south-west wind that blew gently in our faces, in the colour of the sky and sea, in the green of the fields, to tell us that winter was overpast and spring was already at hand.

"If the 'winter of our discontent' might only pass in such manner, and with the promise of as fair a spring beyond!" I thought, with a glance at Basil's face—the face that was so much too grave for his years, and that bore, at least to my eyes, such unmistakable traces of all he had so lately gone

through. Yet there was something in it even now that comforted me. It was not the stormy and troubled face I had looked at as we drove through the snow to the Home Farm a month ago, and I found in the calm, grave regard a presage of peace. I understood that in the conflict he had been through he had not been utterly worsted; that though victory might yet be far away, it was not a defeated man who sat beside me, perhaps not even one for whom I need fear defeat. The strong, brave soul, with his loyal simple purpose "to do right," must, with God's help, be victorious at last. I felt it, I knew it, and yet I looked at field and down and far-off sea through a sudden mist of tears; there are some victories that cost as much as defeat, some laurel crowns that are not to be distinguished from the martyr's palm.

I wished I could have stayed with him, but I knew it was impossible. My mother's health was never good, and I was indispensable at home. She had made an effort, in sparing me for so long, that I knew she would scarcely have made for anyone but Basil; but he felt, no less than I, that we could not ask for more.

It seemed strange to be at home again—to plunge suddenly from tragedies, the key-notes of which were love and death, into the trivial household interests that are the natural atmosphere of ordinary life. The change was so abrupt as to be quite bewildering, and I am afraid I hardly showed a proper interest in Charlie's retailment of Hazelford news, and my mother's inquiries as to the state of Basil's wardrobe. Basil himself was ungrateful enough to show still less.

"Settle it with Esther," he said, taking his hat. "I am going to the Rectory; but whatever you decide will be right for me."

He went out, and my mother turned to me.

"May is knitting him some new socks," she said, "but I thought perhaps one or two of the set he has now would want refooting before the winter was over?" My mother looked at me inquiringly, but I had no opinion to offer, and Charlie struck in—

"Old Jay is cut out, Esther. We've got ever such a bigger bass at the singing class now, and Jay is in such a wax he'd tear his hair, if there were any to tear."

"Certainly there isn't much," I admitted; "but who is the new bass?"

"His name is the Honourable Fitz-Jocelyn Marmaduke Potts, but as no one but Mrs. Fielding will tackle a name like that, he's generally known as the Honourable Fitz. He's a nephew of Miss Potts at the Myrtles."

"And how is May?"

"May's rather Fitz-struck too," said Charlie coolly; "the Fieldings are all like that, you know. Even the baby struts when Fitz is there, and calls all her dolls honourables. Mrs. Nickleby's nothing to the gentility of Hazelford Rectory since that young man arrived, I assure you. I hope Basil will take him down a peg or two if he sees him this afternoon."

Basil came back to tea, and brought May with him, and as we sat round the table in the familiar room, I could have fancied that the Home Farm, and all that had happened there, was a disturbed dream. How pleasant and familiar it all was! How glad my mother and Charlie were to have me back! Even May kissed me with effusion, and told me she had missed me terribly. They were all very kind and glad, but perhaps the thing I liked best was the way Basil looked at May and said "he could well believe that."

May was in high spirits, the purely tinted cheeks flushed with the shell-pink that so enhanced her beauty, and the blue eyes sparkling like a child's with excitement and pleasure. May was one of those happy people whose sentiments are always in accordance with the occasion, whose moods are always exactly what they ought to be. I had sometimes been almost provoked with the lachrymose airs she assumed when Basil went away, and the gentle melancholy she indulged in during his absence—a melancholy that never interfered with her attention to her toilet, or even with her enjoyment of a chat, or her appetite for dinner—and now that her lover had returned, she was all smiles and bewitching welcome, and Basil would have been more than human if he had not been flattered at the sight.

Yet as I looked at them together, I did not think "flattered" was exactly the word. May's delight seemed to wake in him no mere self-complacency, but a great tenderness, and a sort of remorseful wonder. It seemed as if he could not do enough to show her, by every delicate attention in his power, how deeply he valued her regard, how loyal and true to her—for so I read his manner—he had resolved to be. He had always been like a courtly knight in his bearing to her, but pretty May looked as if she hardly knew what to make of this additional homage.

"Isn't old Basil going it!" Charlie whispered to me. "He's on the high horse to-night and no mistake, and May looks as if she'd rather have him safe on *terra firma*. That little girl will get a crick in the neck if Basil expects her always to strain up to his present altitude."

"I think anything would be better than that Basil's level should be lowered to suit other people's," I said decidedly; but Charlie only laughed.

"You and he are always on the stilts, but it isn't everyone can prance about like that. May's twice as jolly when she doesn't try. I suppose," said Charlie confidentially, "he catches that big bow-wow style at the Castle? Uncle Chayter says he's always there."

"He was very little there while I was with him, I assure you."

"You must have had a precious dull time," commented Charlie. "Aren't you awfully glad to get home?"

"I know that I'm exceedingly sorry to lose her," said Basil, who seemed to have caught the end—I hoped it *was* only the end—of our discourse. "I

shall try and persuade mamma to come to me herself for Easter, and then you and Esther could come too. I wish you would entertain the idea," he went on, looking at my mother; "it would be something to live on in my solitude."

"It is too far off for planning yet," said my mother. "We will see when the time comes."

"We have been making plans for things further off still," said Basil, with a look at May that deepened the pink cheeks to sudden carmine. "I have told May I will wait no longer than the end of June. A farmer's bride must come to him between the hay and the harvest if she wants a honeymoon."

"I wish you wouldn't call yourself a farmer," said May petulantly.

"What else am I?"

"Lord Otterbourne's Agent sounds a great deal better. Mr. Potts was quite shocked to hear I was engaged to a farmer, till he heard who you really were," stammered May; but I think she had the grace to be ashamed of herself as she met Basil's eye.

"Who is Mr. Potts?" he asked, gently enough; and then, when he had heard—"Do you think his opinion need matter to you, or to me?" He spoke very quietly, but May burst out crying before us all.

"If you're going to be cross, I shall—wish—I had not—come," she sobbed, and I did not know whether to smile or sigh at Basil's utter astonishment. Whether Miss Temple had ever crossed his path or not, I felt sure, as I had always done, that his engagement to May Fielding was a mistake.

"If he had only broken it off!" I thought bitterly. A disappointed love seemed to me so much less an evil than a loveless marriage. But as Basil soothed pretty, spoilt May into good humour again, I knew that breaking off his engagement was the last thing in his thoughts.

To do May justice, his task was not a difficult one. She was soon all prettiness and smiles, and drove off with Basil, who was to take her back to the Rectory before setting out on his homeward drive, as if her gaiety had never suffered that strange, brief eclipse.

"I hope Basil won't be harsh to her," said my mother. "Pretty little thing! she looked quite frightened when he asked about Mr. Potts."

"I'm sure Basil was only too good to her," I explained.

"Oh, I know he was very nice to-night, but May is so nervous and so easily frightened," said my mother, who shared the common conviction that a woman with blue eyes and a gift for tears is a creature to be caressed without much reference to the merits of the case. "May is so easily upset," she went on; "and nice as dear Basil is, I always feel he has it in him to be stern."

"And a good thing too!" cried Charlie. "I've no patience with May, and if I were Basil I'd have it out with old Potts! I knew he was pretty thick at the Rectory, but I didn't think it had come to his giving his opinion on May's engagement. Farmer or

not, Basil's worth a dozen of the Honourable Fitz, and so May ought to think."

"And so May does think, I've no doubt," I said soberly, for I felt it a sort of duty to defend Basil's betrothed in his absence. "She was excited and upset, and I daresay a good deal ashamed of herself."

"So she ought to be," growled Charlie.

"And if Basil isn't angry with her, I don't think we need to be," I ended conclusively.

"Any man who cared for her *would* be angry," said Charlie; and it was so true that I had not another word to say.

But happily my brother's inference was not likely to be the same as mine.

I comforted myself by remembering how earnestly Basil was trying to do right, and though I thought his view of his duty a mistaken one, I could not doubt that all would yet be overruled for good.

In the weeks that followed—weeks in which the thought of Basil alone with his sorrow was almost more than I could bear—this was my consolation; this, and the knowledge that in the solitude to which he had returned, he would no longer be harassed by anxiety on Miss Temple's behalf. The torture of suspense was over, and she was already convalescent.

"She is weak still, of course, but she is practically well, and only waiting for warm weather to go out," said Dr. Cheriton, of whom I saw almost as much as when I was at the Home Farm. He was attending my mother for a slight attack of the Indian ague, from which she generally suffered in the spring, and we all got to like the clever conversational doctor very much indeed. He was well-read in things outside his profession—as most men are who make their mark in it—and could talk of Indian matters to my mother, with a distinct appreciation of the geographical positions of the three Presidencies, and not more confusion as to the relative positions of the Punjab and Scinde than is to be expected in a well-educated Englishman.

He asked me once if I had persuaded Basil to seek medical advice, and consoled me for my failure by remarking that he hardly seemed to need it now.

"No," I agreed. "He is much better—so much better that I am sure you need not trouble in any way about him."

I was not anxious to have those keen brown eyes directed to Basil with ever such innocent inquiry. How could I tell how much of my brother's secret their penetrating gaze might not divine? They were the brightest and keenest eyes I ever saw, and their sparkling intelligence was the redeeming point in the doctor's dark and rugged face. Whatever intelligence and skill could do, Dr. Cheriton's patients might be sure of, and I think we all felt that my mother was likely to get over her ague sooner than in the days of Dr. Price.

But in this our hopes were disappointed. My mother indeed professed herself wonderfully relieved by the medicines, but though she called herself almost well, Dr. Cheriton's visits continued, and

when a month had gone by I began to feel very uneasy. I had seen how scrupulous and punctilious he was in Basil's case, and I felt sure a man like that would not come so regularly and so long without grave occasion.

So one day I waylaid him as he was going out, and begged him to tell me if anything serious was the matter.

"I know doctors sometimes keep things back, but it would be mistaken kindness not to tell me," I pleaded. "I would so much rather know the worst—" And then I stopped, for, indeed, I could not go on.

"The worst? My dear Miss Graham," cried Dr. Cheriton, "what have you been fancying or imagining? What can I have said to give you such an idea? Mrs. Graham seriously ill! Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Except for this little touch of ague—a nothing, a mere nothing!"—insisted this incomprehensible doctor eagerly—"she is absolutely well."

"And yet you—" I began. But how could I tell him to his face that his own frequent visits had caused my fears? I blushed crimson, and stood silent, feeling as guilty as if I had been detected in a crime.

"I assure you, you have no cause to be uneasy," repeated Dr. Cheriton, "but I will look in again this evening, if it will be any satisfaction. As a friend, you understand—purely as a friend—for I give you my word of honour there is nothing in Mrs. Graham's health to give you the least uneasiness."

He shook my hand with reassuring energy, and took his leave; but the door had hardly closed on him, when Charlie, who had been an unperceived auditor of our conference, started up from the sofa, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, this beats everything!" he declared. "I wouldn't have missed it for twenty pounds. You are six years my senior, my venerable sister, but your innocence is certainly unsurpassed. I wonder you didn't ask his intentions at once."

"His intentions?" I ejaculated, in utter astonishment.

"They are tolerably patent to everyone but the object of them," said Charlie coolly. "I should think you're the only person in the house who thinks the *mother's* illness is anything but an excuse."

But though my young brother was allowed a good deal of licence, and took a good deal more than was allowed, I thought this was exceeding the limits accorded even to privileged Charlie.

"I thought you knew I considered jests like that in the worst possible taste," I said severely; and then I swept out of the room with as much dignity as I could assume. But I fear, from the smothered chuckles that pursued my retreat, that the retort was not as crushing as I intended.

Of course I did not believe Charlie's insinuations, but that anyone should believe them was sufficiently annoying; and now that my eyes were opened, I

could see a conscious smirk on our parlour-maid's demure round face as she announced "Dr. Cheriton," while even my mother discovered a disposition to look in my direction when that too frequent announcement was made.

It was all very absurd, and I was very glad when my mother professed herself so well that he had no excuse for coming, even "as a friend." Charlie, indeed, declared that it would not be long before he found one, but I had got over my ill-humour before this, and only laughed at the foolish little jest.

We did not see much of Basil. He was naturally very busy as the spring came on, and when he came into Hazelford he was more at the Rectory than at home. It was right that it should be so, I knew, but the knowledge scarcely sweetened the fact that his visits to us were short and few. I longed to see more of him, to know more of the inner life into which I had been privileged to look, and which I could now only dimly guess at. I never saw him alone, and the things I longed to know were not such as could be even hinted at before others. Was he finding peace in the path of duty he was treading so steadily? Was he regaining in May's society the early glamour of his boyish love? Above all, had he seen Miss Temple, and had the meeting been a source of strength or of weakness? These were the questions I longed to ask, and though a secret consciousness assured me I should never have found courage to utter them had we been ever so much alone, I chafed at the presence of others as if that alone had sealed my lips. I might more reasonably have been grateful for it, for Charlie often blurted out questions I should have feared to ask.

He chaffed Basil about his visits to the Rectory, and inquired if they received the important sanction of the critical Fitz-Jocelyn Marmaduke Potts, and if he often met that elegant and superfine young man.

"For he's always there," averred Charlie, "and if he detects the farmer under 'Lord Otterbourne's agent,' you'll have a rough time of it, I'm afraid."

"He doesn't seem a bad fellow," said Basil, with the large tolerance of a large contempt. "You can't take offence at a man who's too foolish to know when he's offensive."

"Oh, that's your line, is it?" said Charlie, with envious admiration. "He *is* a precious ass, to be sure, but I couldn't come the magnificent like you do. I should like to see you take him down!"

"I don't. I don't trouble my head about him. He isn't often there when I am, or if he is, he generally goes away."

"I've no doubt he does—with his tail between his legs! I should think his notions of farmers are undergoing some curious modifications. I only wish he had known you before you got the agency—he'll put it all down to that."

"All what?" said Basil, laughing.

"Oh, the manners that maketh man, and all that sort of thing. He'll put you in his next lecture on

the Effect of Culture on the Lower Orders, as a notable instance of the result of associating with your betters. By the way, Basil, have you been at the Castle lately? You never say anything about it now."

"I dined there last night."

"And did you see Miss Temple? I suppose she's quite well again?"

How easy it is to ask questions when the answer is a matter of entire indifference to us. I was dying to make the same inquiry, and finding it quite impossible to do so, and Charlie did it as casually as if he had been asking Basil's opinion about the weather.

"Miss Temple is better. I saw her last night for a little while," said Basil quietly. And anxious as I was, I could glean nothing from his tone as to how the meeting had affected him. I could only wait for Easter to judge for myself. My mother was inclined to accept Basil's invitation, and projected a family migration to the Home Farm, and I looked forward to seeing Basil then, and learning more about him than I could in his hurried visits home. I must wait till Easter, I thought; but, as it turned out, events were marching quicker than I knew.

Charlie came down to breakfast one morning with eyes swollen to the size of bantam's eggs, a flushed face, and what he was pleased to term "a beastly cold," but which Dr. Cheriton pronounced to be a sharp attack of measles. I had never had the complaint, and my mother insisted on my leaving her to nurse Charlie, and going myself to the Home Farm, where I arrived within an hour, to Basil's great astonishment, and, as he kindly said, not less to his delight.

"I'm quite grateful to Charlie," he said, with a comical smile. "And I've no doubt Dr. Cheriton was too. But whether he'll approve of the present arrangement as much as I do——"

"Oh, Basil," I cried, "are you going to be silly too?"

"Really, I don't know," said Basil, with mock simplicity. "I thought I'd made rather an acute remark, but I daresay time will show."

CHAPTER XV.

PRIMROSE.

"T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet."

SPRING came that year with laggard footsteps, and except that the days were longer and the snow was gone, there seemed little change at the Home Farm since I was there before. The cosy, lamp-lit evenings had to yield to the cold light of sunless skies, but outside a chill east wind seemed to blight the promise of slowly greening hedgerows and tardy, shivering flowers.

But at last, quite suddenly, all was changed. The wind veered to all quarters, and settled in the south ; the sky cleared to a soft serene blue ; in two days the hedges were green, and primroses were peeping on the banks. The larches shook out their crimson

wind, and the sight of the sweet spring flowers. I could not settle to my work ; I was driven out into the open air, as poets are urged into song, as painters fly to their easels, and musicians wake their instruments to life. If there be a name for this delicious



"I turned hastily, and saw Miss Temple just behind me."—p. 463.

tassels, the lambs skipped in the meadows, the birds twittered and sang, and the cuckoo's call was heard. It was a day to bring health to the sick and hope to the sad, to fill every heart with wonder and thanksgiving, to tempt every foot abroad. I felt a restlessness I could not overcome, a craving for the sunshine, for the smell of the earth, and the breath of the

unrest, I do not know it—but who has not felt it in the early days of spring ?

Whatever it was, it was too strong to be resisted. I folded up my work, and sallied out like a child released from school. For to-day I would be a child, and take holiday like one ; and by way of a beginning I stopped at the dairy door to ask Mrs. Munns for

some curds and cream, and ate them standing in the cool, dark place, and watching the sunlight quivering on the wet flags outside, where Mrs. Munns was busy with pail and bucket, clattering about on a pair of patters that clicked with every step.

I could see into the yard beyond, where all seemed suggestive of plenty and prosperity and peace. The barns were massive and well filled, whatever their contents might fetch; the great ricks showed golden in the sun, whatever the price of corn. I stood and gazed in full enjoyment of the scene, and wondered how men could crowd into cities when they might see sights like these. I wished I had my sketch-book to sketch it all, the red-tiled barns and sunny ricks, and all the picturesque life and colour of a well-kept farm-yard. There was a pleasant confusion of sounds, carters calling to their horses, fowls cackling, and pigeons cooing, the splash of ducks in the pond, the barking of the sheep-dog, and the lower note of Basil's pointer.

The next moment it seemed as if all the dogs gave tongue at once. Basil came in sight, talking to one of the shepherds, and I ran down to ask him if he thought I might go in the park.

"Certainly. I have the Earl's permission for any of us who would like."

"I should like very much. There are hardly any primroses yet in the lanes, and that slope up to the coppice is quite yellow with them."

"You had better go and see," said Basil; and then he turned to the shepherd, and I understood that I was interrupting business.

I went back to the house for a basket, and then down the fields and into the park by the side gate that Basil always used. It was solitary, but pleasant. The sun streamed through the leafless branches, and threw a lattice-work of shadows on the grass below. There was still a litter of last year's leaves and twigs underfoot, but young ferns were pushing their curled fronds through, and tiny plants were weaving a veil of green above. Rabbits ran across my path, and scudded away from me, as I advanced into the park; deer were browsing in the distance; the grey embattled castle flashed its many windows in the morning sun.

I looked at the great entrance, with its quaint device of carved otters on either side—strange heraldic creatures it would have puzzled a naturalist to classify—and wondered if it might not have been better for Basil if he had never passed within those oddly guarded doors. Better? Who was I that I should dare to say? Happier certainly, but, as Basil had reminded me, happiness was only an accident of this life, and I owned as I looked at the loveliness around me, that east wind and snow and driving rain had perhaps had as large a share in producing it as the sunshine and south wind that made to-day so fair and bright.

It was not long before I came to the slope I had seen from my window, the slope where the mysterious footsteps had dented the white snow, and where now

the primroses were starring the young grass. They were so plentiful, I had only to put out my hand and pluck as many as I would. My basket was soon full, and I was returning with my spoils, when a voice behind me made me start.

"You have been more fortunate than I, Miss Graham," said a girl's voice, with a peculiar clearness of intonation that gave it almost a foreign effect. "I wish you would tell me where to find such flowers as those."

I turned hastily, and saw Miss Temple just behind me. She had a basket in her hand, and a few primroses in it, but nothing like the abundant harvest of mine.

"Will you not have these?" I asked, colouring as much from excitement as nervousness. How little Miss Temple could guess the emotion I felt at the sound of the voice that had such charm for Basil, at the sight of the girl whose peril had moved him so deeply, whom even now I believed he loved.

"I will not take these from you, thank you. But if you would kindly tell me where you found them?" she replied.

"On the hill-side below the coppice," I explained. "I should not have known, but I can see it from my window, and it looks quite yellow with them."

"I should never have thought of looking for them there," said Miss Temple. "You see, I have not been here before in spring, and I don't know their haunts. You mean the coppice where the ghost went, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, looking at the frank eyes, that met mine so simply, with quite a feeling of relief. If I had ever accepted Dr. Cheriton's theory of the ghost, I should have renounced it on the spot. No girl who had enacted the part he had supposed could have spoken of it afterwards like this. But, indeed, as I stood face to face with Ellinor Diendonée Temple, I felt that the whole idea was an impossible insult. Dr. Cheriton and I had had many arguments about it, and I could only wonder that the acute, clear-headed doctor could be so self-deceived. "Slippers or no slippers," I told myself now, "these are not the feet that took that midnight walk. There is another explanation, if we had but the wit to find it."

"It was you who saw the ghost, was it not?" Miss Temple went on. "I think your brother told me so."

"I saw the figure that left the footsteps in the snow. It could not have been a ghost if it did that, could it?"

"No," agreed Miss Temple, and again the clear dark eyes looked frankly into mine. "Do you know my name?" she asked suddenly. "I know yours from seeing you with Mr. Chayter and Mr. Ford—but perhaps I ought to have introduced myself."

"No," I said, smiling at the apology in voice and eyes. "I know you quite well, Miss Temple; I have seen you often in church, and I saw you at that

concert, soon after you came, and then again on the ice."

"The day I was taken ill? Yes—I remember you were there." She sighed, as if the memory were a sad one—as no doubt it was to her—and then she asked me if I would come and help her pick the primroses she wanted. "It is dull walking alone, and you seem so solitary as I am," she added, with a smile.

I shall always remember that walk. Far above me as the Earl of Otterbourne's ward could not but be, there was a gracious simplicity about this charming girl that made it impossible to remember her rank when she chose to lay it aside. She chose now. No compeer of my own could have been more friendly, or addressed me in tones of simpler equality. I felt that she was not "talking down" to me; that the subjects she discussed were the subjects she was interested in herself. Lord Otterbourne's ward had lived too much abroad not to have more varied experience and a wider range of reading than mine, but we had enough in common to understand that the same things stirred our interest and moved our sympathies, in whatever language they might be expressed.

And then we came to nearer interests; and the services in Hazelford church, the creditable singing of the little choir, and Miss Fielding's excellent performance on the harmonium, were all fruitful topics. But perhaps I felt more than ever drawn to my beautiful companion when she said, with a deprecating look—

"You'll think me very stupid, I daresay, but I don't care for *too* much music. I'm not very musical, I'm afraid—not half so much as I should like to be—and though I do think I can feel and understand it sometimes, there's a great deal I don't care for at all."

"That is just my case! There are some things I like very much—oh! more than I can say," I said, thinking of Basil and his violin, "but a great deal is quite a sealed book to me."

"I wonder at that, when your brother is so musical."

"But Basil is not really my brother. Surely you did not think he was?"

"No; but one forgets that when one sees you together. Long before I knew Mr. Ford I used to see you in church and think how fond of each other you seemed. I suppose a half-brother can be as much to you as a whole one if you like to let him."

"But he is not a brother at all," I explained. "That is, he is only an adopted one."

And then I told her Basil's history, and the dark, beautiful eyes grew soft with interest and emotion. She did not speak till I had done, and then she said in a low voice that was full of sympathy—

"Thank you for telling me. I understand Mr. Ford so much better now. I know how it feels so well, for I have neither kith nor kin in the world. I am a foundling too."

(To be continued.)

HOW GOD PRESERVED THE BIBLE.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

SECOND PAPER.



THE second era in the formation of the Sacred Canon begins with Samuel and ends with the destruction of Jerusalem. It thus commences and terminates with a great national disaster, which might in either case have brought with it the loss of the nation's literature. The more dangerous of the two was the overthrow of

Shiloh by the Philistines, because all the learning of Israel was accumulated there. For though some writings might exist at each one of the Levitical cities, and the priests in their training be expected to copy some portions of the Law, yet the troubled anarchy of the time of the Judges must have depressed the general condition of the people, and made Shiloh the centre and main repository of all that was best and most precious for the nation's weal.

In what way Eli, of the secondary house of Ithamar,

became high-priest, does not appear. Probably there was as yet no settled hereditary succession, and the princes of Ephraim may have had some voice at each vacancy in the appointment to an office which carried with it much political power. But Eli's success was fatal to his line. So many of the priests of the house of Ithamar were massacred at Shiloh, and subsequently by Saul at Nob, that it sank into obscurity; while so powerful was the family of Eleazar that the transference of the kingdom to David at Hebron was signalled by the accession to his cause of Zadok, with twenty-two captains, and their troops of priests (1 Chron. xii. 28). Probably they had hitherto adhered to the house of Saul, and we may feel sure that the head of each line was always a person of great influence. It was then during Eli's reign that a young child was presented by his parents to Jehovah, and brought to the Temple. Probably it was an ordinary occurrence for young children, especially of priestly or Levitical families, to be thus consecrated, and in return for their services

in the high-priest's household they would receive careful training, and be instructed both in reading and writing, probably also in singing and in the history of their nation.

But this child grew up to be a man of extraordinary gifts, who became in due time the Restorer of Israel; and it is in keeping with Jewish feeling and history that it was delivered from the thralldom of the Philistines, and guided through a most critical period of its history, not by a warrior, but by one whose chief qualification was his piety. He wrought by reforming the morals of the people, and when he had brought them back to the paths of justice, honesty, and purity, they were fit for freedom, and victory became theirs. It still needed the swords of Saul and David to cut quite to pieces the Philistine yoke, but the victory at Eben-ezer broke the Philistine power, and made their dominion endurable (1 Sam. vii. 13), though evidently they had re-established much of their old supremacy before Saul was raised up to discomfit them.

Now, before the destruction of Shiloh, Samuel had attained to a position almost higher than that of Eli (1 Sam. iii. 20). He was no longer a boy, but one whose word was obeyed throughout all Israel (*ibid.* iv. 1). But as all his teaching afterwards was based upon the history of Israel, and as the great effort of his life was to make the people acquainted with what Jehovah had done for them, regarding that as their best preservative against idolatry, it is plain that he understood the value of the writings stored up at Shiloh, and would do his best to preserve them. They had not gone with the ark to battle, for the great copy of the Law was kept, not in the ark, but at its side (Deut. xxxi. 26). Probably it was so placed that it might on proper occasions be consulted. What interval there was between the defeat of the Israelites at Aphek and the capture of Shiloh is not mentioned. The distance was about twenty miles, and while the runner had brought Eli the news that same evening (1 Sam. iv. 12), three or four days would elapse before the victorious army, whose first business would be to gather the spoil, attend to their wounded, and bury their dead, could arrive. Their conduct is that of men cruelly incensed. Not only do they put all whom they find to the sword, but even burn to death a number of young men (Ps. lxxviii. 63). It is possible, of course, that these were burnt accidentally, but more probable that having taken refuge in some building, fire was set to it. It does not seem, however, from the subsequent history, that any part of the sacred furniture or of the utensils of the Tabernacle that were of the Mosaic age was lost. There were plenty of safe places of refuge close by in the mountains of Ephraim. And, moreover, the rage of the Philistines was vented in slaughter, and was chiefly directed against the priests, for sending the ark to the war. And to them they behaved so ruthlessly that the destruction of Shiloh became a byword for all that was horrible (Jer. vii. 12; xxvi. 6).

But when, after many years of calm, silent working, Samuel had recovered liberty for the people, he used it for two great and wise purposes. The first was the upright administration of justice, for which end he went regularly on circuit to several of the chief towns; the second was the restoration of learning. Now it is not to be supposed that he had not for this abundant materials. The archives and books were the very things he would be most anxious to put in a place of safety, and it would be easy enough. Armies in those days soon dispersed after a victory; for they consisted of farmers anxious to get home to their fields, and the booty they most prized was the cattle of the conquered, and young men and young women for slaves. Upon the confirmation of Saul as king, we are told that Samuel wrote "the rights of the kingdom in the book" (1 Sam. x. 25). Apparently this record was "the Book of the Law of God," on which Joshua had inscribed a memorial of the covenant made between Jehovah and the Israelites towards the close of that veteran's life. Most probably the memorials both of Joshua and Samuel were written on skins, and attached in some way to the sacred book of Moses. Samuel knew the old history so well that he was sure to be guided by ancient precedent in his conduct. And certainly an event so important as the substitution of the kingly government for the theocracy was one that required a formal document in proof that the change had been made by prophetic authority at the command of God.

But Samuel was not satisfied with saving the national records; he determined to make the knowledge of them general. He had probably felt the want of trained young men in the government; he felt, too, the danger of national decadence; and to avert Israel's decay he determined to train picked young men in the great knowledge which he possessed. And no sooner had he begun to gather youths round him in the Naioth or meadows near Ramah—where they would lodge in tents, as was usual in those days—than wonderful progress is made, and Israel rapidly attains to its Augustan age. David, a shepherd boy, writes exquisite poetry; in course of time he becomes king, and his court is adorned by a galaxy of learned men. Chronicles and psalms are written in abundance, and David and his captains arrange musical services for the Temple on a magnificent scale. His son is a prodigy of learning, whose acquaintance with all branches of natural history, as well as of ethical science, filled his contemporaries with astonishment. But it is plain that Samuel, however efficient may have been his schools, could not have produced so vast an effect in so short a time, unless there had been a considerable amount of knowledge already existing among the people. Philistine raids and oppression were impoverishing the Israelites, and leaving them little time for anything higher than the bare supply of their bodily wants; but these evils had not gone on long enough to root out the higher civilization which they had long enjoyed. When

therefore freedom came, there was a grand rebound, and the great use of Samuel's schools was to help onward the movement, and make the result wider and more permanent.

One of the most important effects of Samuel's reforms was that henceforward learning was more immediately connected with the prophetic order. Up to the time of Samuel the priests had been its guardians; but henceforward the prophets not only took care of the old, but added on the new. The Jews acknowledge this by calling the historical books of the Old Testament "the early prophets;" and the prophetic writings "the later prophets." Even priests, when they write, like Jeremiah and Ezekiel, do so as being also prophets; and the more free organisation—which made the prophetic order open to men of every class and condition—tended to make learning general. It was, too, not ritual, but the nation's history, and the great future bound up with its fortunes, which they invited men to study; and not without success. The general state of education in Israel must have been very advanced when a herdsman like Amos, brought up in a country village like Tekoa, could write a book so fresh and racy, and so full of charming pictures drawn from country life, as his prophecy. And the prophets in their schools were Israel's teachers; and probably there were few places where such homes of learning were not to be found.

With the prophets, therefore, the preservation of the Scriptures was now bound up, and it is remarkable that we henceforward find them, rather than the priests, the objects of persecution. The means which Jezebel takes for the extirpation of the religion of Jehovah is the slaughter of the prophets (1 Kings xviii. 13), and she does her work so thoroughly that Elijah supposes that he is the last prophet left in the northern kingdom (*ibid.* xix. 10). He is warned of his mistake, and told that there were still seven thousand true men in Israel; and many an one of these would keep in safe hiding the sacred memorials which they had been taught to reverence. Many even of them would themselves be prophets, and would be able to repeat by memory much of that which it had been their office to teach. Now, the instructions given to Elijah are very significant. He is to bring about a revolution both at Damascus and in Samaria, involving in the latter place the destruction of Ahab and his entire family; and he is also to make provision for the continuance of the prophetic order. But he is not to do aught of this by the repetition of the mighty effort made by him on Mount Carmel. He is to restrain his natural impetuosity, to look for no miracles, no display of supernatural power. He is now to trust solely to the "still small voice."

What was this still small voice, which nevertheless was potent enough to overthrow the dynasty of a king so able as Ahab? It was the voice of religious teaching. And the subsequent history throws great light upon the means which Elijah used. In the wilderness of Horeb he had supposed himself the sole

prophet left. Evidently Jezebel had crushed their external organisation, and destroyed every outward sign of their existence. About ten years afterwards, when Jehoshaphat goes down to Samaria to be Ahab's ally in the Syrian war, the king is able to gather from the neighbourhood four hundred prophets of Jehovah for the King of Judah to consult. They are not, indeed, up to the mark, except Micah, the son of Imlah, who has the courage of a martyr. The rest were not fit for martyrdom, being cowed perhaps by Jezebel's open hatred of them, and by the remembrance of the days when she had put their fellows ruthlessly to death; but they were men who had chosen the unpopular side, and were ready to endure much for their faith's sake. Perhaps it was because of their falling short that when the revolution came Jehu also fell short, and mingled, as they had done, human motive and time-service with God's truth.

The last labour of Elijah's life was the visitation of the schools of the prophets at Giigal and Bethel, and probably at other places. For subsequently we find Elisha at the head of numerous and flourishing colleges, which he is perpetually visiting, travelling on foot from one to another, not merely to make the teaching thorough, and see that all did their duty, but even more earnestly to deepen their religious feeling, that each in his future home might by example and precept do all that was possible to stem the moral corruption that was sapping the nation's strength. And it is evident that the efforts of Elijah and Elisha were viewed with fanatical hatred by those who had followed Jezebel. For young lads—roughs, as we should call them—of Bethel assailed Elisha with open mockery both of his master's translation and of his own office, and were punished as they deserved. For it was no outbreak of boyish petulance or levity; it was the open expression of the hatred felt by the godless portion of the nation for the purity and holiness of the religion of which the prophets were the representatives. And in this occurrence we see as clearly as in the great day on Mount Carmel the nation divided into hostile parties, and at discord with itself. For the better part were determined to maintain their old religion, with all its ennobling precepts; the other hated it because it was a bar to the enjoyment of the debauchery and licence which Jezebel had striven to introduce with her abominable worship of the powers of nature.

Henceforward the prophets, as the allies of Jehu and his family, were exposed to no danger, but had free leave to teach and make copies of the Scriptures. From Samuel's time they were God's great means for the preservation of His holy Word, and a large portion of it was written by them. And it is interesting to notice that two of the most ancient of the prophetic writings had for their authors men of the ten tribes, educated in Elijah's schools. These are Hosea and Jonah. And if the prophets did so much in rebellious Israel, how great must their influence have been in the far purer and more religious Kingdom of Judah!



IVY.

Thou art a friend for evil days, and show
Thyself most constant when the summer crowd
That revels in the sun, dismayed and cowed,
Has shrunk away till softer breezes blow.
Exultingly thou shakest off the snow,
Emerging boldly from thy cold white shroud,
With beauty unimpaired, a conqueror proud.
A daring climber thou, and yet the low
Unsightly things of earth thou seekest out
To weave thy graceful tendrils round about.
Brave, faithful ivy! I would learn from thee
Amid life's ills invincible to be;
And in this tangled coil where ill I see,
Be mine to veil it with sweet charity.

MARY BEIGHTON.



THE MOUNT OF PRECIPITATION.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



HE traditional scene of the tumult at Nazareth—when the countrymen of our Lord passed suddenly from admiration to passionate hatred—is pointed out about two miles south-east of the town. The plateau of Nazareth there rises up into a lofty pyramidal hill, overhanging

the broad plain of Esdraelon, and conspicuous on every side. This hill has received the name of the Mount of Precipitation; and its great cliff, nearly a thousand feet high, rising straight up from the valley, has been pointed out as that from which the Nazarenes would have cast down our Lord in their furious outburst of pride and bigotry. A hollow in the rock is shown to travellers as marking the spot where the cliff had suddenly become soft as wax beneath the feet of our Lord, and opening up, formed a hiding-place around Him, in which He disappeared from His enemies. This tradition dates only from the middle ages, and has no local verisimilitude. It is not likely that Nazareth has ever occupied any other position than its present site; and from that site the Mount of Precipitation is too distant to make it at all probable that the inhabitants would have dragged our Lord so far in order to put Him to death. A much more suitable place, which answers all the conditions of the sacred narrative, may be found in the abrupt face of the limestone rock, about thirty or forty feet high, overhanging the Maronite Convent at the south-west corner of the town; and this may well be supposed to be the identical precipice, on the brow or higher part of the mountain, on whose slope, lower down, Nazareth is built, from which our Lord's fanatical countrymen attempted to hurl Him down.

The description of the scene is so singularly precise, and the incident itself so extraordinary, that our curiosity is greatly excited regarding it. Are we to look upon this strange mode of attack upon our Lord as a mere impulsive action—the expedient of a moment—seized by a mob blinded by rage and regardless of the way in which it wreaked its vengeance, provided only that it was effective—or can we see in it a deeper significance? One writer has remarked that the Nazarenes endeavoured to inflict upon Jesus the *new* punishment of death by precipitation, which Herod had introduced into Galilee from Rome; but we have no evidence that such a mode of punishment had been introduced by Herod, or anyone else, into the Holy Land. The deliberate mode in which the Nazarenes proceeded to carry out their determination would seem to point rather to the supposition that it was no new punishment which

they sought to execute, but a time-honoured custom which existed on the spot.

Nazareth is not usually considered an ancient place. It is altogether unknown in the Old Testament, and first comes into prominence in the Gospel narrative as the town in which our Lord passed His childhood and youth. Its situation, hid within its natural barrier of hills, was the cause of its historical obscurity. For we cannot suppose that a situation so romantic, with a mild climate and a rich soil, had been left uninhabited until shortly before the Evangelists took notice of it. It is much more likely that at a very early period the migratory bands of Hamites, as they came in this direction from their primeval dwellings, settled upon the spot, and their descendants continued there even when the locality was assigned to Zebulun in the tribal division of the country. The two holy places which the local legends have sought to connect with the nativity of our Lord—viz., the Fountain of the Virgin, and the dark, damp grotto cut in the rock, supposed to be the early home of Christ and His mother—in all likelihood point back to the prehistoric worship of caves and wells which existed on the spot. The inhabitants of Nazareth, from their position, were more exposed than the rest of the people of Galilee to contact with the heathen. They preserved the rough, wild, primitive character which gave them an evil reputation even in the neighbouring villages. Our Lord's ministry in Nazareth differed remarkably from His ministry elsewhere. He could do no mighty works there because of the unbelief of the people. This one locality alone stood aloof from the general enthusiasm, and remained so cold and indifferent, that even He whose human experience was daily confirming His Divine foreknowledge of human folly and blindness marvelled at it.

It is in such a place and among such a people that we should expect archaic customs to continue unchanged. And all the circumstances of the case warrant the supposition that the special form which the furious attack made upon our Lord took was one of these ancient customs. There is every likelihood that on the site of Nazareth there was a prehistoric moot-hill, or open-air court of justice, such as abounded in Palestine during the early days of the Jewish settlement. We read that Deborah gave judgment under a palm-tree on Mount Ephraim to the children of Israel who came to her for the purpose, just as an African chief assembles for judicial business under the shade of a great banyan-tree in an open circular space in his village at the present day. The brow of the hill on which Nazareth was built may have been the place where the first inhabitants, who reared their rude huts on the rock, summoned an open-air assembly of the community, which represented all

that primitive man had to fall back upon in his struggle for right and justice with men of his own tribe or village, and perhaps with those of foreign tribes or villages. And the place of execution—the precipice from which criminals judged worthy of death by the consenting voice of the community were thrown down—was conveniently near the place of judgment.

Death by precipitation is one of the oldest modes of capital punishment. It prevailed widely over the earth in primitive times. Traces and traditions of it are found here and there in different countries, and in localities far apart. We can easily understand how this should be so, for in ancient times towns and villages were almost exclusively built upon elevated rocks and heights, for the sake of security. The nucleus of a town was usually a large isolated rock, such as the rock of the Parthenon at Athens, the rock of the Palatine at Rome, the rock of the Château at Nice, and the rock of Zion at Jerusalem. Precipitation among the Jews was one form of stoning, which was the recognised legal punishment for blasphemy. Indeed, "stoning," as the Mishna informs us, was regarded as merely a term for breaking the culprit's neck. It was made imperative that "the house of stoning," as the place from which the criminal was cast down was called, should be at least "two storeys high"; and it was the duty of the chief witness to precipitate the criminal with his own hand. If he was not killed at once by the fall, the second witness had to cast a stone on his head; and if he still survived, the whole people were to join together in putting an end to him with a shower of stones. This precipitation constituted an essential and humane feature in the act of stoning. Both modes we must regard as an exceedingly primitive custom, the most natural method in which a rude people would wreak their vengeance, or inflict deserved punishment. It was of a piece with the prehistoric custom of casting stones upon the place where the dead were buried, and so piling up a cairn there.

The Greek word *katakrimnisi*—which has been translated in our version, "that they might cast Him down headlong"—occurs nowhere else in the New Testament, and there is no instance recorded in it of this form of punishment having been actually carried out. There is, indeed, an apparently well-authenticated tradition that the Apostle James—surnamed the Just—was dragged, like his Divine Brother, by the infuriated priests from some elevated part of the Temple, where he was teaching the people the way of salvation, to the verge of the precipice of Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood, and then, lest they should pollute the sacred precincts with blood, they cast him down into the valley beneath. The story, with some variations in regard to the place and method of precipitation, is told in a very touching way, at considerable length, by Eusebius. He was buried in the place where he fell, and his tomb among the sepulchres, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat,

was preserved till the time of Hadrian. By the Septuagint writers the same word which St. Luke employs in our Lord's case was used to signify the barbarous method in which the vast number of captives whom Amaziah, King of Judah, carried off in his re-conquest of Edom were put to death. They were hurled down from the cliffs overhanging their own city of Petra, as we are told in the twenty-fifth chapter of 2 Chronicles: "And other ten thousand left alive did the children of Judah carry away captive, and brought them unto the top of the rock, and cast them down from the top of the rock, that they all were broken in pieces."

There is a tradition that Micah the prophet, for rebuking the idolatries of Jehoram, was thrown, by command of the wicked king, from a precipice near his native village of Morasheth, on the western side of the hills of Judah. This tradition is told by Epiphanius, the well-known writer, who was born in a village in the neighbourhood in the beginning of the fourth century, and is therefore likely to be authentic. If Morasheth be identical, as most authorities believe, with the well known Greek town of Eleutheropolis, then, in the face of the limestone rocks, over one of which Micah must have been precipitated, there are several most remarkable caves, connected together by arched doorways and winding passages, forming the subterranean villages of the most ancient inhabitants of Palestine—the troglodytes, or cave-men, who, under the name of Horim, inhabited the whole country from Eleutheropolis to Petra. It is possible that there may be a connection between the mode of Micah's execution and the customs of this prehistoric people; just as there may have been in the similar execution of the Edomites, the descendants, some of them, of the same people, by Amaziah, as already described.

In the Valley of Jehoshaphat is shown a monument which bears the name of Zacharias, the son of Baruch, who, as Josephus tells us, was thrown over the walls of the Temple into the valley beneath, in the same manner in which the tradition tells us that James, the brother of our Lord, was precipitated. During the Maccabean war, some Jewish women were hurled from rocks by Syrians; and Rhazis, a Jew conspicuous for his austere patriotism, sought by throwing himself headlong from one of the precipitous cliffs in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Jerusalem, to escape from the terrible persecutions of Nicanor, the Syrian general. When John Hyrcanus attacked his brother-in-law Ptolemy, in his castle near Jericho, to avenge the murder of his father, the brutal assassin brought out the mother and the surviving brothers of Hyrcanus upon the walls, scourged them before his face, and threatened to cast them down from the ramparts unless the siege was immediately raised. Notwithstanding the heroic woman's exhortations to disregard her tortures, John, who could not bear the sight, was induced to retire. But in vain; for no sooner had the last soldier of Hyrcanus left the walls than Ptolemy proceeded to

put his helpless captives to death in the manner he had threatened.

The best-known example of precipitation is that from the Tarpeian Rock at Rome. This is a perpendicular cliff of dark red volcanic tufa, on the south-west summit of the Capitoline Hill, overlooking the Forum, now surrounded and concealed by lofty houses built against it. From this precipice criminals and persons convicted of political offences were hurled down, in view of the people assembled in the Forum. It was considered "the fittest goal of treason's race," the promontory whence "the traitor's leap cured all ambition." It is now so much changed from what it used to be that Wordsworth says of it—

"Is this, ye gods, the Capitoline Hill,
This petty steep, in truth, the fearful rock
Tarpeian named of Jove, and keeping still
That name, a local phantom formed to mock
The traveller's expectation?"

But still it would be a fatal fall to a man, in spite of the thirty feet of rubbish that has accumulated at its foot. The primeval face of the rock shows itself here and there, protruding from the ancient stonework that encases it, hoary with the mosses and lichens of untold centuries. We may suppose from the unbroken continuity of local customs that precipitation from this rock was an immemorial practice. The Tarpeian Rock we know indeed was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, part of the city of Rome. Its material points it out as belonging to the most ancient igneous products of the Latin volcanoes. It was the first solid foundation of the Eternal City, laid down when the rest of the site was in a state of chaos, consisting of ashes and mud deposited in the geological lakes of the Campagna—and when even the Palatine, where Romulus first erected his robber camp, was covered with forest, ultimately consumed by the burning ashes and cinders of neighbouring volcanoes, as is proved by the charred branches of trees found at the present day encased in the materials of its earliest buildings. On this hardened rock the primitive inhabitants first settled; here they erected their rude altar to Saturn, the god of agriculture, after whom they called their village; and

around it they clustered their huts of wicker-work plastered with clay. In the centre, or highest point, there was a place of assembly, where markets and sports were held, and religious rites celebrated, and where justice was administered at regular intervals. It was called the Capitol from its being situated on a height, and was precisely similar to the moot-hill, or open-air court, which existed in our own country in primitive times. The tradition of this original use of it still clings to the place as a shadow from the past. The hill has always been appropriated for political purposes. It has continued from the earliest days to be a centre of secular as opposed to ecclesiastical authority. The Popes ceded it to the magistracy, whose municipal buildings now cover it, and placed the Church of Ara Celi—the only one ever built on the Capitoline Hill—under their protection. The place of execution was chosen conveniently near to this moot-hill, or seat of justice; and the criminal, when condemned, was speedily executed, by being hurled over the rock just outside of the eastern rampart, which surrounded the settlement. We can thus easily understand the association of the Tarpeian Rock with the Capitoline Hill. They were as closely correlated as the moot-hill and the Gallow-hill in our own country. The primitive method of execution derived a sanctity from its antiquity, and was continued far on into the most civilised times of the Empire, just as the stone hatchets and the stone weights of the Neolithic period were used in killing the sacrifices and weighing the corn in the Forum during the days of the Cæsars. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his "Transformation," makes the Tarpeian Rock the scene of the dreadful tragedy which changed, through remorse, the Faun into a human being. From its summit he represents Donatello hurling the Capuchin monk; and shows how appropriate it was that the old Romans should have flung down from the very summit on which stood the Senate House and Jupiter's Temple, those who had sought to violate the institutions which these buildings represented. It symbolised in those days the suddenness of the fall from the utmost height of ambition to its profoundest ruin.

THE STORY OF AN OLD BIBLE.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

"GRANNIE, won't you have one of the new Bibles soon?"

"A new Bible!" exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of wondering surprise; "what do you mean, my dear?"

"Don't you know there's a new Bible now, grannie—a revised one, Jim calls it. He works at the warehouse where they sell them, and a little while ago he had to go to work on Sunday night, because people

were in such a hurry to get one of the new Bibles."

The speaker was a little girl about twelve years old, and her surroundings were in vivid contrast to the scene of eager bustle she had heard her brother describe, and which the sight of her grandmother's worn, clumsy old Bible had brought to her memory again. Her home was in London, but she had come to stay with her grandmother in her quiet country



"Lucy turned her attention to the chapter."—p. 472.

cottage; for the old lady had been ailing for some time, and Lucy being a helpful little girl, had been sent to nurse her. This evening, the weather being fine and warm, she had carried her grandmother's arm-chair outside the back door, fetched a pillow for her head, and then, having washed up the tea-things, she brought the big old Bible from the broad window-seat to read a chapter aloud while the old lady rested.

Lucy's reference to a "new" Bible greatly disturbed

her grandmother, and she asked a number of questions about it which Lucy could not answer, for beyond the fact that there were hundreds of packages sent away from the warehouse that memorable Monday morning, and that they had to begin work so early that Jim set out to walk to Paternoster Row on Sunday night, she could tell her nothing.

"Ah, well, child, it don't matter," said the old lady at last; "my old Bible there is the dearest treasure in the world to me. Read a few verses, and

then I'll tell you a story," and as Lucy turned her attention to the chapter she was to read, a far-away look came into the old lady's eyes as she gazed towards the setting sun, and recollections of the past crowded upon her memory.

As soon as the reading was over, she asked Lucy to put the book on her lap, and passing her hand over its worn, frayed leather covers, and touching tenderly the coarse yellow paper of its leaves, she said, "I don't think it was ever a very handsome book, Lucy, though I was proud enough of it when I first had it, I can tell you, for books weren't the common things in those days they are now. I dunno as I should have thought of getting such a thing either, but a pedlar kind of man came to the house one day where I was at service, and when I said I didn't want one, he says, 'Come, you're a likely looking lass—you'll be getting married some day; better begin paying for a Bible towards house-keeping.' Well, it happened that I was thinking about it, for your grandfather and me had known each other a good while. We was both orphans, brought up by the parish, and sent out into the world together at the same time—he bound 'prentice to a shoemaker, and I sent to service. We both had hard times, till at last my Jack ran away to sea, and I thought I should break my heart, for I'd lost my only friend when he went. Gals weren't cared for in those days as they are now, and I pined for Jack. But when he came home after his first voyage he came to see me, and told me we'd get married as soon as he could save enough to make a home; and he meant it too, I know, but somehow he never began to save till I told him I was paying for a Bible to begin housekeeping with."

"Wasn't it a funny thing to begin furnishing a house with—a Bible, grannie?" said the little girl.

"Just what your grandfather said, Lucy, and he laughed at me for it, 'specially as I had to confess I couldn't read a line of my new book."

"Oh, grannie! couldn't read, and you was almost a woman!" said the young girl in amazement.

"Ah, child! poor gals like me wasn't brought up like ladies and gentlemen, and taught to read and write, in them days. That was for their betters; work was thought to be enough for us. But somehow, after I got my Bible—and I was months paying for it out of my wages—I began to think I should like to learn to read it before Jack came home again, if it was only one line. So I got one of the young ladies where I lived to tell me the names of the letters. I was a long time learning 'em, for I had no spelling-book, but I kept my eyes open, and every scrap of paper that had print on it I saved up, and picked my letters out until I knew them all. The rest was easier work, and when Jack came home from his next voyage, I could spell out a chapter in my Bible. It had set him thinking, too, it seemed, for he had saved something this time, and we went together to put it in the bank towards buying furniture, for he would not be behind me in getting ready for our married life."

The old lady paused, and looked away from the nodding roses and her little granddaughter to the sunny west again.

"Did you soon get married, grannie?" the girl ventured to ask after a long silence.

"Yes, dear. My Jack took to steadier ways after he'd once begun to save, and, my mistress dying, and the family going away, he said I might as well have a home of my own, though I wanted to wait till the war was over and the fighting done with before we settled down."

"Did grandfather have to fight?"

"To be sure. He had to take his share with the rest. Boney, the French Emperor, kept us at it in my young days, and when we had conquered him we went to war somewhere else—Spain, I think it was, Jack went to next; but there! it seemed to me there was nothing but war, and small peace the poor women got at home for thinking of husbands and sweethearts and brothers out at the wars. Your grandfather used to laugh at me for being afraid, and said every bullet had its billet, and he shouldn't die till his time came; but my Bible gave me better comfort than this. Well, we was married, and then, after a bit, your grandfather had to go to sea again; and, before he came back, a baby had come—your mother, Lucy—and soon afterwards your grandfather came from the hospital to be nursed up and get strong, for he'd been badly hurt, though not in battle this time. Ah! that was a happy time, in spite of my Jack looking pale and weakly, instead of brown and jovial, as he had always been! The vicar came one day and read a chapter to us out of our Bible, and then he wrote our names in it, and when we were married, and when baby was born. Jack was never tired of looking at the writing, though he could not read it, for he was very proud of his baby-girl, and pleased to think we had a proper Bible to put her name in. He got well at last, and then the order came for him to go to sea again, and I had to pack his chest once more."

"Didn't it make you cry, grannie, when you thought grandfather would have to go and fight again?" said the little girl, who was deeply interested in the story.

The old lady shook her head. "Ah, child! there are many bitter partings in this world, but war brings the most cruel of all. While I packed my Jack's chest that time I wondered what I could put in it by way of a keepsake. Not that he needed to be reminded of baby and me, but to comfort him, like, while he was away from us. I thought of the Bible, but somehow I couldn't bring my mind to part with that at first. I was so proud of it, though I couldn't read it much, for I never got beyond spelling the words. At last I thought of baby's name being written in it, and how pleased Jack would be to see that when he couldn't look at her, till at last it seemed only fair that, as I'd got baby safe at home with me, her father should have the Bible to look at her name sometimes. So I rolled the book up in a

clean shirt and put it where he would find it soon after he got to the ship, but not before, for fear he should say he wouldn't take it away from me. We had thought war was over for a time, when the Turks began killing their neighbours and burning down their towns; so we were bound to go to war about that, you see, and my Jack was glad to think he was well enough to go, little dreaming how long it would be before he came home again."

"Was it a very long time, grannie?" asked the little girl, after a longer pause than usual, fearing her grandmother had forgotten the rest of the story.

"My dear, I hardly know whether I can make you understand the next part. I never understood it quite clearly myself; but there was some sort of peace or truce made with the Turks at Navarino, and the other ships sailed away, leaving Jack's and a French vessel to watch the enemy. The French were fighting with us against the Turks, you know. Well, everything looked quiet enough, and Jack got leave to go ashore, and he took the Bible with him to get an extra leather cover made to slip over it, when, turning down a street leading to the bay, what should he see but the enemy's ships sailing out on more murderous work. He took to his heels then, and ran towards the boat that had brought him ashore, calling out 'Traitors!' He was instantly seized, bundled into a rough cart that was going into the country, and, after travelling all night, was put into prison."

"Oh, grannie, what did they put him in prison for?" said Lucy.

"He was an English sailor, my dear, and so a prisoner of war. But the worst of it was, Jack could not speak the language of the country, nor could he find out the name of the place where he was taken, or hear anything of his captain or ship. At first he was impatient enough, as you may believe, but the people were not unkind, beyond keeping him shut up, and at last, to save himself from going quite mad, as he said, he determined to learn to read. He had learned the letters from me, and he still had my Bible with him, for it was under his arm when he was arrested, and they allowed him to take it with him to prison. Well, there was a great battle fought afterwards at Navarino, and then peace was proclaimed, and the ships came home, and I expected to see my Jack again. Ah! I shall never forget that time, when I went to meet him, and they told me he was 'missing.' That was what they called it, but a shipmate of his told me how he had gone ashore that evening at Navarino, and hadn't been seen since. I could see what he thought—that my Jack was dead; but somehow I did not believe it, and never would."

"Then came hard times for me and my child. She was growing a big girl, and could run alone, and bread was dear, and work scarce; but somehow, though I often lost heart, and sat down and cried over poor Jack, I never forgot some verses that I'd come across in my Bible—texts that I'd spelled over and over until I knew them by heart. There was one in the

Psalms I often said over and over to myself—'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.' It was at this time I began to seek the Lord in earnest, and to believe in Him as my Father in heaven, and if it hadn't been for this, I really think I must have died, for ship after ship came in, bringing no news of Jack, and your mother fell ill for want of good nourishing food, and, altogether, we seemed quite forgotten."

"Oh, grannie, couldn't you have written a letter?" asked the little girl.

"My dear, the vicar did write to his captain for me, but he could tell us no more than I knew already—Jack had gone ashore and never returned."

"And what did grandfather do all that time?" said Lucy, after another pause.

"Ah! child, he was worse off than I was. It seemed that he was sent off in the first bustle, and then forgotten, and nobody seemed to care whether he lived or died. At last he contrived to persuade one of his gaolers that a ransom would be paid for his release, if his friends knew he was alive, and he cut out the leaf of the Bible with our names on it, and got a man to put it up in his shop, in the hope that some Englishman might go through the town and see it, and make inquiries about him. He told me afterwards that the hope this gave him kept him alive, although even that began to die before help came, for it was months before his prison doors were opened. But at last the gaoler brought a stranger, an Englishman. He was travelling through the country, and thought it curious to see the leaf of a Bible with English names upon it in such a place as that, and on inquiring heard of the man in prison, who had asked to have it put there, and he went to see Jack, and heard all about his arrest at Navarino. The worst was over then. Jack put the leaf back in the Bible, which he had learned to read by this time, and waited patiently until the order for his release came, and by that time I had heard that my Jack was alive, and would soon be coming home again, for the gentleman had promised to write to me at once, and never shall I forget the day when *that* letter came."

"Oh, grannie, you must have been glad!"

"Child, I never knew what joy and gladness was, till the vicar read that letter to me," said the old lady, with a sigh of content even now, at the recollection of that day.

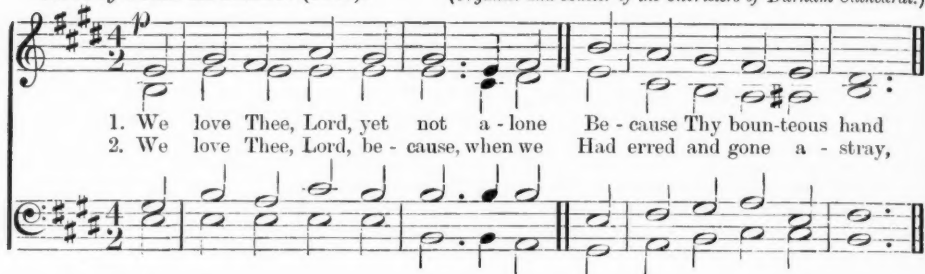
"And grandfather brought the Bible home with him?" said the girl, laying her hand tenderly on the rough old book.

"Ah! he'd never part with that any more. He didn't go to sea again, but found work ashore, and so the old Bible served us both, and we read it together for more than fifty years—the dear old book that made his life as well as his death a happy one," and once more the wrinkled hands were passed lovingly over its pages, and then it was handed back to Lucy, to read once more her grannie's favourite verses before they went indoors,

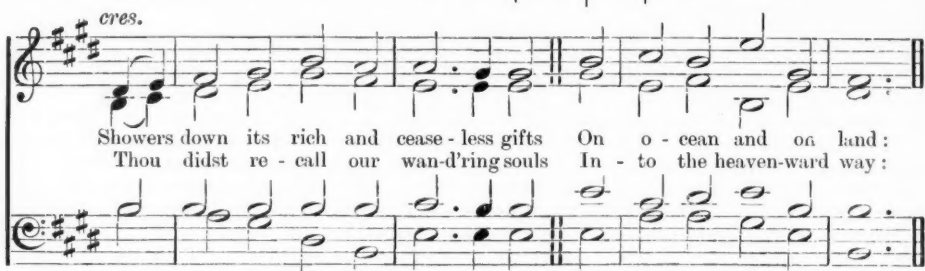
'We Love Thee, Lord!'

Words by JULIA A. ELLIOTT (1833).

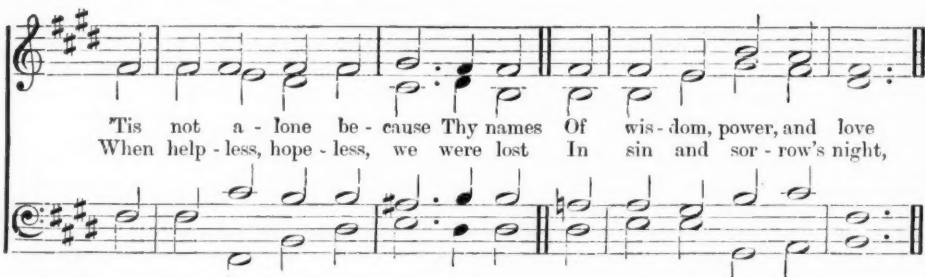
Music by PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D., Oxon.
(Organist and Master of the Chorists of Durham Cathedral.)



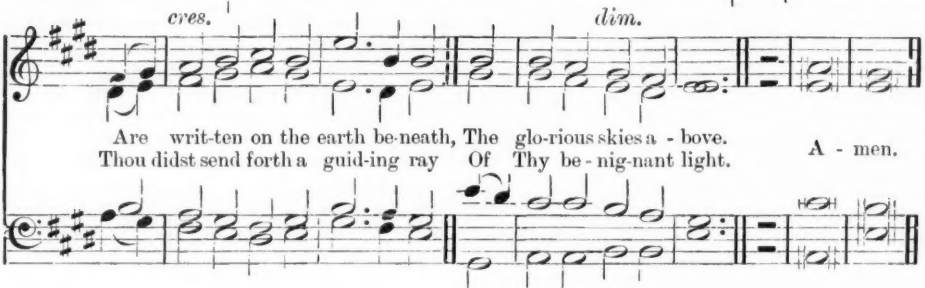
1. We love Thee, Lord, yet not a - lone Be - cause Thy boun-teous hand
2. We love Thee, Lord, be - cause, when we Had erred and gone a - stray,



cres.
Showers down its rich and cease - less gifts On o - cean and on land :
Thou didst re - call our wan-d'ring souls In - to the heaven-ward way :



'Tis not a - lone be - cause Thy names Of wis - dom, power, and love
When help - less, hope - less, we were lost In sin and sor - row's night,



cres. *dim.*
Are writ - ten on the earth be - neath, The glo - rious skies a - bove. A - men.
Thou didst send forth a guid - ing ray Of Thy be - nig - nant light.

3. Because, when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still:
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot:
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not:—

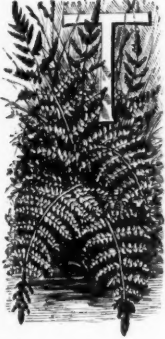
4. Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love:
Because Thy Son came down to die
That we might live above:
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven:
Yes, much we love, who much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

No. 29. AFTER THE TRANSFIGURATION.

To read—*St. Matthew xvii. 14–27.*



THE LUNATIC BOY. (14–21.) Christ's power as King been seen in many ways—power over the sea—over food—over sickness; now to be seen over a poor lunatic—suffering from epileptic fits. Notice contrast between Christ on the mountain and now. Then saw glory of God—heard His voice; now sees lunatic—possessed by evil spirit—hears of failure of disciples. Notice how disciples' failures always recorded—proof of truth of the Gospels. Instances:—

All failed in faith now.

All forsook Christ in Garden of Gethsemane.

St. Peter denied Him.

St. Thomas refused to believe Resurrection.

Christ bids the child come to Him, the Great Physician—devils cannot resist Him—cure at once complete.

19. Disciples come to Christ apart—as often for instruction. Instances:—

Explained Parables privately. (xiii. 36.)

Taught them to pray when alone with them. (St. Luke xi. 1.)

Rebuked them for ambition. (St. Mark ix. 33.)

Taught things about His Kingdom. (Acts i. 3.)

What hindered their success? Small faith. Even little faith could work wonders—remove difficulties like mountains.

Disciples did great wonders—raised the dead, spoke different languages; could do all things when had real faith and power of Christ's Spirit. (Acts i. 8.)

Fasting and prayer coupled in Sermon on Mount (vi. 5, 16), practised by Christ in wilderness (iv. 1), by Apostles before sending out missionaries. (Acts xiii. 3.) Even heathen humbled themselves before God with fasting, e.g. men of Nineveh. (Jonah iii. 7, 10.)

II. THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR. (22–23.) Christ's Passion against foretold, and more distinctly, viz. betrayal—sufferings—death; enough to make disciples full of dismay—but Resurrection follows—would give them comfort and hope.

III. THE TRIBUTE MONEY. (24–27.) What was it? A payment of half-shekel (about 1s. 4d.), as ordered Ex. xxx. 11–16. Notice that it was—

(a) By Divine appointment.

(b) Paid by all men over twenty years old.

(c) A tax for the Temple and service of God.

Why should Christ pay it?

Because He was a Jew, and always obeyed the laws.

Why should Christ not pay?

Because was Lord of the Temple—He to whom homage and tribute were due. As Son of God (lately owned so by Peter) might claim to be free. Still He will pay. Why?

1. Not to give cause of offence.

2. To set good example.

Having no money, obtains it miraculously.

LESSON. *Render to all their due.*

No. 30. CHILDREN.

To read—*St. Matt. xviii. 1–20.*

I. HUMILITY. (1–6.) Christ been telling of His Kingdom. Probably disciples talk it over. Wonder who will have positions of honour. So ask a question about it. Are told they must learn a lesson from children.

1. *Children are to be copied*—in their humility.

Example—the centurion who thought himself unworthy of a visit from Christ.

2. *Children are to be received*—in name of Christ. Have less of sin, and therefore more of Christ's nature. Example—Christ blessing children.

3. *Children are to be respected.* A fearful thing to make a child offend—i.e. to lead him into sin. Example—Manasseh made his son pass through fire to idols. (2 Kings xxi. 6.)

II. OFFENCES. (7–14.) If would not cause others to sin must avoid sin in ourselves. Find out what leads to sin, and cut it off be it as dear as a right arm, eye, foot, etc. Better lose something in this life than life hereafter. How are others led to sin?

(a) *By example.* Israelites copied idolatry of nations around. (Judges ii. 12.)

(b) *By desire to please.* Solomon built temples for his heathen wives. (1 Kings xi. 7.)

(c) *By influence.* Jeroboam made all Israel to sin. Children must not be despised. Why not? Because they are—

(a) *Especially dear to God.* Their guardian angels have post of honour near His throne, and special place of safety.

(b) *Sought after by Christ.* He is the Good Shepherd—loves the sheep—feeds, protects them. Seeks the stray ones—searches till finds—brings safely back to fold—rejoices. Little ones so cared for by Christ must not be despised, neglected, injured, but cared for, loved, guarded.

III. FORGIVENESS. (15–20.) What is to be done with those who do us wrong? (a) Try *private influence* to show the offender's sin. If that fails try (b) the *influence of elders*. If that fails he must be (c) *cast out*, i.e. expelled from the Church.

Example of private rebuke, Christ to St. Peter. (St. Luke xxii. 61.)

Example of public rebuke, St. Paul to St. Peter. (Gal. ii. 11.)

Example of expulsion, Corinthian offender. (1 Cor. v. 11.)

Result—(a) *Separation* from the Church cuts off from blessings.

(b) *Union* in thought, and prayer, and fellowship secures Christ's presence and blessing.

LESSON. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive.*

NO. 31. THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT, ETC.

To read—St. Matthew xviii. 21—xix. 12.

I. A QUESTION ASKED. (21, 22.) Disciples always with Christ—learning of Him—sometimes found difficulty in understanding His teaching—asked questions. What was St. Peter's question? Little heard of his brother Andrew.

(a) He was disciple of John the Baptist.

(b) The first to follow Christ. (St. John i. 40, 41.)

(c) Brought his brother Simon to Jesus.

(d) Told Christ of the lad with the loaves. (St. John vi. 8.)

(e) Was present at the last miracle. (St. John xxi. 2.)

Possibly the brothers often quarrelled.

Moses' Law taught revenge. (St. Matthew v. 38.) Gospel taught new law of love.

II. THE QUESTION ANSWERED. (23—35.) Parable teaching forgiveness. Notice:—

(a) *The immensity of the debt.* Ten thousand talents—more than cost of Solomon's Temple—utterly impossible for the man to pay.

(b) *The full and free forgiveness.* Caused by the Master's kindness—compassion for the man—and the servant's appeal for pity.

(c) *The servant's ingratitude.* Copies his master in taking account—finds a defaulter of very small amount—refuses to listen to his appeal—consigns him to prison.

(d) *The Master's vengeance.* Hears of servant's conduct—rebukes and punishes him.

LESSONS. 1. *Man's debt to God.* Worship, obedience, love.

2. *Man's neglect to pay.* Can only cry for mercy.

3. *God's forgiveness.* Full—free. (Isa. lxi. 1.)

4. *Man's duty.* Must forgive if would be forgiven.

III. DIVORCE. (Read xx. 1—12.) Pharisees again seek to get Christ into difficulties—question Him as to divorce. Christ lays down three principles:—

1. *Marriage is sacred.* Ordained by God in Paradise. (Genesis i. 27.)

2. *Marriage is binding.* Man gives up other relations to cleave to his wife—work for her, protect her, etc.

3. *Marriage is lasting.* Cannot be dissolved for every cause, such as caprice, etc., but only when marriage vows are broken.

Moses' Law allowed divorce—only as temporary measure,

Some find they can serve God better unmarried, as St. Paul. (See 1 Cor. vii. 7.)

NO. 32. CHRIST WITH THE YOUNG.

To read—St. Matthew xix. 13—30.

I. CHILDREN BLESSED. (13—15.) (a) *Parents* bring children for prayer and blessing.

(b) *Disciples* rebuke from jealousy.

(c) *Christ* speaks gracious words.

(d) *Children* are taken in His arms and blessed.

This blessing common Jewish custom. Instances:

Jacob blessed his grandchildren. (Gen. xlviii. 10, 14.)

Jacob blessed his twelve sons. (Gen. xlix.)

David blessed Solomon. (1 Chron. xxviii. 20.)

Notice—1. Children not too young to receive blessing.

2. Children objects of Christ's love.

3. Children heirs of Christ's Kingdom.

II. YOUNG MAN UNBLESSED. (16—22.) Desired eternal life. Addressed Christ as Teacher. Had to learn that He was also God.

What was right? Was pure, amiable, honest, truthful.

What was wrong? Loved his money unduly—could not part with it. Therefore went away from Christ.

Instances of love of money turning heart from God:

Gehazi—told lie to gain money—punished by leprosy. (2 Kings v. 27.)

Judas—betrayed Christ for money. (St. Matt. xxvi. 15.)

Demas—forsook St. Paul. (2 Tim. iv. 10.)

III. DANGER OF RICHES. (23—26.) Difficult for rich man to enter God's Kingdom—but not impossible.

Abraham—father of the faithful—rich. (Gen. xiii. 2.)

Joseph—forgiving brother—second in the kingdom.

Solomon—received riches from God. (1 Kings iii. 13.)

Must not trust in riches. (St. Mark x. 24.)

Must be willing, like rich publican, Matthew, to give them up at God's call. (ix. 9.) God's grace stronger than all difficulties.

IV. REWARD OF SERVICE. (27—30.) Apostles had done what young man could not do. Given up all. What shall they have?

Peter left his wife, James and John their fishing boats, Matthew his worldly calling. What did they receive?

St. Peter became foremost evangelist. (Acts ii.)

St. James the Less first Bishop of Jerusalem. (Acts xv. 13, 19.)

St. John allowed vision of heaven. (Rev. i. 10.)

Yet must not serve God for mercenary object.

First, like Judas, in privileges may become last—a very castaway.

LESSON. *Lord, I will follow Thee.*





FORT WALLINGTON.

THE GORDON BOYS AT HOME.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO HER MAJESTY'S FORCES.



"FULL DRESS."

AS many of the readers of *THE QUIVER* are interested in and subscribe to the Gordon Memorial, we give here a few notes of a visit lately paid to Fort Wallington, the temporary home of the Gordon Boys.

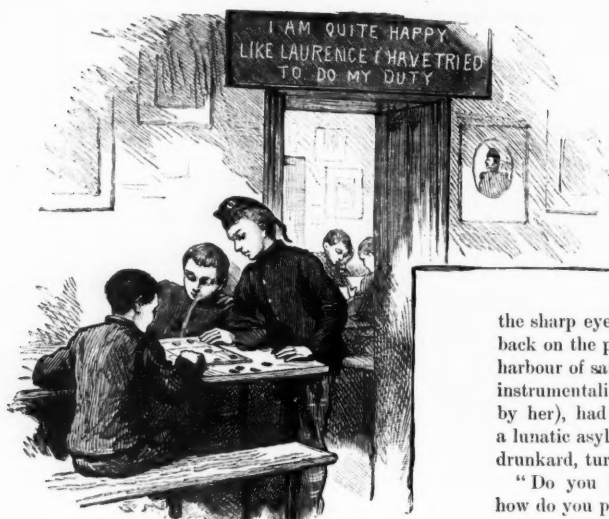
The fort is situated on Portsdown Hill, outside Fareham, about five miles from Portsmouth, and commands a splendid view on the one side of quiet fields, and on the other of the sea, ships of war, the dockyard, Porchester Castle, and other sights that must greatly interest boys, some of whom may never have seen finer scenery than that of a penny theatre. As they look down on the *Victory*, in which Nelson died, the Gordon Boys may learn that England expects them to do their duty.

There are at present in Fort Wallington eighty-nine boys, which is as many as can be comfortably accommodated there, so the committee of management are

very anxious to see completed the building at Bagshot, which it is hoped will be commenced before this paper is in the reader's hands. Besides, Fort Wallington is only lent by Government, and may any day be wanted for soldiers, so a new domicile for the Home is a necessity. If every reader of *THE QUIVER* gave a trifle, each would feel that he was adding a small bit of stone or mortar to the building, which must be of considerable extent, for the intention is, should funds be forthcoming, to have as many as five hundred boys in the Home.

The cost of keeping each boy for a year is twenty-two pounds, so that an annual subscriber of this amount can nominate every year a boy. The donor of four hundred pounds can do so for life. Considering how well they are kept, twenty-two pounds annually for each boy seems a small sum, especially when we remember that the country has to pay thirty pounds a year for every convict. How much more economical then it is, as well as more philanthropic, to rescue street Arabs, and train them up in the right way, instead of allowing them to go wrong and become convicts.

We have visited Fort Wallington three times, and on each occasion we found the boys looking very healthy and happy. They live in rooms fitted up with barrack furniture, and they fold up their beds during the daytime, and order their rooms in military fashion. The boys have quite a martial bearing, standing at attention, saluting, and doing everything like soldiers. Most of them desire to be soldiers, and we can well imagine that any regiment



RECREATION ROOM.

will welcome recruits that are more or less trained to discipline and familiar with drill, and who have been taught to be handy at all sorts of work. The other day I met a Gordon Boy who had joined a regiment under my spiritual charge. He is a fine smart young soldier; but I am sorry to have to say that he got into trouble at first with the regimental authorities, being of a sulky disposition. A little mild punishment, with a "talking to" from the colonel, soon brought him to his senses, and he is now going on very well. The age for admission into the Home is between fourteen and eighteen, the most critical time of a boy's life, when, if they had not been rescued from the streets, most of the boys, it is to be feared, would have "altogether decided for the devil." Those of their parents who are alive are not in every case exemplary characters, but no boy is admitted who is himself morally objectionable, or who cannot pass a medical examination.

As we live near the Home, and have considerable personal knowledge of its inmates, we can assure our readers that they are well fed, well taught (two things which do not always go together), well worked, well amused, well clothed; and what more do boys want? A retired army cook sergeant presides in the kitchen, and teaches the boys the useful art of cookery, always having two of them with him as assistants. Many of the boys on admission must have been surprised at the abundance of food in the Home—ten ounces of meat a day for each boy, besides pudding, vegetables, pickles, etc. There is always porridge for breakfast, and at dinner a change of diet every day.

The Home is governed by a General and a Major, both of whom, though retired from the active army, are fighting a nobler and more difficult battle than most

generals and majors engage in—a battle against the enemies of youth. One of these gentlemen, who most kindly showed us over the place, called up a boy who only the night before had arrived at Fort Wallington, ragged, hungry, and much in want of home care. "Are you better off to-day than you were yesterday, my boy?" asked the officer, as he put his hand in a fatherly way on the boy's shoulder. "Happy! Indeed I am, sir;" and there were tears in

the sharp eyes of the poor street Arab as he thought back on the premature storms of his youth, and the harbour of safety into which Providence, through the instrumentality of Miss Gordon (he was nominated by her), had sent him. The boy's mother was in a lunatic asylum, and his father, who is a professional drunkard, turned him into the streets.

"Do you find the boys hard to manage? and how do you punish them?" we asked.

"The only thing that the General has as yet to complain of," was the answer, "is that when they come first they are not so tidy as we like, and do not know how to behave in church. He impresses upon them the necessity of strict obedience, and of never telling a lie. Stopping pudding for a week or a month, making the boy who misbehaves sit by himself at meals, not allowing him to go to the town (Portsmouth), where the good boys can go once a month with a little pocket-money to spend, and extra drill—by such punishments as these discipline is preserved. The cane is sometimes, but very seldom, used. The boys are very friendly with each other, and fights are uncommon."

All attend their respective places of worship on Sunday, and receive during the week religious instruction in the Fort. One of the parochial clergymen is a great favourite with the boys, and nothing is more looked forward to than going to tea at his house, where they are most kindly invited in turn, two at a time. In all the rooms at the Home there are boards hung up, on which are pasted a morning and an evening hymn, written or edited by Lord Tennyson, for the boys to learn and sing. The morning hymn is as follows:—

"Thy servants pray; O hear us, Lord,
Be Thou our shield, be Thou our sword,
Be Thou our Guard against all sin,
From foes without, from foes within.
O make us loving brothers all,
Forgetting self at duty's call.
Bless Thou the guardians of our land,
And keep our dear ones in Thy hand."

There is, of course, a schoolmaster, and there are instructors in the trades of shoemaking, tailoring, and carpentry. The teacher of the last-mentioned trade is a retired sergeant-major of the Royal Engineers. He teaches the boys theory as well as practice, and gives them what English boys much want—a good technical education. Indeed, the plans

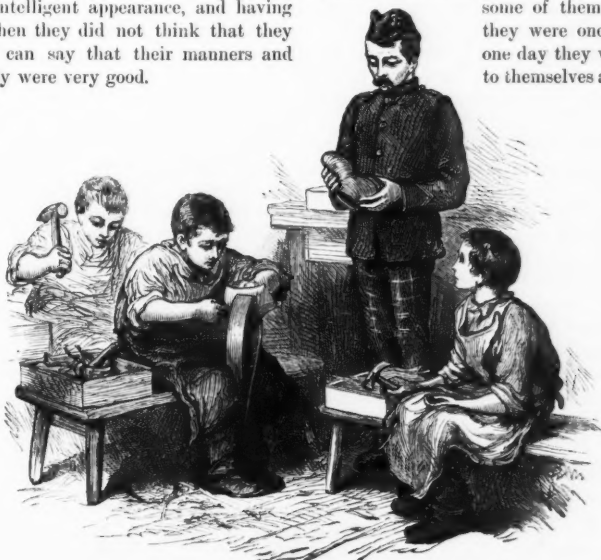
of forts and other drawings which this excellent teacher showed to us would do credit to any school; and he told us of one boy who liked drawing so much that it was difficult to get him to do anything else. What struck us most in the description that was given of the education imparted to these Gordon Boys was the perfect combination of head-training and hand-training. Neither is sacrificed to the other, which cannot be said in reference to the generality of either Board schools or middle and upper class schools. Surely it would be well if every "gentleman's son" were taught to make his own boots and clothes, and to do carpentry with the same facility as the young fellows we saw at work in Fort Wallington. In the struggle for existence that is before the rising generation, he will have least difficulty in holding his ground whose hands and head are most harmoniously developed.

But it certainly is not a case of all work and no play. Cricket, football, and other outdoor games, are much practised. Indoors there is a recreation-room, well supplied by different friends with papers and periodicals, one gentleman sending regularly copies of a favourite boys' paper. Opening out of this room there is another for games. Over the door may be read in ornamental letters, presented by Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, these, the last words of General Gordon—"I am quite happy, and, like Laurence, I have tried to do my duty." An instructor of music will, when the boys become more numerous, form into a band and teach those who have a taste that way. I have on several occasions met with and spoken to pairs of Gordon Boys, who are frequently to be seen in this neighbourhood on holidays and half-holidays. They have invariably presented a clean, neat, and intelligent appearance, and having observed them when they did not think that they were watched, I can say that their manners and behaviour generally were very good.

The full-dress uniform looks well—tartan trousers, dark blue coat, Glengarry cap with plaid band and Gordon badge. Different kinds of dress for work and play have been tried, but the most serviceable is found to be green cord with brass buttons, like the dress worn by railway porters. A suit of this material, made by the young tailors of the Gordon Home, costs one pound. Add to this eight shillings for boots, which is what they cost when made by the boys, and a few shillings for underclothing and cap, and you have the amount of the not very extravagant outlay on the working clothes of the boys.

"Multiiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, starved weavers, thievish valets, an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill, but the persuasive sergeant came and made them straight-standing, firm-set individuals, who shoulder arms, march, wheel, advance, retreat, in the most perfect condition of potential activity." Though the characters of the boys of the Gordon Home never were as bad as those who figure in this picture which Carlyle used to paint, they nevertheless are greatly improved by the military and industrial training they receive at Fort Wallington.

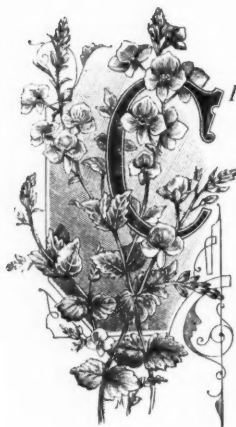
Not long ago we attended an assault-at-arms, as the entertainment was called, at Portsmouth. All the Gordon Boys were allowed to be present. Some of them were selling programmes, and they certainly ought to have been a very good advertisement for the institution. They seemed to be "in the most perfect condition of potential activity," or in simpler language, very smart, and by no means "muffs." We could not help looking on the boys with reverence as we reflected that there was sure to be much potential goodness and greatness under the jackets of some of them. Like Onesimus, they were once unprofitable, but one day they would be profitable to themselves and to their country.



BOOTMAKING.

OUR NEW TESTAMENT NAMES.

CHRISTIANS.



CHRISTIANUS *sum*—I am a Christian"—was the noble confession commonly made by the martyrs of the first centuries. They gloried in the name which their enemies scornfully gave to them, and their brave, heroic use of it has made that name, which was once only heard in the mouth of the scorner, to be the boast of all Christendom, and to be spoken with reverence by multitudes which no man can number.

The weight of evidence is on the side of the assumption we have made, that the name was given, not by the believers themselves who had been converted through the ministry of Paul and Barnabas at Antioch, but by the heathen inhabitants of that city. Nowhere in the New Testament is the name given by the writers of the various books to the members of the Church. It is only thrice used: in the place where its origin is recorded; in the verse which gives King Agrippa's famous reply to St. Paul's bold question (the first allusion to the name for twenty years after its origin); and in the First Epistle of St. Peter, where it is used by the Apostle to indicate the name of the charge under which believers would be persecuted.

The name is now understood throughout the world in a very wide sense. Men are called Christians simply to distinguish them from the heathen, from the Hindoos, Mahomedans, or some other religious people. The name is given to them simply because they belong to a Christianised land. This wide meaningless use of the name takes away from its value. Under its designation are included—at least in the estimation of the heathen world—men who do not even believe in Christ at all. By ourselves, it is true, the name is usually used with some discrimination. When we say of a man, "He is a Christian," we are understood to mean that the person spoken of is as truly a follower of Christ as a person who is called an Epicurean is of Epicurus, or as one who is called a Wesleyan is of Wesley. And yet even by ourselves the name is taken or given frequently without any intention of claim-

ing for ourselves or others all that is implied by it. Against this free use of the name we should protest. It would be absurd in a man to call himself an Epicurean while living as a Stoic; and it is no less absurd in a man to call himself a Christian while living according to the course of the world.

This name, world-given though it be, should remind the man who claims it, that he is enlisted in the cause of Christ, just as a Mahomedan is in that of Mahomet: that He whose name he bears is his Master and Teacher, and therefore requires of him implicit obedience and willing and cheerful service. A man cannot reasonably take the name of Christian simply because he happens to be connected with a certain Church and to be a careful observer of a certain ritual. There is such a thing as Churchianity as well as Christianity. A man may be a churchman, and yet not a Christian. It is a fatal error to suppose that the former means the latter. The meaning of this name "Christian" should keep us right here. It tells us that our first concern is to be a follower of Him whose name we have taken, and that it is of infinitely more importance to live a life in perfect accordance with His law and example than to be a faultless observer of a certain form of worship. If the name "Christ" reminds us that Jesus was the *Anointed* (Christos) of His Father, the name Christian must also remind us that we are the anointed of our Heavenly Father—God's holy ones—God's own—His peculiar people, set apart "to show forth the praises (*virtues*, marginal reading) of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light." We see, then, it is not enough to bear the name of Christ; we must be Christians indeed. Christ Jesus came into the world not merely to give us a new name, but to make us new creatures.

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." It is a world-given name, but it is none the less dear to us on that account. It is a privilege to bear the Redeemer's name. It is a continued confession of Him whom we are proud to call our Lord and Saviour. The wicked may utter it with disdain and use it with contempt, but as for us, we shall never blush to wear it.

"*Christianus sum*—I am a Christian." Let that be our boast, as it was that of the early martyrs, and let us ever be ready to fulfil all the obligations which the name constantly lays upon us.



GREAT BIBLICAL SCHOLARS.

REMINISCENCES OF DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

THE VERY REV. DR. ALFORD, DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



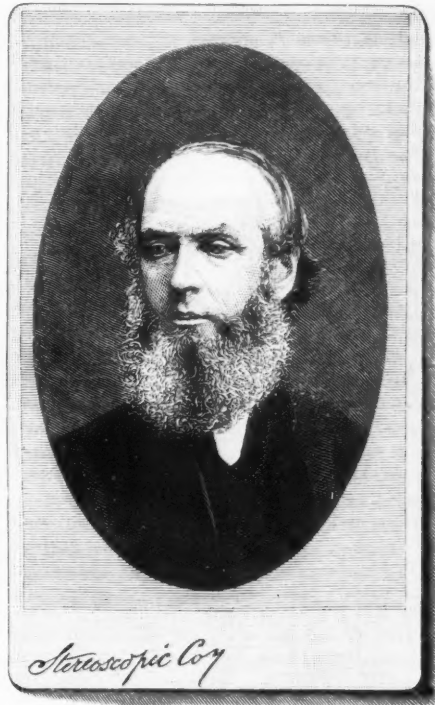
DEAN ALFORD was the first of the Revisers to fall. His connection with the New Testament Company did not extend much over six months, as he died on January 12, 1871. But in that short space of time he had greatly endeared himself to all the members.

For my own part, I retain the most pleasant memories of that brief personal acquaintance with him which alone I possessed. He was one of the most amiable of men. Highly accomplished as all knew him to be in many departments of human effort and attainment, his character was marked by deep humility; and he was ever ready to distrust his own judgment, while he listened with the utmost deference to the opinions of others.

In illustration of this, I remember that at one of our first meetings, the proper translation to be given to the Greek aorist came to be discussed. I remarked upon the point in debate, that when there was no reason in the context to the contrary, I should be inclined always to render it by its proper equivalent—the English past tense, but that there were numerous passages in which such a translation could not be tolerated. To exemplify this latter statement, I referred to our Lord's intercessory prayer in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and observed that probably none of us would dream of disturbing the rendering of the many aorists which occur in it by the perfect tense, as found in the Authorised English Version. Dean Alford said nothing in reply, but as the discussion proceeded, he quietly rose from his seat, slipped down behind the backs of the members sitting between him and me, and whispered these words in my ear—"I have done it; I have cast out the perfects, and introduced the past," while his look indicated that he was far from sure that he had done right. He alluded, of course, to his own independent attempt at improving the Authorised Version. His Revised New Testament had just been published, and he had given aoristic renderings throughout in the chapter referred to—a course in which he was afterwards followed by the Company, much, I believe, to the detriment of the passage. But I refer to the matter at present only to show how patiently the Dean listened to opinions different from his own, and how far he was from overrating the value of any work which he had been enabled to accomplish.*

* There were passages, of course, in which the most determined sticklers for strict aoristic renderings had to give way. I remember watching with some amusement the way in which such members of the Company dealt with *ἐφύλαξα* in St. Matt. xix. 20: in spite of themselves, they had there to adopt the English perfect.

His desire for a revision of the English Bible had long been almost a passion with Dean Alford.* He was one of the very first to advocate its necessity. In an article which he wrote so long ago as 1839, he



DEAN ALFORD.

expressed himself as follows:—"It is necessary that something should be done to rectify the errors in our English Version of the Holy Scriptures. That these errors are few we are ready and thankful to acknowledge; but that there are some of great importance, even so great as to destroy to English readers the sense of the passage, every Greek scholar will acknowledge. And if so, why should they not be altered by authority? We would not go the length

* He writes on June 21, 1870—"I am determined to give up for this important work a long cherished journey to Palestine with Dr. Tristram. If I went, it would be equivalent to resigning my place on the Revision Committee, which I should be sorry to do merely for personal enjoyment, as this revision has been one of the earnest wishes and prayers of my life."

of altering antiquated or even coarse expressions; let the venerable aspect of antiquity, even with its rust and unseemliness, continue to hang about the thing of all others which most we honour; but we would say, let all absolute misapprehensions and blunders of the translation be corrected fearlessly and at once."^{*}

Considering the lifelong zeal with which Dean Alford insisted on the necessity and duty of revision, and the valuable contributions which he himself made to such a work, there is little, if any, exaggeration in the following words made use of by Dean Stanley soon after his friend's death:—"It may truly be said that to him more than to any one man may be traced the scheme for the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Scriptures. He advocated it while it was still deemed rash and premature. He pressed it forward the moment that others had taken it up. He gave himself to it with all his energy when its necessity was recognised. He was, perhaps, of all the members of the Company for the Revision of the New Testament translation, the one who could least be spared."[†]

I well remember that sad December day when, in obedience to urgent medical advice, the Dean gathered up his papers, and left the Jerusalem Chamber, never to return. He looked pale and thin, but was still full of activity and energy. No one that marked the elasticity of his step, as he passed from his seat near the top of the table to the door of the chamber, would have supposed that in a few brief weeks his earthly course would be finished, and we should see him in this world no more.

At the opening of our first meeting after his death, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, our chairman, referred to the sad event in the most tender and impressive terms. He spoke about "that gentle spirit" which had left us, in a way which deeply affected all present, and his words of eulogy and regret, evidently issuing from the heart, found an easy and irresistible entrance into the hearts of all who heard him. One of the Company wrote underneath his last signature in the book in which the names of those present at the meetings of the Company were enrolled, the solemn saying—"Hodie illi, eras nobis" (To-day the call has been to him; to-morrow it will come to us)—words which, as appears from his life, he had a little time previously made use of with reference to another.

I first saw Dean Alford in 1857, when he delivered in Exeter Hall one of the lectures given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. As a then youthful admirer of his Greek Testament, I went with the utmost eagerness to see, no less than to hear, one whose writings had so greatly interested and helped me in my most favoured field of study and research. It was a deep gratification to behold the living form and listen to the living words of a man whose volumes I had so

ardently welcomed, and whose ability as a New Testament critic I had learned so heartily to admire.

But my most interesting recollection of Dean Alford is connected with an occasion on which I met him in society a considerable time before the Revision work was commenced. Some twenty years ago the Churchmen and Nonconformists of London began to draw much more closely together than had formerly been the case. This was due very largely to the influence and example of Dean Stanley, who delighted to see men of all opinions at the Deanery, and was ready, in return, to visit at the houses of leading Nonconformist ministers in the metropolis. It was on an occasion of the latter kind that I first met Dean Alford; and I can never forget the winning manners and catholic spirit which he then displayed. Several of the most distinguished Dissenting ministers were present, among whom was the late Thomas Binney; and Alford seemed quite as much attracted towards them as to his fellow-dignitaries in the Church. Nay, almost more so, for I well remember his saying to me, as we were strolling in the garden after dinner—"What a noble fellow Binney is! Be we Churchmen or Dissenters, he towers in every respect above us—yes, he is the Bishop of us all."

Valuable in many ways was the work, so varied and so extensive, which Dean Alford accomplished during his comparatively brief life on earth; but still more valuable was the example which he displayed of a large-hearted Christian charity, and his memory will ever be tenderly cherished, his name will ever be beloved and honoured by all those who had the happiness of knowing him.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. MOBERLY, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

If my connection with the New Testament Revision Company had resulted in nothing else, so far as I am personally concerned, than making the acquaintance of this excellent prelate, I should have had reason to rejoice on account of it. In him were seen strikingly combined the attainments of the scholar with the graces of the Christian. Nothing could exceed the polish and urbanity of his manner, unless it were the benignity and winningness of his character. He was eminently one of those whom to know even slightly is to love; and who, the more that they are known, attract to themselves all the greater affection and admiration.

Dr. Moberly had already proved his deep interest in the work of revision before the New Testament Company was appointed. He was one of the "Five Clergymen" who, some years previously, had produced a revised version of the Gospel of St. John and of the Epistles of St. Paul. This was undoubtedly a most important work. It was so not merely for what it contained in itself, although a very competent authority declared that it was "by far the most judicious modern recension" that had come under his observation. Its special value consisted

^{*} "Life of Dean Alford," p. 121. [†] *Ibid.* p. 494.

in the proof it furnished of the possibility of successfully amending the Authorised Version. As a writer in the *Times* declared, "It showed clearly two things: first, that a revision could be made without seriously interfering with either the diction or rhythm of the Authorised Version; secondly, that a revision, if made at all, must be made by a similar co-operation of independent minds, and by corporate and collegiate discussion." The fact that Dr. Moberly had thus been already engaged in the work, along with his otherwise well-known attainments as a scholar, clearly pointed him out as one who should have a place among the members of the New Testament Company. Accordingly, he was one of the three bishops selected for the work on May 25th, 1870, by the Convocation of Canterbury.

In the absence of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, which occasionally took place for an hour or two owing to the pressure of other duties, the chair was frequently taken by the Bishop of Salisbury, and none who were present can forget how admirably he then discharged the office of chairman. His clear and silvery tones, his quick and comprehensive insight, his unflinching courtesy and kindness, must linger in the memory of all who were present on such occasions. At times, as could not but happen in so large a Company, there was a tendency shown to break up into twos or threes, and discuss some points apart from the members at large. I remember that this happened on one occasion when the Bishop of Salisbury was in the chair. There was a buzz of conversation from various parts of the Chamber in which we were assembled, and the central authority seemed for the moment to be neglected. But, after allowing this to go on for some little time, the Bishop, in his peculiarly telling accents, struck in with the good-humoured remark, "Gentlemen, I would not have allowed this among my boys," and this happy allusion to his former position as headmaster at Winchester instantly hushed discordant

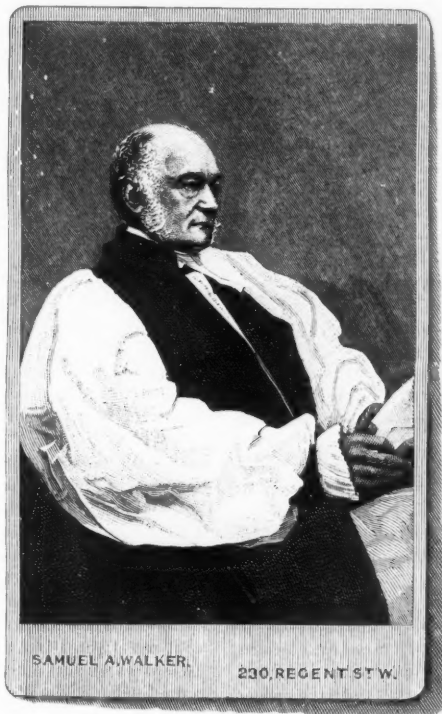
chattering, and recalled all to the point which they had in common to consider.

I felt strongly attracted towards the Bishop of Salisbury from the first. He soon placed himself on a footing of familiarity with me, as I have no doubt he also did with other members of the Company. On the evening of our first meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber, the members dined at the house of our hospitable chairman. Dr. Moberly was there, and I

remember that after dinner he drew me into the recess of a window, and began a most interesting conversation. "Will you let an old man"—he was then in his sixty-seventh year—"talk to you?" he said, and entered on a long series of remarks upon various points of Biblical criticism and exegesis. The particulars have now faded from my memory, but I remember how my attention was enchained, and especially how I was delighted with the Bishop's sketch of St. Peter's character, as gradually developed in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles.

My last recollection of Dr. Moberly is connected with my own humble writings. As many of the readers of this periodical may know, I have laboured for a long time to convince scholars that Greek was the language usually employed by

our Lord in His public addresses. On that supposition we have, for instance, the Sermon on the Mount, not in a mere translation, but as it actually proceeded from the lips of the Divine Teacher. The contrary opinion has, however, prevailed for ages in the Church. It has been supposed that Christ made use of a kind of impure Hebrew, often called Syro-Chaldaic, and that His words, thus spoken, afterwards came, in some way or another, to be translated into Greek. It struck me, some years ago, that the argument might be put into a nutshell, by attempting to decide what were the *Scriptures* to which our Lord so frequently appealed, and which were evidently so familiar to His disciples. I accordingly published a little work, entitled, "The Bible of Christ and His Apostles,"



BISHOP MOBERLY.

The object of the book was to prove that Christ's Bible could not have been the *Hebrew* Old Testament, for that was then a sealed book to the generality of the Jews; and that it could not have been a Syro-Chaldaic translation, for there is no evidence that such a version ever existed; that it must, therefore, have been the Septuagint, prepared ages before, in the wonderful providence of God, so as to serve for the impartation of Divine truth to the world at large. The Bible of Christ, then, was Greek, and it follows, of course, that that was the language in which He usually addressed the people.

Many prejudices are at once aroused against this conclusion, and these are often so strong as to prevent all listening to argument on the subject. But it was very different with good Bishop Moberly. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of my work, he wrote:—"I thank you most cordially for sending

me your book on 'The Bible of our Lord and the Apostles.' I have read it with great interest. I confess myself to have been one of those whom you speak of as having somewhat taken it for granted that the conversations reported in the Gospels, and the *γραφαι* so often referred to, were in a corrupted Hebrew or Aramaic language. You have staggered my old ideas, but not absolutely overpowered them, but you have made me very inquisitive on the subject, and anxious to feel quite sure of the perfect validity of your argument."

In these words is expressed the spirit of true science and scholarship. Bishop Moberly's was one of those minds which, as Bacon says, do not allow themselves to "fix," but are open to the last to new light, however unexpected or even unwelcome that may be, and however humble the source from which it may proceed.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "INTO A LARGER ROOM," "PROMISED: A STORY OF TWO ISLANDS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.



HAPPILY the first days in Rome sped by. Evelyn lost herself in the pictures, some of which seemed to awaken a new sense in her. Her mother was almost alarmed, now and then, by the vividness

of her sympathy for some pictured woe. She would gaze and gaze, and turn away at last with tears in her eyes. Why should people be so sad? she would ask; a question which her mother found it very difficult to answer.

Reginald cared less for the pictures than for the antiquities. Fresh from the study of the great nations of old, he saw them now, for the first time, taking form before him. In the middle of the mighty ruins by which he was surrounded, he could see the ancient people living, moving, writing their imperishable acts upon the silence of eternity.

His teacher and friend, who led him through the mazes of the bewildering city, made him see more than this, and soon he came clearly to understand how the present has grown out of the past, how there is a beautiful and marvellous unity in everything,

and how, from age to age, the hand of the Divine can be traced, moulding the life of humanity.

But his life was not all study in Rome. There were delightful hours of recreation, when he and Evelyn, thinking no more of the past or future than if they were still children, rambled together under the February sunshine in the flower-bespangled meadows of the Campagna, and came back to Lady Dacre, who was never at home without flowers, with baskets full of ox-eyed daisies, and strange grass and foliage, and scarlet and white anemones. They made her sitting-room like a bower, so she would say smilingly.

They delighted, too, to haunt the gardens of the old palaces where the Countess Guicciola and Lady Dacre had friends. There was a solitude, a peaceful sadness about these quaint old enclosures that suited them. To one of them Reginald would bring his book, and Evelyn her sewing-work, and they would sit out in the sunshine, close, it might be, by the margin of a fountain, the drip of whose waters was the only sound that broke the stillness, and talk, or sit silent, for long spells, just as the fancy moved them.

This was in the early days of their stay at Rome. But soon they became known, and their society was in request, and they had not so much time for each other. Evelyn—whose golden hair and violet eyes made her look like a lovely exotic amongst the pale, dark-browed women of the South—was taken up with much fervour by the Roman ladies.

"Your daughter is an angel, dear signora," they would say to Lady Dacre; and, finding that she was too delicate to take the pretty daughter about, they would call for Evelyn in the morning to take a walk,

and in the afternoon to make the fashionable tour of the Corso. She must attend their evening receptions, too, so they would declare; for was she not old enough, now, to see a little of the world?

All this attention Evelyn took kindly. She had, as yet, no sort of self-consciousness. She never imagined that either her beauty or any other personal quality caused her to be sought out. She was a stranger, and the people belonging to the place took pleasure in showing her hospitality. It was very kind of them, but not in the least extraordinary. The truth was that the pretty little English girl was becoming the fashion in Rome.

"She is so simple," one would say.

"And beautiful, too; and then—have you heard about her fortune?"

"No, no; tell me."

The ladies talking were two of the most notorious gossips in Rome.

"Ah! you do not know! But that is strange. I had it from my maid, who is intimate with the maid of the Countess Guicciola. That pretty child is an heiress. Her father, who is obliged to live abroad for his wife's health, has one of the finest properties in England."

"In England? And England is so rich. The pretty child is worth winning."

The two ladies looked at one another, nodded, smiled, nodded again, and immediately began to plan entertainments to which the pretty English girl was to be invited.

Reginald, too, had his little host of admirers. A handsome youth, talented, as could be seen at a glance. Oh! and rich! His father, who, it was well known, could deny him nothing, had more money than he knew what to do with.

So the rumours ran. It was whispered that the beautiful boy and girl were betrothed, but this, although the maid of the Countess Guicciola was still the authority, the high society of Rome chose to disbelieve. It was well known, one and another remarked, that in England things were not done after such a fashion.

Lady Dacre, who was still compelled to be careful of herself, did not often go to these afternoon and evening receptions, nor did she accept one-half of the invitations that were showered upon Evelyn. "My little girl is too young; she is not accustomed to so much excitement," she would say. But sometimes, when Sir John and the Countess Guicciola were able to accompany her, the young girl would be allowed to attend a musical *soirée*, or an artistic or literary *séance*.

Reginald was generally present on these occasions, and at first he enjoyed being fêted and entertained as much as Evelyn. This contact with the world, which was a new thing to them both—for their life at Posilipo had been as quiet as their life on Capri—not only gave them new subjects of conversation, but caused them to appreciate one another even more warmly than they had hitherto done. "They are

none of them like Regy," Evelyn would say to her mother. "I wonder what makes him so different from anyone else?" While Reginald would declare to the Countess that there was not a girl in all Rome to compare with Evelyn.

"Talk of being in love!" said the Countess one evening to her friend Sir John Dacre. "Those children are as much in love as they ever will be. If you take my advice, you will let them be betrothed before our Reginald goes to London."

They were sitting together in a little alcove that opened off a large room crowded with people in evening dress. Before them, on a raised dais, a violinist of world-wide fame had been performing. There was a lull now, and the guests, who had applauded the sweet music to the echo, were able to look about and chatter, and greet their acquaintances.

"Plenty of time!" said Sir John, who was looking with a smile to where Evelyn sat, surrounded, as usual, by a little crowd of admirers.

"Ah! that is what you will always say," cried the Countess. "Time! time! Forgive me, my friend; but you make me impatient. We have been three months in Rome."

"And in another month we shall be leaving, and I must say, I, for one, shall not be sorry to return to our nest in the rocks."

"You? I? What does that matter? One place is much the same to us as another. But the children—Where is Regino now? My eyes are dim; I cannot see him," said the Countess.

"He must have left."

"He would not go home without letting me know first. Look round well!"

"I see him now," said Sir John. "He is standing by the marble pillar to the right of the folding doors."

"Talking?" said the Countess eagerly.

"No; doing nothing. I suppose something in the music has hit his fancy. He is in a brown study."

"Go and look after him, my friend," said the Countess, her old voice trembling. "Yes, I beg of you, go at once. Tell him I want him." And she added to herself, as Sir John moved away, "I do not approve of brown studies."

Before Sir John Dacre could pilot his way through the crowd that lay between him and Reginald, the spot where the youth had stood was vacant. He cast his eyes round the room, and, not being able to see him, returned to the Countess, observing that the atmosphere of the room had no doubt been too much for him. "You will find him at home before you, most likely," said Sir John. "He knows you are in good hands."

The Countess said nothing; but from that moment she became restless. The music was not of the first quality. It made her head ache. The air of the room was oppressive. The ladies were over-dressed. She did not admire the Roman fashion of entertaining. Things were done differently here when she

was young. Finally, with an abruptness which was most unusual to her, she begged Sir John to call Evelyn, and take them away.

Evelyn was in the height of enjoyment when her father came for her. She was seated near her hostess—a beautiful elderly lady of the highest rank, who was quite distracted, as she would have expressed it, about the beauty and sweetness of the

That her sofa was presently surrounded by the best-looking and wittiest men in the room was not the fault of the Princess. She led the conversation, as she always did, and she took care that it should be interesting to the little English girl, who, indeed, after a time, began to take part in it herself.

Some questions were asked about Capri. It was a grandson of the Princess's—one Count Certosa,



"'You? I? What does that matter?'"—p. 185.

little English wild flower that had dropped down amongst them. She showed her distraction in the kindest manner. When the pretty child was in her society she would not let her leave her side. "She shall not have her head turned—do you hear?" she would say to one and another. "That is her charm—this exquisite simplicity. It is the gift of the good God; and I will not have it taken away from her, if I can help it." So she kept Evelyn by her side when she received her guests, introducing her to one and another whom she thought suitable acquaintances, and telling her about the famous people who came and went freely through her beautiful rooms.

The duty of reception over, she seated Evelyn at her right hand on the sofa, where she sat to listen to the music, and talk to those who came to her.

—whom Evelyn had met here several times before, who hazarded them. He was a delicate, handsome, capricious youth; known in Rome as the poet of the affections—for he was always in love, and his love always evaporated in the same way—in fanciful verses, which made delicate ladies and weak-minded boys shed torrents of tears. The Count was slenderly built, and he had finely chiselled features, and dark, liquid eyes, so admirably trained in the expression of his emotions, or what with him stood for emotions, that they often saved him the trouble of expressing himself in words.

He admired Evelyn, of course, and had already that evening tried to direct a conversation towards her with his eyes. But she showed herself curiously obtuse. She was so busy with other people, and so

deeply interested in the music, that she did not even seem to know she was being looked at. Thrown back upon himself, the surprised poet took the trouble of looking at Evelyn with a little more attention than he generally bestowed upon young girls; he thought, that is to say, of her, not of himself, and he was astonished to find that, in other ways besides her indifference to languishing glances, she was different from the women whom he generally met. His thoughts had a trick of moving to the time of the machinery of a third-class versifier. He said to himself that this was neither child nor woman. She was an angel. She was such a one as a man might love and never regret it. And to win the first love of a creature so fresh and heavenly—what would not that be? He—a world-worn son of the earth (this was how the Count was in the habit of describing himself in his poems)—could he venture to approach her?

He did venture so far, at least, as the circle round the Princess, and it was his voice that called out Evelyn's pretty enthusiasm about her island-home. She was in the midst of a description of a certain sunset from Tiberio, and the poet of the affections and several other gentlemen were listening to her with the deepest, the most sympathetic attention, when Sir John made his way to the Princess.

"So soon?" she said. "You are cruel, Sir John. Look at your little daughter. She is just beginning to enjoy herself."

"You are more than kind, Princess; but I am afraid I must take her away. The Countess Guicciola has sent me for her."

But Evelyn was on her feet already. "I had forgotten the time," she said. "I hope I have not kept the Countess too long. Good-night, and thank you a thousand times," to the Princess. "I have been very happy."

"Then come again, cara. This house is free to you. Come when you will. I will see your mother, and try to arrange that you may stay longer another time."

That the Count should take a large share of Evelyn's rapturous expression of enjoyment to himself was perhaps natural. Self, from his infancy, had occupied the foreground of his consciousness, and now it loomed out so large as to obscure everything else. He saw other individualities as we see buildings or mountains in a fog—blurred—indistinct—their outlines melting into his own peculiar atmosphere. Unhappy young man! Little could he tell—as he went blindly on his way, composing a sonnet which was supposed to embody the feelings of a young and simple girl when love first dawns upon her being—how darkly and narrowly the prison-walls of his own meagre personality were shutting him in.

But it is not with the Count Certosa, interesting and varied as his life may have been, that we have to do. It is with those the current of whose lives he, unconsciously to himself, was influencing.

Reginald Stirling was present at the Princess's reception. Sir John, as we know, had caught a

glimpse of him. He was standing, then, lost in thought, a little apart from the gay crowd that thronged the reception rooms. It was unusual for Reginald to be morose in society. He was fond of study, and could absorb himself in it, but when he was with his friends he was as gay and light-hearted as any of them. And indeed, until lately, when a new pain and a new joy, and an uneasiness such as he had never before experienced, had sprung up in his heart, there was nothing under the sun to prevent Reginald from being happy. Health, good prospects, friends, a life that suited him perfectly, ambitions and aspirations beyond the common—these, and, completing and harmonising them all, a deep religious feeling, a sense of the Divine presence and nearness, which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, made of him as happy a young human being as it would be possible to meet.

But lately some of his peace and happiness had fled. He did not know the meaning of the change at first. When he went home after receptions at which Evelyn and he had been present, when he met her driving in the Corso in the company of some high Roman lady, and sharing the attentions of the lady's cavaliers, when he noted the admiring looks that followed her everywhere, when he began to realise that he was not the one, but one amongst many, who had the will and the right to address her, Reginald experienced a curious contraction of heart. He pulled himself up for it severely. Was this jealousy? Was he, who had prided himself on his breadth of view and large sympathies, he, Sir John Dacre's pupil and friend, to fall the prey to so petty a feeling? It could not be; it should not be. He would conquer it now at once.

And he did try, try valiantly, and for some days he succeeded.

The struggle showed him the secret of his heart. This that he felt for Evelyn was love—not the love of a boy, but the love of a man. The little sister, who had grown up by his side, who had been his playmate, his friend, his slave—Reginald smiled sadly when he remembered how he had domineered over her—had suddenly assumed a new character. She was his queen. He was ready to serve her—to give his life, if it might help or benefit her.

Poor young fellow! Coming when it did, the discovery was not altogether a very joyful one, for he knew, as well as if the words had been already spoken, what his friends would say. He was too young. He was a boy. Let him go out into the world; let him prove what manner of man he was before he presumed to bind so sweet a creature to his fortunes. Yes; and it was just. So he ought to work: so he ought to wait.

But if, while he worked and waited, the prize upon which he had set his heart should escape him! If he came back to find her betrothed to another! This was the trouble that began to haunt him now; and everything combined to aggravate it.

There was still something about Reginald of the boy who, in his childhood, had played the parts of emperor and king. He could not tolerate defeat. He did not understand it. He must be first with those who were first with him. Hitherto, as regarded Evelyn, there had been no doubt of his dominion; and it was only now at the Princess's, when, from the corner where he had stationed himself to watch the gay scene about him and to listen to the music, he saw the Count Certosa, a person whom he knew and despised, cast honeyed glances at Evelyn, that his feelings became unmanageable.

His impulse was to play the part of *grand seigneur*—to force his way to Evelyn's side and intercept the attentions of the Count by letting her feel that he disapproved of him; but a moment's consideration showed him that such a proceeding would be the height of bad taste; and then, fearing himself, with his heart in a flame and his brain in a whirl, he rushed away from the room and the house.

Rapidly, but mechanically, not knowing whither he was going, he paced the dark and silent streets. The Palace of the Princess was away from the main streets of Rome. Instinctively he rushed in the direction which promised him solitude, and half an hour's swift walking brought him to the midst of the Appian Way. It was silent enough here, high walls and dark houses on either side of him, and neither step nor voice to break the solitude. But the strip of sky which he could see above the narrow way was studded with innumerable stars, and the moon's silver sickle floated amongst them, shedding a few rays of light upon his path. On he paced, stumbling amongst the rough paving-stones, pulling himself up and rushing forward again, until, guided by signs which he had learned to recognise, he found himself out on the wild Campagna. Here, feeling suddenly that his limbs were tired, he flung himself down and tried to think.

Up to this he had not thought. His heart had been full of one feeling. His life had been trembling to one cry: "I must speak! I must speak!"

Now he tried to collect himself. It was so new, this tumult of the heart which had taken possession of him. He wanted to understand it. A few days ago he had been at peace. He and Evelyn loved one another; that was enough for them both. Now, what had happened to change him? Why should he not feel the same tranquil pleasure in her society? She had not changed. The same sweet smile met him when he spoke to her; she talked in the same pleasant way; she had the same interest in his pursuits; she showed the same delight in his society. This had always been enough for him; why not now? He looked back over the past few days, when he had been seeing his little friend and playmate in a new character. Others admired her; but was this unnatural? Surely he could not have expected anything else. And to those who admired her and showed her attention she had been kind and amiable. Would he have had her the reverse?

Poor Reginald caught back his breath and shivered. Was this love, the harbinger of heaven; or was it jealousy, taking love's sweet semblance to mock him?

He asked the question, but he could find no answer. He was in a maze, from which, try as he would, he could not extricate himself.

CHAPTER VI.—EXPLANATIONS.

EVELYN was reading Italian with her mother the following morning, and Sir John was writing letters at a table in his sitting-room, when a carriage, driven rapidly, dashed into the courtyard. Evelyn stopped and ran to the window. "Why," she cried out in great surprise, "it is the Countess!"

"At this hour!" said Lady Daere; "I hope nothing is wrong."

Sir John in the meantime had gone out to the door. He was away for several minutes, and came back alone, looking a little disturbed. "I am going with the Countess," he said. "Reginald is not very well."

"Reginald!" echoed Lady Daere and Evelyn.

"Nothing to be alarmed about, I believe," she said reassuringly. "It appears that he went out on the Campagna last night. It was clear when he started, but a light mist came on later. I think he must have caught a little chill. We know what the Countess is about him." And Sir John turned to go out.

"Let us know how you find him," said Lady Daere, and Evelyn cried out tremulously, "Can't I go with you, father?"

"No, my child; certainly not," he answered, looking at her significantly. Evelyn knew what that look meant. She had to take care of her mother, and not allow her to be too anxious, if she could help it. The task was a difficult one, for her heart was beating wildly, and she could scarcely keep back her tears; but she ran out into the garden for a few moments, and looked up through the pale foliage of a hoary olive at the dark blue sky, and prayed, in her simple way, that God would take care of her darling Regy, and not let him be very ill. Then, looking a little paler than usual, but with a perfectly quiet expression, she went back to her mother. "Shall I go on with the reading, mother?" she said.

"You would like to read, Evelyn—really?"

The young girl was looking away from her mother, and she did not see the earnest, questioning, half-reproachful look which was cast upon her.

"Of course I should like to read," she said, with a composure that, to one less agitated than poor Lady Daere, would have been suspicious. "You were interested in the story; you said so, mother."

"Yes, dear, I was interested in it; but——"

"Would you like me to talk, mother? I have not told you about last evening yet. It was so nice! The Princess made me sit beside her, and all the most interesting people in the room came to talk to us;

and, mother, I talked. You know you always say I am so quiet."

"I wonder who made you talk?" said Lady Dacre.

"Oh! I don't know. They asked me questions about Capri—darling Capri—and then I had so much to say that I couldn't stop. Are you pleased, mother? You don't look pleased."

"I am glad you were happy, darling," said Lady Dacre; but the words were followed by a sigh that made Evelyn's heart sink. "Mother is thinking of Regy. She is afraid about him," she said to herself. "I must not let her think."

It was positive heroism on the part of the poor child, who herself felt almost sick with fear and suspense. She dashed into talk about Rome and her new friends and the beautiful music she had heard. She tried to amuse her mother by repeating some of the anecdotes the Princess had told her, and describing the celebrities she had met. As is often the case at such times, she overdid her part, and Lady Dacre, who, for some weeks, had been eagerly watching for signs that the scheme which was so near her heart would one day be fulfilled, felt chilled and disappointed.

"Evelyn is only a child yet," she said to herself, sighing. "Her father is right. We must wait."

Strange—almost terrible—the isolation in which we live. We think we know each other, husband and wife, brother and sister, parent and child. We think that heart answers to heart with perfect sympathy; and, all the time, we may be as much mistaken about one another as if we belonged to different worlds, and there was no medium of communication between us. Evelyn's self-restraint that morning, which she practised for her mother's sake, and in obedience to her father's unspoken wish, was completely misunderstood by Lady Dacre. As a fact, other words than those she spoke were trembling to the poor child's lips. Could she have had her own way, she would have teased her mother with all sorts of childish questions. Did she think Regy was very ill? What did she suppose was the matter? Was the Countess Guicciola really over-anxious about him? Would her father send back soon? And instead of all this, she sat up like a prim lady, and talked foolish nonsense about things and people that were nothing to her. Little did she imagine that her mother, who, knowing more of Reginald's constitution than any of them, did not feel really alarmed about him, would have hailed with piteous eagerness the expression of her anxiety.

Before noon the news for which they were waiting came. Reginald was not alarmingly nor even seriously ill. He had some feverish symptoms, and the doctor had ordered him to keep quiet for a day or two. Sir John would remain with the Countess until the evening.

Evelyn took in the message and carried it to her mother. "I am so glad Regy is not really ill," she said. "And I wish you and I were with him, mother. I wonder if father and he will talk philosophy this afternoon?"

"Certainly not, if he is to be kept quiet, Evy. How restless you are, dear! What is the matter with you?"

"I don't know, mother," as she threw away the cushion with which she had been fidgeting. "Couldn't we go out presently—you and I? It would do you good," she said suddenly.

"I'm afraid the wind will be too bleak for me to-day. Perhaps the Princess will call on her way to the Corso. If not, you shall go out with Esther."

"It is a penance to poor old Esther to walk about in Rome," said Evelyn. "She says it is such a wicked place. She is always expecting it to tumble to pieces. Well, never mind! I can easily stay in. I wonder," she went on after a little pause, "if Regy will be allowed to see me?"

"You will miss him, Evelyn?"

"Mother! How can you ask such a question? Of course I shall. Won't you—when he goes away really, I mean?"

"I shall miss him more than I can express; as much as if he were my own," said Lady Dacre sadly.

Evelyn was standing near the window, her face turned away from her mother. "You darling!" she said, in a soft voice, her cheeks growing as red as summer roses, and her eyes sparkling brightly. Scarcely had the words escaped her lips before there was a clatter of horses' hoofs and rattling of carriage-wheels in the stone-paved courtyard.

"The Princess!" said Evelyn, turning her joyful face to her mother.

"Well, darling, you had better run out to her."

"Yes, she is beckoning to me. I will put on my hat," said Evelyn. "Good-bye, mother sweet. I know you won't be dull, now you know that Regy is all right."

She gave her mother a kiss and ran off, and, in two or three moments, Lady Dacre heard the carriage roll away. "Poor little pet! A mere child still," she said to herself, with a deep sigh. "Her father is right. We must not let her think herself a woman."

* * * * *

"Then you agree with me?" said Sir John to his wife that evening, when, Evelyn having gone to bed, they were talking over what had passed between himself and Reginald in the morning.

"Yes," said Lady Dacre sadly and slowly; "I agree with you, John."

"I was afraid you might think I had been hard upon the poor boy. He is terribly in earnest—at least, he thinks himself so."

"He *is* in earnest. Reginald is older than his years," said Lady Dacre.

"I believe he is. He has been brought forward more than others—made to think. He is not a boy, Evelyn, he is a man; and," said Sir John, in a voice which trembled curiously, "no man I have ever met could have spoken in a manlier or franker way. He was in a maze, poor boy! And he came to me to be set right. He says he has loved her always."

"Always!" murmured Lady Dacre, with a tender smile, "and he only nineteen. Well——"

"And he only found out the nature of his feelings here," went on Sir John.

"Poor boy! Could anything be more charming? It was seeing her with others, I suppose."

"Yes; when he saw men much older and of more account than himself crowding round her, he began to be uneasy. His uncomfortable feelings reached a climax last night at the Princess's. He fancied Count Certosa was paying Evelyn attentions."

"He is not, surely?" cried Lady Dacre.

"We need not be uneasy. He is one of a multitude. Evelyn has no taste for any of them. But all this staggered poor Reginald. He was afraid his feeling was not high enough. I had to interpret him to himself."

"You succeeded?" said Lady Dacre.

"I lifted him to the seventh heaven for five seconds, when I told him that I believed in him—that I was certain his love was of the right quality, and that some day, if Heaven willed, I hoped to give our girl to him, the poor fellow's transport shone out of his eyes. For those few seconds he was the happiest and most beautiful human being I have ever beheld."

"I wish I had seen him," said Lady Dacre, her own eyes shining. "And then——"

"I had to bring him down from those airy regions. I said he must wait. I could not allow him to speak to Evelyn yet. She was too young; he was too young. It would be wrong to them, and wrong to his father. Besides, if they are separated for a time—if our girl learns to miss him—he will have much more chance of success with her."

"How long a time of probation have you given him?"

"A year. He will then be twenty and Evelyn eighteen. If his father is of the same mind as ourselves, and if the lives of all of us are spared so long, he shall pay us a visit at Capri, and we will give him every opportunity of pleading his own cause."

"And what did he say?"

"Of course he looked a little blue at first. A year is half an eternity to young people in his state of mind. But he sees the reasonableness of my wishes, and he has promised to obey them."

"I hope everything will go rightly," said Lady Dacre.

"Go rightly!" cried her husband. "My only fear is that they will go too rightly. You agreeable, I agreeable, the young people agreeable, money on both sides, good looks, sympathy, common interests! Why, if no stumbling-blocks crop up—and I don't myself see where they are to come from—it will be a case of true love running as smoothly as a river through a plain."

Lady Dacre's eyes were full of tears, but she brushed them away to laugh at her husband's triumphant summary. "It is only the delay," she said, "and it is foolish of me to mind that. But life, my life especially, is so uncertain."

"Life and death are in the hands of One infinitely wiser and greater than we are, Evelyn."

"I know, I know; but you do well to remind me. God bless our darlings! Their times, all times, are in His hands," said Lady Dacre.

CHAPTER VII.—PARTING.

SOON, all too soon for Evelyn, the time for Reginald's departure drew on. During the interval, she did not see so much of him as she had done, and when they did meet, he perplexed her. His illness, which had been short, seemed to Evelyn to have changed him. He was far graver than he had been, and he did not now fall so readily as he had been accustomed to do into talk about the dear old Capri days. His manner, too—so at least Evelyn thought—was different.

One day, when they were alone together, which did not often happen now, she taxed him with having a secret.

"I'm sure you have something new in your mind, Regy," she said. "Can't you tell me about it, really?"

Reginald gave a little start. "Why, Evelyn, what a funny idea!" he said.

"You don't say no, Regy."

"No to what? I don't understand, Evely."

"Yes, but you do understand. Your face flushed. Tell me, Regy. Is it a new book, or a new system of philosophy? Father says you are sure to distinguish yourself in some way. Are you making up your mind how you are to do it?"

"Well! but it is a little puzzling. The sphere is so large in our days," said Reginald, laughing. "Then, you know, if I am to be a great man, I must grow. Perhaps these are growing pains."

"Don't grow too big for Capri," said Evelyn, half in fun, half-piteously. "If I thought you were never coming back—— Well!" dashing away a tear or two, "there's no use meeting troubles half-way, as old Esther says. Let us be happy while we can."

It was easy for Evelyn to be happy and gay; but not nearly so easy for Reginald, over whom the coming separation from all those who had made the life and the joy of his childhood hung like a heavy cloud.

"It is like going into exile," he said to Sir John, one day.

"That will soon pass off. With your tasks and ideas you will delight in University life; and I am sure the change will be good for you in every way," said Sir John.

One trouble was completely lifted from his mind, for if Evelyn was not in love with him she was certainly not in love with anyone else. The unhappy Count Certosa, who, so at least he maintained to all the world, was in love for the first time in his life, found himself misunderstood and unappreciated. When he looked sentimentally at Evelyn, he read nothing but merry laughter in her eyes; when he



"She taxed him with having a secret."—p. 490.

spoke sentimentally she turned him into the prettiest ridicule. And the beauty of it was that it was so unconsciously done. Evelyn never dreamt of imagining that the Count's languishing glances and honeyed speeches were meant to be taken seriously. Literally, he amused her, and she repaid him in his own coin by trying to amuse him. The Princess was in raptures, and all Rome applauded the little comedy.

"Ah! my child," said the Princess one afternoon to Evelyn, "you are much cleverer than you think yourself."

"Cleverer!" cried the girl, her eyes widening. "Indeed, madam, I am not clever at all."

"Then you are adorable, cara. Keep your wit and good spirits, if you can. They will help you through the world."

Just then, Evelyn did not feel as if she wanted much help in passing through the world. It was to her a bright and sunny region, full of beauty and poetry, and peopled with kind hearts and nimble wits. Except for bidding Reginald good-bye—and that was to be only for a short time, as he was sure to find his way back to them—she had no trouble in the present; and she never thought much about the future.

So the days in Rome wore on; happy days that left lovely, imperishable memories on the hearts of

the boy and girl who were so soon to engage in the battle of life. The last day came, as last days will. The Princess paid her farewell visit to Lady Dacre in the forenoon. "Good-bye, my little English angel," she said to Evelyn. "You will not forget us?"

"Oh! no, no; how could I?" said Evelyn, with the tears in her eyes.

"We shall not forget you; and, cara, remember well what I say. Keep up your wit and your good spirits; you may want them some day."

Reginald left Rome that afternoon. The Countess, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, took him to the railway station in her carriage of state. His luggage, which consisted of no less than four heavy boxes, with smaller ones in proportion, followed in an omnibus under the charge of the faithful Giuseppe, who was to accompany his young master to England. Sir John Dacre and Evelyn were to go to the station to see him off. Lady Dacre would say good-bye to him at home.

When he went in she was lying on a sofa, in the little semi-dark, flower-scented sitting-room, which was as like her own room at Capri as the hands of affection and ingenuity could make it. It was Reginald who had arranged the furniture; it was Reginald who had brought in the flowers. Some of the brilliant ornaments in the room were his gifts. She had them all near her; his and Evelyn's on the

little table behind her couch, little childish offerings of straw, shells, and coins, and scraps of antique marble, and larger and more costly gifts that had been brought to her in later years.

As he went in, the boy gave one hurried glance round him. He was a man, with the heart of a man; but at that moment he would willingly have broken down and sobbed like a child.

He looked at Lady Dacre, and his heart gave one great bound. His mother she had been—more than his mother—for these many long years; everything he was, everything he could ever be, he owed to her and Sir John. If he could only say what he felt; but he could not, his tongue was tied.

"Madre mia!" he whispered, sinking down on his knees beside her.

Her eyes had been closed. She opened them, and they rested on his kneeling figure. "Ah!" she said softly, "it is my boy. He has come to say good-bye."

"Yours, always yours," murmured poor Regy.

"My son," she murmured; and then, raising herself a little, "Let me look at him once more. I think it is for the last time, Regy."

"No, no, no. How can you say so? I am coming back. Wait for me, madre. What would my life—what would the life of any of us—be without you? Do you feel worse?"

"Not worse, darling. I am a little weak to-day—that is all. Kiss me, Reginald. Remember that, whatever happens—Ah! There is Sir John at the door. You must go."

"Say what you were going to say."

"I cannot remember, Regy. The words slip from me. Go, my son. God in heaven bless you and keep you for ever and ever!"

"Come, Reginald. Time's up!" cried the voice of Sir John at the door. "Evelyn, where are you? The Countess is becoming impatient. Now then, in with you both. I will sit outside."

They rattled over the stony pavements in perfect silence. Evelyn was crying quietly in her corner. She knew she was silly, for all boys had to go away some time, and Reginald was coming back again; but she could not help it. The Countess, to whom the child of her adoption was as dear as the apple of her eye, felt that he would never be to her what he had been, and she could not speak for sorrow, while over Reginald the interview with Lady Dacre hung like a dark cloud. It had all the sorrow, all the sacredness of a last farewell.

It was a relief to them all when they drove into the station.

Giuseppe was before then. He stood, looking as important as a French official, over the heap of boxes which the Countess was sending away with her grandson. The old lady stopped beside him to give him various last directions. "Remember, Giuseppe," she said solemnly, "I entrust my grandson to you. His health—that is to be your first consideration. Take care of him in other ways—that you will understand, of course. You have been his servant

for many years, and you ought to know his ways. But about his health you must not trust to yourself. If he studies too much, or if the climate is too hard for him, you understand, Giuseppe, you will go to his father and write to me."

To all which, and much more of a like nature, Giuseppe listened attentively, and promised obedience. Sir John, meanwhile, was getting Reginald's ticket and choosing a corner in a railway carriage for him, and the two young people, left to themselves, wandered away to the further end of the platform.

Reginald's face was set. He longed to speak, to say all that was in his heart. It was infinitely hard to him to keep silence. But he had promised, and he would not break his word. It was Evelyn who spoke, pouring out her sorrow in little childish wailings. "Regy darling, I am so sorry! It is too bad that boys have to go away. We shall miss you dreadfully. I don't think even Capri will seem the same. You won't forget us?" lifting her soft eyes to his face.

"Forget!" echoed Reginald, and, for one instant, he seized her hands. "If I were to live a hundred years, and if every day in all those years had a hundred hours—oh! dear"—breaking short and bursting into a forced laugh—"what nonsense I am talking! I could not forget you, Evelyn."

"Thank you, darling," sobbed the poor child. "And I am silly too. I shouldn't tease you with such questions. Of course you won't forget us. But London is so big, and there are so many people there, and I thought—oh! Regy, even if you don't want to live at Capri, you will come to see us, won't you? We shall miss you so."

"My home is where you are, and my dear Lady Dacre and Sir John," said Reginald.

"Oh! I hope so, I hope so. Only, you know, you are to be a great man: we all expect it of you," said Evelyn, smiling through her tears. "And there is not much room in our dear Capri for great people. There! I am talking nonsense again, and father is making signs to us, and it is not fair to keep you from the Countess. Good-bye, Reginald dear. I can't see the train go away. I shall run back to the carriage."

She lifted her face quite naturally, even as she used to do when they were children saying good-night, before Reginald thought himself too old to be kissed; and for a moment he looked down upon her, his dark eyes full of light. "Good-bye, Evelyn," he murmured. Then, as for one instant their lips met, she fancied she heard other words—strange, beautiful, caressing, that echoed in her heart like music.

"Reginald!" she said; but he was gone, he was walking rapidly along the platform. She saw him meet her father and the Countess, and then she turned away. That was her farewell. She could not see him go.

"I beg your pardon, Sir John. It was not—I mean, I could not—"

"My boy, I understand. There! jump in. Don't torment yourself unnecessarily."

"I will look after her, Regino," whispered the Countess. "But that will not be needed. She loves you already."

"Treason! treason!" cried Sir John. "Reginald has to think of sterner things now than love and love-making. Remember, my credit as well as yours is at stake, my boy, and do the best you can to distinguish yourself."

"So long as you do not study too much," said the Countess. "Take care of your health, Regino, and mind what Giuseppe says. I have told him everything. And, Regino——"

"The train is moving," interrupted Sir John.

"No, no; let me finish. I have so much more to say to him. Oh dear! oh dear. Write to me, Regino, and if you are in any difficulty——"

"He cannot hear you, dear Countess. Come back with me to your carriage," said Sir John.

"To my carriage, and to my desolate home. Well, my good friend, give me your arm; I must submit myself. It is the will of the Lord that, so long as we live, we shall suffer. Where is Evelyn?"

"She ran back to the carriage a few moments ago. You will find her there."

"And you say she is not in love," said the Countess. "How can people so wise as your wife and you be blind about what concerns them so nearly?"

CHAPTER VIII.—SIR JOHN DACRE'S WHIM.

It is probable that none of the three who left Rome for Capri on the following day missed Reginald so much as his teacher.

Sir John was so restless for the first few days that his wife began to fear he was paving the way for an illness.

"I have been so much accustomed to have the boy about with me," he said apologetically. "Besides, he has been my occupation. I can't even take to my pen yet."

"I understand very well. I feel the blank too," said Lady Dacre. "Try something else for a time. Your ideas will take form again if you give that busy brain of yours a little rest."

By way of trying something else, Sir John went over to Naples, purchased a small sailing yacht of about forty tons burthen, and brought her back to Capri. She was English built, having gone through the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean manned and navigated by three madcap young Englishmen, and was as pretty a craft as one could wish to see.

Evelyn was enchanted with her. She took much delight in helping to fit her out with everything that would be necessary for a long voyage. The yacht lay, meanwhile, close to the Grande Marina, causing much excitement to the visitors at the different hotels; and Evelyn, who, with the assistance of old Esther, had rigged herself out in close-fitting blue serge, a sailor's hat on her head, and the name of the

yacht embroidered by her mother in gold letters on a broad blue band round its brim, was watched to and fro with the deepest interest.

When everything was ready, Lady Dacre consented—not, however, without considerable reluctance—that Evelyn should cross over to Ischia with her father. It was a beautiful day, and, from the Villa Odyssey, which is far up the hill, the sea looked as smooth as a lake in midsummer. Evelyn went off in the highest spirits. When she stepped on board the yacht, no tidier, trimmer, or more sailor-like little figure could have been seen.

"This is delicious!" she said to her father. "I should like to live on the sea, if I could always have a beautiful little ship like this to sail in; so different from those horrid old steamers!"

Alas! before she was half-way across the bay she changed her opinion. A little breeze sprang up—the very thing for them, Sir John said—and the little ship seemed to tremble with rapture as she met it, and curtsied and dipped to the sweet green waves, and shook out her white sails joyfully, and bounded, as if she had a life of her own, over the waters.

Poor Evelyn tried to face it out. "This is delicious—delicious!" she kept repeating; but with every repetition of the word her voice became fainter, and at last she was thankful to take her father's advice, and retire into the saloon, which she had herself decorated so joyfully only a few days before, to bury her head in the sofa-pillows.

She shed a few tears over her humiliation. She had meant to entreat her father to take her with him when he went for his sail round the Calabrian coast. He was to be away three or four days. Her mother was doubtful; but if this trip had been successful, she would have given her consent. But Evelyn could not say that she had enjoyed her sail. And what help would she be to her father—how could she cook his meals and keep the saloon and cabin tidy if she had to be lying down in her berth all day?

"How about Calabria, Evy?" said her father, when, looking a little paler than usual, she put her head out of the saloon, and saw the hills of Ischia, covered with dark green verdure, before her.

"Oh! we can talk about that presently, father. How lovely this is!" she cried. "Are you going to land?"

"I think not. We will lay off in the smooth water for a little, and then put about. The wind has changed. We shall have a grand run home," said Sir John. "How do you feel about lunch, Evelyn?"

"I think I can eat a little now," she answered, with a deep sigh. It was disappointing not to land, but she said nothing. She never disputed her father's arrangements.

They reached Capri safely, late in the afternoon, having had what Sir John and the Neapolitan sailors called a splendid run. They were running before the wind, and the yacht was much steadier than she had been going out, and Evelyn was able

to be on deck nearly the whole time. She began even to be a little hopeful about going with her father on his tour of the Calabrian coast. When, however, she broached the subject timidly on the following morning, she found that he had decided not to take her.

"I have several reasons, Evy," he said. "One is that I think your mother would miss you. She

do you think you will be at five o'clock, father?"

"If this wind holds," said Sir John, looking up—they were standing on the terrace of the *Odyssea*—"we shall be going into the Bay of Salerno then, or thereabouts. So you can satisfy yourselves about our safety, Evelyn."

"You are a dear, darling old dad to think of it,"



"'Ah,' she said softly, 'it is my boy.'"—p. 492.

has not been in very good spirits since Reginald left."

"Darling Regy! we all miss him," said Evelyn, her eyes filling with tears. "Yes, father, I will stay; mother oughtn't to be without all of us at once. But you will take care, won't you? You will land if it's rough?"

"It would take a pretty heavy sea to swamp the *Lady Mary*," said Sir John, smiling, "and if you like you can watch us a good part of the way. Come down on Snowflake to see us off, and, late this afternoon, run up to the top of Castiglieri, or better still, Telegraph Hill, with my large glasses."

"Oh, yes; what fun!" cried Evelyn. "Where

said Evelyn, hugging her father rapturously. "I'll just run in and tell mother, and then I'll get ready."

Lady Dacre echoed Evelyn's warning. "You will be careful?" she said. "Promise me to land if the wind rises."

"I will stay at home altogether, my dear wife, if you wish it," said Sir John seriously; "you know it is nothing to me."

"No, no, I am not so foolish. I would not have you stay now for worlds," answered Lady Dacre. "Constant ill health has made me nervous. But I ought to be shaken out of it. Good-bye, my dearest '*Buono passaggio!*' as the kind people here say."

Three days without you! Well, it will be all the more delightful when you come back."

He went away; but as, following Evelyn and Snowflake, he went down the rough stone steps that lead from the piazza of the little town of Capri to the sea, he was in two or three minds about going on with his journey.

Once Evelyn, whose pony went cleverly and quickly from one step to another, missed her father's footsteps behind her, and, turning the pony's head, waited for him.

"We are going too quickly for you," she said.

"No; I was loitering. Go on, Evelyn, and——"

"Yes, father."

"Nothing, child."

"But what is it? Tell me, father. Do you want anything done while you are away?"

"No, Evelyn, nothing. I shall be back in three days, if God will."

As he spoke they came out on the Grande Marina, and, in another few moments, found themselves close to the sea. It was a pretty, gay, animated scene, and Evelyn, who had completely recovered her spirits, pulled up Snowflake that she might take it all in.

The water, clear as crystal, and translucent with the sunlight which was poured down from a cloudless sky, came and went murmurously over its grey pebbles and white sand. Little boats, painted a variety of colours, rocked gently on the waves, which, close to the shore, were of a pale green colour, and further out

a deep and wonderful blue. Dangerous! It was impossible to connect the idea of danger with anything so soft and lovely. It was a fairy element, an ethereal region, where water-sprites and sea-nymphs and mermen and maidens might reasonably be expected to be found. Dangerous! Evelyn was ready to laugh at the bare idea of anything so preposterous. Why, the boats, which danced so gaily on the water, were being managed by children—babies—and the dear brown-faced little rascals were offering to take them anywhere.

"I think it is a great pity we didn't all decide to go with you, father," she said. "Mother could have been carried down, and I believe a trip in the *Lady Mary* would have done her good. If you find everything all right, will you try to persuade her to go, afterwards?"

"Well, Evelyn, we must see. But Francisco is coming off in a boat. I must go to the jetty."

"And the *Lady Mary* is putting up her sails. How lovely—how lovely they are! Like—white wings. I wish I was going with you, father."

"Remember Ischia, Evy."

"Father, that is unkind of you. This is a much better day."

"I am not so sure of that. However, I must be off. Good-bye, my child."

"Good-bye, father. Look out for me this afternoon. I shall be on the very top of Telegraph Hill, with your big telescope."

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

69. It is stated in the Jewish Law that no one could enter the priesthood who had any infirmity. What does St. Paul mean, then, when he says "the Law maketh men high priests which have infirmity?"

70. What great event took place by the "waters of Merom"?

71. What town is mentioned as the birthplace of St. Philip the Apostle?

72. What places are mentioned where St. John the Baptist baptised?

73. What is meant by the expression, "the burden of the Lord?"

74. In what way were the Samaritans of our blessed Lord's time connected with the history of Esarhaddon, King of Assyria?

75. In what words does St. Paul set forth the duty of mutual help?

76. Of whom was the expression, "the man of God," first used?

77. What King of Judah was condemned by God for breaking his oath of fealty to a foreign nation?

78. When were pulpits first used?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 441.

59. Elisha, of whom it is stated that he "poured water on the hands of Elijah." (2 Kings iii. 11.)

60. Thirty and eight years. (Deut. ii. 14.)

61. The words, "Holiness to the Lord." (Ex. xxviii. 36, 37.)

62. When the King of Syria sent horses and chariots and a great host to take Elisha at Dothan. (2 Kings vi. 13, 14.)

63. The prophet Ezekiel. (Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8.)

64. To the family of Aaron. (1 Chron. vi. 55.)

65. Those in which Jesus told her of her past life. (St. John iv. 29.)

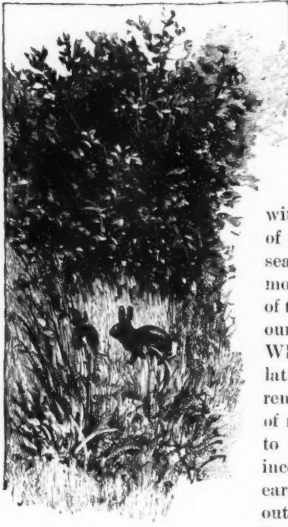
66. That Caiaphas the high priest had stated, "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." (St. John xi. 50—53.)

67. Jehu, afterwards King of Israel—his name is now applied contemptuously to someone who drives very slowly. (2 Kings ix. 20.)

68. "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." (Proverbs xiv. 29.)

THE VOICE OF SUMMER IN CHRISTIAN EARS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



SUMMER, as the poet of the seasons has named it, is "the child of the sun." Its glories are all the effect of the sunbeam, coming down with power on the face of nature. Of all the seasons, it exemplifies most fully the effects of the relation between our earth and the sun. What a wonderful relation that is, and how remarkable a symbol of man's true relation to God! What an incomplete world our earth would be without the sun! No light, no heat, no

colour, no beauty of earth, or sea, or sky; no fragrant scent of flowers, no mellow taste of fruit, but a hard, dark, frozen globe, "where all life dies, death lives." What does the earth not owe to the sun?

Here, then, is the first lesson of summer to those who have ears to hear:—Know, O man, that without God, and without a friendly relation between Him and you, you are as the earth would be if it had no friendly relation to the sun. Your being is incomplete, your powers cannot reach their full stature, your character must be without symmetry, your heart without beauty, your very virtues without fragrance, your soul without life. You may boast of independence, and fancy that you can do well enough without God. "We don't need religion," said a well-known agnostic, a few years ago; "we can get on quite well without it." "I don't need the sun," we might conceive the earth saying in a similar spirit; but the boast would be too palpably absurd. Yet surely the one boast is not more absurd than the other. Man is no more able to fulfil the high purposes of his being without God, than the earth without the sun, distant though it be more than ninety millions of miles.

It is little wonder that, in the poetical language of the Bible, God is compared to the sun. "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield; the Lord will give grace and glory." "Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." To receive the grace of God is like drinking in sunbeams—equally delightful in itself and blessed in its effects. The happiest and also the most prosperous Christian is he that walks "in the light

of God's countenance"—he on whom God "makes His face to shine."

The summer, in all its varied beauty, shows thus, by the analogy of the natural world, how glorious is the spiritual creation when God smiles on it, making it radiant and happy, beautiful and fruitful with the light of His countenance. In summer, the very richest of our flowers appear clothed in such beauty that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. The sky for the most part is bright and clear, often flecked with gossamer clouds, light and exquisite as the curtains of a fairy palace; the sea in its glassy smoothness becomes a soothing image of peace and rest, and reflecting by day the deep blue of the firmament, and at evening the glory of the setting sun, shows the wonderful harmony of sun, and sea, and sky. The rivers derive new life from the light that sparkles on the running stream; and the gentle lake becomes a mirror for the trees and rocks and grassy slopes that rise from its edge. In this season sickness is comparatively rare. The consumptive chest does not dread the open air, and the joints that ached with pain in winter and spring are comfortable again. If there be any season when existence is a joy, it is the summer. Few who are in circumstances to enjoy it are found putting the question then, "Is life worth living?" A delicious influence environs us; we seem steeped in Elysian balm.

Now let us see what it is in the spiritual life that answers to this influence of summer.

1. First, take the individual soul. God's gracious presence makes summer there. A very different doctrine this, from what many are disposed to accept. How many have the impression that if God were always with them it would be winter not summer, bondage not liberty, that would come of His presence! How many stay away from Christ under the impression that to take His yoke upon them would be to give up everything that is bright or joyous in life! Much as if the earth, crisp with the frost of winter, were to dread that if the sun were to shine brightly upon her, all her beauty and glory would be gone. When will men begin to know that until they come cordially to Christ, and through Him to loving fellowship with God, they are like the earth without the sun, and can know no abiding peace, no real health and purity of soul, no heavenly joy, no ever-youthful hope? As well look for roses and geraniums before the summer sun has warmed the earth. But with Christ summer will come. "The voice of rejoicing and of salvation is in the tabernacle of the righteous." Selfish lusts and passions give way. The fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, begins to form. A readiness springs up to bear and forbear, to forgive, to do good, to spread enjoyment, to reclaim the erring, to

bring the weary and heavy-laden to Him Who gives them rest. In proportion as God dwells in the soul is this fair scenery spread abroad. No wonder if the earnest heart greatly dreads His withdrawing. It is cruel winter when He leaves. Observe in the fifty-first Psalm, when David comes to himself, what it is that he dreads most on the one hand, and what he desires most earnestly on the other:—"Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me"—that is David's hell. "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit"—that is David's heaven.

As the Christian life advances, the gracious presence of God is ever more highly valued:—"O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee; my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land where there is no water." Nor is there exaggeration in such language, strong though it be. It is the same thought we have in the beautiful words of the hymn:—

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near.
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

"Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die."

2. Again, take the case of the home. It is summer in the family when it is full of God's loving presence. How little of summer is there in the godless house, with no lessons of Divine love, no voice of praise and thanksgiving, no hope full of immortality! No dew from heaven falls on young or old, soothing ruffled tempers, inspiring forbearance and forgiveness, breathing the spirit of brotherhood. But even should it be the most wicked and worthless house ever known, let God enter it, and inspire its inmates with faith in Christ as their Saviour, how soon will summer show itself! Know you any house where in deed and truth God dwells in love and peace? Is it not a pleasant sight? The parents, tender-hearted through God's great love to them in Christ, trying above all things to fill their home with love, and make it fragrant with heavenly odours; training their children to keep the way of the Lord, not by stern orders and awful threatenings, but by that mild example and affectionate persuasion which make the rod all the more impressive when, in exceptional cases, it has to be applied. Urging one and all, in the spirit of Jesus, to love Him, to love one another, to give their hearts to Him, and try to follow His bright example. And still more is it summer if one after another they choose the good part that shall not be taken from them, and gird themselves to their life-work in the spirit of the rule, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." A beautiful picture, you say, but a picture only. See how many Christian parents are disappointed in their children, how many Elis and Samuels and

Dauids there still are, whose grey hairs are brought down by them with sorrow to the grave. But we are far from saying that it is summer in every Christian house. We do not say that it is summer in the soul of every Christian father and mother, excellent in many ways though they may be. It is but a high class of Christians whose own hearts lie right under the Sun, in the beams of Divine love. It is but few who are enabled to reflect on their homes the full lustre of the love that falls on their own hearts. Only we say, let it be the aim of every head of a house to realise this happy condition in his family, bearing in mind that he cannot expect to see summer in his home unless it be first in his own heart.

3. Thirdly, let us take the case of a church. It is only the gracious presence and activity of God that can make summer there. Without it, there may be great zeal, exquisite taste, beautiful services, crowded and flourishing congregations, but not much faith or love, not much of the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians, not much to remind one of the House of God or the gate of heaven. The goodly spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity will be rare, but many a Diotrephes will be there seeking to have the pre-eminence, and not a few of those whom the Apostle describes, "whose god is their belly, who glory in their shame, who mind earthly things." But let summer come into that church, what a change it will undergo! The music, once cold and formal, will be charged with the living spirit of thankfulness, and carry up to heaven the breathings of hearts thrilled by the infinite grace of God. The prayers will show higher qualities than mere beauty of expression; they will rise like incense to heaven, on the wings of fervent longing and holy trust. The message of the Gospel, once perhaps valued only as a logical exposition of truth, will be welcomed as the message of eternal salvation, and fed on as the very bread of life. And what heartiness will such a church show in all its active work, at home and abroad! How will its people sigh and cry over all the iniquity that is done in the land, and labour heart and soul to instruct the ignorant, reclaim the erring, and rescue the perishing! How will it shine forth like the church at Thessalonica, bright with the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope. What a fresh aspect it will have, calling forth the wondering exclamation—"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

We have spoken of the lessons of the summer day, but we cannot close without a word on the summer night. In countries more northerly than ours there is no night at midsummer, and even in the northern extremity of our own, night, in its sterner features, is hardly known at that serene season. When the air is clear and the sky cloudless, the golden glow of sunset has hardly disappeared ere the dawn begins to steal over the eastern sky. At any hour of the night a touch



of blue may be seen in the great vault of heaven, while the light clouds that creep across show by their pink or whitish hue that they have not quite ceased to catch rays still refracted from the sun.

But it is not the mere lingering glow of sunlight that makes the charm of the summer night. It is the stillness, the coolness, the subdued lustre, the air of repose and content that seems to rest on the whole face of nature. Who has not felt the charm of such a night, as he gazed on the bosom of the quiet lake, still reflecting the pale lustre of the sky, while the dark forms of the mountains contrasted so solemnly with both? Is it not a heavenly influence that creates this charm, an emblem of that power which can hush into repose and serenity the most troubled and restless soul? And while we give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the material influence, does not a powerful voice call on

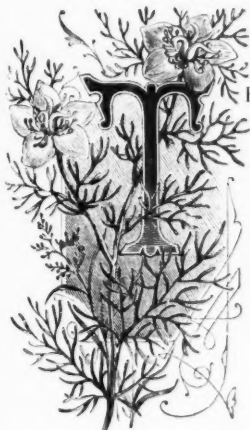
us to make sure of that spiritual influence which corresponds to it?

In the calmness and purity of a summer night does not he appear a vile wretch who spends it amid the fumes of drink and the orgies of sensuality? Is not he a miserable creature whose thoughts cannot rise, even amid such inspiring scenes, above the dust under his feet? Is there not a voice even in dumb nature that rebukes the sensualist and the worldling? The voice of the summer night, with such exquisite hues yet lingering in the sky, bids him arise from the dust and aspire to that pure heaven whose very symbol is so persuasive and so beautiful. And then the Gospel takes up those voices and calls of Nature, makes them articulate, and tells you what they mean. It shows

you how they point to Jesus, who has brought near to us the realities of which such things are but the shadows. It bids us find in Him nameless stores of soothing and blessed influence that will be found a balm to the distressed and cares of life. In fellowship with Him we shall find that peace that dwelt in His bosom, and that kept Him calm and serene while He was pierced by a sorrow like no earthly sorrow. Shed down on us, O our Father, the reality of that tranquil and tranquillising influence which is shadowed forth by the beauty of the summer night! Say to each of us, O our Saviour, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

SOME HINTS FOR CONDUCTING A YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

BY A MEMBER OF COMMITTEE.



THE first thing is to get in the young men. That is the practical part of our subject, and in many associations it is the most difficult one to cope with. One answer suggests itself—have an attractive association, and the members will come in without seeking. But this is not always the experience, be the arrangements ever so

satisfactory. Our Association, to become known, must be an aggressive one. The public must hear about us. Every clergyman throughout our county should have in his possession a copy of our prospectus, and it should contain a paragraph asking him to introduce us to any of his young men parishioners coming to reside in town. We must seek to get hold of all the strangers we can. Let one way to reach them be this:—The secretary or assistant-secretary, or, if their hands be full, two of the leading members, to call, if possible, every three months at most of the leading large houses of business, and ascertain the names of any new-comers to the firm. An introduction to these should then be secured, and a cordial invitation extended to the strangers to visit the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association and make themselves at home in them. Let the visitor come armed with a free ticket giving free access to all the privileges of the Association

for, say, one month. During this period there will be ample occasion for confirming acquaintanceship, and seeing the character of the man; and perhaps even in this, the very dawn of his entrance to the Association, opportunities will be found for leading him to a saving knowledge of Christ. Speaking from a human standpoint, it is easier to effect this when the youth is inexperienced in the hardening influences of city life, ere the clay has had time to assume the shape which the adversary of souls desires.

On the first occasion that any stranger is met with, he should be bidden to the secretary's "reception night," a social evening which should fall not less frequently than every four weeks, when no stone should be left unturned to create the best possible impression, and to promote a feeling of ease and welcome in the breast of the new-comer. We claim that to this meeting ladies should be admitted. Their presence will shed a home-like feeling around; and there should be music. A piano is a thing to be appreciated on "reception night." Everything should go off in the least ceremonious and formal manner possible. First impressions are generally adhered to, and this we hold is the way to speak sympathy and show interest amongst those whom we desire to see in the ranks of the Association. On such a night the chief point will be to make public the various meetings and classes which are carried on in the institution, and perhaps a word of testimony as to the conducting and the success of each, to be spoken by a representative present, would not be out of place.

Let all the Christian men on reception night, and, indeed, at all the gatherings of the Association,

display a kindly, easy, frank, communicative manner towards the strangers. This is what tells. Whatever we are at heart, we are bound to show in our bearing and demeanour; and the best men to receive young men are the gentle, genial souls, the men who are wholly following the Lord, those from whom the unclean spirits of pride, evil temper, and self-conceit have been cast out. Such young fellows have true politeness—the “benevolence in small things.”

In some towns it has been found a good plan to invite to tea the young men belonging to the same line of business on the same evening, and so to make their acquaintance and seek to get them to join the Association. On one night, for instance, all the drapers would be made welcome, on another night the grocers, on a third the iron-mongers, or the members of the Civil Service, and so on. Perhaps someone will say that the tea fund would never continue to exist under the weighty calls that this would make upon it. Well, a way to obviate that difficulty is to induce one of the leading, well-to-do merchants of the town who take an interest in the work, to provide the cost of the entertainment, pointing out that the guests would be invited in his name. This has been a frequent practice at the London Young Men's Christian Association, and the plan has worked with success.

Perhaps we do not generally lay sufficient stress on the importance of each member making himself a missionary of the Association, and acting as its agent and advertiser towards each young man he meets in everyday life. If this were faithfully done, the effect would be wonderful in increasing the roll of membership, and so extending the usefulness of the institution. There can be no doubt that in every place of the kind too much is expected of the secretary and the office-bearers, and there is too often a readiness to shirk the responsibility and work devolving upon one's own self. Perhaps the first duty of a secretary should be to see that each member has his interest and attention centred in some department of the work which he is to regard as peculiarly his own. There is plenty of scope for employing the hearts and hands of all. The best definition of the duties of a secretary we think ever heard was that given the other day: “The secretary is to do nothing which he can get anyone else to do.” That is just it. It is the members themselves who are to work the Association, to secure the new members, to carry on the meetings, etc., under the wise direction and counsel of the secretary.

If a Young Men's Christian Association is meant to flourish and be popular, it must not be behindhand in any of the attractions it holds out to young men. The restaurant should be as neat and be as cheap in its charges as could be found anywhere in the town. The educational classes should be of the most efficient kind, with the

best teachers who can be procured. Nothing should be inferior, and there should be a spirit of searching on the part of the Executive to know the further desires of those whom we get into our midst. There is a sense in which the Executive is to be the servant of the members. The gymnasium is made a great factor in the work of some associations. A certain class has been won by its agency who would not otherwise have been gained at all; and if there is a call for it, the call must be answered. We must be all things to all men. But with the gymnasium as with the debating society, it should be kept in mind that there is a danger of the members getting engrossed by its attractions at the expense of the religious meetings. This is a risk which each Y.M.C.A. will have to guard against. There are some men who get the length of the gymnasium or the literary union, and never get any further. Any night, or every night, they may be found wielding the Indian clubs or poised on the horizontal bar, even the reading-room, not to mention the Bible-class, being left deserted.

Nothing is more desirable than for us always to keep well before us what our chief end as a Young Men's Christian Association is, and what it is not. Is it to secure opportunities for young men to meet each other in a social manner for mutual innocent pleasure and edification? No! although that is very praiseworthy. Is it to provide a comfortable reading-room supplied with all the leading newspapers and periodicals? No! although such is desirable too. Is it to construct a spacious gymnasium stocked with all modern appliances for the development and exercise of the body? No! although very commendable. Is it to have the services of a tutor who will instruct in this or that branch of study at a more moderate rate than could be procured elsewhere? No! although all very proper also. Is it, then, to open a fine library stored with all the most wholesome and engaging literature of the day? We answer No! again. None of these is our chief end as a Young Men's Christian Association. It is simply this: To lead young men to a saving knowledge of Christ, to turn them out of a path which, unknown to themselves, they are treading, and the end of which is destruction. Let none of us forget this! Let it be the conviction pervading the hearts and inspiring the efforts of all the office-bearers and of all the members. Let it be the impulse making a wise and prudent use of the aids and helps we have enumerated. Then the advantages of the Young Men's Christian Association shall take their proper place in the great pursuit we have before us. How often have we heard the cry raised, “It all degenerated into a gymnasium,” “It all turned into a debating club!” And what has been the reason of this too often called for remark? Because there has been a lack of spiritual power amongst the Christian

men; there has been a giving way to the spirit of worldliness in some shape; a spirit of fault-finding and whispering has crept in which has crippled their efforts and shut their mouths. The result is, the secular-minded men amongst them have got matters all their own way. The gymnasium and debating society, and all the rest of it, flourish, whilst the religious meetings languish and go to the wall.

It has often occurred to us what an excellent plan it would be if the secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association could gather round him a few reliable men—in a small Association twelve would be sufficient—with whom he could discuss the state of this part of the work or that, who would be one with him in prayer for a blessing to descend upon every means used in accomplishing the great end we have already set forth. Each one of these twelve would make himself responsible to look after, say, at least three of the junior members, and would, when they did not put in an appearance, hunt them up, and keep a brotherly eye over them, and be, indeed, a friend to each. One or two of these would take up some one meeting in the week, be always present at it, remember the object of it before the Throne of Grace, and do all in their power to help it forward in every possible way. Any person who has experience in the work of an Association will be ready to admit that it is not the number of helpers from whom the great results are to be expected, but from the few faithful ones who realise what is expected from them in giving their names as members of a Young Men's Christian Association.

The principle of one man going in for being the friend of another cannot be too clearly recognised as a great stepping-stone towards reaching young men, towards reaching their hearts, and so paving the way for the salvation we want to talk to them

about. There is a natural desire in the heart of every young man to associate with somebody. It is not sufficient for him to be friends in a general way with all the members whom he meets. There must be individual friendships and personal bonds of fellowship. The poet Coleridge says—

"Friendship is a sheltering tree."

Think of the "sheltering tree" that a Christian friendship may be!

The writer of this paper has a keen recollection of coming to reside in a large city many years ago, and of finding his first friends at the Young Men's Christian Association. What an antidote to loneliness it was! What a renewal of the satisfactions of home! How dearly does he still appreciate the memory of pleasant evenings spent inside the walls of the Association, or at the lodgings or homes of his brother-members. He can still feel the kindly grasp of the hand on first setting foot in the rooms, and wondering where the secretary could have met with him before to be so friendly. Some men we have met with in our experience seem to be very adepts in welcoming strangers. A good man has said that a hearty shake of the hand is "a means of grace." Few strangers would think of resenting such warmth. It comes natural to them to respond. We all know the story of the man who passed his fellow in trouble at the bottom of a ditch. "Why did you not help him out?" said someone who was watching.—"Because I never was introduced to him," was the answer. O Christian readers, would that the stiffness, the ceremoniousness, the self-life that mark so many of us, were put away, and that we might become the earnest, enthusiastic, spontaneous people we ought to be! If we are not this how can we succeed in our great work of carrying on successfully the business of a Young Men's Christian Association?

PROMISES FOR THE ANXIOUS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



WE have all good reason to thank God for seasons of spiritual anxiety. They are the times when spiritual children are born to us; when we are compelled to stand alone before God and before the facts of life, and to find a satisfactory answer to the demands of our being. Were it not for them, many of us would be seeking to-day the luxuries of the world, and seducing ourselves into the belief that they are real and sufficient. Many would be at the

very gates of death without knowing one of the blessed mysteries of immortal life.

We are often tempted to inquire of the circumstances under which this anxiety was produced—what book, what preacher, what companion? and not unfrequently we put it down to the most trifling of accidental accidents—the whim of chance, the purposeless drifting of an aimless life. To us it was all this. It was an accident that we stumbled wearily into that church or happened to sit beside that friend in the office. But above the chances of men stands eternally fixed the *purpose of God*. It has never shifted since the ages began, and pursuing that

purpose he sent the call to us. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

The will of God is a permanent force in the earth. Unlike the winds, it points in one direction. Like gravitation, it is always present and acting. But like gravitation also, it may be counteracted or overpowered by a closer force, since God will compel no one. If our will resists, we are lost; if, like Enoch, it walks with God, salvation and the Kingdom of Heaven is ours.

It is in this will of God that we catch the hope and cheer of the anxious. One swelling stream of promises sets towards them. He will have all men to be saved, nor is it His will that one of these little ones should perish. With a strong will, therefore, and with many an address of compassion, He approaches them. Let us look at two sets of promises—those which begin with *pardon*, and those which stretch into *everlasting life*. These are the subjects upon which, above all, anxiety of soul is felt.

1. *The Promises of Pardon.* The forgiveness of God is one of the hardest facts to believe. Men will readily believe in sin and its results, for these are always present to the eye of the conscience. It is likewise easy to believe, though the soul shudders at the first thought of it, that we shall be eternally lost; I have even known the terrible temptation to take the shape of a thought that God made us for the very purpose of our ruin. The evil chemistry of sin eats into and through all our being. It palsies our moral powers. It casts its glare over the purity of nature. The hand that has done the evil deed can never be clean again.

The cause of this unbelief in pardon, or (as we may put it) this belief in the permanence of sin, is the weakness of human means for restoration. All our energy points to the future. Not a blow can be struck to annihilate the past. The undone past rolls on; were our power henceforth perfect and our action as our power, we could accomplish nothing more than the bare duty of the life that yet remains.

But Christ's life is a protest against the belief of impotence. It is an assurance of power in the highest development against the inveterate evils of man. Look at the physical evils which Christ overmastered. They were such as leprosy, which no medicines could cure; blindness from the birth, which no one had yet exchanged for sight; death, into whose ghastly domain no spirit had dared to enter. Without effort or stir—by the quiet word of Jesus—all yielded to His command. Look, again, at the moral evils. He spoke gently to those who had fallen under gross transgression of temper or lust; but never did speech become bolder or more impassioned than when He denounced selfishness and falsehood.

This leads us to the promises of pardon. Take up the Bible, and mark as many verses as you find at random, which speak of this one thing. It is amazing how many marks we shall make in a few minutes. Choose one of these—I hardly know which—they

are so many. But consider one in the Old Testament which is quoted in the New to show that its force is not abated. It is the last part of Jer. xxxi. 34: "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." In Heb. viii. 12, 13, this is referred to as expressing the new condition of things under Jesus Christ. It is God's new covenant with all men—His offer to everyone of pardon and forgetting. Now, within that statement are involved Christ's power and completed work, God's anxiety to forgive, and God's word and character. If the Israelite prided himself upon the heraldry of the Covenant with Abraham, how much more may the vilest, the hardest, the worst look hopefully for that new heart, for that knowledge of a Friend that alters not, and for that pardon which will turn the crimsoned life into the fresh whiteness of the snow!

Turn to another promise to see the slender *conditions* that God demands from us. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43). Christ asked once or twice a question of those who sought His help, whether they believed in His power to heal. One man answered in an agony, as His afflicted son writhed before him on the ground—"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." I have often looked upon that reply as bearing within it a message of salvation to thousands. The anxious sinner does not, and cannot, believe all mysteries; and God does not require this. He asks only two clauses in the short creed—that we believe Him (1) to exist and (2) to reward those who seek Him. We can believe this; and we believe in the tenderness, the sympathy, and the love of One who never turned from the cry of man.

But we have still another class of promises which teach us the *completeness* of our pardon. We go back to Jeremiah. In the fiftieth chapter and the twentieth verse we are told that "the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found." This was spoken to the Israel that had been desolated by Assyria, and the Judah that had gone captive into Babylon because of their sins. Yet there was a covenant with them, and the remnant that should seek God would be restored, with as much joy as the prodigal son was adorned with the ring and feasted with the fatted calf. There were no questions reserved. The old backslidings would never be produced in evidence against them. They were free from the past, and the future of hope and glory beckoned them on. It was such a thought that filled the mind of St. Paul in the Pisidian synagogue when he preached the same forgiveness to Gentiles as well as Jews, and declared that all who believed were justified from *all things* (Acts xiii. 38, 39). No assurance can be fuller than this of complete pardon to all who seek it.

2. *Promises of Eternal Life.* These are the supplement of pardon. Eternal life is spoken of as present with the believer, in the fifth chapter of St. John. It has three stages in its journey: it begins

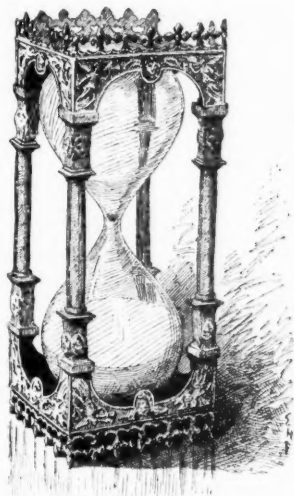
in pardon ; it is secured in the interval of rest and waiting after death ; and it reaches its consummation of bliss when the spirit and the body are united after the Resurrection. St. Paul tells Titu in the opening of the Epistle that eternal life was promised before the world began. The condition of entering upon it is the same as that of pardon (St. John v. 24). Whoso is pardoned has begun to live the conscious life of God. We may not realise it at first, because young Christians expect too much ; but we may discover the difference it has made if we will compare that present with the old past, especially with regard to sins which we committed and affections which we sustained. If any man has gone to God with desire for a new life of holiness, with sincere preference for God above all else, and with belief that God is true to His word, that man is living in God.

But I find that a great anxiety generally springs up at this point. Shall I be able to persevere? Shall I never fall away? This is a question which no man can answer. The Bible gives no reply beyond what depends upon the saint himself. God, indeed, will never cast us off. No man nor devil will be able to pluck us out of His hand. If we walk in the light where He is, we shall enjoy the fellowship of

His Church and the continuous cleansing of His blood (1 John i. 7). We shall never fail except by our own preference ; and if we remain faithful—grounded and settled, and not moved away from the hope of the Gospel—we shall be presented hereafter without spot and blameless before His throne. (Col. i. 22, 23.)

To this end God has devised the means of grace. We must use them if we would live. If we neglect them through temptation of the world, or through pride and self-confidence, we shall fall into a worse position than we occupied before. But to those who are forgiven, and to whom the spring-time freshness of eternal life has been granted, our bountiful and provident Father has bequeathed the knowledge of His Son and of that future of bliss which He has penetrated and opened ; the benison and strength of prayer as well for ourselves as for others, and the prayers of the whole Church in our behalf ; the Spirit's influence, soft as that of the snowflakes dropping on the mountain peaks ; the association, more tender than a mother's with her infant's cot ; the flowing tide of the Saviour's life in the Sacrament of the Supper—all are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

HOOR GLASSES AND HALF-HOOR GLASSES.



HOOR-GLASS IN ST. ALBAN'S,
WOOD STREET.

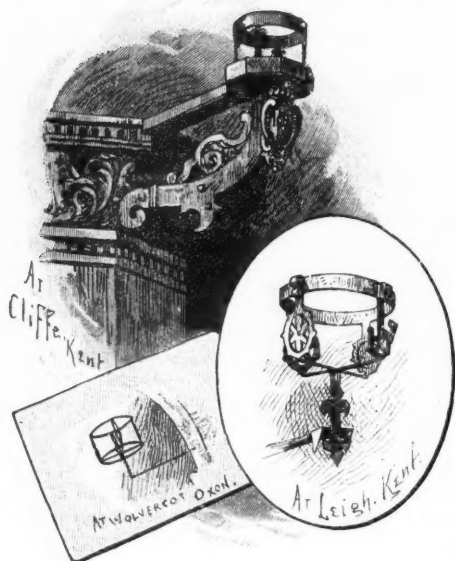
LONG before hour-glasses, or sand-glasses, were used in churches to indicate the time occupied in the delivery of sermons, they were used in tournaments to limit the duration of combats and prevent them from being really sanguinary encounters. Of two adversaries engaged in "a gentle passage of arms," he was accounted victor who obtained the greater number of advantages before the sand

discussions. Pascal, for instance, in one of his letters, mentions a discussion in which he took part in the Sorbonne, when he spoke for half an hour by the sand-glass or *sable*. And they were, eventually, so identified with scholarship, as well as preaching, that artists frequently placed an hour-glass as well as a book in the backgrounds of their portraits of eminent scholars. They were also made use of at sales. But though thus used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was in the pulpit in the seventeenth century that they obtained their wider popularity, and on tombstones of the same period that they were most frequently delineated. The high pew, or "pue" as it used to be written, the long sermon and the hour-glass by the pulpit, are as vivid a presentment of Queen Anne's time, too, as would be the snuff-box, the clouded cane, or the fans and brocades of the fashionable folks who took the air in the Mall.

Precise and gentle George Herbert wrote down his conviction that an hour's duration was long enough for a sermon. These are his words :—"The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency, and he that profits not in that time will belike afterwards the same affections which made him not to profit before, making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing to loathing." But we must not assume that

had run out from the glass turned at the commencement of the combat.

Sand-glasses were employed, also, in scholastic

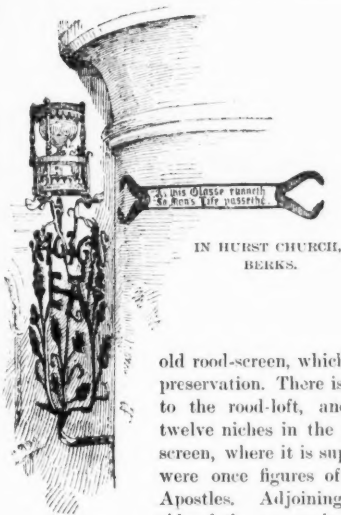


all sermons were of a length that required an hour's attention. We may be sure, on the contrary, that the sand in the hour-glass with which so many pulpits were furnished was not always run out before the preacher brought his discourse to an end. Immediately after the Reformation, however, sermons were not always of weekly occurrence. We read of four sermons a year being deemed sufficient in some cases, and of a monthly sermon by a licensed preacher being considered a liberal allowance in Henry VIII.'s reign. Edward VI. required at least eight sermons for every parish church in the course of a year. In Queen Elizabeth's reign a quarterly sermon was the recognised requirement, with the addition of homilies on the other Sundays when there was no licensed preacher. But by King James's time a sermon was required every Sunday from every benefited clergyman. Puritanism, and the devout turn of thought it engendered, rejoiced in these discourses and disquisitions in which so much religious instruction was conveyed, and it was not at all uncommon for a sermon to be patiently and approvingly listened to that took two hours to deliver. There are also some instances on record of sermons of three hours' duration; and one minister is mentioned by writers on this subject who preached without a break for seven hours. On these occasions we must take it for granted that the hour-glass was repeatedly turned, as there are several anecdotes still in circulation in which preachers are reported to have said, to recall the flagging attention of their fatigued congregations, "Another glass, and then—" Sometimes a congregation would hum their approval and

clamour for the preacher to continue his discourse till the sand ran out of the hour-glass a second time, as in the case of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, mentioned by Macaulay.

Shakespeare makes mention of hour-glasses. Holbein painted them certainly twice—once in his "Dance of Death," and again in a portrait mentioned by Walpole. Nearly every pulpit appears to have been furnished with one. Old churchwardens' accounts abound with entries relating to them. Yet they have become so scarce as to form the subject of antiquarian jottings. An inventory of the items in All Saints' Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1632, mentions "one whole houre-glasse," and "one halfe-houre-glasse," showing that the two periods of time were equally considered. In some of the few instances where the frames are still preserved, the glasses that held the sand, or powdered egg-shell, have been broken and not replaced. These frames are generally made of iron, but in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, there was a silver frame, which was melted down not so very long ago and made into two staff-heads for the parish beades. In St. Alban's, Wood Street, there is an example often mentioned, so placed that the preacher can reach it and turn it. But the examples in London are extremely rare. The county of Norfolk is somewhat richer in specimens of these "spies of time," as Longfellow calls them, being able to count up some half-dozen frames. Suffolk, too, had an example at Flixton, in the first half of this century, but when the church was restored it was removed. At Wolvercot, and at Northmoor, Oxon, there are frames. Berkshire has a fine example in Hurst Church. Wiltshire has preserved another in Compton Bassett Church. This sacred edifice is much admired by antiquaries for its fine





old rood-screen, which is in good preservation. There is a staircase to the rood-loft, and there are twelve niches in the piers of the screen, where it is supposed there were once figures of the twelve Apostles. Adjoining the south side of the screen, in front of the masonry containing the winding

stairs to its summit, is the pulpit, which is modern, and projecting from the wall close by is an iron bracket upholding the hour-glass placed there some time in the seventeenth century. Kent, too, has an interesting specimen. This is at Cliffe Church. A second Kentish example was removed a few years ago from the pulpit in Otford Church. And the frame of a third may still be seen at Leigh. Near Hull, in the church at Keyingham, there is another frame. Puxton Church, Somerset; Odell Church, Bedfordshire; and the church at Hammoon, Dorset, had examples quite recently, and may still have them. In all the breadth and length of our pleasant land, however, it would be difficult to point to many more than a score of examples out of the hundreds and hundreds that once formed familiar features in it to the church frequenters of the last two centuries. The reason of this general removal is not far to seek. The long, laboured orations, full of antique and abstruse learning, passages in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, quotations from the early fathers, deep and majestic mysticisms, fantastic imagery and flights, gradually ceased to charm. As generation succeeded generation, short, bright, pithy, practical, incentive addresses found more and more favour, and even the half-hour glass was no longer required.

The sentiment expressed by the hour-glass may be realised in the inscription attached to that in Hurst Church:—"As this glasse runneth, so man's life passeth." This formed so suitable a reflection for a memorial that it is not surprising that the monuments of the same period were frequently ornamented with representations of the objects in question. To confine ourselves to one example, we will point to the tomb of John Abel, placed, in 1694, in Sarnesfield churchyard. He was the architect, carpenter, and builder of some of the fine old market

balls in Herefordshire, notably those of Hereford, Kington, Leominster, as well as Brecon. After six lines setting forth that his house of clay could hold him no longer, and hoping Heaven's joy will build him a stronger, there occurs a circle containing compass, rule, and square, with figures of the worthy carpenter on one side and his two wives on the other, and an hour-glass below it.

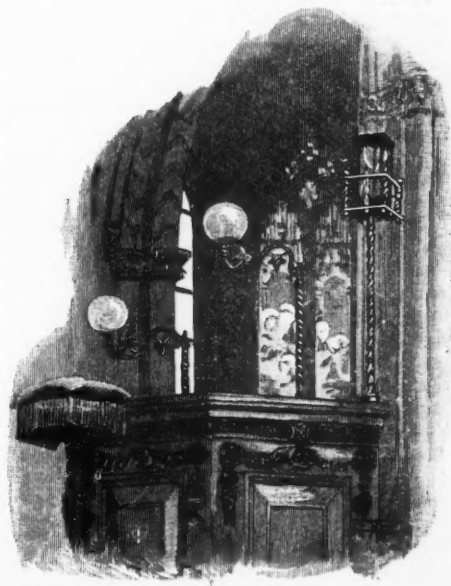
The hour-glass has gradually retired from general service and public notice. Sometimes one may be seen on the top shelf in a cupboard of a country cottage, put by with, we will say, the disused tinder-box and snuffers, or with some other contrivances that have had their day; but only rarely.

It has yet, however, two representatives that we have not quite discarded. One is the half-minute glass employed on board ship; the other is the three-minute glass still used in our kitchens in boiling eggs. But, as we have seen, the double pear-shaped glass bulbs in question have figured largely both in art and literature. Sidney speaks of a morning that was "known to be a morning better by the hour-glass than the day's clearness." And Bacon says, "In sickness, time will seem longer without a clock or hour-glass than with one; for the mind doth value every moment." Shakespeare, in *Henry V.*, speaks of turning the accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass. Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, he says:—

"I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats."

And Robert Bloomfield's poem, "The Widow to her Hour-glass," is a testimony to its familiarity.

S. W.

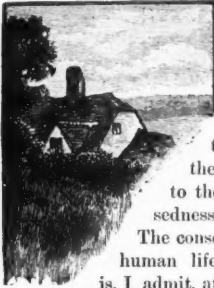


PULPIT AND HOOR-GLASS STAND, ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HEART.

THE AFTERNOON OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.



LIGHT is always beautiful. "Truly," says the Inspired Book, "the light is sweet;" and from the bright liquid glow of morning to the tender gleams of eventide, there is beauty in every season to the Christian mind, and blessedness to the Christian heart. The consciousness that afternoon in human life has indeed come to us is, I admit, at first a somewhat pensive experience. We cannot easily forget that

there is no path of return to the gleeful hours of childhood and the enterprising experiences of early manhood. There is a melancholy splendour, Alexander Smith says in his exquisite volume of essays called "Dreamthorpe," in the wake of every ship. The banks dotted with hamlets, villages, and cities, as we pass them rapidly by leave familiar forms waving adieu to us; and we are nearing the waters of that great ocean, which Charles Dickens beautifully says "roll round all the world."

Still there is a beauty at the heart of every season of life, and afternoon finds us with our sons and daughters, our firm and well-tried friendships, our matured purposes, and, if we have been faithful and earnest disciples of Christ, our legacy of influence, which is perhaps as a personal power the best benediction God can give to any of us; an influence conscious and unconscious, and—most blessed of all blessings—it lives on in the home where love's labour has *not* been lost.

What richness, ripeness, and realisation, does Nature reveal in *her* afternoon! Then is the time of fruit-ripening, of harvest-reaping, of what the Bible calls "The feast of Ingathering." For in Christian life what results come to us in the afternoon! The promises of God have been verified to us, experience has endorsed Divine counsels and consolations, the heart has been long-time the home of Christ, and we have understood the words, "I in them;" the mind has been enriched with holy thoughts, and the soul has been filled with heavenly visions; to live has been Christ, and we have now a sure antidote to doubt in that inner life which is the highest and surest evidence of the divinity of the Christian faith.

A child who has been long "at home" knows the safety, the brightness, the blessedness therein through a wide experience, and the temptations to leave that home lose the attractiveness which they once had when the world first tried its necromancy over the senses. Religion in its highest aspect is life in God, and experience has taught us that this is not

alone our safety but our joy; no cup of worldly nectar, however sweet, is really satisfying, but that water which Christ gives us springs up into everlasting life.

Then, in the afternoon there is a deeper consciousness of permanence and of impermanence. Many things have been taken from us; our tears have fallen over many graves where our buried riches and ambitions lie; some friends, too, have been false and fickle; some beautiful fountains have dried up; but we have found permanence in a joy that no man taketh away from us, a stream

"That no wintry ice can bind, no summer's heat dry up."

I am not unmindful of the fact that the sunshine of a Christian's heart is often clouded by inconsistencies, idolatries, and sins, and that the memory of these is often quick and keen—so much so that the soul is cast down within us; but then, like the Psalmist, we hope in God. It is true that we cannot *forgive ourselves*—we know how false and foolish and worldly and wicked we have been. The very culture of conscience in the divine life by the quickening of the Spirit has developed the powers of moral pain within us. But our Father knows this. He understands quite well how difficult it is for us to forgive ourselves, as I have said, and it seems to me that this is one of the reasons why He so emphasises the consolation of His grace and mercy. He *can* and He *does* forget and forgive. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," saith your God; "speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Abounding grace, above and beyond abounding sin, is the lesson of life's afternoon; and with this experience comes a deeper insight into the exquisite nature of God—the Lord God gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness.

Let it not, then, be thought that there is any doubt, in the afternoon of a Christian man's experience, as to whether life is worth the living. The very fact that this gloomy query comes from a school of thought that has departed from the Christ shows us how precious is the heritage of those that love and fear and follow Him. Take away the celestial sky, the great immortal hopes that bend over us with their heavenly beauty, and it is possible that men may feel melancholic in life's afternoon; but to all those who feel that the heaven within them is an earnest and a promise of the heaven before them, the afternoon of life will be full of spiritual endeavour and sweet anticipation, for "he that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure."

Then, surely, thanksgiving is an element of brightness; and in the afternoon of life what a long experience lies behind us, of temptations overcome, of dangers averted, of inspiring friendships, of child-love and trust, of gates of usefulness that have opened, and of the blessings of the fatherless, and of him that had no helper. Gratitude to God ought to be a full fountain in the afternoon of experience, such as filled his heart who said, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," for experience does become an argument for fatherly providence and an incentive to childlike trust and obedience.

Too often we make our own clouds. Fretful discontent, foolish murmuring, and fitful anxiety; these come from the miasma of the mind, and darken the heavenly sky. When Christ said, "Take no anxiety for the morrow," He not only gave us a counsel of life, but He revealed His own heart's wish that we should be restful and peaceful as the children of our Father in heaven. Let it not be forgotten, therefore, that all our troubles have not been Heaven-sent, but have been the needless worries of hearts that have forgotten the words, "He will not lay upon man more than is *right*." And again, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of."

Sunshine is an argument in itself. If the Christian enjoys such light of joy, and life, and comfort, whence comes it? We make answer, Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, is His own attestation. Show us another sun. How feeble do other lights look in the presence of the True Light that lighteth every man

that cometh into the world! So, also, we may continue the argument: Show us other sunshine! What other luminary is there that *sheds light* on human hearts and lives like the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? And then the argument merges into an invitation to us all to walk in this light. Those who have done so know and rejoice in the glory of its all-brightening beams. This Sun has made the heart restful, the home beautiful, the church glorious, the grave luminous, the great hereafter homelike and welcome, as the Father's house beyond, where the many mansions are.

For this alone can make the afternoon of life sunny and bright to a Christian heart—the preparation of the heavenly places—the prospect of reunion with the blessed dead who have died in the Lord, and the consciousness of a perfect revelation of all the ways of God. We, too, are in many respects the children of mystery; but we know enough of our God and Father in Jesus Christ to understand that He has revealed to us here all that it is necessary for us to know, and all that it is wise for us to know. We only know in part, but one day we shall know even as we are known. So trust makes us restful—and our trust is not a trust of inexperience. We know in part—and the more we do know, the more we believe, and the more we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. The afternoon therefore has its joys as well as the morning and meridian of life, and we look forward to that evening of life, with the consideration of which I shall close these papers, with the consciousness that in Grace as in Nature God makes every season beautiful in its time.

THE SISTERS' EVENING HYMN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

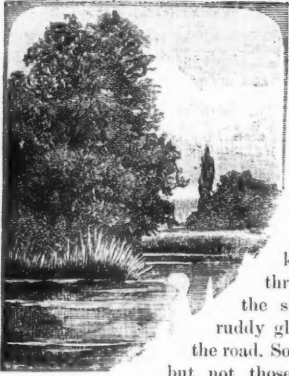
I SAT at an open window,
Alone in a city street,
And thought of the far-off meadows
Where blossoms and grass were sweet;
Till the murmur of lovers, straying
At home on the daisied lea,
And the songs of the children, playing,
Came back in a dream to me.

My soul was weary with longing,
The meaning of life was dim;
Did angels come in the twilight
To sing me a vesper hymn?
There were voices floating, and thrilling
My heart in its silent gloom,
As they came through the casement, filling
With music that dusky room.

They sang of the sheep that wandered,
Now safe in the blessed fold;
Of new love, sweeter and purer
Than all that we dreamed of old;
Of the golden links that were shattered,
Now joined in one glorious chain;
Of the dear ones, parted and scattered,
All gathered and found again.

Sweet sisters, singing at even
To gladden a stranger's breast!
Their song was a song of heaven,
A message of bliss and rest;
Of saints from the shadows ascended
They sang to the watcher here;
And long ere their anthem was ended
The meaning of life was clear.

MÈRE GOUBET'S JOURNEY.



NIGHT was gathering over the little Belgian village. In the single row of grey stone cottages which flanked the road on either side, lights were beginning to twinkle. At one end, through the open door, the smithy fire sent a ruddy glow half-way across the road. Sounds issued thence, but not those of the hammer, though there were regular strokes.

Two or three houses off a woman stood in her doorway, and she was joined by two or three others who ran out of their cottages as the sounds came to their ears.

"Fie, then, it is a shame! It is the second time that he has beaten him to-day!" cried one.

"But he will kill him!" said a younger woman who carried a baby, and whose bonny face turned white under her snowy cap.

"So much the better," said an older voice; "he will go to the good God, and that is the place for all the miserable."

"No, no, he won't kill him," said another. "Maitre Joseph was not born yesterday. The child is worth too much to him."

"That is true, but someone ought nevertheless to interfere. For me, I wish it well; but everyone knows that Maitre Joseph is my landlord."

"And as for me, my husband owes him money—that is a misfortune."

"It is M. le curé who ought to do it, but all the world knows he is also afraid of him."

At this point the attention of the villagers was diverted by the sight of a stranger—a middle-aged woman, who was coming along the road. Her head was tied up in a shawl, she was warmly and decently dressed, and she carried a bundle and walked with a stick. The women all turned and gazed at the traveller curiously, but she, with scarcely a glance, was passing them by, when one of them called out:—

"Good-evening, mother; who is it that you come to see in Auperre?"

"No one; I go to the hills," replied the stranger, pointing with her stick to where the white road melted away in the gloom of the evening.

The women threw up their hands. "But that is surely not possible! There is not a house, except the farm of Maitre Lebacq, for one cannot say how many kilomètres from here; and it is so late, and this

wind freezes one. But pray enter and rest, madame, if you have not made up your mind that we are barbarians, just to hear that poor little boy yonder, how he cries, and his cruel master, how he beats him."

At this the stranger, who had been gazing into the distance, riveted her eyes upon the speaker and advanced towards the group.

"What say you?—a little boy and someone beats him!"

"Yes, madame, just think—a child who is only eight years old, and who is also an orphan, and because he sleeps at his work his master beats him to make you shudder. But at least enter for a moment; provided you will not stay at the *auberge* for the night. You have but now passed it on the left, very clean and convenient, kept by the widow Jacquenot."

But the stranger did not hear the last words. She had turned and gone on her way. The women watched her till she came to the door of the smithy, and there, to their surprise, she stopped, and, after lingering a while, went in.

"Truly," said the last speaker, "one could not buy civility at that market—how droll she is! Where can she have come from?" and the tongues set to work on conjecture.

In the smithy the sorrowful sounds had ceased before the traveller reached the door. The blacksmith, a great brawny fellow, had turned to the finishing of a piece of work before giving up for the night, and was heating the iron which would soon resound to his vigorous strokes. At the bellows stood a little boy, shock-headed and bare-footed, his chest still heaving with the pitiful sobs of repressed trouble. Maitre Joseph perceived that someone was intercepting the failing light, and turning round saw the stranger.

"Pardon, monsieur, but will you allow me to warm myself by your fire?"

The blacksmith stared. The sight of a stranger in the out-of-the-way village was in itself surprising; but there was something peculiar in the new-comer's voice and in the melancholy, penetrating eyes with which she regarded him. Maitre Joseph knew how to be civil.

"Enter, madame," he said; "you are welcome."

The woman went up to the furnace and stood by the side of the lad, who turned upon her a curious yet frightened stare, while the blacksmith at his work plied his guest with questions, to which she replied very briefly. Her name was Goubet, she said; she came from a village some leagues away, and was going on to the hills to join her son. Meanwhile the gaze of the little boy increased in intensity, for he found himself the object of incomprehensible signs and gestures which the stranger gave expression to with her back turned to Maitre Joseph. In the changing gloom and glow, as the bellows

expanded and contracted, he was half-terrified, half-fascinated by this strange face that tried to make him—little Pierre, who was of no use but to pull the bellows and be beaten—understand something—what he could not tell. But he soon perceived it was something friendly. By-and-by the blacksmith went nearer the door, and under cover of the hammer strokes the Mère Goubet began to speak in a low, hurried whisper.

"See, then, little one; thou hast a cruel master, thou art miserable. Save thyself, then; come with me, and we will go to seek my little son, who is thy age exactly. Wilt thou?"

Little Pierre's eyes and mouth were wide open; he had no other language.

"Quick, then, tell me, is there a shed where one could spend the night down the road towards the hills, not close here?"

Pierre's eyes glittered with intelligence: he nodded.

"See, then, my child, I will await thee on the road. Get away at an early hour and run. Wilt thou?"

Again Pierre nodded. It was a kind voice that spoke to him, and it would be a fine thing not to pull the bellows nor be beaten any more. That was enough.

"Good-night, monsieur," said the Mère Goubet, passing the blacksmith on her way out; "I thank you for your goodness."

Maître Joseph watched her till the gloom swallowed her up.

"My faith!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "one would say she was mad."

In the early dawn of the following morning a wild little figure, shock-headed and bare-footed, fled down the same straight white road that led to the hills. Cleaving the chill grey mist, his small legs flying in the air, he sped along till, a couple of kilomètres on, he reached the outlying shed of an isolated farm-house. At the door Mère Goubet awaited him, peering out anxiously for his coming. She caught him by the arm and drew him in, sat down on a milking stool and looked at him with eyes whose depths of wistfulness redeemed her broad face from commonness.

"Thou hast never had a mother," she said at last; "one sees it in thy face. Thou hast never loved anyone, is that not so?"

Little Pierre answered as usual by a stare.

Mère Goubet roused herself. "Art thou hungry, my child?"

Pierre this time found a voice. "Yes, madame."

"Call me *ma mère*, wilt thou? I have some bread for thee." She produced a roll from her bundle and watched the lad as his sharp white teeth met in it greedily.

"*Allons, allons,*" she said, by-and-by, taking his hand, and they set off. For hours they trudged along the lonely road. Only once they met a living soul. The jingle of little bells came through the mist,

and a peasant woman appeared driving a small cart drawn by dogs. She had a can of milk, and Mère Goubet begged some for Pierre. The woman gave them both to drink willingly, and looked back over her shoulder for long after she had passed them.

The sun was already low when the travellers entered a village. But Mère Goubet did not stop. Pierre's experience had been one of irregular meals seasoned with cuffs, but he was now growing more hungry than seemed reasonable even to him. He remembered where the bread had come from that morning.

"Is there anything more to eat in your bundle, *ma mère*?" he asked insinuatingly.

"Ah, no," replied Mère Goubet; "wishest thou to see what is there?" She put the bundle on the low wall, and opened it. There were to be seen a top, a whip, a pair of small sabots, and some worsted stockings—nothing more. "My boy is a little delicate, you see; he must not go barefoot like thee." Pierre eyed the top and whip greedily. Mère Goubet tied up the bundle. "Go, then; they are not for thee, little one. They belong to my little son; we will find him, and thou and he shall play together so happily."

"What is your son's name?" asked Pierre, who on account of the toys now began to realise the existence of this little boy.

"His name is Jean; he is of thy age, but he is not at all like thee."

"Where are we going to find him?"

"To the hills yonder," and she pointed to the distance and then relapsed into silence, from which the voice of Pierre roused her. "I am hungry, *ma mère*."

"Ah, it is true; I forget; but what am I to do? I have not a sou, and thou hast not dined, poor child."

"Are you not, then, hungry also?"

"No, no; me, I eat nothing till I find my little one. Then I shall eat." Pierre was cute in his own way. He perceived it was necessary he should act for himself. They had but just left the village. He proposed they should go back and ask for food at the nearest house. Mère Goubet consented. He ran in front, and took the business in charge. The first house was a café; but a fat man in a blue blouse sent him off with a gesture as of kicking. The woman next door, however, called him back, gave him some hot coffee and some bread, and, looking out at the stranger-woman in the road, said, "Thy mother, she looks quite fatigued; do you think she would like some coffee?"

"For her, she eats not till she sees her little boy," replied Pierre seriously.

"What sayest thou? But that is folly," and she went out and made Mère Goubet drink a cup of coffee. She shook her head when she returned.

"There is something wrong there," said she, "but I know not what."

On they tramped. "I am cold," said Pierre.



"She produced a roll from her bundle."—p. 509.

Mère Goubet took off her cloak and wrapped it round him.

"Where shall we sleep?" asked Pierre.

"See," said Mère Goubet, "here is a haystack. Thou shalt creep into a little hole and sleep."

This was done, and Pierre slept till morning. He was awakened by Mère Goubet, who was shaking him. She looked as those do who have had no sleep. Her eyes were wild and bright, and her hands burning. "Come, if we are to reach the hills to-night it is necessary that we start."

That day passed much as the last. A crockery merchant travelling with a van gave them half his dinner. He looked at Mère Goubet sharply, and then turned to little Pierre and touched his forehead meaningly; but the boy did not understand.

The road now began to ascend. Night began to fall once more. Pierre's spirits had been sinking very low. He was worn out with fatigue and hunger. Mère Goubet seemed to feel neither. She was very kind to him, but there was a strangeness that oppressed him; he began to weep.

"Why weepest thou, my child?"

"Shall we never find your little boy so that we may have food and get warm?"

"But we go to find him certainly. Did I not tell thee that up there, where the hill touches the heaven, there we shall find him?"

"Why did your little boy go away?"

"How can I say? It was the good God doubtless that took him. He was my only one; ah, yes, my only one! I had three, and he was the youngest, and the others were gone."

"Where did they go?"

"They are dead, and also my husband, but that is long ago, and they say that my little Jean is also dead, but that is not true—I know it."

The road now descended into a ravine. The night had by degrees lightened mysteriously. It was the rising of the moon, which now came forth in solemn beauty over the hill before them, showing the masses of wood that clothed its sides and a château which

stood on the summit. Up its steep ascent they toiled, Pierre's tired feet lagging behind. He had ceased crying: the lonely, shelterless night was dreadful, for Mère Goubet frightened him. At last they reached the top. No more hills! A river lay far down below them.

"This is the top, *ma mère*, and there is here no Jean."

Pierre had no longer any expectation of it, but he wished to say something, for Mère Goubet was standing still, and her look was very strange. At that moment, from the lighted windows of the château near at hand there broke forth a sound of young voices singing. Mère Goubet threw up her arms and cried, "The good God be praised! It is my Jean!" and then she staggered and fell to the ground. Pierre, after a moment's stupefaction, knelt at her side, and tried to raise her head. "Speak to me, then," he cried; "what is the matter?" but there was no answer. Mère Goubet lay silent and motionless.

He got up and looked round. Where was help in that wild, lonely scene? For the first time Pierre felt emotions unconnected with his existence as a small wild animal. The awe which descends upon us from the Invisible came to him. Where was he? What had happened to Mère Goubet? and was that place heaven from which the children's voices still sounded forth? He hesitated, plucked up courage, and ran in the direction of the lighted château.

"Mad, absolutely mad, madame," said the old doctor, leaving the bedside of Mère Goubet. "The poor woman cannot live many days. It is an unhappy affair."

"Perhaps not so unhappy as one would say," replied the lady of the château, smiling, though tears were in her eyes. "She believes she is in heaven with her lost children, and soon it will be true. The sorrows of that poor heart are ended. One sees from the story of the little boy that it is a good woman; and I shall take pleasure in continuing the good work she has begun. I will put him to school."

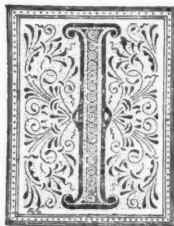
E. E. BEIGHTON.



SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

AT OUR FATHER'S FEET.



IN these days when eloquence and talent, alas! join hands to overthrow the foundations of our faith, when prayer is too often deemed a superstitious weakness, or a salutary exercise as calming the nerves of the feeble-minded, those who can bear witness to the existence of our prayer-hearing God should not be backward to declare what He has done for them. Let us give two instances of prayers most mercifully answered, that have lately come to our knowledge. For many long years a husband never once came home sober, and at last he left his hard-working wife nearly broken-hearted. She came under the notice of a Christian lady, who pointed her in her despair to the Almighty and All-pitying One. The two prayed together, and pleaded with God. "Two strange things have now happened," says our correspondent—a district visitor—"the woman was summoned by her husband to meet him where he works; she went there, and he astonished her by handing to her his wages. Next day he came home, and asked on entering the house if he should carry her up some coal. She cannot remember when last he offered to help her. Is not this *grand*?" So cries the visitor, who has seen her in her despair. Truly it would be hard to turn the thankful heart of this poor wife to scepticism now. The second instance may cheer some who, perchance, forget that there is One omnipotent still, even when vine and fig-tree wither. Despite the best efforts of the breadwinner, there was a home where husband and wife had reached their last coin, and yet extra expenses stared them in the face. The husband was away at work; the wife at home tried to be working too, but the hour of dread had come—perplexity, without one ray of help, surrounded her—her heart seemed broken. That morning of sickening fear she spent before God, simply pouring out the need and helplessness and end of personal resources, brokenly and with tears. She tried at mid-day to greet her husband with a smile, knowing he had to return to hard work. He knew nothing of those sobbing prayers, but what were his first words, that seemed almost to strike her dumb?—"Wife, I have good news for you; what do you think? I have had a present today—a money gift from my employers. Yes, it is true—I have longed to let you know all the morning." No wonder she was silent with wondering awe; even while she was pleading with tears through those hours spent alone with God, He

had taken compassion upon her, and the help had come.

THE MANCHESTER CITY MISSION.

"You are not frightened now?" was asked of a dying Welshman, who had been led to the Cross by the efforts of a humble companion.—"Oh, no, I am safe," he cried; "I *feel* I am safe, thank the Lord and John Jones!"—"You must only thank Heaven," was the reproving utterance of one standing by; but still the last words of the saved sinner were, "Thank the Lord and John Jones!" Our Saviour condescends to make use of human instrumentality, and, so far as mortal eyes can see, but for the efforts of "John Jones" that life must have been shipwrecked. Pity and prayer for the masses should go hand in hand with earnest *striving*; we long for them to hear the tidings of salvation, but how shall they hear unless some arise and go forth to them? So say our friends of the Manchester City Mission, an association that in that great second London is aiming to reach individual souls by means of cottage meetings, mission services, lodging-house visitation, factory meetings, etc. This Mission has laboured on since 1837, and reports many blessed results, though hundreds of souls untabulated here below are doubtless praising the Lord for its devoted work. To visit each home in Manchester once every two months 100 missionaries are wanted; about 80 are employed at present, and the 20 additional men mean about £2,000 every year—a large sum in the aggregate, but not heavy enough to be pronounced impossible by the Master's store-keepers. We take but one case from one phase of the work carried on, viz., hospital visitation. The missionary asked a girl lately admitted if she knew the Great Physician. "Oh, yes, sir; I have known Him for the last three years. I was a patient here three years ago, and you spoke to me then about my soul. All this time the Lord has been my help and comfort, and may He bless you for it!"

"HE IS EXCELLENT IN POWER AND IN JUDGMENT."

A smile gleamed here and there amid the faces of a decorous throng, as a Christian speaker told of one who found fault with the ordering of Creation, and pointed out, that had the arrangements been left to *him*, he could vastly have improved upon the present condition of nature. "Why should tiny acorns hang on a large, strong tree like the oak?" he said, disdainfully. "Common sense tells us that *pumpkins* should have grown on the oak, and the acorns on a weaker and less majestic branch." Having finished his discourse, the speaker resigned

himself to sleep, and sank into repose, as it happened, under the shadow of the oak. Suddenly he started up, putting his hand to his forehead in an agitated manner. A shower of acorns had fallen on his head, and, as he glanced ruefully up in the tree, he was constrained to exclaim, "Dear me! it is very fortunate, after all, that the oak bears acorns instead of pumpkins." By this homely narrative, the preacher pointed out that we are all too ready to lay down the course of events for ourselves, and to say, when a disappointment arrives, "Oh, if only so-and-so had taken place instead!" In practice we appear to forget that the minutest events, as well as those which we consider more important, are arranged by Him who is dealing with us individually in Almighty wisdom and love. Can we arrange them better than the King of heaven and earth, Who is

"too wise to err,
Too good to be unkind?"

"What are you making?" was asked of a workman engaged upon a tiny part of a material which looked far from comely. "The master has the pattern," was the contented reply, as the man went on singing over the little piece it was his task to accomplish. As yet we see but dimly the perfect pattern into which our God is shaping our circumstances day by day; but let us loyally, gladly believe that with Him mistakes are impossible, and that however crooked to our human vision may be the course of

it in cool lanes!" The pale faces of hundreds of business women in our towns and cities are proclaiming that *they*, too, need a truce from the daily round of care and work, and it is for such that the Holiday House of "Ferry Hollow," Babbacombe, has been instituted. Here, at a reasonable cost (in many cases partly met by subscribers), the beauties of Devonshire are revealed to charmed and brightening eyes. Think what it must be to weary shop-women, dressmakers, post-office clerks, etc., to lay down the daily routine for a while, and row, bathe, drive, and gather dewy ferns and moss. "I never picked a primrose in my life before," said a visitor to "Ferry Hollow," gathering the starry blossoms amid a flood of sunshine. It is now earnestly desired to *buy*, instead of *renting*, a suitable house, and any help towards this end will be most gratefully received by the Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe. To these ladies, members of the Committee, applications for admission, etc., should be addressed. In connection with this subject of cheering the monotony of the lives of some of our fellow-creatures, we note a recent suggestion, made by a lady, that some society or band of private people should start a movement for giving drives, during the sunny weather, to the aged and infirm. There are cripples, looking out daily on the same prospect, to whom even a turn of the chair is a welcome relief; would it not to such seem almost a glimpse of heaven to be borne through the sweet hedges, by the grassy meadows



BABBACOMBE.

events occasionally, the Lord hath done *all* things well, and *all* things are working together for good to the flock of His care.

A TRUCE FROM TOIL

"Must I ever," asks Dr. Mackay, "climb up the hill-tops of endeavour? I need a truce—I will have

and singing streamlets, and to feel the fresh breezes blowing new life to their hearts? We commend the thought to friends possessing conveyances, reminding them that to little children, too, a few minutes' drive is a God-send. Does not one of our modern writers describe the glee of such an impromptu lift to poor children, given by a *costermonger*? He filled his

cart with children and pushed behind, "while the donkey in front pulled them along the street."

SELF-DENIAL PENNIES.

"A farthing given through self-denial is better than one shilling received from others." So think the Medical Mission helpers, and we fully hold with them that the children's "self-denial pennies" will bless not only the patients helped thereby, but each little, willing, cheerful heart that gives. We all know the story of the boy with two pennies, who, losing one, explained that it was the *missionary* penny he had lost. Now we want to banish this sort of spirit from our juveniles, and make them feel it a joyful privilege, rather than a duty, to offer to the Lord of their substance. In our own experience we have found that children do not care to give to a cause with which they have no intimate relation; but supply them regularly with news on the subject, make them understand exactly what they are helping, and they are usually far more ready and eager to have a hand in the work than their seniors. Miss Butler, 104, Petherton Road, Highbury, N., will put any number of young folks into the way of helping on the Children's Medical Missionary Society. "I don't know where the sick children are," said a little maiden in a home of luxury; but Miss Butler knows, and knows where money, clothes, scrap-books, etc., are greatly needed. Why, we read of tiny children helping the Medical Mission by going out in the fields white with ox-eye daisies, and making bunches for the sick, and even a wee dot of two brought some "flowers for sick dildren."

THE NOBLER CHIVALRY.

One of the many branches of the London City Mission is a work amongst the employés of clubs and

hotels. "In the front halls," says the missionary, "there are only a few porters and pages to be seen, but there are large numbers of servants hidden away in the basement, and my work is to find out these hidden ones." There are many difficulties and hindrances in such an endeavour; but during the past year not one club has been closed against this servant of Christ. In one hotel alone there are about one

hundred and fifty servants; henceforth even the humblest cannot say, "No man cared for my soul." Many who were once indifferent or insulting now pour their confidences into the missionary's ear, having grown to look upon him as a real friend. One who came to London from a Christian home has sunk into a state of bitter unbelief—perhaps his surroundings have shadowed his spirit, for all day long he travels with a lift up and down a gloomy well. Of course this kind of work has to be done, and he is paid for it, but such positions are depressing, and the touch of Christian sympathy is needed indeed to brighten



GATHERING FLOWERS FOR THE SICK CHILDREN.

the shadows. A cheering account is given of workhouse ministrations. The missionaries tell of a virago who has become gentle and lamblike through God's saving grace, and of a woman who, at eighty years old, blessed them for telling her of the love of Jesus—of every facility given by the chaplain and nurses, and likewise of great need for additional labourers. Speaking of Hackney Infirmary, it is said that many of the patients in the convalescent ward show true signs of penitence, but find themselves discarded by their friends. Great good might be done if some Christian friend, possessing tact as well as ardour, could take them by the hand when such impressions are fresh, and try to effect a reconciliation.

"To heal the aching wounds of sin—
To find the lost—to lead them in—
Say, who would not a brother be
In this, the nobler chivalry?"

MALE NURSES.

An old adage bids the sick man call for three physicians, "Dr. Quiet, Dr. Merryman, and Dr. Diet." Unfortunately these doctors are not always within reach, and it remains for the calm, cheery, prudent nurse to take care that their ministrations are available. Well-educated ladies are now taking up nursing as a profession, and a grander, more important calling can scarcely be imagined. "The care of the sick," says Mrs. Marsh, "devolves on women, and gentleness, firmness, judgment, delicacy of feeling, and a truly Christian spirit, are the characteristics which best adapt a woman for the fulfilment of such duties." The Hamilton Association has been formed for providing trained *male* nurses; its motto is "Thorough," and it supplies a want which must be apparent to all. There are special cases where a male attendant is far more suitable, and a man's superior strength, combined with delicate care, is often of very great advantage. In the army there has been considerable and successful experience of male nursing. Of course this association does not oppose or supersede woman's work beside the sick-bed, but doctors and patients alike feel at times the need of an attendant of their own sex, and the report of this newly founded society is most encouraging. Male nursing will doubtless become a valuable complement to the feminine ministrations, which we cannot over-value.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.



MISS ROBINSON.
(From a Photograph by Symonds and Co.,
Portsmouth.)

who lights lamps in dark places, who brightens human hearts, and makes dull lives bright and shining." Such a one is Miss Robinson, of the Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute; her heart went out to aid and bless our soldiers, when few thought even of noticing them. "You must be Miss Robinson," said an astonished soldier once to a lady who addressed him kindly; "nobody else would speak to a soldier."

"What is the meaning of the word *philanthropist*?" we asked once of our Sunday-school class. Only one of the boys ventured upon an explanation. "Somebody as lights lamps."—"You are right," we answered, not to discourage his eagerness; "but not *street* lamps. A philanthropist is a kind person

Every possible scheme that kindness and sympathy can suggest seems to have shared in Miss Robinson's thoughts: ships are visited, soldiers and their families lodged and boarded, services are held, lectures are delivered; there are baths, night-schools, Bible-classes, etc., and lately two new agencies have been started—a colporteur with Bible and book cart, and a deaconess to live in the "Blue Ribbon Coffee Tavern," and to specially endeavour to help the intemperate. The Sailors' and Soldiers' Institute, Alexandria, Egypt, is an outcome of the Portsmouth work: several ladies have gone out there to help, and the men seem thankful indeed for the many good influences of the place.

"THOU HAST GIVEN A BANNER TO THEM
THAT FEAR THEE."

The brother of Rowland Hill strongly objected to his open-air preaching, and on one occasion took a journey to dissuade him from this practice. He found the preacher surrounded by a vast audience of sons of toil, whose faces showed that the name of Jesus had reached deep down to their hearts. Mr. Hill was so moved and affected by the sight of the listening throng that he quietly joined them, and when his brother, perceiving him, gave out, "Mr. Richard Hill will preach here to-morrow," he could utter no protest, but gave himself to a work which, it was manifest, was owned and blessed by God. In some respects, it is far more difficult to preach in the open air than in an ordinary place of worship; there is much to distract the attention, and, at any time, if the preacher does not interest, the congregation can walk away. Yet the Open-Air Mission (of which Mr. Gawin Kirkham is secretary) tells of very successful and encouraging labours, the prospects of which are "bright as the promises of God." Opponents have often presented themselves, but as a rule the preachers obtain quiet attention, and there are many testimonies as to the power of the sword of the Spirit. "Christ won't come to my heart—I'm too black a sinner," said a rough-looking fellow hanging about in the crowd. He was earnestly pointed to the Saviour, but the case could not be followed up, as he was going about in search of work. Some months after this man was found in the infirmary, asking to hear the story of the Prodigal Son. "I am not afraid to die," he said, and he told how, at the open-air service, he had been aroused by the singing of the hymn, "Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus."—"We firmly believe," say those who visited him, "he is now present with the Lord."

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

What a sense of calm steals over us as we wander away from the haunts of men to the banks of some golden rivulet, tree-shadowed, among the moss-lands, where woodbine and starry wild flowers are twining round, and grasses and ferns hang over upon the

dewy brink ! Across the old, worn stepping-stones murmurs the

"Shallow river to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;"

and our hearts take part in the quiet, echoing hymn. Not vainly these little, glittering wavelets are gliding onward ; God has a use and purpose even for these trickling, tuneful waters. Blessing and blest, the river flows on, bearing new life to herb and tree, gladdening the children who play around



its tide, and refreshing the patient kine that come wearied to its margin. Heaven make our own daily lives as rich in helpfulness and worth as the pure, heaving bosom of this peaceful stream ! It has been said that the river passes to the ocean like human life to endless slumber ; rather are we constrained to say "like life to eternal beauty." The glory of the ocean is not *sleep*—its majesty is not inaction. The

eternity to which we glide is not unconscious torpor, but a wide, unbounded prospect of unshadowed joy, to the extent of which our present lives are as a drop of this streamlet to ocean's depths. Heaven grant we forget not how surely, how certainly the current of each day is bearing us on to that vast Hereafter ! We would fain linger long among these osiers and forget-me-nots, where the week-day noon seems Sabbath beside the chanting waters ; here, where even the shadows are kindly and tender, we realise the sweetness of the Psalmist's words, "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

BOARD-SCHOOL CHILDREN'S FREE DINNERS.

The readers of THE QUIVER will be glad to hear that the work which they liberally helped at its commencement, four years ago, continues to spread and prosper. In response to an appeal for starving Board-school children, they generously contributed nearly £100. At that date there were only two or three free dinner-tables laid for the famishing little ones ; now there are twenty-one connected with this particular effort. It will be remembered that it was made to feed such as could not learn for lack of bodily nourishment. Last year 70,406 children were so fed, and the testimony of teachers is strong as strong can be to the benefit conferred both mentally and corporeally on the exhausted brains and attenuated frames of the children. These are for the most part the offspring of widows, men out of work, and invalids, and each case is sifted as far as possible. The Report for 1886, now before us, is full of pitiful cases of terrible privation, and if the readers would learn how their kind donations have been applied, let them write to the foundress of the dinners, Mrs. Pennington, 5, Alexandra Road, South Hampstead, N.W., for the said Report. It will enlighten their minds as to the need of continual aid, if enlightenment should be necessary.

OUR ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

NAMES of candidates for admission to this Order continue to pour in day by day, and we have been compelled to add an extra half-sheet to this month's issue in order to make space for the long list of over 1,000 names which, at the date of going to press, have accrued since our last list was completed. Even now some hundreds of names are standing over, being crowded out of our present number. These will appear in their turn during the next three or four months.

CLOSE OF THE REGISTER.—As soon as 3,000 names have been received the Register of the Order

will, until further notice, be closed to all excepting members of the First Class, *i.e.*, those who have been in their present situations twenty-five years and upwards. The prize fund is now entirely exhausted, and medals will in future be sent only to such cases as may be decided on from time to time. It is anticipated that the third thousand will have been completed long before this paper is published.

PRESENTATION TO THE PATRON OF THE ORDER.—The suggestion that a gold brooch-medal of the Order might be presented to Her Royal Highness the patron of the Order was enthusiastically taken up,

and in a very short time the whole cost was defrayed by a penny subscription, leaving a balance sufficient to provide for the preparation of a beautifully illuminated address, to accompany the brooch. The following is the text of the address which Her Royal Highness graciously consented to receive:—

To Her Royal Highness THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
Patron of the Order of Honourable Service.

May it please your Royal Highness,—

We, the Members of this Order of Honourable Service, at this date 2,021 in number, who have served in our present situations as Domestic Servants from seven to sixty-two years, beg most humbly to offer for Your Royal Highness's gracious acceptance the accompanying Gold Brooch, formed of the Medal of the Order, the result of a penny subscription amongst all classes of servants included in the Roll of Members, as an expression of our deep gratitude to Your Royal Highness for consenting to be our Patron.

We earnestly hope and pray that Your Royal Highness may long be preserved to preside over our Order, and with our most loyal and humble duty and service we remain Your Royal Highness's ever obedient and grateful servants.

Signed, on behalf of the 2,021 Members of the said Order,

THE EDITOR OF THE QUIVER, Registrar.

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.,

March 29, 1887.

In response to this, the Editor has received the following reply:—

CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR PARK.

April 20, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

I am directed by Princess Christian to convey her very best thanks for the beautiful address and the pretty brooch which were brought here yesterday by your special messenger.

Her Royal Highness will be much obliged by your being good enough to express to the Members who have subscribed to them how much she values these marks of kindly feeling, and how greatly she appreciates the thought which prompts the subscribers to make her the offer of the Brooch Medal of the

Servants' Order, which the Princess much admires.—
Believe me, yours faithfully,

GEORGE GRANT GORDON.
Lt.-Col.

The Editor of THE QUIVER.

In conclusion, the Editor can only repeat his expressions of thankfulness that the movement inaugurated in these pages has been so happy in its



THE ILLUMINATED ADDRESS.

results. At the time the Order was instituted, no one ever dreamed that so great a number of domestic servants would be qualified by length of service for admission to the Order, still less that so large a proportion of those admitted should have a record of more than a quarter of a century. This result shows that long and faithful service, united in many instances with deep affection and heroic self-sacrifice, is not so exceedingly rare as many have hitherto believed.

FOURTH LIST—INCLUDING ALL NAMES ENROLLED FROM FEBRUARY 15TH TO MARCH 31ST, 1887, INCLUSIVE.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS. (Over 50 Years' Service.)			DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS—Continued.			DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS—Continued.		
Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.	Name.	Address.	Years.	Name.	Address.	Years.
* ATKINSON, JAMES	Shirburn Castle.	62	* GREEN, GRACE	Bolton.	54	* THURGOOD, JAMES	Hertford.	53
* ASHLEY, SARAH	Hartfieldham.	64	* GREGORY, THOMAS	Whitchurch, Salop.	55	* TAYLOR, ANN	Bolton.	54
* BARFOOT, ANN	Haslemere.	55	* HUGH, MARY	Cowbridge.	52	* WHITE, MARY	Bristol.	52
* BAKER, JANE	Wisebech.	59	* HOWE, WILLIAM	Weston Turville.	50			
* BRACH, SARAH	North Elmham.	52	* HARMER, SUSANNA	Folkestone.	53	FIRST CLASS MEMBERS.		
* BALDWIN, ANN	London, W.	51	* JEFFRIES, ANNA M.	Wolverhampton.	50	(Between 25 and 50 Years' Service.)		
* CLIFFORD, JOHN	Marlbrough.	50	* JUPP, FRANCIS	Cheltenham.	57	+ Agent, Eliza	Clapham, S.W.	20
* CREBER, SARAH	Plymouth.	51	* KEARS, THOMAS	Godalming.	50	+ Bowers, Elizabeth	Hythe, Kent.	40
* CRESIDY, MARY	London, S.W.	50	* MCALLISTER, MARY			+ Branch, Elizabeth	Loddon.	31
* DAVIES, MARGARET	Wigan.	50	* GARET	Ballymena.	50	+ Beer, Maria	Heene.	32
* EYKES, HESTER	Salisbury.	57	* ROWLEY, ELIZABETH	Broomie.	52	+ Baguley, George	Leicester.	30
* FARHAM, JOHN	Woods-worth, S.W.	50	* RANSOM, CHARLOT.	Hastings.	50	+ Bartlett, Sophia	Ambrook, Devon.	30
* GRIFFITHS, CHAR-			* RELF, CHARLES	Holt.	56	+ Blackford, Eliza	London, W.	33
LOTTE	Wrexham.	54	* SAUL, WILLIAM	Waterloo, Liver-		+ Butler, William	Sutton, Cambs.	27
			* TINGLEY, ANN	pool.		+ Batcock, Mary	Mitcham.	27
			* TAPPENDEN, SARAH	Hythe, Kent.	52			

FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued

Name.	Address.	Year.
Travis, Johanna D.	London, S.W.	
Taylor, John	Wymondham, Bath.	
Thomas, Mary	London, W.	
Taylor, Elizabeth	Botus Fleming.	
Vian, Caroline	London, S.W.	
Wright, Hannah M.	London, S.W.	
Wood, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	
Wells, Charlotte	London, N.W.	
Wilkinson, Alfred	Chesham B-Is.	
Williams, Margaret	London, W.C.	
Wright, William	London, S.W.	
Wilkins, Sarah	East Sheen, S.W.	
Wastell, Helen E.	Brighton	
Wright, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	
Wellen, William H.	Walton-on-Thames, Linspeid.	
Waldron, Mary Ann	Holt.	
Woodhouse, Brown	London, S.W.	
Wilson, Elizabeth	Calverley.	
White, Ann	Southampton.	
World, Susanna	Southport.	
White, Mary	London, S.W.	
Wilson, Ann	Glasgow.	
Wren, Hannah	Tottenham, N.	
Warren, Clara	Bristol.	
ORDINARY MEMBERS.		
(7 Years' and under 25 Years Service.)		
Asheroff, Margaret	St. Helens, Lancs.	
Anthony, Sarah E.	Hakin.	
Andrews, Elizabeth	Blackheath, S.E.	
Ashton, Jane	Bradford, Wita.	
Abel, Alice	Brookley, S.E.	
Allen, Emma	Gravesend.	
Atkinson, Mary J.	London, S.W.	
Amis, Elizabeth	Gorleston.	
Adlam, Mary Anne	Bristol.	
Abraham, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	
Adams, Elizabeth	Luton.	
Ausell, Sarah	Hampstead.	
Allen, Esther	London, W.	
Alexander, Caroline	London, W.	
M.		
Aselli, Martha	Leicester.	
Arnall, Eliza H.	Tringham.	
Allen, Anne	Halesworth.	
Adamson, Robert	Hampton, Ches.	
Alia, Aeneas Tait	Stamford.	
Allison, Margaret	Glasgow.	
Ager, Mary	Derby.	
Andrews, Mary Ann	Trimpington.	
Adams, Hannah	Northampton.	
Akis, Emma	Walsley, S.W.	
Armstrong, Anna	Walsley, S.W.	
Armstrong, Sarah	Newmarket.	
Butlin, Anne	London, N.	
Blaik, Mary Ann	Blackheath, S.E.	
Butte, Louisa	London, S.W.	
Burrows, A.	Brixton, S.W.	
Buckingham, Emma	London, S.E.	
M.		
Blackman, Louisa	Eynsham.	
Blanchard, Eliza	London, S.W.	
Brookley, Eliza	Brookley, S.E.	
Blackburn, Joseph	London, S.W.	
Bright, Hester	Alverthorpe Hall.	
Bray, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	
Bullock, Mary Jane	Chesham B-Is.	
Buckland, Emma	Bristol.	
Beauchamp, Ann R.	Bristol.	
Bolton	Walsley, S.W.	
Baker, Caroline	Walsley, S.W.	
Bone, Emma	Brighton.	
Brown, Mary Ann	Walsley, S.W.	
Burgess, Mary	Walsley, S.W.	
Bruce, Elizabeth	Walsley, S.W.	
Brockley, Bessie	Walsley, S.W.	
Brown, Elizabeth	Walsley, S.W.	
Burgess, Mary Ann	Walsley, S.W.	
Burke, Susan	Walsley, S.W.	
Bruce, John	Walsley, S.W.	
Basford, Caroline	Walsley, S.W.	
Boniface, Elizabeth	Walsley, S.W.	
Bond, Christian	Walsley, S.W.	
Braid, Sarah S.	Walsley, S.W.	
Bowering, Mary Ann	Walsley, S.W.	
Bird, Jane	Walsley, S.W.	
Boddington, Marie	Walsley, S.W.	
Boddington, Harriet	Walsley, S.W.	
Burgess, Emily	Walsley, S.W.	
Bond, Catherine	Walsley, S.W.	
Beck, Louis M.	Walsley, S.W.	
Bell, William H.	Walsley, S.W.	
Brundridge, Eliza	Walsley, S.W.	
Boutter, Emma	Walsley, S.W.	
Birt, Sarah Anne	Walsley, S.W.	
Barker, Eliza	Walsley, S.W.	
Blaik, Mary Ann	Walsley, S.W.	
Blades, Hannah	Walsley, S.W.	
Brown, Louisa	Walsley, S.W.	
Bick, Susan	Walsley, S.W.	
Barrett, Charlotte	Walsley, S.W.	
Bailes, Sarah E.	Walsley, S.W.	
Burgess, George E.	Walsley, S.W.	
Burton, Ann	Walsley, S.W.	
Biddle, Elizabeth	Walsley, S.W.	
Baker, Harriet	Walsley, S.W.	
Banthorpe, Hannah	Walsley, S.W.	
Burt, Mary	Walsley, S.W.	
Bickley, Susan	Walsley, S.W.	
Burton, Emily	Walsley, S.W.	
Bovis, Eliza Sarah	Walsley, S.W.	
Bond, Elizabeth	Walsley, S.W.	
Ballance, Tom	Walsley, S.W.	
Bartlett, Edith	Walsley, S.W.	
Barnett, Lydia Ann	Walsley, S.W.	

(7 Years' and under 25 Years' Service.

[illegible]

OUR ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

519

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
+ Byers, Catherine	Edinburgh.	18
+ Bringle, Rebecca	Dowham Market.	15
+ Brooks, Charlotte	Aldbury.	12
+ Brule, Elizabeth	Weymouth.	22
+ Brown, Elizabeth	Huddersfield.	20
+ Bully, Hannah	London, S.W.	12
+ Boniface, Clara Ann	Tunbridge.	18
+ Bowden, Harriett	Clifton.	15
+ Carter, Mary H.	Wandsworth, S.W.	9
+ Clark, Jessie M.	London, W.	12
+ Chamberlain, Emily	Bromsgrove.	17
+ Clayton, Mary	Southport.	8
+ Cunningham, Eliza	Southport.	11
+ Constable, Charles	St. Leonards.	8
+ Cain, Sarah	Christ's Hospital.	11
+ Comber, Sarah	London, W.	16
+ Cade, Agnes	St. Neots.	14
+ Clay, Ann	Ellesmere.	14
+ Clay, Jane	Ellesmere.	21
+ Cant, Sarah R.	London, W.	21
+ Curnow, Mary Ann	Bedford.	11
+ Cooper, William	London, W.C.	8
+ Capp, Ada	High Barnet.	8
+ Chamberlain, jun.	Tunbridge Wells.	24
+ Caterill, Elizabeth	London, N.W.	7
+ Curtis, Mary	St. Columb.	22
+ Carter, Deborah	Clifton.	12
+ Carter, Eliza	Godmanchester.	22
+ Cullum, Ellen Maria	Coney Weston.	14
+ Coll, James	Walsby.	14
+ Coombs, Eliza E.	Pratton.	14
+ Campbell, Maggie	Edinburgh.	12
+ Chetleburgh, Esth.	Weybridge.	14
+ Care, Charlotte	Clifton, S.W.	17
+ Carter, Ellen	Streatham.	17
+ Carvill, Francis	Thorpe Maudeville.	13
+ Cripps, Mary Ann	London, N.	13
+ Carson, Elizabeth	West Dulwich.	13
+ Cooper, Hannah E.	Redhill.	21
+ Crossing, L. Lisa	Westminster.	10
+ Calder, Sarah Ann	Moseley.	10
+ Corbett, Letitia	Bicester.	10
+ Cross, Charlotte	Canterbury.	10
+ Crouch, Rebecca	Canterbury.	10
+ Crouch, Elizabeth	Canterbury.	10
+ Clark, Hepzibah M.	Lymington.	10
+ Curtis, Emily	Walsby.	10
+ Carter, Elizabeth	Croydon.	10
+ Comfort, Mary	London, W.	9
+ Caddy, Mehetabel	London, W.	9
+ Clarke, Mary Anne	Clifton, S.W.	18
+ Combes, Esther	Weybridge.	10
+ Chambers, Emma	Worthing.	10
+ Churcher, Elizabeth	Clifton, Victoria.	10
+ Clark, Jane	Edinburgh.	10
+ Cogger, Mary	Shere.	10
+ Cate, Emma	Old Trafford.	10
+ Cooper, Mary Ann	Harley Wespall.	10
+ Cooper, Eva Ann	London, W.	24
+ Collis, Emma	London, S.W.	24
+ Cumper, Alice	London, S.W.	24
+ Cornell, John Robt.	Virginia Water.	17
+ Cotton, Emma	Adelaide.	17
+ Cotton, Annie	Adelaide.	17
+ Coventry, Ann	Clifton, S.W.	17
+ Cumley, Mary	London, W.	17
+ Crosby, Sarah	London, W.	17
+ Clow, A. Emma	London, S.W.	22
+ Churchill, Eliza A.	Tunbridge.	22
+ Cole, Charles	Newmarket.	11
+ Collins, Sarah	London, S.W.	11
+ Drake, Emma	Wimbledon.	11
+ Dalton, Alice	Starcross.	21
+ Danney, Jane	Wimbledon.	21
+ Deacon, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	11
+ Davies, Jessie	London, S.W.	11
+ Dickeson, Eliza	London, N.E.	11
+ Davis, Sarah Jane	London, W.	15
+ Douse, Jane	Clifton.	15
+ Doughty, Catherine	Birkenhead.	15
+ Davies, Mary Jane	St. Albans.	19
+ Dayson, Sarah A.	London, S.E.	10
+ Davis, Annie Phoebe	Macleshield.	17
+ Davis, Sarah	London, N.	17
+ Du Lien, Charl. E.	Brighton.	11
+ Dye, Ann Maria	Brighton.	11
+ Davis, Elizabeth	London, W.	18
+ Doyle, Theresa	Manchester.	18
+ Davis, Sarah	Peterborough.	11
+ Denman, Annie	Dorking.	11
+ Drake, Joseph	Richmond, S.W.	7
+ Decombe, Jane	Bristol.	20
+ Dakin, Sarah Ann	Derby.	20
+ Davis, Susanna	Bournemouth.	20
+ Davies, Lucy	Chilton-cum-Hardy.	24
+ Davies, Sarah	Newport, Mon.	24
+ Dealey, Emma	Taunton.	24
+ Deley, Lydia Maria	Clifton, S.W.	15
+ Davies, Caroline	London, S.E.	15
+ Dawson, Rebecca	London, S.E.	15
+ Elliott, Annie	Up. Norwood, S.E.	11
+ East, David	North Curry.	11
+ Everest, Edith	London, W.	13
+ Evans, Thomas	Brighton.	13
+ Egar, Sarah	London, W.	13
+ Elsegood, Mary Ann	Totnes.	18
+ Elliott, Susan Emily	Southampton.	18
+ Eastwood, Martha	Tringham.	8
+ Evans, Margaret	Eggsbury.	8
+ Eccleston, Georgina	Halesworth.	8
+ Elte, Merella	Chert-cum-Hardy.	8
+ Ellis, Abigail	Winford.	20
+ Edwards, Harry H.	Langton.	9

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
+ Edgar, Betsy	Cockermouth.	18
+ Edwards, Mary Ann	Clifton.	14
+ Edgar, Annie	Leigh-on-Buzzard.	14
+ Fishley, Amelia	Port Isaac.	20
+ Fort, Mary Ann K.	Shore.	21
+ Fisher, Mary Ann	Bodmin.	15
+ Farr, Eliza	Farnborough.	15
+ Fearn, Alfred	London, W.	22
+ Field, Alice	Wandsworth.	12
+ Fullarton, K. Zina	Norwich.	24
+ Fitchew, Frances	Bradley.	16
+ Fowley, Emma	Haslemere.	12
+ Fullarton, K. Zina	Norwich.	24
+ Fitchew, Frances	Bradley.	16
+ Facer, Mary Ann	Leicester.	23
+ Frost, Mary Ann	Brixton, S.W.	9
+ Faulkner, Elizabeth	Bedford.	16
+ Ferguson, Catherine	Dollar, N.B.	10
+ Freckingham, Ellen	Leicester.	12
+ Fawcett, Elizabeth	Leigh-on-Buzzard.	7
+ Flack, Eliza	Bury St. Edmunds.	23
+ Flowerday, Charlotte	Guildford.	17
+ Filer, Mary Ann	Norwood, S.E.	11
+ Franklin, Lydia	Bedford.	19
+ Figgess, Ann	Bournemouth.	22
+ Flint, Mary Elzibth.	Kirk Ella.	10
+ Fletcher, Flora M.	Dorset.	17
+ Foulger, Clara	Ipwich.	10
+ Figgins, Leonora S.	Fareham.	7
+ Franklin, Louise	London, S.E.	10
+ Gilbert, Eleanor	London, S.E.	6
+ Guard, Elizabeth	London, S.E.	11
+ Gerton, Thomas	Broome.	21
+ Godden, Fanny	Helensburgh, N.B.	22
+ Godwin, Edward	Clifton, S.W.	22
+ Guy, Charlotte E.	Clifton, S.W.	21
+ Glen, Agnes	Dunfermline, N.B.	8
+ Groves, Ellen	Cheltenham.	10
+ Goodman, Sarah	Battersea, S.W.	21
+ A.	Canterbury.	11
+ Gutteridge, Wm.	Canterbury.	11
+ Graham, Catherine	Lower Brompton.	20
+ Godley, Harriet	Blackheath, S.E.	20
+ Grove, Selina	London, S.W.	20
+ Gower, Emma	London, W.C.	20
+ Goodman, Elizabeth	Penge, S.E.	7
+ Gumble, Fanny	London, S.W.	10
+ Green, Maria C.	Falkirk, N.B.	10
+ Griffiths, Sarah	Shirhampton.	8
+ Gulland, Louise	Wandsworth, S.W.	9
+ Grubb, Herbert	Malvern Wells.	12
+ Gulvin, John	East Sheen.	12
+ Gostling, Adelaide	Harwich.	11
+ Goldsmid, Rebecca	London, N.W.	7
+ Griggs, Lizzie	London, N.W.	7
+ Gibbs, Sarah	Picknor.	22
+ Garner, Edward	London, W.	12
+ Goodfellow, Elzibth	London, W.	12
+ Gee, Maria	Bexley Heath.	12
+ Guider, Emma	London, S.W.	12
+ Goodman, Mary Ann	Mortlake, S.W.	12
+ Givings, George	Rochampton, S.W.	14
+ Gukenham, Maria	London, W.	8
+ Gay, Elizabeth	Bristol.	8
+ Gray, Charlotte	Toll Gavel.	12
+ Gains, Maria S.	London, S.W.	12
+ Greig, Margaret	Aberdeen.	22
+ Griffith, Ellen A.	Taunton.	22
+ Griesdale, Mary A.	Weybridge.	22
+ Gilbert, Harriet	Leighton Buzzard.	21
+ Gilchrist, Mary	Hampstead, N.W.	11
+ Good, Elizabeth	Wymondham.	7
+ Gorden, Alice	Oxford.	7
+ Higgs, Maria	Wimbledon.	8
+ Hunt, Elizabeth	London, W.	8
+ Harpley, Rebecca	Richmond, Surrey.	14
+ Hodge, Thomas	Clifton, S.W.	14
+ Hunt, Fanny	Clifton, S.W.	14
+ Harvey, Emma	St. Leonards.	15
+ Heath, Emily	Brighton, S.W.	9
+ Harding, Samuel	London, W.C.	14
+ Hentley, Sarah	Ellesmere.	14
+ Hawken, Mary Ann	Bridlington Quay.	19
+ Hempell, Elzibth	Hinckley.	9
+ Hodges, Elizabeth	Widborne.	9
+ Hayler, Sarah	Widborne.	9
+ Henson, Harriet	London, W.	11
+ Higgins, Jane	Ilkley.	11
+ Hetherington, Anne	Lay, Anna Mary.	11
+ Hurd, Rosa	Wrentham.	14
+ Howard, Maria	Hereford.	24
+ Hill, Jane	Hereford.	24
+ Hare, Susannah A.	London, E.	12
+ Harding, Ellen	Gravesend.	12
+ Hartley, Sarah Eliza	Bradley.	12
+ Heeson, Mary	Brough.	15
+ Holman, Emily J.	London, W.	15
+ Howes, Alice	Bristol.	15
+ Hughes, Sarah	Dunster.	14
+ Hayward, Maria	London, W.	11
+ Harris, Florence	Primley.	9
+ Hall, Mary	London, W.	19
+ Holliday, Mary	Milnburg.	19
+ Harding, Rhoda	Adlington.	13
+ Harley, Sarah Ann	Bradley.	13
+ Hoyle, Mary Jane	London, S.W.	16
+ Holland, Fanny	London, S.W.	16
+ Heading, Sarah J.	London, S.W.	16
+ Hopkirk, Charlotte	Langbank, N.B.	11
+ Henderson, Mary	Edinburgh.	14
+ Holden, Alice Jane	Batham, S.W.	14
+ Hillyard, Grace	Edgbaston.	10
+ Hiron, Esther	Edgbaston.	10

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
+ Hooper, Emily	Edgbaston.	14
+ Hunter, Louisa	London, S.W.	19
+ Hayden, Mary Ann	London, S.W.	19
+ Harvey, Julia	Dorchester, Oxon.	20
+ Holt, Stella	Blackheath, S.E.	20
+ Husley, Martha	Cockburnspath, N.B.	20
+ Harley, Mary Ann	Ipswich.	20
+ Hogg, Mary	Ipswich.	20
+ Hunt, Hannah	London, W.	15
+ Hall, Susan	Cockburnspath, N.B.	15
+ Hewling, Harriet	Bradford.	22
+ Hobbs, Sophia	Portsea.	17
+ Harris, Mary Jane	Bradford.	19
+ Handley, Sarah Ann	Canterbury.	16
+ Huxton, Frances	Everton.	23
+ Hanson, George	Tringham.	11
+ Hodgman, Mary	Widborne Walls.	12
+ Higginson, Jane	Farnworth.	19
+ Hockley, Alice	London, N.	7
+ Hoyle, Hannah	Ealing, W.	14
+ Holland, Alice	Southport.	20
+ Hu, Catherine	Lisburn.	16
+ Harknett, John A.	London.	10
+ Hummerston, Mary	Wotton, Werts.	10
+ Hunt, Caroline	London, W.	21
+ Higgins, Mary Jane	Tottenham.	12
+ Hain, Mary	London, S.W.	22
+ Harrison, Emma	Margate.	8
+ Hunt, Emily	St. Boswells, N.B.	22
+ Hooper, Jane	Exeter.	20
+ Hamlyn, Jane	Widborne.	14
+ Harbottle, Elzibth.	Pendleton.	14
+ Harding, Lucy	Exeter.	20
+ Hall, Ann	London, W.	7
+ Ireland, Martha	London, W.	7
+ Irish, Mary	London, W.	11
+ Irwin, Mary Ann	Wotton Wells.	12
+ Jenkins, Mary Ellen	Scilly.	13
+ Jenkins, Sophia	Rochester.	8
+ Jordan, Sarah Ann	Wotton, W.C.	14
+ Jones, Harriet	Leicester.	10
+ Johnson, Mary	Leicester.	10
+ Jones, Hannah	Blackburn.	22
+ Jones, Elizabeth	Marlock.	20
+ Johnson, Eliza	Ranchey.	13
+ Jones, Isabella	Ealing, W.	23
+ Jay, Maria	Clifton.	23
+ Joyner, Charlotte M.	London, W.	21
+ Jones, David	Moseley.	21
+ Jinks, Mary	Edgbaston.	10
+ Jakeman, Hannah	Whitchurch, Salop.	17
+ Jones, Catherine	Whitchurch, Salop.	13
+ Jenkins, Mary Ellen	Whitchurch, Salop.	13
+ Jones, Elizabeth	Whitchurch, Salop.	13
+ Jones, Martha	Whitchurch, Salop.	13
+ Jordan, Sarah Ann	Whitchurch, Salop.	13
+ Jefferys, Rebecca	Godstone Green.	14
+ Jarvis, Susanna	Clifton.	14
+ Jolly, James	Wotton Wells.	10
+ Jones, Hannah	Wotton Wells.	10
+ King, James	Bonchurch, L.W.	22
+ Knott, Mary Ann	Pendleton.	8
+ Knight, Eliza	Sutton, Cambs.	9
+ Kettle, Sarah	Southport.	14
+ Keen, Annie	Southport.	14
+ King, Susan	Wotton Wells.	10
+ Kirkup, Jane Eliza	Cambridge.	22
+ King, Mary Ann	Bedford.	11
+ Kelsey, Annie	Toll Gavel.	12
+ Keeble, Eliza.	Uckfield.	22
+ Kendall, Rhoda	Uckfield.	22
+ Kinnison, Eliza	London, W.	19
+ Lea, Selina	Sharncliffe.	9
+ Lyon, Sarah	Harrogate.	9
+ Laing, Susan	Canterbury.	7
+ Lanham, Elizabeth	Chichester.	21
+ Luce, Sophia	Crickwood, N.W.	10
+ Lewis, Margaret	Hamstead, N.W.	16
+ Lumcombe, Mary A.	West Brighton.	8
+ Longland, Sophy H.	West Brighton.	11
+ Lucas, Rebecca	West Brighton.	11
+ Laker, Anne	London, W.	13
+ Lewis, Mary	Colwall.	13
+ Lloyd, Sylvia	Acton, W.	9
+ Laurence, Susan	Birmingham.	10
+ Lane, Fanny	East Dulwich, S.E.	8
+ Lewis, Mary Ann	London, E.	8
+ Lomas, Ann Maria	London, N.W.	10
+ Long, Sarah	London, N.W.	13
+ Lunell, Ellen	London, Surrey.	12
+ Lydster, Bridget	Hatfield, Yorks.	12
+ Lake, George	Rushpool Hall.	15
+ Lay, Anna Mary	London, N.	9
+ Lovegrove, Mary A.	Nighting.	7
+ Law, Fanny	Tringham.	11
+ Lee, Ann	Clifton, S.W.	7
+ Lewis, Emily Mary	Widborne.	7
+ Larder, Jane	London, W.	23
+ Lock, Jane	London, W.	23
+ Lubbock, Hannah	London, W.	20
+ Lambert, Jane	Guildford.	12
+ Lynch, Anne	Bournemouth.	14
+ Manning, Sarah Ann	London, S.W.	10
+ Merryweather, Eliza	Leicester.	8
+ Mortlock, Frances	Banchory, N.B.	14
+ Mackenzie, Margaret	Banchory, N.B.	14
+ Marriage, Emma	Birmingham.	22
+ Milson, Eliza	London, S.E.	18
+ Manger, M. M.	London, S.E.	18
+ MacGregor, Elzibth.	Newcastle.	20
+ Mair, Mary	London, N.W.	9
+ Maddison, Elzibth.	Cheltenham.	22
+ Moore, Fanny	Edinburgh.	14
+ Martin, Emma	Wennington.	10
+ Morgan, Elizabeth	London, W.	12
+ Masters, Emma	London, W.	12

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
Moss, Annie	Greeba Castle, I.M.	10
McFarlane, Margt.	Heleensburgh.	18
Moule, Jane	Cambridge.	13
+ Mitchell, Eliza	Clewer.	19
Miles, Mary Louisa	Whitchurch.	9
+ Murchison, Margt.	Edinburgh.	18
MacKenzie, Jessie	Morningside.	12
+ Michael, William	Barnesley.	16
+ Moss, Eliza	Brixton, S.W.	17
McDougal, Mary	London, S.W.	7
Marah, Nora Ann	Tonquay.	16
+ Miles, Eliza	London, W.	10
Millie, Annie Maria	Godalming.	12
Millie, Mary	Leatherhead.	21
+ Mock, Maria	Clifton.	12
Mansell, Mary	Bedford.	8
Malinson, Catherine	Huddersfield.	8
Malinson, Sarah	Clewer.	10
Merced, Margaret	Bridge of Allan, N.B.	11
Marah, Thomas	London, S.W.	9
Munro, Isabella	Dollar, N.B.	12
Merced, Mary	Liverpool.	13
+ Moulding, Martha	Leeds.	24
Musgrave, Jane	York.	9
+ Millard, Roseanna	Widbridge.	14
+ Moore, Mary Ann	London, W.	19
Mackay, Williamina	Dingwall, N.B.	7
Morgan, Mary Ann	London, W.	7
+ Mitchell, Emily	London, N.	10
+ Mills, Minnie J. C.	London, N.	18
McNish, Agnes	Adrossan, N.B.	12
Muir, Annie	Edinburgh.	13
Miller, Christina	Edinburgh.	13
+ McIntosh, Ann	Dowanhill, N.B.	14
Marlin, James	Strathnam, S.W.	19
+ Marshall, Mary	Southport.	21
+ Megson, Mary	Beverly.	21
+ Morse, Fanny	Clifton.	21
+ Martin, Philadelphia	London, N.	14
Mead, Lucy Clayton	London, N.	10
Mead, Rachel	London, N.	10
+ Martin, James	Leekham.	16
+ Moon, Mary	Edinburgh.	20
+ Maisey, Selina	Edinburgh.	20
+ Matheson, Lucinda	Edinburgh.	20
Muir, Margaret	Edinburgh.	20
+ Meadows, Mary Ann	Elmore Back.	23
+ Morris, Mercy	Harrow Weald.	18
+ Newman, Thomas	London, W.	19
Nash, Sarah Anna	London, S.W.	19
+ Norman, Mary Jane	Bath.	19
Nicholls, Emily	Walthamstow.	13
Nicholson, Harriet	Walthamstow.	13
Nunn, Mary	Walthamstow.	13
Neil, Esther Jane	Sunderland.	7
+ Taylor, Ann	Wigan.	7
+ Norden, Elizabeth	Walsend.	7
+ Owen, Agnes	Rochester.	15
Osborn, Ellen	Chislehurst.	17
+ Olla, Louisa	Bath.	22
Ogilvy, Jane	Heleensburgh.	8
Osborne, Sarah	Weybridge.	8
+ Odell, Emily	Bedford.	8
+ Oughton, Martha	Mersham.	20
Oxford, Clara	Brigham.	20
+ Peck, Emma	St. Neots.	19
+ Prowse, Richard	London, W.C.	15
+ Potter, Charlotte E.	London, N.	12
Phillips, Elizabeth A.	Blackrod.	24
+ Pinder, Betsy	Blackrod.	24
+ Pichard, Annie	Blackrod.	24
Palmer, Mary	Chertsey.	15
+ Phillips, Mary	Portsmouth.	15
+ Phillips, Jane	Portsmouth.	15
+ Pickering, Mary	Huncote.	20
+ Paterson, Alice	Edinburgh.	21
+ Perry, Lucy	Walsby.	11
+ Pomeroy, Eliza Reed	Borstal.	11
+ Pardonington, Harriet	Cirencester.	22
+ Penfold, Mary	Eastbourne.	14
+ Painting, Elizabeth	Calx, N.B.	15
+ Page, Julia	London, W.	15
+ Porter, Sophia	Cambridge.	19
+ Preston, Edward	Calx, N.B.	19
+ Peach, Elizabeth A.	London, E.C.	16
+ Prout, Elizabeth M.	Pymouth.	11
+ Pursell, Amelia	London, W.	24
+ Partridge, Hannah	Brighton.	16
+ Porter, Mary Ann H.	Brighton.	17
+ Pearce, Sarah	Brixton, S.W.	17
+ Pulleyblank, George	Aldsworth.	17
+ Prentice, Thirza	London, S.W.	17
+ Passfield, Agnes E.	Richmond, S.W.	18
+ Petrick, Elizabeth	Coach Green.	18
+ Procter, Sarah	Longton.	18
+ Page, Philip	St. David.	14
+ Parker, Harriet	St. David.	14
+ Pope, Ellen Elizabeth	Wrexham.	14
+ Parry, Sarah	Wrexham.	14
+ Pointin, Mary Ann	Belvedere.	11
+ Payne, Theophilus	Thornbury Court.	9
+ Henry	West Brighton.	19
+ Parkinson, Lucy	Reading.	19
+ Paley, Mary Ann	Beccles.	15
+ Page, Sarah Betta	Beccles.	15
+ Parry, Elizabeth	Coed-Berw.	17
+ Peacock, Agnes C.	London, S.W.	19
+ Pullan, Sarah Ann	Leeds.	9
+ Quayle, Ann	Hamhead.	10
+ Robinson, Mary	Hull.	10
+ Round, Fernelia	Stratford, Yorkshire.	14
+ Redfern, Eliza	St. Leonard-on-Sea.	22
+ Robins, Sarah	Leicester.	19

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
Russell, Sarah	Beckenham.	7
+ Roberts, Ann	Lower Broughton.	12
+ Read, Rose Isabella	Long Melford.	15
+ Roberts, Lizzie	Cheltenham.	18
+ Richards, Jane	Ellesmere.	22
+ Reynolds, Clara	Bath.	9
+ Reeks, Annie	Southsea.	12
+ Roberts, Louisa	Heene.	16
+ Richardson, Emily	London, W.	8
+ Rose, Mary	Doncaster.	7
+ Raper, Mary	London, S.E.	14
+ Richardson, Elizabeth	Leith, N.B.	12
+ Ross, Barbara	Blackford.	14
+ Raison, Catherine	Edgewood.	19
+ Reilly, Jane	London, W.	8
+ Rushmore, Eliza J.	Tipton Stratford.	21
+ Robinson, Fanny	Tipton Edge.	21
+ Roston, Hannah	Tettenhall.	10
+ Rogers, Margaret	Liverpool.	8
+ Ripley, Emma	Hull.	13
+ Robertson, Grace	Liberton.	15
+ Robertson, Mary A.	Gipsy Hill, S.E.	14
+ Palin	Liberton.	7
+ Rant, Rachel	Esler.	14
+ Rolls, Elizabeth Anne	Esler.	14
+ Rees, Charlotte	Ackworth.	10
+ Riddle, Mary Ann	Heene.	10
+ Rowe, Amelia	Leaton.	18
+ Roe, Charles	Penge, S.E.	23
+ Riviter, Sarah Anne	Newport, I.W.	8
+ Street, Lizzie	Swansea.	16
+ Sims, Ann	Swansea.	16
+ Smith, Emma	Nuneaton.	15
+ Smith, Anne	Shure.	11
+ Secker, Eliza	Hill Carr.	21
+ Shelmurline, James	Edinburgh.	7
+ Sharp, Annie	Barnesley.	10
+ Scott, Emily Knibb	Barnesley.	10
+ Self, Hephzibah D.	Norwich.	13
+ Smith, Sarah	Portsea.	13
+ Stokes, Matilda	Woolavington.	8
+ Sturman, Sarah	Thorpe Hamlet.	11
+ Shute, Herman	Norham.	11
+ Smith, Eliza	East Sheen, S.W.	19
+ Saunders, John	London, W.	15
+ Smith, Caroline	Frinley.	16
+ Slade, Ellen	Cheltenham.	16
+ Sully, Edwin	Clewer.	23
+ Stroudley, Ellen	Haslemere.	23
+ Smithers, Sophia	Walthamstow, N.B.	8
+ Scoury, Elizabeth	Walthamstow.	8
+ Skeet, Marion	Great Yarmouth.	23
+ Steele, Hannah	Elstree.	23
+ Sayer, Mary Anne	Elstree.	23
+ Sayer, William T.	Elstree.	23
+ Scoffin, Edward	Barnesley.	10
+ Sharp, Eliza	London, S.W.	17
+ Sutherland, Euphe.	Eltham.	13
+ Seekings, Mary	Cambridge.	19
+ Storey, Mary	Handsworth.	15
+ Shorthouse, Mary	Mackensy Lodge.	21
+ Slater, John	Huddersfield.	18
+ Sutton, Emma	Hillhead, Park.	16
+ Shank, Janet	Bouddes Park.	24
+ Soudes, Charles	Moseley.	24
+ Seaburn, Ann	Barkly.	24
+ Stanton, Sarah Ann	Scarlett, Frederick	24
+ Scarlett, Frederick	Stanworth, Cath.	15
+ Stanworth, Cath.	Shepherd, Mary	15
+ Shepherd, Mary	Shepherd, Alice H.	15
+ Shepherd, Alice H.	Shepherd, Louis J.	20
+ Smith, Sarah Alice	Scott, James	21
+ Scott, James	Senior, Caroline	11
+ Senior, Caroline	Sucking, Cath. S.	22
+ Sene, Elizabeth A.	St. Neots.	14
+ Selly, Mary	St. Neots.	14
+ Smith, Margaret	Kintbury.	23
+ Sawyer, Joseph	Richmond, S.W.	15
+ Smart, Sophia Maria	St. Brannocks.	14
+ Smith, Mary	Halesworth.	8
+ Simpson, Sarah	Worthing.	12
+ Smith, Annie	Holt.	23
+ Sharpen, Harriett	Coleraine.	22
+ Simmons, George	London, W.	22
+ Stride, Susie	Careland.	15
+ Smallthwaite, Agnes	Hastings.	11
+ Slater, Maria Elz.	Bristol.	10
+ Simmons, Sarah	Alverton, S.E.	10
+ Sweetman, Jane E.	Bradwell.	10
+ Shephard, Isabella	Ridhill.	10
+ Smith, Lydia	Baby Park.	17
+ Sneath, Catharine	Portsmouth, Ire.	20
+ Stoford, Margaret	London, W.	24
+ Stewart, Isabella	Fulneck.	7
+ Smith, Ann	Leicester.	7
+ Sutcliffe, Hannah	Upper Tooting.	21
+ Lester, Eliza	London, S.E.	12
+ Scales, Celia	Pendleton.	15
+ Shearman, Ellen	Bath.	15
+ Smith, John	Seaborne, Louisa	15
+ Summerton, Eliz.	Reading.	10
+ Seaborne, Louisa	London, N.	22
+ Smith, Agnes	Wymondham.	22
+ Swales, Hannah	Hastings.	7
+ Sawyer, Louisa E.	London, N.	10
+ Smith, Hagar	Maidenhead.	10
+ Sherlock, Mary	Alderley Edge.	20

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
Sperrin, Sarah	West Norwood, S.E.	7
+ Turner, Lucy	Bonchurch, I.W.	15
+ Tooke, Ellen	Bromsgrove.	18
+ Thwaite, Clara	Huddersfield.	15
+ Taylor, Maria	Bradford-on-Avon.	22
+ Thornton, Martha	Hilcoote.	9
+ Tremell, Annie E.	London, W.	9
+ Thuredord, Edith	Exeter.	13
+ Treacey, Annie	Farnborough.	18
+ Tinsdill, Susannah	Seamondene.	20
+ Taylor, Ellen Louisa	Newport, I.W.	10
+ Trigg, Martha	Great Dunmow.	10
+ Theobald, Esther	East Sheen, S.W.	18
+ Tack, Ann	Wellington.	17
+ Todd, Eliza	Fonthill Gifford.	13
+ Thurlby, Betsy	Auchnacloy.	9
+ Taber, Jane	Waltham.	16
+ Toye, Louisa	Wellington.	16
+ Tippet, Philippa	Hampstead, N.W.	22
+ Thornbury, Rosa	Liverpool.	11
+ Thompson, Elizabeth	Wellingborough.	16
+ Townend, Mary	Wellingborough.	16
+ Trimmer, John	Wellingborough.	16
+ Targett, Alice	Wellingborough.	16
+ Thacker, Sarah Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Thompson, Barbara	Wellingborough.	16
+ Tyrrell, Mary Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Thornton, Mary	Wellingborough.	16
+ Thomas, Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Tiley, George F.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Thorne, Eliza	Wellingborough.	16
+ Tooe, Emily Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Tubman, Thomas	Wellingborough.	16
+ Trilo, Mary	Wellingborough.	16
+ Thompson, Philippa	Wellingborough.	16
+ Udy, Rebecca	Wellingborough.	16
+ Upton, Rebecca	Wellingborough.	16
+ Viner, Rosa Annie	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wilcox, Harriet	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wignmore, Susan E.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Whitson, Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wright, Alice	Wellingborough.	16
+ Weiss, Mary Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Williams, Harriet	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wise, Laura	Wellingborough.	16
+ Woodham, Emma	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wickenden, Emily	Wellingborough.	16
+ F.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Warwick, Caroline	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wharrington, Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wigley, Hannah A.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Williams, Margaret	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wallis, Kate	Wellingborough.	16
+ Whaddock, Ann	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wells, Eliza	Wellingborough.	16
+ Webb, Elizabeth	Wellingborough.	16
+ Woolford, Hannah	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wiggins, Maria	Wellingborough.	16
+ Waltham, Caroline	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wells, Emma	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wagstaff, Ann	Wellingborough.	16
+ Warwick, Mary E.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Watt, Charlotte	Wellingborough.	16
+ Walton, Lucy	Wellingborough.	16
+ Warr, Clara	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wells, Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wilton, Alice	Wellingborough.	16
+ Woods, Alice	Wellingborough.	16
+ White, Fanny	Wellingborough.	16
+ Williams, Martha	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wraith, Hope	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wadmore, Eliza	Wellingborough.	16
+ Welbourn, Rebecca	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wright, Harriet	Wellingborough.	16
+ Warner, Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Webster, Sarah	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wishart, Ellen	Wellingborough.	16
+ Walden, Alice	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wells, Jane	Wellingborough.	16
+ Waine, Hannah	Wellingborough.	16
+ Watts, Enoch	Wellingborough.	16
+ Witherside, Maria	Wellingborough.	16
+ Webster, Fanny	Wellingborough.	16
+ Weaver, Eliza	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wyatt, Elizabeth	Wellingborough.	16
+ Williams, Mary J.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Williams, M. A.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wolfe, Emma	Wellingborough.	16
+ Walker, Sarah	Wellingborough.	16
+ White, Maria	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wakley, Sarah	Wellingborough.	16
+ Walters, Charlotte	Wellingborough.	16
+ Williamson, Sarah	Wellingborough.	16
+ Wells, Catherine	Wellingborough.	16
+ Whitehead, Martha	Wellingborough.	16
+ Whitehead, Grace F.	Wellingborough.	16
+ Walters, Mary Anne	Wellingborough.	16
+ Walde, James	Wellingborough.	16
+ White, Charles	Wellingborough.	16
+ Young, Elizabeth	Wellingborough.	16
+ Young, Caroline	Wellingborough.	16
+ Yeates, Ann	Wellingborough.	16
+ Yorath, Catherine	Wellingborough.	16

Those marked * have received Bibles ranging in value from Six Shillings to £2 10s.; besides Medals and Certificates. Those marked + have received Medals of the Order and Certificates. All the rest have received Certificates of Membership.

No correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the awards, which have been made upon a careful consideration of each case, in accordance with regulations which have been duly supplied to the Members concerned.

THE GOSPEL IN PARIS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.

PARIS, like some vivacious and excitable persons, is often misjudged by those who have only a passing acquaintance with her. She is supposed to be a city wholly given up to voluptuousness and vice. It is often flippantly said that the Parisians have no religion. There is indeed too much truth in the remark. The general current of their life is undoubtedly godless and materialistic; but a closer observation will reveal beneath this gay exterior much hard and serious work of all kinds going on, many well-regulated and fondly attached families, and even more earnest piety (though in many cases clouded by error) than is generally supposed.

It should not be forgotten that the French capital is becoming more and more cosmopolitan. As a French novelist has recently observed, "Too many treat Paris as an equivocal place, where they may indulge in liberties which would not be tolerated at home." Still, independently of the foreign element, immorality of all kinds is fearfully prevalent. Vice does not flaunt itself so openly as in our own metropolis, but it strikes its roots more deeply, and interweaves itself more closely with the whole social system. Intemperance—once so rare—ever since the last war has been steadily advancing. The consumption of intoxicating drinks, especially of spirits and absinthe, has tripled, while insanity, suicide, and crime have been proportionately multiplied. Nor is this state of things, deeply deplorable though it is, so surprising, if we consider that the dominant Church, which should act as salt on the world's brackish waters, has, since the Vatican Council, been increasingly identified with Rome and its corruptions. The Bible is seldom or never read even by the cultured classes. The Lord's Day is by the great majority still spent in business or pleasure. The natural result has been that God, being thus unknown or forgotten, is by very many openly denied. Infidelity in its most specious phases is eating like dry-rot into the heart of Society. Freethought may indeed be not unfrequently want of thought—a turning away from what it imagines religion to be, and a rebound from superstition. Still, those who know Paris well tell us that materialism is advancing with rapid strides. Infidel halls are springing up all over France, especially in Paris. In one of these, 2,000 persons assembled at one time to hear the name of God blasphemed, and holy things exposed to scorn. An infidel, Léo Taxil, has published a Comic Bible, "La Bible amusante," in which the most sacred verities are held up to ridicule. These are some of the darker features of the picture. It is sufficient to allude to them here as exhibiting in stronger relief its cheering and hopeful side. The light is certainly

breaking in from many sides. A rapid glance at the principal evangelising agencies at work will inspire hope of a brighter future.

Beginning with the French Protestant Churches, we rejoice to observe that, although their numbers are comparatively small, and few of their members are wealthy or occupy high social positions, there are amongst them increasing signs of vitality and progress. One of their most influential laymen, M. Westphal Castelnau, in a pamphlet entitled "Yesterday and To-day," has recently given a very encouraging *résumé* of the work of the Reformed Church and the other Protestant bodies. In 1803 they had only 150 pastors in France; now they have 900. Then there was no work of charity, education, or evangelisation, which they could strictly call their own; now benevolent institutions of various kinds have sprung up for the relief of the suffering and aged poor. There exist 2,000 primary Protestant schools, besides many flourishing Sunday-schools. The Société Évangélique has lately celebrated its jubilee. Starting with a nominal income of £148, it now receives £4,800, has founded forty churches, and supports sixteen pastors, besides many lay agents. Other Home Missions are rendering equally good service. Nor are our French brethren wanting in zeal for the spread of the Gospel amongst the heathen. Their foreign



IN THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE.



IN THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE.

missions, though necessarily limited in extent, are working with much devotedness and success in South Africa, Tahiti, and elsewhere. Their Bible and Tract Societies, following in the steps of our own, have circulated millions of copies of the Holy Scriptures, religious books, and tracts. In all, no less a sum than £188,000 is annually raised for the support of churches, schools, and other agencies for good. Figures like these, while they fail to represent the simple faith and loving zeal with which so many excellent pastors and laymen are labouring for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind, afford a substantial proof of their readiness to spend and be spent for Christ. The old Huguenot device is still that of its author's children: "France for Christ!"

At the same time, by a remarkable conjuncture of Providence, they have of late years received most welcome and valuable help from their brethren in Great Britain and America. It is only fifteen years since it was put into the hearts of the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. McAll, as well as into that of Miss de Broen, to establish missions to the French workmen and their wives. They began their respective works at Belleville just after the Commune, and amidst the yet smouldering embers of that terrible outbreak of Socialism. Miss de Broen's efforts are still confined to that very poor and populous quarter. Following in the Saviour's steps, her medical missionary

ministers to the bodies of the sick poor, while seeking to guide their souls to the Divine Healer. Some 20,000, in the course of the year, received medical advice and medicine gratuitously at the Dispensary. There is a short half-hour's service, with an address, at ten every morning for the patients, before they are seen by the doctor. Public services are also held on Thursday evenings and Sundays by French Evangelists and English friends, in the commodious and tastefully arranged iron room, where hundreds of *bondé fide* *ouvriers* and *ouvrières* listen with an earnestness delightful to witness. An orphanage for twenty girls, an infant-school, a Sunday-school, mothers' meetings, and a library, are also maintained by this beneficent Mission. Infidels and Roman Catholics, as well as Protestants, are attracted to these services. The other day a

French gentleman entered the room declaring that he was weary of atheism, and longed for something more satisfying. May he obtain the true repose he seeks!

Mr. McAll's work is on a much more extended scale. From the little *Salle* at Belleville, which, as the writer well remembers, was the cradle of its earliest years, it has grown and spread, until now fifty large and well-furnished halls have been opened all over Paris, and fifty more in the principal towns of France, and even in Corsica and Algiers. The principles and method of the Missions remain the same, with the adaptations that change of circumstances has required. The

meetings last for an hour, consisting of the reading of Scripture, prayer, the singing of popular hymns, often to well-known English tunes, led by a harmonium, besides short, stirring addresses on the doctrines or precepts of the Gospel. There is nothing sensational or merely intellectual about them. Familiar illustrations and anecdotes are freely used to point the lessons, and the one object is to set Jesus Christ and Him crucified before the hearers. It is therefore not a little surprising to find Parisians, so eager for novelty and excitement, drawn in such large numbers to such meetings, and week after week, even night after night, drinking in with avidity simple Gospel truths faithfully and lovingly applied to the conscience. In some of those lately opened in the Rue Royale and the principal boulevards, not only operatives, but clerks, tradesmen, and well-to-do *bourgeois* are to be seen, as many as three hundred at a time—chiefly men—listening with the deepest interest, and joining heart and voice in the praises of God. At some of the stations adult classes are held after the general meetings, for the explanation of consecutive portions of the Bible, for which often as many as two hundred remain. A considerable number, who have received serious impressions, are formed into *Sociétés Fraternelles* for mutual edification, and, in due course, received as communicants into the various Protestant Churches. Last year a total of 16,000 religious

meetings were held, with an attendance of nearly a million of persons. Of course, the thousand influences for good emanating from all these centres cannot be tabulated. The Great Harvest Day will reveal the real results. One thing has been made very evident: that there lies deep down in the heart of many a sceptical and apparently reckless Frenchman and Frenchwoman a latent sense of spiritual need, and that the Gospel in France, as everywhere, is the only full response to that need.

Individual instances of conversion abound in the reports. One or two may be quoted as typical of the rest. A landed proprietor from the country was attracted to one of the halls; he used to spend half the year in Paris in the pursuit of pleasure. The chairman of the meeting read from a large book words quite new and strange to his ears. He inquired its name, and finding that it was the Bible, asked for the loan of it, and eventually bought a copy. "Now," he said, "I shall read it, and weigh every word." In spite of many sceptical difficulties, he arrived at a clear knowledge and hearty acceptance of the truth. At his request, an Evangelist whose preaching had been blest to him, visited his country house, when the earnest convert assembled all his neighbours in his kitchen to hear the same message that had brought peace to his own soul. Since then he has been circulating and even writing tracts, and seeking to lead others to Christ. A second case is no less remarkable, though of a different kind. A tract entitled "The Prisoner" was given, after one of the meetings, to a man whose career had resembled that described in it. He thrust it into his pocket, but afterwards read it. It awakened his conscience and brought him to deep repentance. A very touching letter, which he afterwards wrote to Mr. McAll, concludes with these words: "I pray God through Jesus Christ to give me grace to lead a new life. Pray for me, sir, that I may persevere in the faith of Christ, for I can do nothing of myself. . . . Jesus Christ is with you; you will gain the victory. Multiply your meetings, be not weary in giving away your tracts. I will give to the utmost of my small ability towards the expense." It was a French *ouvrier* at Belleville whose cry, "Come over and help us," gave birth to this wonderfully successful work; and now another of the same class has bidden him and his co-workers go forward in it, and assured them of success. "Only the want of funds," as Mr. McAll said to the writer, "prevents the still wider extension of the Mission." For the same reason he seriously, though most reluctantly, contemplates the necessity of closing some of his stations in the provincial towns. But we earnestly hope that such a lamentable curtailment of the work will yet be prevented by the timely help of friends of the Mission.

Space will not allow of more than the mention of the Rev. W. Gibson's excellent work, and of that of the Paris City Mission.

Miss Leigh's noble and successful efforts for the good of the English in Paris claim a concluding word, but they have recently been noticed in detail in *THE QUIVER*. Her Home for Friendless Englishwomen is now widely known. The need for such a shelter for girls, attracted to the gay French capital by the often vain hope of improving their position by French acquired on the spot, is only too obvious. Through the same undoubting faith which led to its establishment, and in the same spirit of love and prayer, it has proved the nucleus around which have sprung up other most valuable institutions: an Orphanage, where forty destitute British children are freely maintained and receive a sound Christian education; close by it are the handsome English church and parsonage, in its turn a centre of many useful agencies for the good of the English poor. These are only some of the channels of blessing provided through the self-denying, zealous energy of that excellent lady and her helpers. This mission, though intended for the English, is another witness for God in Paris. Through it, as well as many other avenues, rays of heavenly light are penetrating athwart the spiritual gloom of this centre of godlessness and sin. The full religious liberty enjoyed under the present Government is opening a wide door for all Evangelistic efforts, though there are many adversaries. In the weighty words of Mr. McAll, drawn from close and extensive observation, "For France there is but one alternative: she must be flooded with the Gospel, or moral, social, total ruin must ensue."



IN RUE ROYALE.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "INTO A LARGER ROOM," "PROMISED: A STORY OF TWO ISLANDS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—ANOTHER WORLD.



THE scene is shifted. We have left our island of vineyards and olive-yards and sloping hill-sides bathed in sunshine—the island where Evelyn and Reginald spent the lovely days of their childhood—and we are on board an ocean-going steamer homeward bound from Australia. She is full of passengers, and to-night, a night in early autumn, when in the southern climates the

winds are balmy and the sea is still—everyone is on deck, and there is an abundance of excitement. The vessel has put into the Bay of Naples. Letters and papers, the first that have been received for many days, have come on board, and, while on the quarter-deck music and singing go gaily forward, there are paces to and fro under the starlight, and finished confidences preparatory to to-morrow's partings, and exchanging of the pieces of news that the letters have brought. So even the spectacle upon which they are looking is more exciting than anything else. They have been talking of it for days; one in particular—a young girl, born and brought up in Sydney, who is visiting the Continent of Europe for the first time; all the evening she has been standing near the bulwarks, looking out eagerly. The coasts fade, the light dies out, the sea is dark, the stars and constellations that she had been watching night after night eagerly, belted Orion and Sirius and the Plough—new constellations to her—are shining through the darkness. Ah! what is that? A star? No, it is too red in colour, too low down on the horizon. The flame from a lighthouse? But there is no lighthouse there. A travelled friend looked over the girl's shoulder. "That is Vesuvius," she says. Vesuvius! The girl clasps her hands. Then one of her dreams is fulfilled. But what a tiny spark! The vessel ploughs on, throwing phosphorescent light from her planks. The red glow widens, deepens. A conical mass looms out from the sky. It is crowned with a rose-red furnace, two furnaces, three furnaces; now waxing, now waning, as the spell-bound watchers gaze.

"Look round," says a voice at her elbow, "and you will see Naples."

"Naples? Are we in?"

"Very nearly."

She looks round, drawing a deep breath. "Ah!" she cries, "how lovely!" Far in front of her, rising up tier above tier out of the water, and reflected

back from it in broken multitudinous glory, are the brilliant circles of lights—red lights, yellow lights, white lights—which define the bay. For some time the girl gazed on; then she heard a cry of "Letters!" and rushed down to the saloon to see if there was anything for her.

Three or four letters were put into her hand, and she went into her cabin to read them quietly. Then she ran out into the saloon again, and looked round her. The room was full of people. They were grouped together round the lamps, reading letters or papers, talking, writing, drinking tea and coffee.

"Where can he be?" said the young girl to herself.

"Ah!" and with a murmured "Alone as usual!" she crossed to where, in a remote corner, a man was sitting by himself. He was doing nothing, neither reading nor writing, nor talking nor drinking tea. His face was curiously set, and he appeared to be thinking or dreaming. The girl touched him on the arm.

He gave a little start, looked up and smiled. It was a smile of peculiar sweetness and beauty. When the girl met it, she seemed to breathe more freely.

"Do you know that this is my last night on board, Edwin?" she said, in a caressing voice.

"Why, so it is, Mary, and I have been neglecting you all day, for those stupid cards that have made my head ache like one o'clock. Well! You shall have the rest of my time. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh! Edwin," moaned the girl, "cards again!"

"Yes, Mary, cards again. But don't look so cut up. It is only for the voyage. We play for small stakes—nothing to make a fuss about. In London, I shall taboo cards, and drinks, and everything else pernicious. I shall have no friends, and I shall lead the life of a hermit. Then dormant talent will revive, and buried genius will spring to light."

"If you would only take things seriously, dear."

"My dear girl, I do. I was never more serious than I am at the present moment. Life in a garret, with only one's own thoughts for company, is not an enlivening prospect."

"Why should you look forward to life in a garret, Edwin? You know you are to have an allowance until you can make your own way."

"And I shall make my way, of course—make it at once. Editors are waiting to seize upon my productions. I have only to prepare them."

"But you have other talents."

"Oh, yes. I can recite, and I can sing, and I can play the piano, and I can scrape the fiddle. I dare say I could sweep out a warehouse, if I were put to it, or overhaul a merchant's books. With all these accomplishments I shall not starve."

The girl sighed and looked away from him.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"Come out with me, Edwin. Come right out to the prow. I want to talk to you, and we shall be quiet there."

"All right, Mary. It is the last night, and you shall do as you like with me."

In a few moments they had traversed the length of the long ship, and were standing close together at its extreme end. Most of the steerage passengers had gone below; on the quarter-deck, which, from where they stood, seemed miles away, music and merriment were still going forward. These two seemed almost alone.

It was such an opportunity as Mary Merrill had long been looking for, and yet she stood silent, wasting the precious moments.

She had so much to say, and what she had to say was of so great an importance. How was she to say it best?

It was he who spoke first.

"Bewitched?" he said, looking down upon her. "I don't wonder. I was quite a little chap when I saw it first; but I shall never forget it. You know I landed at Naples."

"Yes; and that dear old man, Sir John Daere—— Oh, Edwin, that is one thing I wanted to tell you. I have had a letter from Agnes Delamaine. Her father is in Naples to-night, and will come on board here to-morrow. Sir John Daere is dead."

There was a moment's silence; then Edwin said—

"Is Sir John Daere dead? Well! Another hope gone! I thought I might have come across him again. One of the finest gentlemen and the noblest-hearted men I ever met. If I had tried to mould myself on him, instead of on some others I knew——"

"It is not too late," breathed Mary, very low.

Edwin did not hear her, and went on—

"He must have been pretty old. Does Agnes give any particulars?"

"Oh, yes; she gives me the whole story. It is one of the saddest—the most tragic—I have ever heard. It seems he took a fancy for being a great deal on the water, and he bought a little English yacht and went off in the direction of the Calabrian coast, intending to be away two or three days."

"And he was wrecked?"

"He was run into by a steamer—completely run down. He was a good swimmer, Agnes says, and would have saved himself; but a falling spar struck him on the head, and he was stunned. But that is not the worst of the story," went on Mary, impressively. "They had one child, you know, a girl. She knew whereabouts the yacht would be on the evening of the day it started, and she went up to the top of a hill, with strong glasses to watch for it. Think of what it must have been. She actually saw everything, the yacht running before the wind, the steamer rounding a point, and then the collision."

"Is it possible? Horrible! horrible!"



"You are not angry with me, Edwin?" she faltered.—
p. 526.

"Yes; horrible! It makes one shiver to think of it. Agnes says she shrieked and shrieked till someone came to her, and then she could not make them understand what had happened. Poor child! Dreadful as it was, it was only a beginning of trouble. Her mother died of the shock, and her old nurse followed, and she has been left alone to face the world."

"Who will look after her?" asked Edwin.

"Oh! she is rich, so she will have plenty of friends. Uncle Delamaine is her guardian. He is taking her back to England with him. She comes on board with him to-morrow."

"The Delamaines' is not exactly the house I should have chosen for her," said Edwin. "Poor girl! Do you know how old she is?"

"Eighteen or nineteen. Agnes hears that she is exquisitely pretty. I wish I was staying on board, that I might see her. A chance for you, Edwin!"

"How?"

"Why, to make up to her. She is pretty and charming, and she has money, and she is solitary."

"These are the very reasons why I shall keep out of her way," said Edwin bitterly. "Do you think I am quite a villain, Mary?"

"A villain? How can you be so unkind, Edwin? You know what I think of you."

"I know that affection blinds us, Mary. My dear, I

am well enough in my way, and if I can raise myself out of this Slough of Despond I may still do something with my life——"

"Oh, Edwin! it makes me so happy when you say that!" cried the young girl earnestly.

"I may do something," he repeated, "but I can't put myself back."

"Hush, Edwin! hush! Don't say so; you can if you will."

He shook his head. "Look at me," he said. "I'm afraid you can't see me by this light. Then think me if you can. Since I was eighteen—I am nearly twenty-eight now—I have been slowly defacing myself. You know it. You have heard it again and again—even on board. They will hear it, too."

"I hate scandal-mongers," cried Mary.

"Is it scandal? Are not people right to put other people on their guard? They need not be afraid," said Edwin bitterly. "I would no sooner think—Bah! what nonsense we are talking. Is this all you have to say to me, Mary?"

"It is not; it is not! Give me a few more moments, Edwin. Oh!" cried poor Mary piteously, the tears rolling down her face. "I wish I could say what I feel. You are so good—good to everyone but yourself."

"Am I, Mary? I am afraid not."

"Don't be angry with me," she pleaded. "I am only your sister, and sisters have no right to lecture. But I love you, Edwin. I love you better than anyone else in the world. It breaks my heart to hear people say things against you; and when—when——"

"Go on, Mary. When you know they are true."

"They are not true. They are false. You are not wicked, Edwin. Other people don't know you as I do. They see you at your worst, and they make the worst of what they see," said Mary fiercely. "I know how good you are, how generous, how clever. Oh, Edwin, you will be steady, too! You will let mother and me be proud of you!"

She broke down, and burst into a passion of tears.

Edwin let her cry for a few moments. His throat was parched and his eyeballs were burning, and he felt curiously inclined to break down in some such childish way. He was silent so long that there penetrated through his sister's passionate grief a dull fear that she had offended him.

"You are not angry with me, Edwin?" she faltered.

"No, dear."

"Then why don't you speak?"

"I don't know, Mary. Perhaps because I can't find words. Perhaps because I am afraid of saying more than I really mean. There, my dear, dry your eyes. I will try to be—what was it you said?—steady."

"Thank you, darling," sobbed the girl. "That does me good. And, Edwin, don't be angry with me if I say one word more. It is—it is—a help to pray.

Our Father in heaven hears us and gives us strength. I know it. I have felt it again and again. Promise me at least to try, and I shall feel happy about you."

Again there was silence for a few moments. Then Edwin said gently—

"I wish I had your faith, Mary. It is very beautiful and touching. Well, good-night! Give me a kiss and cheer up. If prayers are really answered, I ought to be a very fine fellow some day."

Mary looked up at him through the darkness. Was he jesting still? She could not tell. But one thing was certain. She had said all she could say that night.

The next morning there was little time either for dreaming or regret. Mary had to pack, and to bid good-bye to her travelling friends, most of whom were going on shore by an early tender, to see Naples and Pompeii. She was delighted by the busy scene the bay presented. It was full of shipping, and small boats were flying about in every direction. A group of these, laden with straw baskets and hats, coral ornaments, carved and painted wood-work, and gorgeous pictures of Vesuvius, were round the steamer, the owners of the various boats trying, with insinuating smiles, to induce those on board the steamer to buy their wares. The waters of the bay were as still as a sea of glass, and beautifully clear and blue, and the buildings of the city shone like pale gold through the sun-illuminated mist. Mary was standing by her brother. She had recovered her spirits, and he was as pleasant and airy as usual. "I begin to feel that I am in Italy," she said. "This is delightful."

"You will feel more Italian presently," he observed. "Ah! there is your tender. I ought to go on shore with you, and see you through the custom-house."

"If—— I say, Edwin," cried Mary in great excitement, "someone on board the tender is making signs to you."

"Lizzie and her husband. Very good of them to come," said Edwin tranquilly. "They will look after you, Mary. They are almost natives."

Lizzie was their step-sister, and very much older than Mary, who had not seen her since she was a child. She had married a rich Englishman, and his health demanded that they should spend their winters in the south of Europe. Mary was to spend this winter with them.

In a few moments Lizzie and her husband were on board. While the rest of the passengers and their luggage were being transferred to the tender—a business which took some time—the sisters exchanged greetings.

"Why, is it really you, Mary? I should never have known you, my dear; you have grown quite pretty," said the elder sister.

"I should not have known you," said Mary, blushing, "only for Edwin. Do ask him to land, Lizzie."

"Ah! Edwin," said the elder sister lightly, turning

to him where he stood chatting to her husband. "He must do as he pleases. Why, what have you been doing to yourself, Edwin? You are most extraordinarily changed."

"Mary has been growing pretty. I have been growing the other thing. Natural enough, Lizzie! Allow me to remark that it is ten years since we met."

"Ten years? Nonsense! not eight; but if it were twenty, I should not expect to see you look so elderly as this. Why, you are as stout as if you were forty."

"Prosperity!" said Edwin lightly; "success too easily won. My dears, the tender will go without you, if we stand talking any longer. Good-bye, Lizzie, Mary——!"

"Oh! Edwin," sobbed the poor child clinging to him, "I can't bear it. I will stay."

"Impossible. Your boxes have gone. There, there, child! Go! they are waiting for you."

"You will write to me, Edwin?"

"Yes, yes; you shall hear all about me."

"Mary! Mary!" cried Lizzie, "if you don't wish us to go off without you, you must come at once."

Using gentle force, Edwin drew her to the gangway. Her brother-in-law grasped her firmly, and she was half-pushed, half-pulled, on board the tender.

CHAPTER X.—"THE EXILE'S DREAM."

THE story of Evelyn Dacre's misfortunes had spread abroad on the ship, and much curiosity was felt concerning her. When the tender came alongside in the evening, bringing the passengers who were to embark at Naples, many were hanging over the side of the ship watching for her. Edwin Merrill was not amongst their number. He was far aft, talking to the steerage passengers, with whom he had made friends during the voyage. He was fond of frequenting this remote part of the ship—another proof, if one were needed, his cabin companions said, of his taste for low company. But the women and children up there would, if they were asked, have told quite a different tale. Naturally, they did not consider themselves low company. They believed, on the contrary, that they were able to criticise high company, and to them the cabin-passenger, with the queer eyes, and pasty cheeks, and sunny smile, who came so often and sat down amongst them, was a gentleman, every inch of him. "Make us laugh, he do, when we're fit to cry," one woman said—"that hopeful and cheery!" While another—she was deficient, Edwin said, in the sense of humour—went further, and averred that he was an angel.

He sat for about an hour that evening amongst his friends. He was a little funnier than usual, and peals of laughter rang out on all sides, as, in his quaint way, he told his amusing stories; but when, in his usual lazy fashion, he sauntered away, one or two of the women would have it that he was not himself.

"He have a heart-ache, you may depend, for all he's carrying it off so light," said one.

And another said earnestly, "God help him and heal him, then; for a kinder and braver gentleman never lived!"

She was young, only a girl, and neither pretty nor interesting-looking, yet she had a whole history of passion and sorrow behind her. And Edwin had been kind to her—reverent and gentle, after a fashion that she had never seen in men before.

With his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head, and a queer little smile puckering the corners of his mouth, Edwin went on to the quarter-deck. There was scarcely anybody here. The new arrivals were establishing themselves in their cabins, and the others were getting ready for dinner. Edwin walked out to the stern. It was just before sunset. Dark clouds hung over the western horizon, and between and beneath them the sky was of a beautiful golden colour, tranquil and far away, like the landscape of a dream, and the slanting rays touched the water like luminous rain.

The smile faded from his face as he gazed. He was thinking of his sister. "What does she mean by being so fond of me?" he said to himself. "It is very absurd of her." His thoughts wandered from his sister to his sister's story. Edwin was not—in these days at least—a fool; but he had some of the qualities that belong to the poetic temperament. He was subject to strong and vivid impressions. Evelyn's story had impressed him powerfully. Several times during that day and night, he had seemed to himself to be listening to her shrieks, to be rushing up the hill to her assistance, to be the one person who could understand and interpret her. Such visions were with him now. He indulged in them for a few moments; then, with his curious smile—Edwin was as often amused as angry with himself—he shook them off. "What have I to do with her?" he said. "I shall be growing morbid if I go on like this. And yet one can't help thinking. Poor little soul! Poor little soul! I should very much like to know what is the meaning of it all!"

He resumed his walk, hummed a few bars of an Italian melody, fell silent, returned to the stern, watched how the twilight deepened in the sky, looked up and saw a star tremble out faintly with the pale blue of the zenith, and looking down again became aware that he was being addressed.

"Good-evening, Edwin." The voice, which was clear and dignified, seemed to come from some superior altitude. "I only heard yesterday," went on the speaker, "that you were on board. Your sister, I hear, has landed at Naples. How are you?"

"I am very well, thank you."

"On your way to London?"

"Yes, to make my way, as they put it at home. I hope the ship's people have fixed you up comfortably down below."

"Thank you; I have a fairly good cabin. This is better than railway travelling, which always knocks

me up. Well! We shall doubtless meet below." And Mr. Delamaine, who had a young lady dressed in black on his arm, went on to the companion way.

Edwin looked after him, his queer little eyes twinkling.

"Doesn't even introduce me," he said to himself. "Now I wonder who has been telling him tales of me?"

He did not spend much time over his wonder, for the dinner-bell was ringing.

His uncle and his uncle's ward were both present. He was not near them. A lady amongst the passengers had advised the purser not to place them be-

These were the ladies whom poor Mary, in the bitterness of her heart, had called scandal-mongers. For some reason or other—perhaps because they had caught the smile that curled Edwin's lips when he looked on at their little devices—they disliked him more than ever now; and it seemed to be the one object of their lives to prevent him from addressing a word to Evelyn. Edwin became angry at last, and vowed to himself—purely from a spirit of contradiction—that, whether she spoke to him or not, she should take notice of him.

An entertainment was on foot. There was some musical and some elocutionary talent on board, and



"They were talking across Evelyn."—p. 530.

side him at table. "He is Mr. Delamaine's relative, poor young fellow!" she said. She was one of those women who are always full of pity for their victims. "But of course, as things are—— You will see."

The purser had never seen any particular harm in Edwin; but not wishing to make the new arrival uncomfortable, he took the compassionate lady's advice. From his seat at table Edwin could see his uncle, but could not address him. Having no desire for conversation, this arrangement suited him perfectly.

Poor little Evelyn was the object of universal attention that evening. Edwin looked at her with the rest. The impression he carried away to his evening walk was of a sweet fair face, very simple and very sad. For some time this was all. He was not introduced, either by his uncle or anyone else. Several of the ladies on board had taken up Evelyn enthusiastically. They showed her her way about the ship, talked to her, advised her, surrounded her, comforted her. "We must not let her pine," they said to her guardian, and they never left her to herself for a single moment.

these had been freely given during the voyage for the enlivenment of the little society. Edwin had recited again and again. But latterly, having heard through his sister of the uncomfortable gossip there had been about him, he had refused to take any part in the entertainments. Now, however, he gave in his name to the committee whose part it was to arrange the programme. He would recite if they liked. His offer was accepted with gratitude, and he ran over his programme, wishing to choose what would suit him best.

He decided on a piece which, when he first read it, had touched him, partly because he knew it was not all fiction, and partly because of the sympathetic feeling it awakened in his heart. What took hold of him in this way he could not forget. "The Exile's Dream," as the piece was called, might have been his own experience, so perfect was his familiarity with it.

It is the supposed soliloquy of a man who, far from his home, separated by his own folly from society, and deserted by his friends, is living a savage

life in the wilds. He has seen or heard something that recalls the past, and the old days rise up before him vividly. The games of his boyhood, the sports of later years, the innocent, manly pleasures of English country life—he fancies that with the old zest he is taking part in them. Then the faces of those he knew and loved—his mother's face, his sisters' faces—come towards him through the gloom. He touches their hands; he listens, breathless, to the sound of their voices; for a few moments he is in Paradise. So on, until sounds in the bush—the crack of a rifle, a stealthy footfall—recall him to the present; and with a burst of anguish he recognises that sorrow and passion and sin and blood lie between him and those careless, innocent days. He may repent; but never, through all the ages, can he put himself back where once he was.

When the night of the entertainment came, they were three days out from Naples. The weather had been perfect—the sea as smooth as glass, sunshine and brilliant skies overhead. Everyone on board was out on deck, and everyone was cheerful and talkative.

Poor Evelyn had been talked to so much all day that, when evening came, she felt dizzy and faint. She would have preferred resting in her own cabin to listening to the entertainment; but her new friends insisted that she wanted amusement.

"You shall have a quiet corner," they said, "where you can go to sleep if you like."

She murmured that they were very kind, and gave in, and a softly cushioned corner was found for her. Evelyn sighed and closed her eyes. After all, it was a comfort not to be spoken to, not to be obliged to speak. She was trying to rouse herself. They had been telling her, every day, that she must. Every day of all these months—four long months—she had been told the same. The Countess Guicciola, with whom she spent the greater part of the time; Mr. Delamaine, her guardian; the English servants, who, when her mother's last illness began, came to her for orders; even Reginald (for he paid a brief visit to the island in that awful time)—all of them had the same dreary formula, "You must rouse yourself, Evelyn; you must rouse yourself."

The words repeated themselves in her brain. They haunted her; she heard them in her dreams. Rouse yourself! Rouse yourself! What did they mean? Alas! Had they any meaning at all? With this weary weight of woe pressing at her heart, how was it possible that she could lift herself up? If they would only let her sleep: she wanted to sleep—to sleep on, and on, till she slept her life away. They spoke of duty, a duty to herself—a duty to others. So her father used to speak; but then he told her what the duty was and how to find it. Now there was no one to tell her. Everything was dark and bleak and wretched.

They came to her about arrangements. She who had never made an arrangement in her life! They spoke to her about money—her money—of a new

home, of bright scenes, of kind friends, and fresh interests. It was all like an empty tale to poor little Evelyn.

"Please do what you think right," she said to Mr. Delamaine, when he consulted her.

This was her mood on board ship. She was not happy; she was not unhappy. She was passive, and when a soft colour, born of the sea-breeze, began to dawn in her cheeks; when her guardian and her new friends caught her patient smile—a smile that made one person on board the ship feel inclined to weep; when they heard her sweet, low-toned voice, "Thank you; you are very kind; I am much obliged to you"—they were satisfied about her.

"These gentle people don't suffer so much as we think," said one lady to Mr. Delamaine. "That poor child, happily for herself, has not much force of character."

Poor little thing! As, on the evening of the entertainment, she sat back in her corner, she did really feel as if all the force had gone out of her.

One played and another sang. It was very much the same to Evelyn. There was a duet on the piano, which the company thought long and noisy. She was sorry it was over, for it brought nearer the time when she would have to talk again. Someone sang a comic song. Everybody in the saloon was convulsed with laughter. Evelyn, who had been nearly asleep, drew herself up and tried to lift her heavy eyelids.

"Are you tired?" whispered one of the ladies. "Shall I go out on deck with you?"

"Oh! no, no," said Evelyn earnestly.

The lady sent a reassuring glance to Mr. Delamaine. The glance meant, "You see! She is enjoying herself."

After the comic song came Edwin Merrill's recitation. Evelyn was thoroughly awake now, and, as he stood up to begin, she looked at him with interest. She had noticed him before. There was something in his face that repelled—something that attracted her.

Edwin's voice was sweet, his intonation perfect, and he had an extraordinary play of countenance. He began quietly, and Evelyn, who had never heard anything of the kind before, was enchanted at once. Then, gradually, as the meaning of the piece dawned upon her mind, her interest grew. It was more than interest. It was sympathy. The reader had identified himself with the exile. As he read, his personality changed. Sorrow, pathos, regret, terror, agony, despair, all these were rendered to the life. Trembling, her fingers cramped together, and her eyeballs dilated, Evelyn listened. It was all real to her. She seemed to herself to be looking on at the struggle of a human spirit, caught in the toils of the evil one. For the first time since that awful moment on Tiberio, where she saw the *Lady Mary* run down, her thoughts went outside of her own sorrows. Here was a sorrow before which even her sorrows failed. The power of Edwin's recitation was felt,

and thunderous applause followed it. With the noise Evelyn came to herself. He was standing up again; he was bowing low. They cheered and cheered. He must give them more.

Edwin, who had been thinking of the sad, patient little face in the corner, glanced at Evelyn. He saw a curious change in her expression. "Then I have interested her," he said to himself, and, contrary to his original intention, he gave another piece. What he chose this time was humorous; but humorous in the most refined and exquisite way. Before he had done, he had proved that he was a master of laughter, as well as of tears. No one in the room could resist him. The tears were scarcely dry on Evelyn's cheeks, yet she was smiling as she had not smiled since the dear old Capri days.

She refused to go on deck again that night. The ladies were very kind; but she did not think she could bear their talk.

As for Edwin, when he went up for his usual evening walk under the stars, he felt curiously happy. He was also curiously unsociable. He could not be induced either to drink a glass of wine or to take a hand at a round game.

"Thanks. I have had almost enough of that kind of thing. Gets monotonous, you know, after a time. Don't you think so?" he said to one of the messengers sent after him.

"Fellows must do something," was the somewhat dubious answer.

Edwin smiled his queer little smile. "That 's just my own opinion, don't you know?" he said. "I mean to do something."

CHAPTER XI.—PICKLES.

"HE is clever, yes; no one can deny that, and no one can be sorer than I am at the idea of such talents being wasted. He might have made his mark in the world."

"Made his mark! He might have risen to the top of the tree. Such chances as he has had! No expense spared! educated at Eton and Oxford. Every sort of opening! And all to end in this. I call it pitiable."

"You saw him the night he came on board?"

"Yes, I saw him, poor fellow. Unhappily it wasn't new to me; I had seen him so before. His poor mother—she and I are friends."

"I am very sorry for her; but really one can't feel for him. The way he goes on: I hear he is in the smoking-saloon every day, drinking and card-playing."

"Or out amongst the steerage passengers. He has nearly lived up there, since his sister landed."

"No doubt even the young fellows on board are getting sick of him. One can't wonder. But it is pitiable. Knowing the family as I do, it grieves me to the heart."

It was out on the quarter-deck, on the morning following the entertainment in which Edwin took part, that this dialogue was spoken. The speakers

were two of the lady passengers, and they were talking across Evelyn, whom they had established in a long chair between them. The subject of their conversation, it need scarcely be said, was Edwin Merrill, of whose performance Evelyn had been speaking enthusiastically.

This sort of talk was absolutely new to Evelyn, and it grated upon her curiously. Though she knew nothing whatever about Edwin, except that he was Mr. Delamaine's nephew, and that he had given her a new and unexpected pleasure, she felt strongly disposed to defend him. He was absent, and could not speak for himself. Why should they run him down? She opened her lips to speak, and then, remembering that she had no grounds to go upon, she remained gravely silent.

Her impassibility increased the two ladies' asperity; they warmed to their subject; they raked up all sorts of incidents out of the history of the unhappy lost sheep; they disliked him, pitied him, despaired of him, condemned him, all in one breath. Evelyn was not allowed to speak. "You know nothing about it," the ladies said. "Take the advice of those older than yourself, and don't allow him to make friends with you."

"He has a singular fascination," said one lady.

"So they say," returned the other. "I could never see it. He is so very plain."

"He did not look plain last night," hazarded Evelyn.

At this moment, to her great relief, Mr. Delamaine was seen approaching them. "You look better this morning, Evelyn," he said.

"I am much better," she answered, with a smile.

"Do you care for a walk?"

"Yes, please; I should like it very much."

"Sure you feel strong enough, dear?" said one of the ladies.

"I am quite strong, thank you," she answered; and, as soon as they had moved a little away, "Will you take me right out to the other end of the ship?" she said to her guardian. "I want to see it all."

"And to get away from Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Smith. I thought they would tire you out sooner or later. Good people in their way, but insatiable gossips," said Mr. Delamaine, with a smile.

They walked out, Evelyn leaning on the arm of her guardian, who talked to her, kindly pointing out everything that he thought worthy of her notice. He knew very little about young people, his own boys and girls, of whom he had a fair number, having grown up without much assistance from him. He seldom saw them, indeed, while they were undergoing that process. His sphere was the business of providing for their somewhat numerous necessities. The duty to which he was suddenly called by the death of Sir John Dacre, one of his best clients and oldest friends, had been, therefore, no little embarrassment to him. Evelyn's dislike to be spoken to about business, her silence, her misery, and the difficulty he experienced in finding subjects of

conversation to suit her—had weighed upon Mr. Delamaine's mind more heavily than anything that had come to him for years.

All the greater was his relief and pleasure when he found her taking an interest in what went on around her.

They made their way to the bows, passing little groups of people, reading, talking, working, looking after their children; these were the second-class passengers. Then on through a dingy middle region, where the work of the ship went on, and then into the midst of the steerage.

Evelyn looked around her with the keenest interest. She stopped at the barrier. There was a group of careworn looking people near the bows; they looked what they were—failures. They could not make their way in the new country; they were returning sadly to the old: middle-aged men, middle aged women—a few scantily dressed children amongst them. And they were laughing—peal after peal came down on the wind.

"Ah!" said Evelyn. "I am so glad! They are enjoying themselves."

"It isn't often one hears laughter up here," said Mr. Delamaine. "Shall we go on?"

"Oh! yes, yes. I like this."

As they went on, the group opened. They heard a protesting voice. "Come! you must give me a little elbow room, you know. I'm not going to run away."

"Edwin Merrill!" said Mr. Delamaine.

"Oh!" breathed Evelyn. "I should so much like to speak to him."

"Should you? Then you shall," said Mr. Delamaine. "Your poor father knew him when he was a boy; thought highly of him, too. If we can make our way through——"

"Let us wait here. It would be a pity to take him away from these people. How they crowd round him!" said Evelyn. "Would it be wrong to listen to what he is saying to them?"

"Not at all. I expect he is repeating last night's entertainment, though they do say that he keeps his best for up here," said Mr. Delamaine.

Meanwhile, Edwin, who, blocked up as he was, had not seen them, was telling one of his tales. It was his own story this time—rattling, vivacious, full of fun, with the touch of pathos without which no good story is complete, and, in addition to these, that quaint, half-sad, half-cynical humour, that ran through everything he said or did. And he gave it admirably; with the ease of the narrator who tells simply what he has seen, and an occasional fire and force, as if his recollections overcome and master him, so that he cannot tell them quietly. The poor people were spellbound; they did everything the story-teller could have wished—laughed, cried, burst into exclamation, joyful or sad. When the story came to an end, they crowded round him again. Tell us another to-morrow," said one and another.

"But where do you think I pick them up, you

unreasonable people!" he said. "People don't go through more than one or two such experiences in a lifetime. Come! you must let me go; I am in great request at the other end, you know."

He had been sitting on a coil of rope. He rose to his feet, the children clinging about him. "What am I to do with them?" he said, looking round with comical despair. "Jimmy! Alice! Bob! out of my way! You there!" to a rosy little ragamuffin who was looking up at him saucily. "What's your name? Pickles, is it? Who gave you that name? Feel in my pocket, Pickles."

"No, no," cried the owner of Pickles, as that saucy young gentleman prepared to obey.

"My dear madam, Pickles is acting under orders; Pickles is going to be a soldier some day! Pickles does what he is told. Hulloo! I didn't tell you to empty it, you little monkey!"

There was a peal of laughter, for out of the wonderful pocket, which Pickles had turned inside out, a curious, miscellaneous medley of articles was falling: nuts, and comfits, and biscuits, and little parcels of string, and minute knives.

"Oh, Pickles! Pickles! always in mischief!" cried the mother of Pickles despondently.

"Always in luck!" said Edwin.

Here Evelyn, who with her guardian had been keeping in the background, found it impossible to restrain herself any longer. Pickles, scratching his curly head with one little fat hand, and with the other picking up and distributing the treasures that were dropping from the wonderful pockets, was irresistible. She broke into a peal of girlish laughter, the sound of which made Edwin, whose back was towards them, turn round suddenly.

"Why," he cried, dispersing with a wave of his hand the little crowd that was pressing round him, "we have more spectators than we knew.—Good-morning, Mr. Delamaine."

"Good-morning, Edwin. My ward, Miss Dacre, wishes to be introduced to you."

"I am very happy to meet Miss Dacre," said Edwin, bowing. "Will you take a seat? If I throw my coat over this coil of rope, it will make a capital couch."

"Oh! thank you," said Mr. Delamaine with dignity. "I think we must go aft." He was thinking of Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Smith.

"Couldn't we stay a little? This is delightful," said Evelyn. The poor child was so happy to feel in genuinely good spirits again, and she did not understand dignity. "I might stay," as her guardian hesitated. "Mr. Merrill would look after me."

It was the first time since Mr. Delamaine began to have anything to do with her that she had shown the least sign of preferring one thing to another.

He said benevolently that he was in no hurry to resume his walk, and while Evelyn poured out questions about the children, entered into conversation with an intelligent-looking elderly man who happened to be standing near him.

For more than an hour they stayed in the bows. Then the sound of the luncheon-bell came ringing down the decks, and Mr. Delamaine looked round for Evelyn. Pickles was on her knee, and looking up at her with fascinated eyes. Pickles's mother, in terror of that young gentleman proving troublesome, was hovering anxiously near. Edwin was just concluding another story—a story that had made Evelyn laugh till she cried.

"Oh!" she said regretfully. "Must we go?"

"I am afraid we must," said Edwin. "Now then, children—Pickles—Alice—Bob—Jimmy. Be off."

"I wonder if Pickles would give me a kiss," said Evelyn. "And then I would bring him something to-morrow."

"Give you a kiss? Of course he will," said Pickles's mother, "and proud too!"

But Pickles, as it happened, rated his kisses more highly than his mother did.

"What'll 'oo bring him?" he inquired, looking up at Evelyn gravely. He was wishing to kiss her all the time, the little rascal!

"I don't know, Pickles. A cake or an orange, perhaps."

"Cake," said Pickles.

"Very well; a cake."

"Cake 'n orange too."

"Oh, Pickles! Pickles!" groaned his dejected parent.

Edwin laughed.

"You ought to be proud of him, Mrs. Stevens," he said; "he can drive a bargain already. Pickles will be a successful merchant some day. When his life is written by a poverty-stricken and admiring contemporary—pray don't laugh, Miss Dacre, I am in earnest—when Pickles's life is written, you and I, if we live so long, which is exceedingly doubtful, we'll send this little incident as our contribution. Now then, Pickles, your last chance! Miss Dacre has certain important duties to attend to at the other end of the ship. Now or never!"

Before the harangue was concluded, Pickles's small arms were round Evelyn's neck, and he was giving her a succession of hard, sounding kisses.

"Come again 'morrow," he whispered in her ear.

"Yes, yes; this afternoon, perhaps. Good-bye, Pickles."

As they walked back to the aft part of the ship, Mr. Delamaine in advance and Evelyn following with Edwin, she thanked him, in her pretty, girlish way, both for the entertainment of the previous evening and for his stories up to the bows.

"Of course, I know they weren't for me," she said; "but, as they gave me amusement, I can't help thanking you. I haven't enjoyed anything for such a long time."

"I know," said Edwin sympathetically. "It's an uncomfortable feeling, not liking things. I have had it too."

"Have you, really?"

"Yes. I have it now—at least, I had it yesterday.

The reading woke me up a little; and I'm always refreshed by a talk with those poor souls up there, I like them; don't you?"

"I delight in the children. Pickles is a darling, and his mother—how nice she is, with her little anxious air! I think I shall live up there now," said Evelyn. "Do you tell them stories every day?" she asked timidly.

"Pretty nearly. I am keeping my hand in. That is what I am going in for in London, you know."

"Telling stories?"

"No; writing them—stories and other things."

"Oh!"

Evelyn breathed a sigh of deep interest.

"My dearest father used to write; but it wasn't stories. It was philosophy. He was teaching Regy. Did you learn philosophy when you were young, Mr. Merrill?"

Edwin's queer little smile was puckering the corners of his mouth as he answered:—

"I am trying to learn it now. I think it may come in useful."

"In London?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes, in London," he answered.

This brought them to the door of the companion-way.

Down below, in the saloon, Evelyn was closely questioned about her proceedings.

"Where have you been?" said Mrs. Churchill, who was her neighbour at table.

"We have been looking for you everywhere," said Mrs. Smith from the other side.

"I do hope you have not been over-fatiguing yourself. You look a little flushed," said another lady.

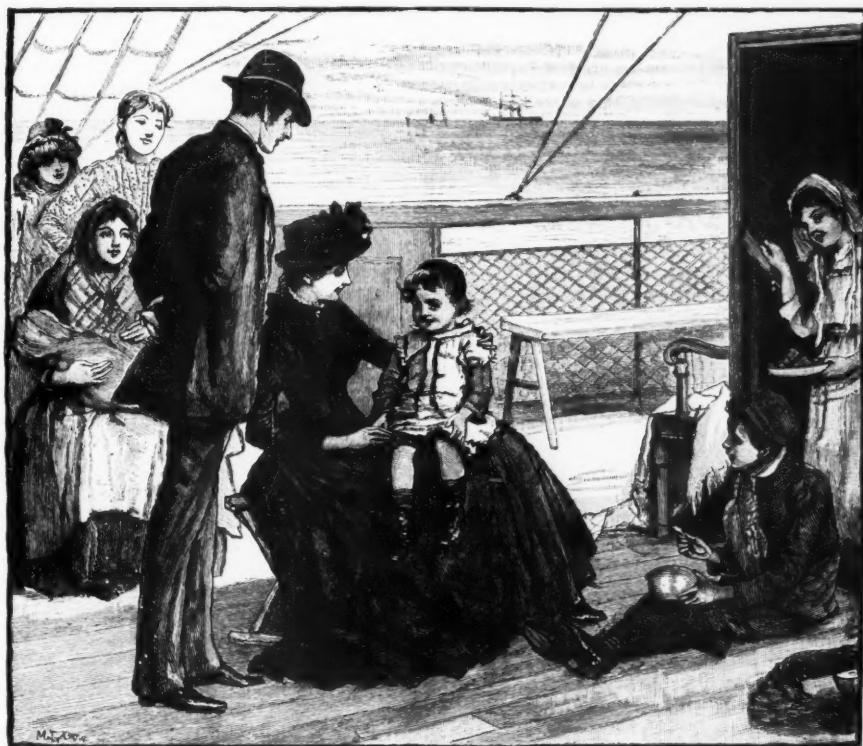
"Flushed!" commented to himself a person not far off. "It is the pink of the June rose. Will those women ever let her alone?"

"But where has she been?" persisted Mrs. Churchill, this time addressing herself to Mr. Delamaine.

He was lawyer enough to object to being cross-examined, and he answered a little curtly, "I have been taking Miss Dacre over the ship."

"We have been up to the bows, amongst the steerage passengers," said Evelyn innocently. "I have enjoyed the morning very much, and I hope to go again."

Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Smith asked no more questions. They did not quite understand Mr. Delamaine's manner, they said afterwards to one another. They remembered later that from this day they saw less of Evelyn. She was not so dejected in her manner, nor was she so passive as she had been. She refused the cushioned corners in the saloon, and the long chairs luxuriously arranged with woolly wraps in sheltered corners, which they were always offering her. She walked backwards and forwards on the deck, and went out to the bows and took interest in the little children of the first-class passengers. As her guardian, Mr. Delamaine, was generally about with her, they could say nothing;



"Pickles's mother was hovering anxiously near."—p. 532.

but it grieved them to observe that Edwin Merrill went with them everywhere.

"Has Mr. Delamaine any conscience, or is he ignorant of his nephew's character?" they said one to the other, shudderingly.

The truth was that Mr. Delamaine did not look at the matter from their point of view. He was grateful to Edwin for having interested Evelyn in what was going on around her, and he had not the least fear of him. The voyage would not last long, and if for the few days of its duration the poor child found more comfort and enjoyment in talking to a man who was undoubtedly clever, and who could be extremely agreeable when he chose, than in listening to the ladies' tedious gossip, he was not the man to blame her.

And so, as the long, tranquil days and peaceful evenings of this marvellous voyage went by, these two saw more and more one of the other. In the morning, Mr. Delamaine and Evelyn would walk out to the bows, and Edwin would generally be there before them, and he would talk and tell stories and sing, looking grave, often even sad himself; but giving the greatest pleasure to those about him: and,

in the afternoons and evenings, there would be pacings of the deck, sometimes with Mr. Delamaine, and sometimes without him, when Evelyn would talk simply and wistfully about Capri, and her father and mother and Regy.

She had no thought of doing him good. To begin with, she did not in the least believe the evil she had heard of him. The moment she saw him with the poor people and children up at the bows she judged him in her own direct fashion. He was good; much better than those who condemned him. Besides, she was too humble to think that her simple talk could "do good to anyone. Naturally, and in the course of conversation, which—it seemed strange to her, but Edwin could doubtless have explained how it happened—was always turning upon her happy childhood, she would quote her father's or mother's sayings. "Father says that is what our life is given to us for," she said on one occasion, "to make other lives happier. That is what you do;"—words which gave a curious new sort of thrill to poor Edwin. And again: it was in the evening, late—one of the evenings when the skies were dark and the sea was gleaming with phosphorescent light. They were

standing near the bulwarks, with Mr. Delamaine, as usual, somewhere in the background, watching the white shining points spring up for an instant, lighten the tracts of water about them, and then vanish in the darkness. Edwin, who was in one of his fanciful moods, had been comparing them to human lives which come from the darkness and travel back to it again.

"But," said Evelyn softly, "there need be no darkness about us. My dearest father used to say that if we wish to do the right, there will be light about us always—light enough to show us the way."

"Can we tell what *is* right?" said Edwin.

"Yes, yes; we have His life—our Saviour's," answered the young girl reverently. "And oh!" her voice trembling, "how beautiful, how grand it was! We can't be in the dark with that to guide us. To follow Him every day and all day long—that is what my father and mother used to teach me."

"And you did?"

"I tried to. I am trying now. Father says we may all walk in the same path—those who have gone away and those who are here—and that makes death not seem like death," said Evelyn chokingly.

The time came when Edwin remembered these simple words.

He had many a struggle with himself in those days, and more than once he got up with the firm intention of keeping away from Evelyn all day. He knew he was impressionable, and he felt that his heart was going from him. When he saw the sweet, pale face, whose every line he had begun to know, brighten at his approach; when he felt, as he could not help feeling, that he alone of all those with whom the poor child came in contact just then had the power to divert her from her grief; when he walked with her, talked to her, told her his quaint stories, and led her off to the bows to find the delightful Pickles, and his little confraternity of babies; and when she rewarded him for his efforts to amuse her by a rare, sweet smile, or, better still, one of those peals of girlish laughter which were to poor Edwin the most delicious sounds in all the world—he would feel sometimes as if he could not bear it.

He never went to the card-room now. Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Smith, who still made it the chief occupation of their lives to watch him, said that, since his uncle came on board, he was on his good behaviour. The truth was that Edwin had no time for that recreation. His hours were filled, and his thoughts were occupied. Some—they were more observant than the other ladies I have mentioned—said that, in this brief sunny fortnight, his very appearance changed. His eyes grew deeper; his smile tenderer; there was a curious, gentle refinement in his face, such as we see in those who have just passed through an illness that has brought them to the brink of death.

"I can't tell how it is," said one kind woman to

her husband, "but whenever I look at that poor fellow I feel inclined to cry."

The days wore on until the last day came. It was evening, and early the following morning they were to put in at Gravesend. Edwin stood alone on the quarter-deck, looking out to sea. He heard a light footfall, and, turning round, saw Evelyn behind him.

"Miss Dacre!" he said; "you here? I thought you had gone to rest half an hour ago."

"I went to my cabin—yes," she faltered, "but I could not help coming up. Everything will be hurried to-morrow and I wanted to—to—thank you. You have been very good to me."

Edwin did not speak. He was taken aback. He had no words ready. If he could have said what he would; ah! he would have had words enough then. But he dared not. He set his lips together, and for the first time for years, his heart went up to Heaven in prayer.

"We shall meet again, I hope," said the gentle voice in his ear.

"I do not think we shall meet, at least for some time, my dear Miss Dacre," said Edwin, with an effort to speak lightly, while his every nerve was quivering. "You are too kind to wish it. But—well! Life in London is different from what you think. There are a vast number of worlds there, and the worlds are as far from one another as if oceans divided them. You and I will move in different worlds."

"But surely," her voice quivering, "you will come to see your uncle sometimes?"

"Yes, yes—my—my dear little girl—forgive me, Miss Dacre. I am quite an old fellow, you know. What was I saying? Oh! yes; we shall meet, and, if I have an opportunity, I will tell you some more stories. Good-bye. The English sea mists are abroad, and, after your Italian experiences, you ought to be careful. Good-bye. Yes, you will hear of me, I am sure."

"I shall never forget you," said Evelyn, sighing; and then, as she turned away, "But for one thing, I should like this voyage to go on for ever."

"And what is that one thing?"

"Regy is in England."

"Oh, yes; Regy—your friend when you were a child," said Edwin dreamily. "Is he to meet you?"

"No; he does not know. We started in a hurry at the last. I could not write, because I did not know which way we were coming. But I shall write as soon as I arrive, and I am sure I shall hear something of him soon."

"And that will cheer you up. Well! good-night," said Edwin, taking her hand. "You will think of me sometimes?"

"I will never—never—forget you," said Evelyn earnestly.

(To be continued.)

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "LEADERS IN MODERN PHILANTHROPY."

CONTINENTAL PHILANTHROPY.



MINIMIS maxima"—the greatest things from the smallest—marks what we may call a favourite method of operation with God. The *smallness*, contrasted with the *greatness*, may be either in number, in space, in time, or in physical or moral strength. The twelve

or fifteen hundred millions of beings that form the present human race, with all that have gone before them, and all that will come after them, have sprung from a single pair. The mightiest of rivers, rolling to the ocean a mass of water that might flood a continent, may be traced to a tiny rill. The Christian Church, that in three centuries absorbed all the other religions of the Empire, held its first meetings in an upper chamber at Jerusalem. The Head and Founder of the Christian Church, the Founder of an Empire beside which that of the Caesars dwindles into insignificance, was taunted in His day as "the carpenter's son." It is a Divine prerogative to bring vast results from small beginnings, and it is a method that redounds very obviously to the glory of God.

We have many illustrations of this principle in Scripture. It was an instance of this the Midianite dreamt of when he saw the barley-cake tumbling into the host of Midian, and smiting the tent, that it was overturned and lay along. It was this that Gideon was called to exemplify when his army was reduced to a handful of three hundred, and the three hundred routed the host of Midian. It was this that lay at the foundation of Isaiah's prophecies that the worm Jacob would thrash the mountains, and that the little one would become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation, for the Lord would hasten it in His time. It was this, on a larger scale, that Nebuchadnezzar saw exemplified in his dream of the stone cut out without hands, that smote the image, and became a great mountain, and filled the earth. And in the New Testament, in our Lord's life and teaching, the same principle finds fresh illustration. The multitude of five thousand, fed from five loaves and two fishes, was a singularly striking evidence of Divine power. In the parable of the mustard seed the Kingdom of Heaven is likened to the least of all seeds (that is, seeds of garden herbs), which, in the East, becomes a tree in whose branches the fowls of the air may lodge. Underneath all these allusions and illustrations lies the principle that to bring great results out of small beginnings is a peculiarly Divine method of operation.

Man is made in the image of God, and his mind is peculiarly interested and impressed by this feature of the Divine handiwork. And when, on a far humbler scale, it characterises his own works, he is greatly moved. Witness the delight of the schoolboy when a handful of snow, rolled patiently along the garden, becomes a huge lump taller than himself. Witness the satisfaction of some laborious writer, who for years upon years has been toiling at a dictionary, or a history of the world, or a philosophy of the universe, or some such task, and at last sees the slender first day's page multiplied into a work of a dozen enormous volumes. A successful man of the people who founded an institute in a provincial town in Scotland, placed in it a little green box, more interesting to him than to the public, because when he started in life it contained the whole of his earthly possessions. In the hall of a splendid mansion on the edge of Loch Lomond, I have seen the picture of a little sailing vessel, which carried the owner and all his goods, when he set out for the East to begin what proved to be a vast and most lucrative business. And how often at firesides, or dinner-tables, in the course of friendly saunters by the way, do men who have acquired a position delight to rehearse the story of their progress; and how interested are most of us in hearing or in reading how the gulf was spanned between the lawyer's first brief and the woolstack, or the doctor's first fee and his baronetcy, or, in the case of the American President, between the log cabin and the White House.

Of a higher and nobler order are those enterprises in which man has been conspicuously a fellow-worker with God, addressing himself, in the spirit of our blessed Lord, to rescue the perishing, instruct the ignorant, and bless the miserable. The record of rapid progress and success in such undertakings, especially in our own times, is very remarkable. It would appear that the nearer the founders of such undertakings got to God, and the more they desired to be mere instruments in His hands, giving up all personal ambition in the desire to benefit God's suffering creatures and thus do God's work, the more did they exemplify that method of Divine operation of which we have been speaking. Great results followed from very small beginnings. The enterprises grew to a magnitude that astonished no one so much as the founders themselves. Besides being cheered by the amount of good thus done, these Christian philanthropists enjoyed a most refreshing sense of the countenance and blessing of God. If at any time there should rise in their minds a complacent feeling on their own behalf, it was met and rebuked by the overwhelming evidence of the presence of a higher

hand. We propose, in the present series of papers, to glance at some of these undertakings, and the illustration they afford of God's way of working.

One other remark it may be well to make before proceeding to details. The achievements already made are symbolical as well as historical. The future, like the past, will doubtless be full of illustrations of the same great law. And who can tell whether the sphere of its operation will not extend beyond the limits of this little globe? When the immeasurable vastness of the Universe and the infinity of the worlds contained in it dawned on the human mind, it used to be urged by some as an objection to the truth of the Gospel, that it could not be reasonably believed that the Son of God should have died for so comparatively insignificant a planet. Who can tell what may be the ultimate relations to the rest of the universe of what was done on our little planet? May not the principle of great results from small beginnings be applicable here? If the planet be a small theatre from which to start, may not the final results, as in so many cases, be in the very inverse ratio to its size? That the work of Christ might have bearings on other worlds was the very eloquent contention of Dr. Chalmers, in his celebrated "Astronomical Discourses"; might he not have found an additional basis for his supposition if he had borne in mind how often, in Divine Providence, the most wide-reaching results have had an obscure and insignificant birthplace?

We are now to glance at three remarkable Continental enterprises, all well known; the Rauhe Haus of Wichern, the Deaconess's Home of Flöden, and the whole village of Asylums planted by John Bost at Laforce.

The three founders were of the same calling—*candidats* in theology, or pastors of small Protestant flocks. Of private means they were wholly destitute; their official salaries, when they had any, were sufficient only, even with economy, for the barest living; and yet they reared buildings one after another, as if they had the resources of princes, and they rarely were at a loss, either as to capital or income, for carrying on any work of mercy that commended itself to their hearts.

Immanuel Wichern was a zealous young *candidat* of four-and-twenty, who having come under a strong evangelical influence, was deeply moved for the welfare of the poor of Hamburg, especially after the terrible visitation of cholera in 1832. Hard did he work for the children of the poor in his Sunday-school; but an hour's teaching on a Sunday evening was a feeble way to meet the influences for evil that were playing on them all the week round. If only he could establish a Reformatory and be always with the children! When one day in the street a child came to him kissing his hand, and asking him to come and see what sort of a home he had, his soul burned like fire. But how could he and his friends ever get a Reformatory? Only by praying it down from heaven. "Are you praying for the Rettungs-

haus?" they would ask one another when they met on the street, or elsewhere. That it was God's will that they should get it, they firmly believed. And soon money began to come to Wichern. One day he was promised a thousand pounds, and his hopes rose to the clouds; but owing to a law plea the promise had to be recalled; to be fulfilled, however, with interest, when the law plea was settled. How he got possession of the Ruge Hoos, which he called the Rauhe Haus, and then of a dozen of the most incorrigible boys of Hamburg, and how he subdued them by love, and got them to be interested in his plans and fellow-workers for the good of others, every reader of his life knows. Four of them were the children of criminal drunkards; one had committed ninety-two thefts; one had escaped from prison; one had sinned till he became imbecile; all thoroughly wild; lying and stealing a second nature. Yet in a year they were wonderfully changed. In a year, too, they were working right busily to construct another house to receive another such dozen. When girls began to be received, they were worse. "I have never seen," said Wichern, "so downright wicked a spirit in the boy as in the girl." Yet a year after, a dozen such girls, with one exception, gave evidence of the power of the Word of God.

And the work grew wonderfully. The first batch of boys helped to build "The Swiss House" for the second. Then came "The Green Fir," so called after the Christmas-tree for girls; then, for work-shops, "The Golden Bottom," from the German proverb, "All labour has a bottom of gold;" then an office, followed by a chapel; "The Beehive," "The Swallows' Nests," "The Fishers' Cottage," and other fanciful and appropriate names denoting the rapid succession of new erections. The work spread with wonderful celerity, and the external progress was accompanied by an inward reformation that made Wichern's children objects of desire to the people around, who saw that under his magic influence the worst scum of the neighbouring city had been changed into useful and trustworthy helps.

And with his success Wichern's heart got large. How could he multiply this blessed work? First, by the institution of the Rauhe Haus Brotherhood. Young men of the artisan and teacher class were invited to live with the children for two or three years, and qualify themselves for similar work. In twenty-five years applications came to him for 787 such workers. But Wichern's mind soared higher and further still. The "Inner Mission" which he founded was designed to form a band of missionary agents for many kinds of service within the German Evangelical Church. Its work likewise has been greatly blessed. For nearly fifty years it was the happy lot of Wichern to superintend these beneficial agencies, which prospered and spread as if under the visible blessing of God. In 1872 he had a stroke of paralysis, and his useful life terminated in 1881.

The history of the work of Fliedner at Kaiserswerth is very similar to that of Wichern. But in early life Fliedner found a remarkable exemplification of the proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody." Settled at the early age of twenty-two as Protestant pastor at Kaiserswerth, he found his church in debt and his congregation almost swept away through the failure of a manufactory where most of them had found employment. He had to go out and about and beg for the debt on his church. In a visit for this purpose to Holland and Great Britain, he was struck with the philanthropic activity that prevailed in these countries, and getting introduced to such workers as Mrs. Fry, Dr. Chalmers, and William Allen, he saw that the spring of all their philanthropy was their living faith in Christ. He returned to his own country greatly quickened in faith, and with a burning desire to see his beloved fatherland as active in the work of faith as any other country. He began by walking some six miles to Düsseldorf, after his own Sunday service was over, and preaching to the prisoners there. If he was to do any good to the prisoners, he must have a house to receive them, and the getting up of such a place was his first labour of love. When I visited Kaiserswerth a few years ago, there stood in what was once the manse garden a little outhouse, where in 1833 Fliedner lodged the first woman received from the prison at Düsseldorf until a house was taken for the purpose. The little place was not part of the establishment, but it still stood, and probably still stands, to show where the grain of mustard-seed was sown.

A volume would be needed to detail the growth of Fliedner's work. It was perhaps another instance of the proverb about the ill wind, that when he began to gather convicts from the prisons, some of them fell sick, and it became necessary to have a hospital. And Fliedner was not satisfied with the miserable old creatures that had hitherto been the usual nurses of the sick in public hospitals; he must have women regularly trained for the purpose, and with hearts made warm and tender by the love of Christ. And thus was laid the foundation of that grand Deaconess's Home at Kaiserswerth, an immense building, which, besides doing its own local work, has become the mother of a goodly progeny, there being similar establishments in all parts of the world, where Kaiserswerth deaconesses are for ever busy in the labour of love. The face of Gertrude Reichart, the first Kaiserswerth deaconess, must be familiar to many, for, along with Fliedner's, her portrait appears everywhere in the buildings. How Fliedner went calmly on, adding one establishment to another at Kaiserswerth, getting the money to maintain them almost literally from the hand of

the Lord, until at last the poor pastor became head of an establishment of five hundred inmates, is one of those chapters of sober history which are stranger than any fiction. His trust in God never failed him; and such words as "fear" and "difficulty" could hardly have been found in his dictionary.

We have but a few lines for the work of the late M. John Bost at Laforce. He, too, was a Protestant pastor, but his flock, which had left the National Reformed Church of France, amounted to but twenty-four families. The root idea of M. Bost's philanthropy was that it was not fair to do as the Protestant Orphanage in Paris did—limit admission to the age of from 6 to 12. Full of this thought, the young pastor, having first asked the Lord to open the hearts of those who had the means, went hither and thither to plead his cause. He returned with just the sum he had prayed for. Beside his chapel there was some empty ground, and there, with much help from his poor people, who had just finished their chapel, the orphanage was reared. The "*Famille Evangélique*," as M. Bost called his establishment, now grew up like a tree planted by the rivers of water. Out of a lame, half-dead beggar whom he found one day lying on the grass there was evolved through care and kindness a most excellent Christian teacher. And there rose up presently a manse, a school, and a schoolmaster's house. Then the original orphanage was doubled. Then followed a series of establishments for girls, for imbeciles, for maniacs, for epileptics, for incurables, and what not. Siloe, Bethesda, Ebenezer, Bethel, and I know not how many more Scripture names, indicated fresh fruits of his faith and prayer. And for sustaining all these establishments, there was no other resource. Many a long journey did the good man make in Great Britain and other places to plead for the *Famille Evangélique*. Well do those of us who were privileged to know him remember his radiant countenance, his ever joyful tones, his ever triumphant faith. His very blunders in English helped him. Travelling one day with a friend through a very bleak moor, he asked what adjective might best characterise a region so bare. "Barren," he was told. He stored the word in his memory, and soon after, standing up to address a General Assembly, where bald foreheads were very conspicuous, he begged their indulgence, as he had never before addressed so many "barren" heads. His labours exhausted his frame before he was old. But not before he had left a splendid memorial of the miraculous power of faith and prayer; not before, in the remote village of Laforce, he had realised the parable of the mustard-seed, and left a tree, with its outspread branches, in which the fowls of heaven might make their habitation.



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

No. 33. LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD, ETC.

To read—St. Matthew xx. 1—28.



GOD'S VINEYARD. (1—16.) This Parable answer to St. Peter's question (xix. 27)—what shall we have? God does reward service, be it short or long; but there is danger in serving merely for the reward. Sometimes first in service fall away, become last.

The parable. Vintage being gathered in—busy season—extra labourers wanted—stand waiting to be hired—more "hands" constantly wanted. First hired receive regular day's pay—Roman "denarius" (about 8d. English money)—others will receive what is right, no bargain made; at pay-time all receive same; earlier ones from fairness, later ones from generosity of master. Earlier ones grumble, not at their own but at others' wages. Showed envious glance (*i.e.*, evil eye) at others.

The meaning. Workers needed in Christ's Kingdom. Many ready to be called. Some join in early life, some later. Plenty of work for all. Reward promised to all. Master just and right—will give what is right. Beware of evil spirit of envy, lest lose what have gained.

Examples of work:—Feeding the hungry—lad with the loaves. (St. John vi. 9.)

Clothing the naked—Dorcas. (Acts ix. 39.)

Visiting prisoners—Luke and Demas. (Col. iv. 14.)

Early worker—Josiah the King. (2 Kings xxii. 1, 2.)

Late worker—St. Paul. (1 Cor. xv. 9.)

II. CHRIST FORETELLS HIS PASSION. (17—19.) Christ's end approaching—as Prophet foretells His own fate. All disciples listening—perhaps word "betrayed" suggested to Judas his scheme.

All details came literally true—

(a) Judas betrayed Him to chief priest for money.

(b) Jewish high priest condemned Him to death.

(c) Jewish high priest delivered Him to Pilate, Gentile governor.

(d) Gentile soldiers mocked, scourged, crucified.

III. ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN. (20—28.) *The request*—Special place in Christ's Kingdom. Showed how little they understood about it. *The answer*—Special rewards follow special suffering. Are they equal to that? *The disciples indignant*—Think other two want to steal a march upon them. Show same worldly spirit. *The explanation*—In the world might is right—all live for self—to exercise power by money, position, talent, etc. In Christ's Kingdom they are great who serve—not who receive, but who give most service. (xxv. 45.)

Examples:—Widow's mites. (St. Luke xxi. 3.)

Mary anointing Christ. (St. Mark xiv. 9.)

Cup of suffering—James suffered martyrdom. (Acts xii. 1.)

St. John banished to Patmos. (Rev. i. 9.)

LESSON. *No cross, no crown.*

No. 34. JERICHO AND JERUSALEM.

To read—St. Matthew xx. 29—xxi. 16.

I. TWO BLIND MEN. (xx. 29—34.) Either a different miracle from cure of Bartimæus (St. Luke xviii. 35), or he may have been one of the two. Christ going up as King to Jerusalem, great multitude also going up for Feast of Passover. Blind men importunate in their cries—multitude try to stop them. Christ hears, stops, calls, questions, pities, heals.

They are suffering, eager, believing.

Christ is merciful, willing, helpful.

They follow Him as disciples.

LESSON. *Be not faithless but believing.*

II. ENTRY TO JERUSALEM. (xxi. 1—11.) Notice: *The ass* (a) Ready, tied to vine as prophesied. (Gen. xlix. 11.)

(b) Never before ridden (St. Mark xi. 2), considered sacred (Deut. xxi. 3).

(c) Ass with its colt as prophesied. (Zech. ix. 9.)

(d) Probably of white colour. (Judg. v. 10.)

(e) Lent willingly; owner probably secret disciple.

The People (a) Disciples did as were bidden.

(b) Multitudes strewed palm branches.

(c) Children cried "Hosanna" to Son of David.

(d) People of Jerusalem welcomed Christ.

Jesus Christ (a) Calm amid excitement.

(b) Wept over Jerusalem. (St. Luke xix. 41.)

(c) Received homage as King.

LESSONS. (1) *Praise* due to Christ, the King of Israel.

(2) *Devotion* of lives, not merely of lips.

III. CLEANSING THE TEMPLE. Christ as King visits His Temple.

As Man goes there to worship, as Saviour to heal.

Finds the outer courts places of trade and theft.

Shows His authority—drives out buyers and sellers—states the object of the Temple—heals.

Notice. Children in the Temple singing His praises—commended.

Chief Priests and Scribes cavilling—rejected.

Sick come to be healed—cured.

With what object do we visit God's House?

Worship. (Ps. xcv. 5.) Healing of sin. (Ps. ciii. 3.) Instruction. (Acts xiii. 27.)

LESSON. *Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God.*

No. 35. EVENTS OF HOLY WEEK.

(As told by St. Matthew.) To be copied out.

Palm Sunday. 1. Disciples sent to fetch the ass.

2. Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.
3. Drives buyers and sellers from the Temple.
4. Last miracles of healing.

Monday. 1. Visits Jerusalem in the morning.
2. Curses barren fig-tree.

Tuesday. 1. Teaches in Temple for the last time.
2. Silences Chief Priests, Pharisees, Sadducees.
(Parables of Two Sons, Wicked Husbandmen, Marriage of King's Son.)

3. Teaches on the Mount of Olives. (xxiv. 1, 2.)
Foretells destruction of Jerusalem. (3—28.)
Foretells His second coming. (29—51.)
Parables of Ten Virgins, Talents, Sheep and Goats.
Wednesday. Spent in quiet at Bethany.
1. Is betrayed by Judas.
2. Is anointed in Simon's house.

Thursday. 1. Christ sends disciples to prepare Passover.

2. Eats last Passover with His disciples.
3. Institutes new feast of the Lord's Supper.
4. Foretells St. Peter's denial.
5. Agony in Garden of Gethsemane.
6. Taken prisoner by servants of High Priest.
7. Tried by the High Priest on charge of blasphemy.

8. Denied by St. Peter.

Good Friday. 1. Christ sent by High Priest to Pilate.

2. Judas hangs himself. (3—10.)
3. Christ tried by Pilate on charge of treason.
4. Scourged, crowned with thorns, mocked.
5. Crucified, dead, and buried by Joseph.

Saturday. 1. Christ rests in the tomb.

2. Watch set by Pilate.

Easter Sunday. The Resurrection.

LESSON. *To this end Christ died, and rose, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.*

NO. 36. PARABLES AND TEACHINGS.

To read—St. Matthew xxi. 17—46.

I. BARREN FIG TREE. (17—22.) Christ been spending night at Bethany—probably at house of Lazarus—returns to Jerusalem in morning of Monday before His death—is hungry—seeks fruit on fig tree. Notice about the tree:—

1. Was intended for fruit.
2. Made profession of fruit.
3. Was fruitless—therefore made barren by Christ. Intended for a parable to the Jews and all.
1. Designed for fruits of repentance. (iii. 8.)
2. Made profession—Hosannas just been sung.
3. Soon crucified Christ—were rejected by Him. (xxiii. 38.)

But all things possible to those who believe.

II. CHRIST'S AUTHORITY. (23—32.) Another day come. Christ again in Temple, but now for last time. Last warnings, signs, parables, invitations. Party of chief priests and elders come to Him while in the Court of Temple teaching the people. Ask His authority. How had He already shown it?

1. By testimony of the Father at His baptism.
2. By His miracles. (St. John v. 36.)
3. By His holy teachings.

So refuses to answer—but teaches by a parable.

III. PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS. (28—32.)

First of six Parables showing fate of Jewish nation, and of all who reject Christ. All divided into two great classes—the lost and the saved, as follows:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Son does not repent. | Son does repent. |
| 2. Wicked husbandmen. | Husbandmen bringing forth fruits. |
| 3. Guest without garment. | Guests with. |
| 4. Foolish virgins. | Wise virgins. |
| 5. Talents misused. | Talents used. |
| 6. Goats on left. | Sheep on right. |

Two sons means sinners who repented at preaching of John, and Pharisees who knew Scriptures yet rejected Christ.

Some Pharisees, however, did repent, e.g. Nicodemus (St. John iii. 1), St. Paul (Acts xxiii. 6).

LESSON. *Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.*

IV. PARABLE OF WICKED HUSBANDMEN. (33—42.)

(a) Householder represents God the Father.

(b) The Vineyard—the Jewish Church and people.

(c) The Husbandmen—the Scribes and Elders, teachers of the Law.

(d) The Servants—God's prophets sent to warn.

(e) The fruits—of righteousness.

(f) The Son sent—Jesus Christ our Lord.

(g) Another nation—the Gentiles.

Instances of prophets persecuted—Elijah by Jezebel—Jeremiah imprisoned (Jer. xxxvii. 15)—John the Baptist beheaded.

Christ the corner-stone—binding all in one (Jews and Gentiles) (Eph. ii. 20)—rejected by Nazarenes (St. Luke iv. 28)—becomes Head of all (Phil. ii. 10).

Chief Priests and Pharisees convicted by conscience.

Instead of repenting they seek to kill Christ.

LESSON. *Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.*

NO. 37. MARRIAGE FEAST, ETC.

To read—St. Matthew xxii.

I. PARABLE OF MARRIAGE FEAST. (1—14.) Last parable told of rejection of Christ—God's Son. This of His triumph over His enemies.

King represents God the Father.

The first servant—the prophets calling the Jews.

The feast—the Kingdom of God.

The armies—the Romans who destroyed Jerusalem.

The second servants—Apostles sent out to preach.

The highways—the whole world.

The second guests—the Gentiles.

The wedding garment—righteousness.

The outer darkness—punishment of the wicked.

We have been called—are we chosen?

II. THE HERODIANS SILENCED. (15—22.) Herodians join Pharisees in trying to entrap Christ. Pretended to desire His advice on difficult questions.

Must they acknowledge Roman Emperor Tiberius Caesar as king? Christ calls for a penny.

Notice. The coin was stamped with Caesar's effigy. The coin had passed current among them.

Therefore they did accept Caesar—must pay tribute.

Equally owed homage to God. Did they pay it?

III. THE SADDUCEES SILENCED. (23—33.) This law of marriage common in Eastern nations—used by Sadducees to puzzle Christ. Put an extreme case to Him. Of what were they ignorant?

Knew not Scriptures, which teach the Resurrection.

Knew not God's power, Who could raise the dead.

Knew not the nature of future life—no marriage.

Argument for the Resurrection.

God and His people are closely joined.

God is God of the living, of Abraham, Isaac, etc.

Therefore they are still alive, and there is life after death.

IV. THE PHARISEES SILENCED. (34—46.) Each party in turn tries to silence Christ—only to be themselves silenced.

God's law requires devotion of whole man to Him:—

Heart—the emotions, love, etc.

Soul—the higher and spiritual thoughts.

Mind—the intellect and powers of reason.

God's Law requires also duty to neighbour.

Christ now silences them as follows:—

Christ, they say, is Son of David.

But David calls Him Lord, *i.e.*, Sovereign.

Therefore Christ is greater than David.

Must be acknowledged as Messiah.

LESSON. *A soft answer turneth away wrath.*

FROM— TO—.

A NEW PARABLE FROM NATURE. BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON.



IT had occupied for years the same position on the high road between D—— and H——, and faithfully had it proclaimed to every passer-by that at that point in their travels they were twenty miles from the town of D——. To some the fact told of toils accomplished, to others of those yet to be undergone, but to all its message seemed sufficient till within the last few months, when new cross-roads had been opened, and a sign-post had been set up on the opposite bank, on one of the arms of which was announced: "To D—— twenty miles." The old milestone had a standing quarrel against it ever since, for those coming from D—— now grumbled at being only twenty miles on their journey, and those travelling towards it that they were still that distance from their goal.

"Nasty, stuck-up thing!" exclaimed the milestone to its neighbour, the old park paling. "What did we want it to come for and tell us where our road led to, when we were quite satisfied with knowing where it came from? now no one is thankful for the past, happy in the present, or contented with the future. Ignorance of what is before one is my idea of bliss!"

"That is all very well for an old-fashioned thing like yourself," interrupted a heap of stones by the roadside. "To judge by your venerable mossy garments, no one would accuse you of rolling into new

paths, but, for myself, now if I *am* to be tossed about, well, I should prefer being sent the right way instead of the wrong, or I might be landed in a ditch, which would be neither pleasant nor profitable."

"Old-fashioned, indeed!" retorted the milestone angrily; "it is your new-fangled idea of multiplying roads that is at fault. As I have declared all along, this is twenty miles from D——."

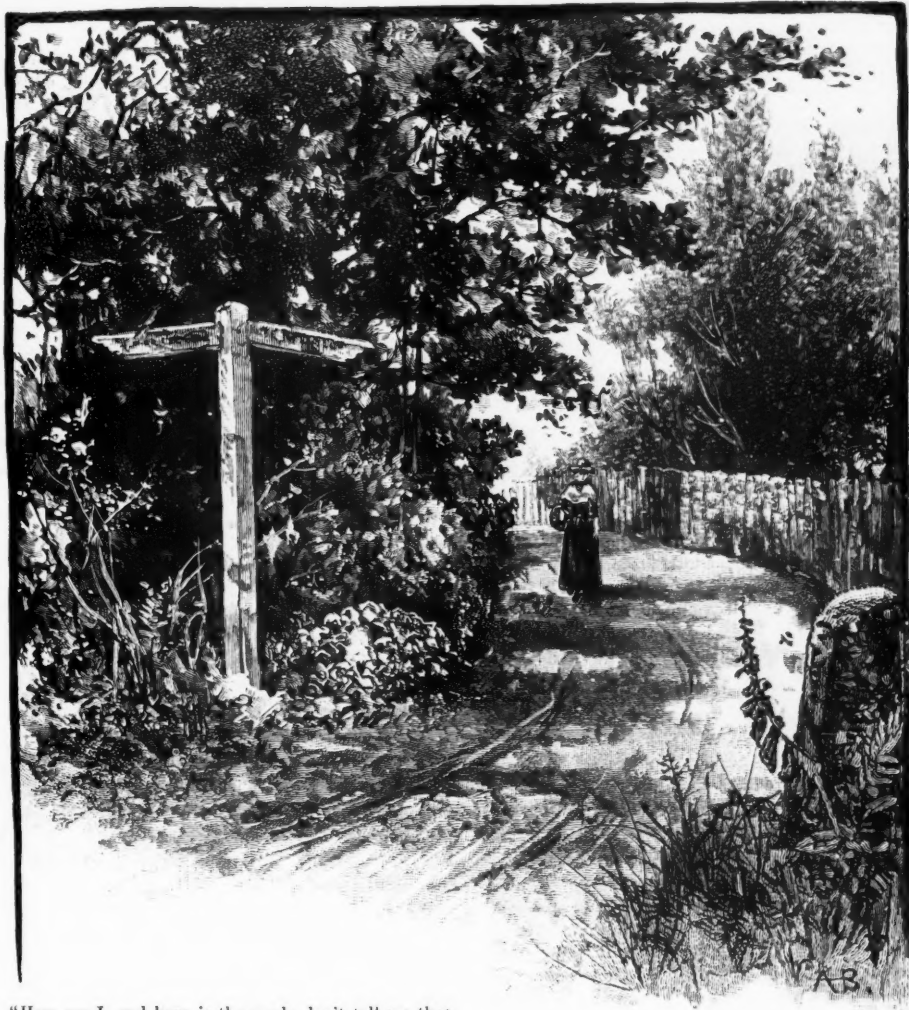
"True, true; but where does your road lead to?" asked a tall foxglove, which had twisted itself through the park paling in a vain attempt to look round the corner.

"I have nothing to do with *to*; I said *from*," it replied dogmatically.

"And what is D—— like, that you are twenty miles from?" persisted the foxglove; "surely you can tell us that."

But the milestone was silent, for it was ashamed to confess that the "from" was as unanswerable as the "to," and that the only thing it could assert with confidence was its own existence; and, strangely enough, the more it pondered over this fact, so all-satisfying before, the more dissatisfied it became. How had it come to the spot on which it now stood? where did the road begin, whither did it lead, to whom did it belong? it asked of the grasses around, but they remembered not its arrival; of the living creatures which played along the road, but they knew not the beginning nor the end; of the trees, and they, as they raised their proud heads in the air and surveyed the road from afar, declared that it began and led nowhere, for at both ends could they not see the narrowing line vanish into nothing?

"That is impossible," exclaimed in a confident tone the sign-post, who had hitherto kept silence.



"Here am I, and here is the road; don't tell me that the hand that made us both made us and placed us here to point, to lead nowhere. The from and the to are hidden from me also, but far away on the distant horizon I *know* that they exist."

"Know, forsooth!" returned the foxglove; "a little less self-assertion would be more becoming, methinks;" and she proudly drew herself up as she spoke.

"Can I be false to myself?" it replied. "Is it not written on me by the will of the lord of the land, and shall not he be right? Did I fashion myself? Did I choose the position I occupy? What if the beginning and the end of the king's way is hidden from me, is not enough of it revealed to show me it exists? and if *here*, prove to me, ye doubters, if ye can, that the engraven message on my arms is false."

But the trees and stones, the flowers and the old park paling, answered not, for they had nothing to say, for neither had they travelled it.

And as the sign-post stood silent and erect, with the sunlight flickering on it through the overhanging boughs, and the lengthening shadows gathered round its base, a robin perched on its outstretched arm, and poured forth in a flood of song the tale of how, as it mounted high in the heavens, it had caught a glimpse in the far, far distance of the city of the king.

And the milestone, as it lay half buried in the earth, bewildered and entangled with weeds, was comforted,

THE SUNSHINE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HEART.

LIFE'S EVENTIDE.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.



HERE is an afterglow as the sun is setting in Switzerland, which, travellers say, makes the Matterhorn and the mountains marvellously beautiful. The sunlight has departed from the plains, but it clothes the hills, like the high priest of old,

with garments "of glory and of beauty." So it ought to be—and so, thank God, it often is—with the evening of a Christian life. There is an afterglow of memory on one side, whilst there is a flush of heaven's coming morning on the other side of life. Memory and Hope alike do their part to make a Christian's evening hours beautiful and bright.

If God, in His love and wisdom, allows us to linger on in life to the late evening, we must naturally expect the physical powers to be enfeebled; but what a grand testimony it is to the immortality of the soul that the inner life suffers no decline, but often manifests a clearness of vision, a depth of wisdom, and a feeling of enjoyment even greater than at any previous period of life. How often is the gracious promise consciously fulfilled: "Though the outward man faileth, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." This inward man decay cannot touch, because within the centre of our being is "the power of an endless life."

"Sunshine at fourscore years?" you ask. Can there be all that you mean by gladness and brightness then? Do not go to men of the world, who have tasted all the cups of earthly joy, and found that, pleasant as they are to the taste, they are exhaustible, and have had only the nectar-sweet in them of passing moments; but go to the Christian hearts, who have found all human joys purified and perfected by friendship with God, and whose spiritual joys have been supreme—and they will tell you not only that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, but that all her paths are peace. Such pleasures are permanent and progressive, enlarging the life, and enabling us to feel that in the passing desires and expectations of the soul we have a pledge and prophecy of that immortal life which the Gospel so clearly and fully reveals. Sunshine? yes. For Christians are conscious of not having lived in vain; they see harvests behind them of grace and blessing; and they believe that He who has been faithful in all the past will not fail in His promise to be with them when they go down the valley of the shadow of death.

We have, many of us, *seen* such sunshine in the countenance and conversation of aged Christians. Like the rest of their brethren in the world, they have had losses and crosses, battles and bereavements, but they have found that—

"Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer."

And in the quiet exercises of devotion they feel the pulses of a Divine life that knows no decay, and they hear the whisper of a Divine voice that says, "Fear not; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." Some of us, too, have seen the great-grand-children circling the venerable forms of fatherhood and motherhood, or one of them, at the late evening, and have learned not only that children's children, but children's children's children are the glory of old men.

We often hear pessimistic language formulating the languid question, "Is life worth the living?" but *that* mostly comes from the lips of superficial sceptics who have beneath all surface indifference an intense love of life. Were these people suspended over Niagara, and asked to specify the moment they would like to find their euthanasia in the boiling *mæleström*, they would, in all probability, request another day or two to settle the desirableness of making so early an exodus from life.

There are sometimes clouds in life's evening, and sincere and spiritual souls have been known to say with the Psalmist, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away, and be at rest;" and the God of our salvation does not forbid such prayers or look darkly on such desires. But even the wish to go home, the desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better, may, and does often, co-exist with the feeling that to remain in the flesh is not only often more needful for others, but also for themselves—that they may be made more meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

When we come to the *practical* tests of the value of Christian faith, we have not much difficulty in deciding that godliness is profitable for all things; it quiets anxieties, it purifies morals, it elevates the sense of responsibility, it calls forth habits of self-conquest, it exerts an ennobling influence on others, and withal it has in it not only the promise of the life that now is, but of the life which is to come.

And then at late evening, when the "may die," which belongs to all eras, becomes the "must die," and men and women know that the beckoning hand of the angel is not far off them, how past all preciousness is the faith which can say, "All things are ours—life or death, things present or things to come, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Sunshine on the river: how beautiful that is in nature, as the beams make a golden bridge across the waters! and that is only analogous to what happens to the aged Christian when the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness makes the river of death aglow with His glorious beams.

At eventide it *shall* be light : this is God's own promise, so we need feel no surprise that instead of the enmity, morbidity, bitterness, cynicism, and disheartedness which characterise the men of the world who base their future on this life, the men and women of faith should find the promise true : "And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you : I have made, and I will bear; I will carry and deliver you." Where God is, there the light is—for He is our Sun and Shield, He is our light and our Salvation, and wherever the Saviour is, at whatever age, there will then be sweet sunshine in the Christian's heart.

Let our faith but increase as it might, we should put away from us the fears which cast their *long depressing shadow* over life. For is it not still true that men are in bondage all their lifetime through fear of death? We need not alone to surround our minds with pictures of the heroes who have fought well, but of the heroes who have died well, and we should gather courage and comfort from the consideration that God's promise has been fulfilled and illustrated in many victor heroes, for men and women have trampled over the last enemy; and "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

We need not be and we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; and "salvation" is not to be narrowed here to the idea of deliverance from guilt and sin—it includes what is meant by the expression that "He is able also to save to the uttermost"—that is, literally, "right through." Yes, that little word "also" is a vital and suggestive one. It expresses clearly what I have just referred to—salvation from fear concerning the hour when this mortal shall put on immortality. Beautiful, then, is the inspired picture of the closing years and days and hours of a good man's life. The sun breaks through the clouds, a crimson glow floods the sky, and at eventide it is light.

It is high time that the Gospel stood not only on the defensive, but that its friends should emulate the prophet of old when he arraigned the ancient idolatries. Elijah said, "Call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord : and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken." And we know the result. The fire of the Lord fell; "and when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and said, The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God." This is the right attitude. It is a *test* attitude, and this should be our attitude. We may fairly ask atheist and sceptic to meet us here. What *light* have you to shed on life's evening? What comfort can you give to souls that, with the instinct of immortality within them, are trembling before the unknown future?

With all consciousness of the majesty of death, and of the fear of death too, we may rightly say, "Come with us and see." Enter those habitations of age, sit by those couches of suffering, watch those beds of death. Is there no proof here that Christ *is* risen? Whence the sustaining power? Is there no proof here that life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel? Listen to the quietly triumphant voices, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better." Let men show us another Gospel that can achieve a triumph like unto this!

Through morning, noontide, afternoon, and evening we have now meditated on the Sunshine of the Christian's Heart. It *is* sometimes clouded; it *is* sometimes eclipsed; we know that. But the shadowed hours depart, and the sun shines forth with all its resplendent glory again; and it remains now only for me to hope that in each of our histories the ancient words may be fulfilled in all these ways of life—"God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us."

THE WAY TO PARADISE.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

'Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!

Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek that happy land

Where they that loved are blest?

Where loyal hearts and true

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through—"

THERE the door shut-to with a sudden gust, and shut-in the singing. The ragged listeners outside looked at each other blankly.

"Oh, Dick, what a pity! it sounded so warm and comfortable!"

"It didn't feel warm, Dot; my feet sting as if they'd come off with cold. We can't hang about here any longer."

They crept away together, close to the wall, for shelter from the bleak wind. "Where is Paradise? How do you get there?" queried Dot, with some anxiety. She was a singer herself, and the words and air had taken hold of her.

"We don't get there at all, or anywhere else where it's comfortable, you may be quite sure," laughed Dick grimly. "There's always some policeman hanging about to block the road up."

Dick did not speak without experience; but Dot kept to her point. "I wish we knew which was the road to it, anyway, and perhaps we might get a chance to dodge in some time when no one was looking. Oh, Dick!—"

It was the red glow of a watchman's fire in the distance, beside a perfect mountain of rubbish and refuse. They were not long in taking up a position as close to the blaze as they could get. Showers of sparks would break over them every now and again, and Dot's eyes smarted with the smoke; but those

the little church once or twice again, but the door had always been shut and locked, and she was as far from finding that unknown road as ever.

She was standing on the edge of the kerbstone one bleak afternoon singing "Annie Laurie" in shrill, cracked tones that the composer himself would have



"They crept away together, close to the wall."—p. 513.

were only details in comparison with the blissful warmth. Better than the draughty doorway, better even than the strains of that far-away Paradise, was it to sit there in the strong firelight, while they munched their supper, picnic fashion—only neither of them knew anything about picnics—instead of taking it in cold respectability in the seclusion of their attic.

Dick was an eminently practical person, and speedily forgot all about the Paradise they had only casually learned the existence of; but Dot pondered over the matter many a time as she wandered about the grimy streets and docks. She had gone back to

had some difficulty in recognising, when a carriage drove slowly past. There were two ladies in feathery white dresses inside, and one looked out curiously at the childish singer. Dot broke off in the middle of her highest note, stricken dumb with admiration and amazement. No such vision had ever crossed her path before. The next moment the vision let down the window and tossed out a pure white rose right at Dot's feet. "It's almost a pity," she said laughingly to the lady beside her; "but I have not my purse with me, and it is not every day one receives a compliment like that."

"She will only throw it away, and you have quite spoiled the look of your bouquet, my dear," was the placid response.

"Throw it away!" would she? If it had been a veritable white plume from some passing angel's wing Dot could not have gathered it up more reverently. She held it against her dirty cheek for an instant to feel the velvety softness, the next it was hidden in the breast of her frock, and Dot was away like the wind after the vanishing carriage.

Up one street, down another; what it was doing in that quarter at all Dot did not understand. They were more accustomed to heavy carrier and coal waggons. Some vague idea had entered her brain that it must be on its way to her unfound, forgotten Paradise. Her chance of learning the road rested on keeping up with it now, and keep up with it she did.

It drove in at a big school-house gate, one Dot had not often passed in her wanderings. It lay beyond her beat, but she knew perfectly well what it was—a private charity school—and the knowledge cast no light on the present. She squeezed her face between the iron bars of the gate, and looked in.

The place was brilliantly lighted. There was a great bank of greenery partly visible through the doorway, and gaily dressed people passing in, and beside her at the gate, alas! the inevitable policeman.

Dot drew back with a puzzled sigh. "I don't know if it's the place now or not," she said to herself. "It used to be only a school; but, anyway, I'll go and fetch Dick first; I couldn't go in by myself if it is, and never let him get a chance."

Clearly not, Paradise would hardly have been Paradise to Dot without Dick. She trudged back along the muddy, sloppy streets; a very long way it seemed now that there was no flashing carriage for a guide, and when she got back to their regular haunts there was a longer search for Dick. The evening was far on before she did finally come upon him, and Dick did not receive her statement with anything like confidence.

"It's just some wild-goose chase you have been after, Dot, and you needn't think you're going to get inside if it wasn't, but I believe you've just been asleep and dreamt it."

"I didn't, indeed, Dick. Why, here's the flower she gave me herself." Dot held it out under a gas-lamp. There was no gainsaying its genuineness, and Dick unbent a little.

"Well, I'll go back with you and take a look at the place. There's little enough to stop about here for; but we'll get nothing there, you'll see."

Back again. The way was darker and quieter now, and Dot had Dick, and was content, though he gumbled now and again at the distance.

"There!" she cried triumphantly, as they came in sight of the school and its lighted windows, "look at the carriages and the flowers inside the door; and there's music too. Oh!"

Yes, there was music, the time-honoured but

suggestive strains of "God save the Queen," and it wound up with one final burst from the fiddles. As they listened, the carriages were driving rapidly away through the gate; lights were getting fewer. Evidently Dot's Paradise was on the point of shutting up.

"Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through—"

Dot choked down a sob; there was a mistake somewhere. This could not be the place they had sung about. Dick, who had strayed into the crowd, came back to her.

"I've found out what it is. Just a concert some fine ladies and gentlemen got up to get money for the hospitals. A nice walk you've given me for nothing, Dot. Next time you come upon a Paradise, just go in by yourself—don't bother about me."

Dot was too cast down for any answer. She pattered home beside him in absolute silence, too tired to fancy any "next time" then.

And for long afterwards there seemed no likelihood of any "next time." The bleak March days lengthened into spring. There came warm flushes of sunset light into the sky away down the river; a softer feeling in the air; the docks were more than equal to other people's parks and gardens, and Dot was sublimely indifferent to the charms of the watchman's fire behind the rubbish heap, and exalted the charms of "Bonnie Annie Laurie" in a shriller key than ever.

She was giving it this afternoon with great emphasis, and sundry flourishes and variations that had never been thought of in the original version, in front of a restaurant much frequented by strangers landing from the docks. There was one at the window now, a gaunt American captain. He had listened to every note attentively with a curious twinkle in his eyes. When she finished, with a prolonged jerky quaver on the last word, he flung her out half a crown.

The look on Dot's face as she pounced upon it was well worth the money—the first time in her life she had owned a coin of such magnitude. Clutched tight inside her ragged bodice, she felt quite weighted with the responsibility of it, as she hurried off in quest of Dick.

Dot had never heard about looking for a needle in a haystack, but finding Dick in business hours was not at all unlike that hopeful undertaking. She even visited their own attic, and put her head in at Mrs. Smithers' her landlady's door, to inquire if she knew anything of his whereabouts.

"Not I," said Mrs. Smithers shortly, without glancing up from the baby she was rocking on her knees; "I've had enough to do nursing this child all day, without looking after a will-o'-the-wisp like Dick."

"Is it sick?" asked Dot, looking at the hot, flushed face on her arm.

"Aye, and it's little good the doctor's stuff seems to do him. Here, hold him a minute while I get it mixed."

Dot received him rather reluctantly. She was not fond of babies, and had always privately believed

that this was one of the most annoying of his kind, crying incessantly, and she was certain Mrs. Smithers had been a great deal crosser since it came. It gave an unexpected wriggle now on her lap, and in her fear of dropping it, Dot relaxed her hold upon that precious half-crown, which straightway rolled across the floor right to Mrs. Smithers' feet.

"What 's this?" she cried sharply. "Where did you come by that?" with a quick suspicion in her tone.

"A captain gave it me for singing 'Annie Laurie,'" gasped Dot in terror; "give it me back—it's for Dick too."

"And for me too," said Mrs. Smithers, putting it into her own pocket. "I'd never have heard a word of it but for this; and how long is it, do you think, since you've paid me anything for that attic? No, no, miss, right 's right, and this doesn't half pay me either."

And that was the end of Dot's riches; neither tears nor pleadings took any effect upon Mrs. Smithers; possession was nine points of the law, and she had those nine points on her side. Dot went away disconsolately at last to one of the dock piers to mourn in solitude, and there, when she was not looking for him any longer, she came upon Dick.

Dick seemed to feel the loss as keenly as she did herself, only he relieved his feelings by reproaching her for her carelessness in letting Mrs. Smithers get to know about it.

"I couldn't help it, Dick; I was afraid that baby would slip off on the floor; and it was sick, too."

"You had no business to take the baby at all; catch her getting me to take it. You're always getting into scrapes, Dot, and I don't believe you'll ever be any better."

Dot thought it very likely. She sat on her end of the log looking mournfully across the river. She had expected Dick to commend her, and they were to have had such a splendid supper out of that half-crown, and instead he had taken himself away in displeasure, and Mrs. Smithers would get any supper that was going. Dot did feel just then that things were very unequally divided in this world.

They were to be more unequal still before that night was over. Near midnight, though it seemed to Dot that she had only just fallen asleep on her tiny mattress, she was awakened up with Mrs. Smithers shaking her violently. "Get up quick!" she cried; "the baby's dying, and I want you to run for his father; he'll never forgive me if he doesn't get to know in time, and it's no manner of use asking that Dick."

That was perfectly certain, and Dot was conscious that it ought to be no manner of use asking her either. It was just as Dick prophesied—she would never be any better at standing up for herself. She crept quietly down behind Mrs. Smithers, afraid lest he should wake and find out this fresh delinquency, and listened to the message she was to deliver to the absent Mr. Smithers in abject silence.

"Where is his boat?" she asked.

"The North Wall—it's close against the side."

"It's an awful way," objected Dot feebly, "and so dark too."

"Will you get off?" sobbed Mrs. Smithers in despair; "it's little chance if he gets here in time as it is."

And Dot, with a wondering look at Mrs. Smithers' grief over that troublesome baby, did "get off" upon her mile-and-a-half pilgrimage along the deserted docks. Her training had not been of a nature to encourage nervous fancies, but she was not by nature of a particularly valiant disposition, and the dense black outlines of the hulls and creaking of the cordage chilled her blood a good many times as she darted past them. Things looked so different in the dark, dead silence. She only knew them in the crowded, bustling daylight.

She was hardly able to gasp out her message when she finally found Mr. Smithers standing in the white glare of his open furnace. He was a stoker by profession, and on duty by night one week, by day the next. This was the night week. His grimy face lengthened as he took in Dot's story. Evidently he had not considered that baby an infliction any more than its mother. There were tears, actual tears, in his eyes. Dot saw them blinking in the firelight.

"I can't leave for near an hour yet, till the other man comes; tell her I'll be there directly after," he said, turning away to the dark corner where the coal was stacked.

Dot had not courage to suggest waiting for him. She set off alone on her journey back. There was the great dock to cross first. She remembered a short cut that would take off a big corner; it led close by the river wall, and there Dot stood still to look at the long lines of gas-lamps twinkling like yellow stars in the gloom. The fresh night wind fanned her tired little face like pitiful hands. Far above hung a tiny crescent moon, and away in the east lay a silvery brightness that might have been the fair gateway to another world. "It's instead of Paradise, perhaps," she said softly to herself, with a sudden recollection of her bygone researches after that mysterious region. The lonely, frightened feeling died out, away from those black, confusing shadows. The river had always been an old friend, and presently Dot turned her face homewards quite cheerfully.

There was a narrow black bridge just beyond, that led across a deep dry dock, where the invalid ships came for repairs, and somehow on that bridge Dot lost her balance. Perhaps the rushing of the tide had dazed her senses; perhaps it was want of sleep, or possibly some message from that far-off country she had so wanted to find. There was one little sobbing cry, a clutch at empty space, and Dot was lying a crushed, shapeless heap on the logs of tarred timber far below.

It was there they found her, some early dock-labourers, hours later, when the sun was lighting up the broad river into one sheet of golden shine.

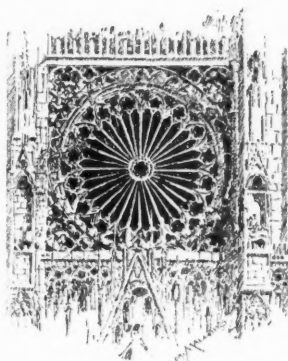
Dick was among them. Mr. Smithers had roused him up to go and look for the stray wanderer, but the docks were many, and this the farthest away of them all. Dot's eyes opened wide for one last minute in the bright world she was slipping out of.

They fell full on Dick's troubled face; the others she never noticed.

"Dick," it was a little, faint, glad cry, "you said I wouldn't ever get in, but I *know* I found the way to Paradise in the night."

SARAH PITT.

ROSE WINDOWS.



STRASBOURG.

AT first, the openings for light and air in the walls of churches were filled with panels of stone, or wood, or metal, to keep out the wind and rain. This was especially the case in buildings of importance in France, Italy, and Spain, where the climate permitted the adop-

tion of larger wall-openings than our own forefathers found it convenient to use. Examples of these panels are now extremely rare in this country; but in the ruins of the church upon the island of Iona there is a handsome perforated stone panel, which is apparently a survival of this custom. We may yet see smaller openings, however, in many country church towers that have never been glazed since the old Saxon and Norman masons made them. As time passed, and light and air in churches became more necessary than security, which was otherwise assured, the first small glazed window openings were gradually enlarged, till they were made of a size that required a central support to ensure safety for the glass. A mullion was adopted, which ceased at the height of the straight sides of the window, and left a space to be filled up in the heading, which gave occasion for the use of ornamental tracery. A circle placed midway in the window-head over the central mullion may have suggested the idea of a rose. In the window at the west end of Worcester Cathedral we may see such a geometrical suggestion of a rose. There are two smaller circles, or wheels, below it, and instead of one central mullion there are nine slender shafts, which rise from the base of the opening, in four stages, till they reach this tracery, and spread out into a series of small pointed arches, compassed by three that are larger, into one charming composition. From this to the formation of a complete circle to fill the entire heading would be but a

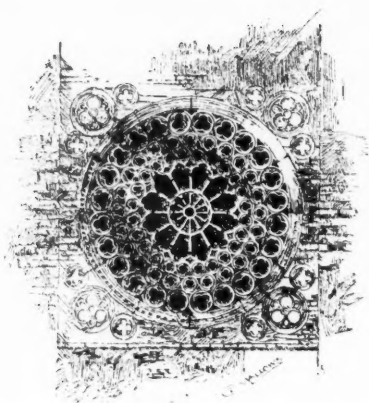
step. And then the isolation of this circle, or its enclosure in a square, would be the creation of the rose.

There was one at the east end of old St. Paul's of great beauty. Many a worthy citizen of renown knew its form and distinguishing features by heart. From the style of its configuration, we are certain it was of fourteenth century workmanship, and consequently must have seen the mayoralties of Dick Whittington and Sir William Walworth; innumerable royal progresses; countless groups of citizens, time after time, making their way to see the burning of martyrs—even of the last martyr, Bartholomew Legatt, at Smithfield; heralds riding away with presents from the citizens to the kings in aid of their wars; the consternation wrought by the Great Plague, and intensified by the terrible call, "Bring out your dead!" and finally saw the Great Fire break out in 1666, in which it was consumed.

We have happily several that we may still admire.



SAINTE-CHAPELLE, PARIS.



OLD ST. PAUL'S.

There are two lovely roses in the transepts of Westminster Abbey. That in the south transept, which gives almost constant day to the Poets' Corner, will be in everyone's remembrance. For five centuries it has looked down, like a beautiful eye, upon the arcades of mighty columns rising in perfect lines from the pavements to their caps, whence they branch out and die into the groined roofs; upon the ancient shrines; upon the tombs of so many puissant kings, with those of their "most gentyll" queens and their little children; upon the superb metal-work, and mosaic pavements, and sculptured ornamentation; and upon all the gradual accumulations that go to make up the splendour of this matchless pile. If this rose did not see Edward I. and Queen Eleanor crowned, and the great Plantagenet king watching his young son hang up the golden crown of the last Welsh prince, Llewellyn, upon the shrine of Edward the Confessor, it was probably enthroned in its proud place in time to see the coronation, marriage, and burial of Richard II., and must have been a witness of all that has been enacted within the Abbey since then. It must have seen Henry IV. and his queen crowned, when they sat on the platform for the ceremony of anointing; the burial of Henry V., when his three chargers were led up to the altar behind the car on which his effigy reposed, and his shield, and saddle, and helmet were hung up near his grave; and then, besides ceremonials of this kind, the consultations when Henry VII. built his new chapel, and workmen took possession of the stillness and the sanctity, and ceased not their labours till they had accomplished all, and set their copper gates to close all in; and, over and above more regular pageants, that of the coronation of Anne Boleyn thrown in, as it were, when all the marbles in the new chapel were glistening, and all the gorgeous metal-work sparkling; and then, again, the invasion of workmen when Dean Wilcocks called in Sir Christopher Wren to build the two western towers,

beneath one of which he intended to be buried. This rose fills in the width of the end of the transept. It is divided into sixteen compartments radiating from a central quatrefoil. Each division terminates in a lancet-formed heading pierced by a quatrefoil; and the whole is encompassed with a ring of bold mouldings.

Lichfield Cathedral has a graceful rose in the tracery of its west window. There is the same inexpressible refinement of thought about it that pervades the whole building, giving us, indeed, some warrant that before the days of Dr. Johnson and Garrick, and of the Darwins, who were once familiar figures in the wide market-place and leading streets, Lichfield had sons of unusual intellectual and artistic excellence. Lincoln Cathedral, too, has an interesting rose, though it is small. As one climbs up the steep streets, noting the old richly carved gateways and other relics of the days when Lincoln counted fifty churches, and viewing the numerous shops full of old china and antique furniture, it is to be seen looking down calmly over the neighbouring housetops from its high place. It is in the heading of the west window, and is consequently encompassed by its arched mouldings. It has a large centre for its size, surrounded by five petal-like semicircles. There are two more in the transepts, spoken of as the Bishop's Eye and the Dean's Eye! Hereford Cathedral has also a beautiful rose; and there is another over the western entrance

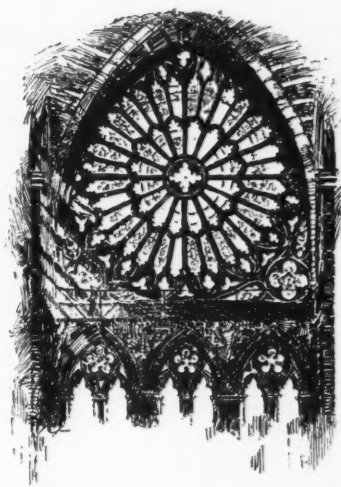


LICHFIELD.

to the Temple Church. The new cathedral in Edinburgh is adorned with them. The rose in York Minster is probably as much admired as the window known as the Five Sisters, which it faces.

There is a rose window in the west front of Jedburgh Abbey Church: one may see it from almost any point in the town, as well as from any adjacent part of the sloping country around, for the great hoary ruins of the abbey church stand high, like a large crown to the sturdy steely-grey town. Many and many a Jeddart man, armed with his Jeddart axe and Jeddart staff, has cast wondering glances at it as he rode past, not knowing whether the fortunes of the fray to which he was bound would admit of ever seeing it again. The Earl of Surrey having successfully stormed the town, September 23rd, 1523, directed an attack upon the venerable abbey, which he carried on till night fell, and then continued in the dark till it surrendered, and he set it on fire. He must have had misgivings as the flames leapt round the lovely windows, and up the stately columns, and in and out among the stalwart arches so piously built with the utmost beauty known to the builders, for a sudden stampede of horses from an enclosure, next night, caused so much terror in his camp that he thought evil spirits possessed them. Time, and pitiless rains and frosts, and sweeping winds, have added to the destruction wrought by the soldierly earl and his comrades; but still the rose window pleadingly looks down from its high place in the western gable into the roofless nave on the one side, and out towards the oft-contested country on the other. It has twelve cusp-headed divisions all radiating from a small central ring to the deeply recessed circle of mouldings at their outer edge. The spandrels formed by this arrangement are also cusped.

Rose windows have been used much more freely on the Continent than with us. The rose in Strasbourg Cathedral is of surpassing loveliness. It is full of beautiful thoughts, all finding their well-ordered way to a central point or idea. There are as many as thirty-two radiating columned compartments in it, all confessing, as it were, the same faith and joy in the Creator of the universe. The design of the rose in St. Stephen's, Vienna, is more intricate, being a set of quatrefoils, disposed in a more self-asserting manner. Nevertheless, it is small, and occupies a much less prominent position. The rose in St. Maclou, in Rouen, again, is more subordinate. The cathedral of Troyes has a very handsome example. The cathedral of Evreux has one of a later construction—flamboyant, it is called, because all the ornament is as flames, tongue-shaped. Another specimen of this period may be seen in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, close to the Louvre. An admirable example in the chapel of the château of Saint-Germain-en-Laye consists of a small central ring or six-leaved rosette, from which depart, wheel-fashion, a series of light shafts, connected together at the inner ring by cusps, and diverging till arrested by the large outer ring of the rose. Between



IN THE TRANSEPTS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

each space midway is a small six-leaved rosette, thus forming a ring of roses within the rose, and beyond are two cusped-headed arches. This rose is contained in a square, which leaves spandrels at each angle, each of which is likewise filled in with a six-leaved rosette, with a small trefoil on either side of it. Perhaps the most interesting Continental rose is that in the venerable west front of Notre Dame, Paris. Who that has once looked upon its delicacy and majesty can disparage it? There, in the midst of gay and golden Paris, with the Seine flowing past it, both on the north and south of it, fresh from meadows, perhaps as gay and golden, deeper in the heart of La Belle France, stands the superb pile that has been so much to the august line of French kings and their knights, and French ecclesiastics and the people. The west front can be descried from afar because of its two tall, massy square towers. As we approach it along the bright, broad, and busy quays, we note its three noble portals, so deeply recessed as to be almost cavernous, with their moulded headings rich with rows of sculptured figures. We note, too, the niched and stepped buttresses that divide these doorways, and rise to the full height of the front, thus dividing the whole of it into three parts, in the very centre of which, between two lines of arcading drawn across the whole width of the façade, is the glorious rose, sparkling dimly, like a great antique jewel. There are two others in the transepts full of beautiful inter-columniation, set in squares, like that at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, leaving spandrels to be filled up with geometrical tracery. But this one, as though meant for an emblem of Eternity, is a complete circle. It is forty-two feet in diameter, and full of ancient stained glass. It is of early thirteenth century workmanship, or about forty years older than the rose in the transepts, which were placed there in 1257, and is as

remarkable for its solidity as for its lightness. It has two concentric sets of small shafts, or columns, radiating from a central eye, the outer one being divided into twenty-four parts, and the inner zone into twelve. Its grand simplicity has never been surpassed. The Sainte-Chapelle has also a beautiful

rose. The abbatial church of Braine has another of much interest.

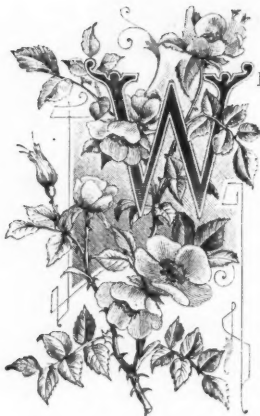
In a word, the rose window has played an important part in church architecture, and its consideration brings to mind many interwoven subjects of strange and wide consequence.

S. W.

HOW GOD PRESERVED THE BIBLE.

THIRD PAPER.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D.,
DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



WE have seen with what great power Samuel's schools wrought, both in raising the general culture of the nation to a high elevation, and also in forming a body of men whose great duty it was to guard and study the Scriptures, and who, in course of time, were moved by the Holy Ghost to make important additions to their contents. Following

the impulse given by Samuel, they devoted their attention for a time exclusively to history, and the Books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles were compiled from contemporary narratives, which had prophets for their writers. But at length, in Hosea and Jonah, we have the commencement of a new class of writings, containing the theological teaching of the chiefs of the prophetic schools.

And what the schools of the prophets did for history and theology was accomplished for the Psalms by the Temple service. Sufficient attention has perhaps scarcely been paid to this most spiritual addition to the Levitical ritual made by David and his captains. There is nothing comparable with it elsewhere in the history of religious worship, and even now, after nearly three thousand years of interval, psalmody remains one of the sweetest and most devotional parts of Divine worship. And David arranged his services on a grand scale; for besides the chief musicians, no less than four thousand Levites were trained to play upon musical instruments (1 Chron. xxiii. 5). Only a portion of these were called up from time to time by an arranged course, but on grand occasions large numbers were assembled. At the dedication of the Temple by Solomon, the singers and players numbered no less than four hundred and eight. Now, the constant maintenance of the music at the daily Temple

worship must have involved the making of a vast number of copies of the Psalms sung there. The chief singers alone numbered two hundred and eighty-eight (1 Chron. xxv. 7). And we must note that this musical service was also of prophetic origin; so that even the musicians are said "to prophesy with harps, with psalteries, and with cymbals" (1 Chron. verse 1). In fact, we see the commencement of it in Samuel's service, which was so solemn that both Saul's messengers, and finally Saul himself, were forced to take part in the singing, and the latter with such fervour that at length he stripped himself of his royal mantle, and finally lay down exhausted with fatigue (1 Sam. xix. 20—24).

A vast literature of hymns must have grown up round the Temple service, many of them, like the ballads in the "Book of the Wars of Jehovah," being uninspired, and unfit for more than temporary use. But they were subjected to careful examination, and apparently in the reign of Hezekiah the genuine Psalms of David, of Asaph, of Heman, of Solomon, and some few others of prophetic rank, were separated from the rest. There are at present five books of Psalms, but probably not more than three of them existed in those days. It was a time when Isaiah and Micah flourished, and when Jewish literature was old enough to be made the subject of archaeological inquiry. We have express authority for the fact that the men of Hezekiah made search for and copied out proverbs of Solomon (Prov. xxv. 1), and these learned men would not neglect the Psalms. It is, in fact, a necessary conclusion from what we read, "that Hezekiah and the princes commanded the Levites to sing praise unto Jehovah with the words of David, and of Asaph the seer" (2 Chron. xxix. 30); and as he "encouraged the Levites that taught the good knowledge of Jehovah" (2 Chron. xxx. 22), and provided for their maintenance in Jerusalem, that they might devote themselves to the study of the Law (2 Chron. xxxi. 4), it is plain that during his reign great attention was paid to and care taken of every part of the Word of God.

The reign of his son Manasseh was a disastrous time, for he shed innocent blood in abundance (2

Kings xxi. 16), and gave himself to idolatry. But he certainly did not root out the worship of Jehovah, even if he tried to do so. Confessedly he tried to lead the people into idolatry, but he was rebuked by seers, who spake to him "in the name of Jehovah, the God of Israel" (2 Chron. xxxiii. 18), and that so effectually that the matter was considered worth recording, and was narrated at length in "the sayings of Hosai" (rendered "the seers" in the Authorised Version and the Septuagint). It is plain, therefore, that the seers—a branch of the prophetic order—were bold enough, and influential enough, to rebuke the king, and bring him back to his allegiance to Jehovah.

When, then, the High Priest, Hilkiah, "found the Book of the Law in the house of Jehovah" (2 Kings xxii. 8), the excitement caused thereby arose apparently from its being the actual copy laid up by the side of the ark, though whether it was actually of the age of Moses we cannot tell. But the discovery of the authentic copy naturally caused men to study it; and though the priests knew the ritual portion of the Law, yet evidently the Book of Deuteronomy, and especially Dent. xxviii., was not equally familiar to them. But reading was possible then only to a Scribe, or to one who had had a Scribe's training. For in Hebrew the consonants only were written, and these in a continuous row, with no divisions between the words, and no vowels. The Greeks changed some of the Hebrew consonants into vowels, as, for instance, aleph into a, hē into e, yod into i; but it was not until the sixth century of the Christian era, when Hebrew was ceasing to be a spoken language, that the Jews adopted vowels from the Greeks, and wrote them over or under the consonants. Now, if anyone will try to read a page of English without vowels or division into words, he will find it no easy nor pleasant task; but the very difficulty made the knowledge of the prophets and Scribes more thorough. When they read and explained the Scriptures in their schools, they knew what was the right division, and what were the right vowels, because this knowledge had been handed down to them through a succession of teachers—priests first at Shiloh, prophets afterwards from Samuel's days. It would have been no easy matter to destroy knowledge so deeply graven on the memories of a large number of men devoted to its study; and yet the mass of the people, and even high statesmen, might have but a cursory acquaintance with books well known to the Scribes. The knowledge of them in ordinary cases would be acquired through hearing the Scriptures read, and it was not until after the return from the Babylonian Captivity that synagogues were gradually built in every city, in which on each Sabbath Day the Word of God was read.

That era of great and general study of the Hebrew Scriptures was preceded by the destruction of Jerusalem. Now, we cannot doubt that the sack and ruin of the city, the burning of the Temple, and the havoc of war throughout the land, carried out so

ruthlessly that for two generations the whole country lay empty and bare, must have caused the destruction of many a priceless treasure of learning, and of many a sacred book stored up in the prophetic colleges and schools. But merciful provision had been made to render the loss as light as possible. Now, that which made the destruction of Jerusalem a matter of comparatively slight importance was Nebuchadnezzar's purpose of making Babylon a colossal city, and, as soon as he had built its walls, he began to people its vast spaces with inhabitants. For this object he forcibly removed large masses of people from their homes, and compelled them to settle in his city. But he did not want paupers and useless people, such as even our colonies would refuse; he took the very best; and he would require them to take with them all their means, so that they might at once embark in trade or in some handicraft, and not be a burden to the State.

He began this process on a small scale in the third year of Jehoiakim, eighteen years before the fall of Jerusalem. At that time he had but just ascended the throne, and his plans were but in the bud; but the important point in this deportation was that Daniel was one of the exiles, and that he and his companions rose to such great power that the condition of Jewish settlers in the future became highly favourable. Eight years afterwards Nebuchadnezzar carefully selected ten thousand men, and made them migrate from Judea to Babylon, choosing both men of war for his army, craftsmen and smiths to exercise their callings in his city, and the young king Jeconiah, his mother, and some of the princes, to add to the splendour of his court. Now, Babylon at this time was what Ur of the Chaldees had been long ago. It was the great emporium of the trade with India and the East; and the goods brought there in ships up the Euphrates were dispersed thence to Europe by caravans, which brought back the produce of Greece and Asia Minor. This caravan route lay to the north of Jerusalem, and reached the Euphrates at Carchemish. The journey of the Jews by that route, with their wives and children, their households, and their goods and chattels, would be easy enough, and Daniel was at Babylon to make arrangements for their safe reception. And we must bear in mind that they would not be treated as prisoners of war, nor as captives meant for the slave-market; they were colonists, and soon to be citizens of the imperial city. And at such a place the Jews, with their wonderful aptitude for trade, would soon be thriving and wealthy men. They were selected as those most fit to be successful settlers in the new city—for such it virtually was—and Jeremiah always speaks of them as men who morally also were the best portion of the citizens of Jerusalem. Nebuchadnezzar had chosen them well, for they were the "good figs carried to Babylon for their good;" while Zedekiah and those left behind at Jerusalem were "very naughty figs, which could not be eaten, they were so bad" (Jer. xxiv.). He values them so highly

that he writes a letter to them, encouraging them to settle peaceably in their new abode; and, treating them as capitalists well off in worldly matters, he bids them build houses and plant gardens (Jer. xxix.). He assures them that God's purposes towards them were for their peace, but that the exile was to last seventy years, so that none but the very youngest could ever hope to return in person. Besides this formal letter, there was constant communication maintained between Babylon and Jerusalem (Jer. xxix. 25), and Zedekiah went thither in person in his fourth year to try and propitiate Nebuchadnezzar (Jer. li. 59). Besides, therefore, what they took with them, the exiles, as soon as they began to prosper, would obtain from home all that they wanted. There were among them "elders, priests, and prophets" (Jer. xxix. 1), and owing to the influence of Daniel, the king was favourably affected towards their religion. As a matter of fact, we know that the exile produced in them the most intense faith and devotion; and their religion, even before the Temple had fallen, had made its home in the conqueror's city.

Equally peaceful was their return to their country. They came back with the consent and favour of Cyrus, and probably they had earned his goodwill by the part they had taken in delivering Babylon up to his arms. And when trouble and difficulty came upon them, the Persian king, Artaxerxes, sent to their aid a Scribe. What better proof could we have that the study of the Scriptures was in high repute among the exiles? They had with them Zerubbabel, the representative of their kings, and Jeshua, their

high priest (Ezra iii. 2), yet a Scribe comes to take the foremost place, and is made their chief. Biblical learning must therefore have flourished during the exile, and Ezra seems to have inherited the high place which used to be held by the heads of the prophetic schools. We know, too, that the exiles had not lost their family rolls. On the contrary, so strict were they in the matter of genealogy that a noble family of priests descended from one who had married a daughter of David's benefactor, Barzillai the Gileadite, was degraded from the priesthood, not because of this marriage, but because they could not prove their pedigree. The marriage was no disqualification, for we find that the high priest Jehoiada had married the sister of King Ahaziah, who belonged, therefore, to the tribe of Judah (2 Chron. xxii. 11). But their carelessness in losing their family records was held to be a sufficient reason for refusing them leave to be partakers with the altar.

They brought back with them more than seven thousand domestic servants, and even two hundred singing men and women (Ezra ii. 65). As, then, they had been men of substance when they went to Babylon, so they were men of substance at their return. And thus Nebuchadnezzar's policy of making Babylon a city more vast than Nineveh, and of peopling the mighty space he had inclosed within its walls by picked men forced to settle there, was overruled by God for His people's good. It provided a safe home for their religion, it wrought in them a national reformation, and ever henceforward the Jewish people have been famous for their hatred of idolatry, and their zealous maintenance of their national faith.



A MESSENGER OF CONSOLATION.

LOVE'S peace is in her pure young heart,
Love's light is on her face,
She carries sunshine in her eyes
To many a shady place.

For aught she has of good and sweet
She only seeks to share;
She lends her loving strength to all
The crosses others bear.

Her posies cheer the sufferer's bed,
The city workshop's gloom,

She has a wreath to lay upon
The stranger's lonely tomb.

Through every gentle deed she does
Love's soft aroma steals,
The weary heart grows fresh again,
The wounded spirit heals.

And when she wanders through the woods
In morning's dewy hour,
Standing amid the flowers we see
Herself the fairest flower!

L. F. M.



"Her posies cheer the sufferer's bed,
The city workshop's gloom."

MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER XVI.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

"For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss."



"I AM a foundling too," said Miss Temple; and I was too absolutely amazed to utter a word.

A foundling! When Mrs. Fielding had applied the disparaging term to Basil I had hotly resented it, and

here was this beautiful and noble-looking girl, whom we had deemed so far above him, calmly applying it to herself!

"A foundling!" I said at last, with a sensation of getting my breath. "You must mean it in a very different sense from that in which it is generally used."

"Must I? Why, I wonder?" she asked, with rather haughty surprise, and I did not know how to answer her. How could I tell her that she looked too proud and too essentially patrician for the part she claimed; that it seemed to me that a lowlier bearing would have been more natural, and perhaps more suitable, in one who, by her own showing, might be of lowly birth? I held my peace, checked less by the slight *hauteur* in her tone than by the remembrance of another "foundling," not less patrician-looking, and certainly not a whit less proud.

Miss Temple went on with kindling glance—

"A foundling is one, is it not, whose parents are unknown, who is left to live or die as fate—no, as God!—shall decide, and who is found and cherished for pity's sake by those on whom she has no other claim? If that is a foundling, I am one. I do not know who my parents were; I do not know their name, or race, or country! I was found, a helpless, dying child, clasped in a dead woman's arms, and brought to the good man who has been as a father to me—the only father I have ever known, or ever shall know."

"You mean Lord Otterbourne?"

"Yes," she said, "I mean Lord Otterbourne. You who do not know him, cannot understand all he has done for me—all that he is to me. If he were my own father, I could not love him more."

She broke off, and I saw that her eyes were bright with tears of grateful emotion.

"People do not understand him!" she cried. "They think him proud and unsocial, a man who fritters away his time dabbling in literature and art, and neglecting the duties of his calling. Oh, I see it in their faces—all these country squires who spend their days in the saddle, and these clergymen who think two services a week hard work! Even Mr. Chayter, who loves him, I know, thinks much the same. No one understands him, no one appreciates him—unless it is your brother, Mr. Ford."

There was a softening, a thrill in her voice that almost startled me. Yet I could not but understand that any regard she felt for Basil was merely a grateful recognition of his own feeling for the Earl. I believe that her voice would have thrilled just so for anyone who had rendered Lord Otterbourne a service, nay, even for a dog who had licked his hand.

I noticed that it was the Earl she seemed to regard with such passionate gratitude—not the Countess, who, as a woman, might naturally have claimed the larger share of the adopted daughter's love.

"The Earl has a noble face. He is very good—very kind, I should think," I remarked, with a pleasant consciousness of saying something acceptable; but the depth of grateful feeling in the dark, beautiful eyes was quite startling.

"Kind? Oh, yes, indeed! I love him—I love him with all my heart. I would do anything for him—anything in the world!"

She might have stood for a model of filial devotion, of love transfigured to sacrifice. In the dark glowing eyes was the spirit that sent Iphigenia to the altar, and bent the neck of the meek Jewish maiden to the knife. The look of wistful yearning, the tone of passionate self-surrender, stirred me to sudden and no doubt quite uncalled-for pity.

However willing his ward might be, Lord Otterbourne looked the last man in the world to enforce, or even to accept, any sacrifice at her hands. And indeed it was difficult to imagine circumstances that could admit it, or even render it possible. What was there that this penniless recipient of his bounty could bring for sacrifice? The obligation, the benefits were all on her side, or at least so I found myself thinking, till a glance at the sweet, proud face reminded me that whatever the Earl had done for her, he had not been ill repaid by the happiness the mere unfolding of such a human flower must have brought to the childless man's home.

Oh, my dear, my dear! I am glad to remember that I loved and admired you from the first day we met—that some subtle sympathy drew our souls even then together, some bond, whose source and origin we never guessed, claimed kindred from the first! I was not at an impulsive age, but no school-girl ever found her soul's twin with swifter conviction

than I did this spring; and as I looked at the speaking countenance of Ellinor Dieudonné Temple, I felt that the same feelings were stirring also in her breast.

Dieudonné! the name I had thought so foreign, and almost whimsical for an English girl to bear, acquired a sudden sweet significance. God-given—this was how her sponsors had regarded the “foundling” thrown upon their care. The Earl’s dignified face seemed to gain new dignity in my remembrance from the thought.

“I saw your name in a note you wrote to Basil once,” I said, “and I thought it a curious one then. I understand it now, and I like it very much.”

“I like it too, and that is why I always sign it in full. I am called Donnie for short, and sometimes Nora, but Dieudonné is the name I love best. I should like to be that to them always—never to cost them sigh or tear if I could help it.”

“That is very nice of you. But perhaps, if you did, you would be that all the same,” I said, with my usual lameness of expression. My mother and Charlie were expansive and fluent enough, but I was more like my reserved and diffident father. Indeed, my mother often said that shyness made me as reserved as pride made Basil, and perhaps only a woman of my mother’s fluent and expressive speech could have expressed the difference and similarity so well. I wished I had had my mother’s tongue, or even Miss Temple’s, as I blundered out my meaning, but the girl who was named Dieudonné understood.

“You mean that sighs and tears are His sending also?” she said with a smile. “It is like Mr. Ford’s sister to say so. A year ago I should have thought it a very strange idea. But not now—not since I have known your brother—Basil.”

There was just the slightest hesitancy before she pronounced his name, but the clear, direct regard she turned on me forbade the thought that it had any special interest for her. No faintest colour wavered in the pure ivory cheek, the long curled lashes neither trembled nor drooped. There was not a girl in Hazelford, I decided, who would have uttered Basil’s name with quite this majestic indifference. The Earl’s ward might be a foundling, but it was evident she held herself too far above his steward to have the faintest feeling about him, or the slightest reluctance to discuss him. On the contrary, she seemed, perhaps because her quick insight showed her that no other topic could possibly have been so welcome to me, as willing to talk of him as I could have been myself.

I was willing. If anything could unloose my tongue, it was the opportunity of talking of Basil to a sympathetic listener. Led on by the sympathy in Miss Temple’s mobile face and expressive eyes, I poured out my heart about him, and it was only when I found myself at the little gate that led into the lane by the Home Farm, that I knew how far we had come, and how long I must have been holding forth.

“I have been very selfish and forgetful—I am afraid I must have bored you; I never know when to stop when I begin to talk about Basil,” I stammered, but Miss Temple did not look offended.

“I was not bored, I was interested,” she said, with her sweet candid smile. “I never had a brother, and the way you feel about him seems so strange and beautiful. Nothing about Mr. Ford seems quite like other people, I think—not even his sister.”

She held out her hand, and wished me good-bye, but when I had passed through the gate, I looked round and saw her looking after me with a curious wistfulness.

“I should like to think that you would come in the park—that we should see each other again, Miss Graham. Will you be there to-morrow, do you think?”

“I will come if you like—if you wish it.”

“Thank you; I should like—I do wish it!” she replied.

She smiled once more, and bowed, and disappeared amongst the trees, and I went my way down the lane, and saw Dr. Cheriton’s gig standing at the gate of the Home Farm.

The sight drove Miss Temple from my mind. Charlie must be worse—dear, bright, impulsive, lovable Charlie! Charlie, whom I felt now as if I never loved enough—Charlie, who was my brother in a nearer sense even than Basil. I hurried home with wildly beating heart, dreading what there might be to hear, but Basil looked up with a smile that was too mischievous not to be reassuring.

“So you have come at last!” he said, looking absurdly amused, though indeed I could not see what there was to be amused at.

“At last! Yes, indeed, I began to think you never were coming,” said Dr. Cheriton. “But what is the matter? You look quite pale.”

He put me in a chair, and had his professional fingers on my wrist before I could utter a word.

“Unsteady—quick—weak!” I heard him mutter; “but your colour is coming back. A glass of water, Ford! You should not let Miss Graham take such long walks. Or is it that something has startled or upset you?” he asked, looking at me with an unnecessary anxiety that made me quite nervous.

Basil suggested, with wicked gravity, that perhaps I had met a cow, and though at any other time I should have resented the imputation on my courage, I allowed it to pass without protest. I could not tell Dr. Cheriton that his own appearance, and the fears it had suggested on Charlie’s behalf, had caused my alarm; and at least it was comforting to see that Basil could jest, even at my expense. Charlie could not be very ill if Basil could joke like this; and, indeed, when I asked after him, Dr. Cheriton said he was all but well.

“In riotous health and spirits,” Charlie’s doctor

reported, "and growling like a bear at having to keep quarantine. Patients are always unmanageable when they get a slight attack of anything infectious. They think they must be well as soon as they feel well, and do their best to spread infection broadcast. If there was a lock-up for convalescents, we should soon stamp out zymotic disease!"

"Hear him!" cried Basil; "he's off at score. I don't know much about what 'zymotic' may mean, but I do know it's a word that acts on Cheriton much as a red rag would on Deva."

"How is that amiable beast?" inquired the doctor. "A more fell and truculent expression I never saw in any animal's face. I hope Miss Graham gives him a wide berth?"

"Miss Graham runs indiscriminately from everything that carries a horn," Basil declared maliciously; and then he and Dr. Cheriton got into a discussion on the respective merits of Devons and Shorthorns, in which I am bound to say that the doctor showed himself much better acquainted with bucolics than Basil had appeared to be with medicine.

That evening I told Basil of my meeting with Miss Temple, waiting, like a coward, as I daresay I was, till the dusk hid our faces from each other. Yet it was for his sake, not for mine, that I feared the light. I think he knew it, that he understood at least something of the feelings that stirred my heart and thrilled my voice as I spoke to him of the girl for whom he had owned his love so short a time before, and whom I feared he yet loved better than he would admit—or perhaps even better than he knew.

He listened quietly enough, and made no comment on what I told him, but his kiss that night seemed even more tender than usual, and long after I had gone to bed I heard the weird, plaintive tones of my brother's violin.

I wondered if I had been wise to tell him all that Miss Temple had said as to her own position. That the Earl's ward had called herself a foundling might perhaps have suggested impossible dreams of an equality that did not and could not exist. Whatever her birth, Lord Otterbourne's ward was as far out of his reach as ever; and, even if it were not so, was she not also Colonel Hazelford's betrothed? Anxiously I pondered it all, as I lay and listened to the wailing strains that rose in the stillness and seemed to speak so plainly of unavailing sorrow, of unutterable longing, of vain and wild regret.

But when I met Basil in the morning, he asked me if I had any commands for Hazelford, and I understood that whatever thoughts might embitter his nights and pour themselves out in those impassionate strains, the morning had found him resolute as ever to do his duty. It was not Miss Temple's hopeless lover who was picking out the best of my primroses to take to the Rectory—it was May Fielding's betrothed, whose duty and whose full purpose it was to forget the very existence of Ellinor Dieudonné Temple.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see."

IT should not be my hand, I was firmly resolved, that should put any stumbling-blocks in my brother's path; but unwilling as I was to be in any sense a link between the Home Farm and the Castle, I could not break my engagement to meet Miss Temple in the park. I had, indeed, no desire to break it. Basil had gone into Hazelford, and I felt that as far as he was concerned, I might go with a clear conscience; while, for myself, there was nothing I should like better than to see again the ardent and gracious creature I admired so much, whose nature seemed so sympathetic, and whom I felt I could so easily love.

And certainly, if I had thought Miss Temple charming yesterday, she was not less so to-day. Our conversation was on less personal topics, but sometimes the impersonal is a surer index of personality. Our ideal heroes and heroines are a guide to our own minds, and I felt that I knew Miss Temple better after an hour's discussion of her favourite authors, than I might have done after a month of ordinary intercourse. Her range of reading had been wider than mine, but if I could not share her enthusiasm for Dante and La Motte Fouqué, she could share mine for Shakespeare and Scott, and even for some of the lesser lights that stud our modern skies.

The characters that lived on their pages were alive for us also this spring morning, and roamed through Hazelford Park with us, and made us partners of their sorrows and their joys. The soft sward was trodden by quite other feet than ours, other figures were mirrored in the lake's still waters, and vanished in the dusky paths amidst the trees. For us they were all intensely real, and we sympathised with their sufferings and rejoiced in their happiness with the infinite sympathy of intimate knowledge. The hand of genius had laid bare their hearts, and we knew them better than perhaps we should ever know our actual fellow-creatures. On the whole, we were in full accord about them, but I noticed that Miss Temple's admiration was always given to the noble and lofty rather than, the passionate or tender. Portia and Romola were her favourite heroines, but Ophelia and Maggie Tulliver awoke only a pity that was not without a touch of scorn. Ophelia, indeed, she pronounced to be too far removed from actual humanity, and altogether too "sketchy" to be regarded as anything but a poet's dream, but I saw with surprise that she considered Maggie almost as unreal.

"There may be women like that—but it seems unnatural that anyone should allow one feeling to gain such absolute dominion over all the rest."

"It might not be right, but you can hardly call it unnatural," I contended, "when you remember that the feeling was *love*."

Little as I knew of love myself, I knew at least that it was the mightiest power in most women's lives; but, betrothed bride as Miss Temple was, it seemed as if she knew even less than this.

days when men cared more for a woman's smile than for place or privilege, or riches or fame. How could we care in that way now, when love is just an accident in a man's life, something that advances his



"Is it that something has startled or upset you?"—p. 554.

"Love?" she said calmly. "But that is always exaggerated in poetry and fiction. Of course people love each other in real life, but they don't go out of their minds about it."

"Don't you believe in love?" I asked, rather nettled by the lofty air and superior smile.

"Not of that kind," said Miss Temple with decision. "It might have been possible once perhaps, in the old

interests or amuses his leisure, but which he leaves or takes with almost equal indifference?"

I thought of the strange weird strains that had told, only last night, of a man's passionate pain, and looked at the serene scornful face with a feeling of wonder, and almost of reproach. It seemed a mockery that the girl who, however unconsciously, had almost broken my brother's heart, should not even believe

that hearts could break. Had she not loved, herself? Was not her engagement a witness that her own heart was less invulnerable than she would own? Had it been anyone else, I might have imagined that the explanation lay in the supposition that her hand had been given without her heart, but it was impossible to look at Ellinor Dieudonné Temple and insult her by such a thought. What possibilities of passionate devotion there were in every line of the proud, tender face! Whatever she might profess, I felt sure that hers was a nature whose love would be not less than other women's, but infinitely fuller and deeper, more tender and more true.

"I think we shall be friends," she said, as we parted, "and you do not know how I long for a friend. It is so lonely here, and *triste*, as I always heard your England was."

"My England? I think it is your England too. If you are not quite like English girls, at least you are like no others," I said with conviction, and I knew from her smile that she was pleased.

"It is what I would like to think myself," she said, drawing up her slight, stately figure, "as I would like to have been Roman when *Romanus sum* was still a word of power."

She was ambitious and haughty as any Roman of them all, I thought, this girl whom Basil had dared to love! Had there been no other barrier between them, would not her own nature have been the most insuperable of all? Yet she was walking with me, and asking for my friendship with a sweet humility that seemed to contradict my own conclusions.

Full of contradictions indeed she was, but the interest I felt in her was only whetted by them. I felt sure that, frank as she seemed, there were depths in her nature which I had not yet sounded, closed chambers into which I had not been permitted to look. But already I was learning to love her, and love and trust are eternally and essentially the same. I felt that to know more would only be to love more, and looked forward with perfect confidence to whatever time might yet reveal. If only our friendship had not to struggle with such diversities of station and circumstance, if our paths in life were not likely to lie so far apart!

Apparently Miss Temple was as anxious as I could be to make the most of the time we were able to spend together. Every morning I found her waiting for me in the park, and many were the invitations I received to dine and spend the evening at the Castle. For some time I refused them all. I was too shy to go without Basil, and I knew too well how much better it was that he should decline.

But at last came a formal invitation from the Earl and Countess that was too much like a command to be disputed. Basil said we must accept it, and I could only do as I was bid.

"I wish they had not asked us," I said ungratefully. "I shan't know what to do—I shan't know what to talk about—above all, I shan't know what to wear."

"Do as you would do anywhere else—talk about anything that interests you—wear either black or white, if you want to look well," said Basil sententiously.

"Black or white! That's what men always say. They've no idea of colour."

"They've pretty strong ideas about looks, though," retorted Basil. "Women always look best in one or the other, unless it's in those dark blue gowns you wear sometimes at tennis."

But as blue serge was clearly inadmissible, I hoped Basil's ideas of feminine costume would be satisfied with the white lace I had felt it rather foolish to put in my box. But folly, as well as wisdom, is sometimes justified of her children, and the dress I had thought too "fine" for any occasions likely to arise in Basil's bachelor *ménage*, was suitable enough for a quiet dinner at the Castle.

No one else was going, I knew; and indeed, it was difficult to see whom else they could have asked. Whatever Lord Otterbourne and his family might do, few of their magnificent neighbours would have cared to sit down to dinner with the steward and the steward's sister. I accepted the fact, as regarded myself, with the equability with which we accept east wind or chicken-pox—as something disagreeable no doubt, but against which it is useless to protest; but as regarded Basil, I told myself proudly that the loss was not his, but theirs. How handsome he was looking to-night, I thought—how refined, how aristocratic in the best sense in which we can use the word!

My heart swelled with love and pride as I walked quietly along beside him. He did not seem inclined to talk, and I had plenty to think of as we passed under the budding elms of Hazelford Park. I had never seen Basil at the Castle, or in Miss Temple's society, and I wondered much how he would go through the evening. If there would be more pain or pleasure in it, I could not even guess. His face was set and pale, it was true, but on his lips was the foreshadowing of a smile, and in his eyes a light to which they had long been strange.

And it was all for a woman whom he might not love, and whose love had long since been given to another man!

"Shall we see the Countess, do you think?" I asked, when the silent walk had become almost unbearable.

"I should think not. She hardly ever dines with them, unless they are quite alone."

"I don't know whether to hope we shall see her or not. I am curious to see her, but I am half afraid of her. I fancy she must be stern and repelling; Miss Temple seems to like the Earl so much more."

"Stern and repelling? Oh!" cried Basil, rousing himself, and speaking quite earnestly, "whatever Lady Otterbourne may be, she is not that! Her face is one of the sweetest, as it is certainly one of the saddest I ever saw."

And, indeed, when I saw it, I agreed with him.

Kind, and noble-looking, and dignified as the Earl's face was, there was a charm about his wife's fair, delicate countenance that his would never know. Contrary to Basil's expectation, the Countess received us herself, and I was sure that the unusual exertion was made on my account. Unless Lady Otterbourne's looks belied her, she was exactly the woman to show not less but more courtesy to those whose station was inferior to her own.

White as her hair was, I felt sure she was considerably younger than the Earl. The contrast between the white hair and delicate skin had all the piquancy which strikes us in the *poudré* portraits of our grandmother's young days, and gave her eyes the brilliancy for which they were famous then. What beautiful eyes they were, the blue even more nearly the sapphire shade than I had expected, and the pupils so large as to make it seem still more deep. For the rest, her features were small but fine, the lips a little parted, the teeth singularly white. The mouth drooped a little at the corners, and this and the pensive expression of the eyes gave the effect of sadness, of which Basil had spoken; but when she smiled, her expression was wonderfully sweet.

"I am glad to see you," she said, giving me a hand so small and fine and white that the diamonds glittering on it seemed its only fit and natural adornment. "Donnie tells me how kind you have been in walking with her. It was good of you. She has been so much alone lately; though now, I hope, her loneliness is over."

I murmured something as appropriate as a somewhat hazy conception of her meaning allowed. I did not understand why Miss Temple's loneliness was to be considered so suddenly at an end, for something in Lady Otterbourne's glance, and the blush which sprang to Miss Temple's cheek, forbade the idea that she referred to my companionship. But the next moment the mystery was solved by the entrance of a gentleman in whom I recognised Colonel Hazelford, and who bowed to Basil without speaking, and acknowledged his introduction to me in a similar frigid manner.

But coldly and haughtily as he bowed, I was sure that as Lady Otterbourne introduced us, he shot a glance of startled scrutiny at me, as if my name or face had struck him as familiar, or at least as having some association for him. Perhaps Miss Temple had been talking of me, I thought, and perhaps—absurd as the idea seemed—he resented her friendship with me. But as he soon after began to talk to me pleasantly enough, I concluded I had been mistaken in this supposition. Still, I had not been mistaken as to the curious, inquiring glance, nor, I think, as to the meaning of it. I might not have noticed it, perhaps, but for the conviction thrilling through me that somewhere—*somewhere*, if I could only remember where!—I had seen Colonel Hazelford before. I felt it more strongly than ever now, but try as I would to remember, I was utterly at fault.

Suddenly he turned to me, and spoke—

"I suppose you are like every Graham I ever met, and claim descent from Bonnie Dundee?" he observed, with the soft cynical smile that seemed natural to him.

"I believe there is a remote connection, but I don't insist upon it," I said indifferently.

"You are more charitable than most of your clan! Scotch people always expect their friends to have such robust faith in all their 'forbears.' You are Scotch, I suppose?"

"My forbears were, but our family has been too long in England to call itself anything but English."

"There are a good many Grahams in the army," observed Colonel Hazelford. "I wonder if you have any relations there?"

"Why can't you ask me plainly who I am?" I thought to myself. "You're evidently dying to know, though I can't imagine why." And then I answered demurely and aloud—

"My father was in the army, but he has been dead many years now."

I looked full at my inquisitive neighbour as I spoke, and I was quite sure that he looked relieved. Whether he would have said anything to explain either the curiosity or the relief I could not tell; Lord Otterbourne came to take me down to dinner, and our little colloquy came abruptly to an end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LITTLE DINNER.

"And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs—
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

THE dinner was served in what was called the small dining-room, a room that was small, no doubt, in comparison with the banqueting-hall, but that seemed to me of sufficiently imposing proportions to make the name a laughable misnomer. It was rather a gloomy room, unless brilliantly lighted. The walls were painted in sober green, and hung with dark family portraits in massive frames, and the ponderous furniture was of carved oak.

To-night, however, the long dining-table was dark and bare. A round table was laid out in the deep embrasure of a large bay-window, and the shaded lamps upon it served further to accentuate the gloom of the wide spaces on either hand. The rest of the room was barely lighted by candelabra on the walls, and the twinkling candles, fading swiftly to faint points of light, only seemed to show the length of the unoccupied space, as the subdued echo of our voices told of the loftiness of the groined and decorated ceiling above us.

The Countess was served in her own apartment, and the rest of us sat down to the round table, with an absence of state or formality that relieved the nervous apprehension I was beginning to be a little

ashamed of. Lord Otterbourne was on one side of me, and Colonel Hazelford on the other, and beyond him was Miss Temple, with Basil between her and the Earl. Servants in the Hazelford liveries stood behind each chair, and noiselessly supplied our wants, except that behind Colonel Hazelford was a tall, striking-looking man, dark as the Hindu valet I had seen on my visit to the Castle with Uncle Chayter, but of much more independent bearing. He seemed very attentive to his master's requirements, but took no part in waiting on anyone else.

The Earl and Basil were soon absorbed in a musical discussion, and as Miss Temple sipped her soup in silence, and looked, I thought, rather nervous and constrained, the burden of conversation fell on Colonel Hazelford. He tried one or two topics with Miss Temple, but they fell so flat that I did not wonder that at last he turned to me.

"Are you fond of music, Miss Graham?" he inquired, "or do you think with me that, delightful as it is, it is possible to have a little too much of it?"

The faintest half-glance at the Earl and Basil seemed to point the words, and made my reply doubly guarded.

"I never tire of my brother's music," I said quietly, and though Miss Temple did not seem to be listening to us, I knew that she smiled.

"Is Mr. Ford your brother?" he asked indifferently. "A half-brother, I suppose?"

"Well, no," I began, and then I stopped. I don't think the Colonel even heard my lame remark, and I was not sorry. I could not go into explanations then. The story I had told Miss Temple in the privacy and solitude of Hazelford Park was not one I was inclined to repeat to Colonel Hazelford with servants behind our chairs, and Basil himself opposite to us. Evidently he was not curious, and was quite willing to take my silence for assent without investigation.

"Ford is a musical name, I fancy," he observed. "There was a fellow in my old regiment, out in India, a trumpeter——"

The glass I was about to drink from dropped from my fingers, and shivered on my plate. Trumpeter Ford! How little Colonel Hazelford knew how much that name meant to me and to Basil! He turned to me now with quite uncomprehending concern.

"Miss Graham! Is anything the matter? You have not hurt yourself, I trust?" he asked, while the servants removed the broken glass, spread a clean serviette over the soaked cloth, and supplied me with another plate, as if such services were part of the usual routine of dinner at Hazelford Castle.

"No—it is nothing—I was foolish to be so startled," I stammered, while the Earl considerably continued his conversation with Basil, without even looking my way. I believe he thought the whole affair a piece of country *gaucherie*, but I was too startled and agitated to care what he thought.

Trumpeter Ford! Who could tell what revelations I might not be on the verge of? I left my fresh supply of fish untasted, and turned eagerly to Colonel Hazelford.

"Did you know him?" I asked. "Did you really know Trumpeter Ford?—the one who was killed at ——"

This time it was Colonel Hazelford's turn to look dismayed.

"Hush!" he cried, before I could finish the sentence. "I know what you mean—but some words are *taboo* here. I was not thinking of all that when I mentioned him, poor fellow, but only of his playing. He was trumpeter in the regimental band, but nothing came amiss to him in the way of music. Trumpet, horn, or flute, violin, cello, or double-bass—he was a dab at them all, a band in himself, a regular musical genius."

I thought of little Basil's "tum-tum man," and felt myself flush with excitement.

"Was he—was he anything like my brother?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, he was tall and fair, if I remember right—not a bad-looking fellow at all—but only a common soldier, you know. Surely you don't imagine there could be any relationship?"

It was an indirect compliment to Basil, I suppose, but I was too anxious to care about compliments.

"I should like to know anything you could tell me about him," I said earnestly. "I am very much interested in him, though I know nothing but his name, and that he perished in the massacre——"

"Ah, yes, yes! exactly," interrupted Colonel Hazelford. And then in a lower voice he added rapidly, "Pray don't allude to that *here*. There were circumstances that make it too painful. The Countess lost her only sister there, and—and, in short, we never talk about it."

Miss Temple, who had been looking at us with an expression of concern, leant forward and added, in a whisper—

"It was not only her sister, but her child. He was going to England with his aunt, and perished with her, and the Countess has never been the same since."

"Don't talk of it!" cried Colonel Hazelford, in an agitated voice. He absolutely shuddered, and drank off a glass of water before he could speak, and I looked at him with more liking than I had hitherto felt. He had evidently more sensibility than I had given him credit for, I reflected; but, indeed, was not Ellinor Temple's love a guarantee that he must possess far more good qualities than his cynical manner allowed to appear?

I looked from him to his betrothed, who was looking lovely, as usual, and as usual in a style peculiar to herself. Her dress was of rich black lace, and a black lace mantilla was thrown Spanish fashion about her shoulders and her head. The pins that fastened it were set with rubies, and a brooch of the same rich gems glowed at the fair white throat.

Most English girls would have looked awkward or conscious in the unaccustomed garment, but Miss Temple wore it with easy grace, as if to the manner born.

I saw Basil's eyes rest upon her once with a look of passionate admiration, but I do not think she saw it. Had she seen and understood it, I think—knowing what I know now—that even Ellinor Dieudonné Temple could hardly have preserved that air of superb indifference and composure. Whether she saw it or not, she made no sign, giving apparently her chief attention to the dinner she trifled with rather than ate, and speaking very little to any of us, while to Basil, I noticed, she scarcely spoke at all. As I looked at her, I felt that she was Miss Temple all over—not Basil's friend, nor the Dieudonné I had walked with in the park. Rightly or wrongly, I attributed the change to Colonel Hazelford's presence; and indeed, when we left the table, she drew my arm through hers caressingly.

"Do you care to go into the drawing-room? It is so lovely outside, and here in the house one cannot breathe."

I had not thought the spring evening at all oppressive, but I acceded to her wish for fresh air, only stipulating that she should put on something warmer than the lace mantilla that was more suited for Andalusian than English skies.

"Why?" she asked, looking at me with dark mutinous eyes. "Am I so valuable to anyone—or is life so precious to me?"

Nevertheless she asked for shawls, and when they were brought, she condescended to put one on. I had not ventured to answer her questions—how could I, when the hall was lined with servants?—and I do not think she expected it. It was not the *Cui bono?* of scepticism, or even of despair—it was a momentary impatience and petulance of which she was already ashamed.

"We will not go far," she said, turning on to one of the sheltered terraces that were cut in the side of the cliff. "I do not want to be foolish—but it is so comfortable to be here. It seems more possible to be good out here, where nothing comes between us and heaven."

She turned a yearning face up to the clear sky, the sky that seems so far to impatient spirits, so silent and so cold to the warm sympathies of youth, and shivered a little, and drew her shawl more closely round her. But when I asked if she were cold, she shook her head; and indeed the hand she laid on mine burnt through the dainty glove.

The terrace ran close under the side of the castle that overhung Hazelford. From the town below, it could not be distinguished from the face of the cliff, but art had made the narrow ledge a very path of beauty. We walked between rhododendrons and azaleas, and gazed at the meadows below us, and the dark sea beyond, through a fringe of wistaria blossoms, faint and pale as the sky above. For some time we paced the terrace in silence, and then—

"How lovely it all is!" I sighed. "How delightful it must be to be always surrounded with beauty!"

"Do you care for beauty that means so much care and thought and pains?" said Ellinor Temple. "Don't you think there is something unnatural about it all, something forced and cold? Would not these alien blooms be happier on their native Himalaya—should not we be even more content with the growth of English soil? When I walked back with you yesterday, a laburnum hung over the gate of the Home Farm, and a lilac close by scented all the air—and yet you sigh for beauty! When the hedges are white with may——"

"The evening air may be uncommonly chilly!" finished Colonel Hazelford, prosaically. "Nora mia, I am bidden to remind you of the treacherous nature of an English spring. A thousand pardons if I have spoiled your eloquence! You shall conclude your pastoral remarks as we go indoors."

Miss Temple took the arm he offered, but she said no more. Perhaps the half-sneering tone checked her, or perhaps the current of her thoughts was changed by Colonel Hazelford's appearance on the scene. She fell in with his lighter vein, and talked gaily enough as we went back to the house. The strains of a violin showed that the Earl and Basil had left the dining-room also, and Colonel Hazelford told us we should find them in Lady Otterbourne's boudoir.

"Lady Otterbourne wishes to hear Mr. Ford play, so the rural Strephon——"

He stopped short, checked less, I think, by anything my face expressed than by the haughty offence in Miss Temple's.

"Apologise!" she said curtly. "It is the least you can do."

"I own it," he said, gracefully enough. "Miss Graham, can very sincere regret win pardon for a carelessness that was not intentional rudeness?"

He held out his hand, and I could not but take it, but I think he found his peace harder to make with his beautiful betrothed. I saw him follow her, as she walked on, and whisper in the small white ear, and, though I could not hear the question, the reply was significant.

"When Colonel Hazelford can forgive himself for having ceased to be a gentleman!" said Miss Temple, with biting distinctness; and she went on, erect and scornful, her head in the air, and a dark flush on her cheek. He drew back discomfited, and bit his moustache with a mortified air, and I felt more sorry for him than I should have thought possible a few minutes ago. Decidedly Miss Temple was not an easy mistress, nor placable when once put out.

She would hardly look at Colonel Hazelford the rest of the evening, but talked perseveringly to me in the brief intervals which music left for conversation, while the unlucky colonel leant over her chair and pulled his moustache disconsolately.

Lady Otterbourne lay on a couch by the window, looking out on the distant waters, on which the moon was just rising, and listening dreamily, with far-away eyes, to the soft tones of Basil's violin.

"Is there anything you would especially like?" he had asked her, as we came into the room.

"Something of Chopin's," she replied, and if the answer was vague, I felt that it was characteristic.

There were no lights in the room but the wax tapers on the music-stand, but their soft radiance fell full upon him, and showed his face against the shadowy dusk beyond, as if it were set in a nimbus of light.



"She talked perseveringly to me in the brief intervals which music left for conversation."—p. 560.

She was like "something of Chopin's" herself, this delicate, sensitive woman, with her nervous emotional nature, her infinite grace and pathos, her polished manner and fastidious refinement, and the undertone of passionate complaint that made itself felt through it all. As Basil played, her gaze left the moonlit sky, and the wide wandering waters, with their narrow pathway of silver light, and concentrated itself upon his face, with a sort of rapt intensity.

Something in the colouring, and still more in the expression, reminded me of a painting I had once seen of a head of the angel Gabriel—for this was not the stormy, troubled visage of my brother's lonely hours. A great peace was upon it, strife and bitterness stilled to content, longing and desire soothed to satisfied rest. The moonbeams that showed me Lady Otterbourne's sad sweet face showed something else, I knew, to him—showed him all the glory and beauty

that made Ellinor Dieudonné Temple peerless among women. The small head that held itself so royally stood out in the cold white light, with the peculiar distinctness of outline and obliteration of colour which moonlight imparts, but Miss Temple's beauty owed too little to colour to lose its effect. It seemed to me, indeed, that she had never looked so lovely. In the dim half-lights that pervaded the general aspect of the room, she was, I think, unaware how clearly her face could be seen. Never had I seen the expression so unconscious and so natural, never so melting and so sweet. It was as if she had forgotten everything but the music, to which she was listening as intently as Lady Otterbourne herself. When Basil laid down his bow, it seemed as if the violin's last shivering sigh was echoed by two women in the room. Lady Otterbourne clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven with an expression that reminded me of that which my mother wore when she talked to me of Nelly, and Ellinor Temple bowed her head with a low sudden sob.

For a minute that seemed long, no one spoke; there was the breathless silence that is a musician's best applause. Then Colonel Hazelford broke the spell by rather patronising thanks, the Earl rang for lights, and Lady Otterburn called Basil to her, and thanked him with graceful earnestness.

Miss Temple still sat spellbound and silent; she had lifted her head again, but was gazing straight before her, as if she neither heard nor saw. On my low seat beside her, I must have been almost invisible, and Colonel Hazelford certainly neither saw me nor remembered my existence.

"Let us be friends again, Nora," he whispered, bending down and taking one of the hands that were lying so nervelessly in her lap. "I'll say nothing against your friend Strephon after this. He's rather a surly brute in private life, but certainly he can play like Orpheus himself."

Miss Temple came to herself with a start, but she had evidently heard at least the last part of what he said.

"Like Orpheus?" she repeated, in cold, scornful tones. "So it seems, Colonel Hazelford—and with the same results!"

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM ESTHER'S WINDOW.

"A shadow flits before me . . .
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me."

COLONEL HAZELFORD'S presence at the Castle naturally put an end to my walks with Miss Temple. I did not even go into the park, lest I should mar the perfect solitude in which lovers are supposed to delight, and for some days there seemed to be the entire cessation of intercourse between the Home Farm and the Castle which I had more than once told myself was the most desirable thing that could happen.

Now that it had happened, I was by no means so clear as to the desirability. Basil was busy, as

a man who has an agency and a farm on his hands must needs be in May. It could make little difference to him, I thought, but to me the loss was great. I missed the friend I had so recently gained more than I should have thought possible, and all the more from a half doubt that haunted me, as to whether she was as happy in her engagement as I should like to have believed.

There was a suspicion of conventionality in the whole arrangement. That the Earl's adopted daughter should wed the Earl's heir was too manifestly expedient, not to suggest the possibility of an element of expediency rather than of romance. And, if Miss Temple had been sincere in disclaiming any belief in the romantic devotion which poets and novelists attribute to their heroes and heroines, she was all the more likely to be the victim—perhaps the not unwilling victim—of such an arrangement. For whether she were willing or not, it seemed to me that the girl who could consent to it on any terms whatever could only be regarded as a victim, it mattered little whether to circumstances or to false views of life and love.

Between my sympathy for Basil, who was throwing himself into his work with a feverish energy that told of an unquiet mind, and perhaps of a heart racked by jealousy and distracted by opposing duties, and my perplexity and anxiety about the friend I had come to love so well, I had plenty of food for sorrowful thoughts. Dr. Cheriton, who seemed to have a good deal of practice on our side of Hazelford, and often stopped his gig and came in to see us, rallied me on my low spirits, and told Basil he ought to provide more entertainment for me.

"Why don't you get up a pic-nic, or a haymaking party, and ask us all over?" said this audacious doctor. "I'll come with pleasure, and I'm sure Miss Fielding will be only too delighted. Then there's Miss Potts, and that admirable Crichton her nephew; and the Slater girls, and little Barlowe the curate, and those nieces of old Mrs. Hall's. Dear me! why, you could get up a party in no time, you see."

"It seems to me that *you're* getting it up," said Basil. "However, I've no objection, except on one point. I object to haymaking before the grass is fit, but if Hazelford likes to come over to tennis, I'll have the lawn mown, and the net put up, Esther shall get out the blue china, and Mrs. Munns shall do her best in the way of cakes and cream."

"Hear, hear!" cried Dr. Cheriton. "There's nothing succeeds like impudence, especially in a doctor. Half the fortunes that have been made in our profession have been made by that—and the other half by humbug."

"Hallo!" cried Basil, "what's the matter now? I thought your profession was the noblest in the world, according to your account."

"So it is—so it might be," said Dr. Cheriton sourly; "it would be an adorable profession, if it wasn't for—the patients! Why can't they be content to be cured without insisting on being humbugged? I declare

that when Miss Potts keeps me half the morning talking about 'her poor head'—which is a blessing to her, if she only knew it, for at least it gives her something to talk about—I declare, when I have to waste time and words in that way, I'd rather be anything than lose my self-respect like that. Miss Esther, I'll trouble you for another cup; that pot of yours must be a magic one—I always feel so much better after one of your cups of tea."

And, indeed, as he drank it, his irritation manifestly subsided. He got up, looking like another man, and went away, loading me with unmerited thanks, and declaring that he should drive straight to the "Myrtles"—Miss Potts' cottage *ornée*—before his present "beautiful frame of mind" passed away.

"What a good fellow he is!" said Basil. "Esther, I hope you'll be as good to him as he deserves!"

If there is a thing that is exasperating, it is to feel an uncalled-for and utterly misleading blush surging into your cheeks and creeping up to the very roots of your hair. Tears of pure vexation stood in my eyes as I felt the odious colour in my face, and knew that Basil must see it too, and perhaps be drawing all sorts of absurd conclusions.

"Never mind," he said kindly, kissing my burning cheeks, and smiling ever so little at the foolish tears in my eyes; "I am glad to think that one of us is to be happy."

He went away without giving me time to answer, and I leant my head on my hands and wept outright.

"Oh Basil, Basil!" I sobbed, "could I be happy if you were not?"

I knew—I could not but know—how far happiness was from him, and it seemed cruel of him to talk of mine as if it were a thing apart. As for the nonsense he fancied about Dr. Cheriton, it was all the fault of that ridiculous trick I had of blushing at anything and nothing.

"And really, my dear, at your age you ought to know better!" I said severely, addressing my own reflection in the glass as I brushed out my hair that night, and determining to be decidedly frigid and formal the next time Dr. Cheriton found the Home Farm exactly in the line of his afternoon round. I was very sorry for him indeed, if *that* was what he really meant, and the kindest thing would be to let him see his mistake.

"But, oh dear!" I sighed, "why is everything so *contrary*, I wonder! Why does everybody love the wrong person, and nothing ever come right?"

I don't suppose I was the first impatient soul to ask the question, and probably I shall not be the last. So long as all goes well with us, we are content to ignore the thought of sorrow, as we do that of death, or to accept it with easy philosophy as natural and

inevitable; but the quickening touch of personal experience reverses all this. The easy philosopher becomes the fierce controversialist, who disputes every point and takes nothing for granted. What are these sister shadows that pursue us from the cradle to the grave—what, and whence, and why?

Not in this life will the answer be given to any one of us, and probably we should not understand it if it were. Some day we shall see "with larger, other eyes" than these, and then we shall understand.

And meanwhile the great mystery of pain perplexes and oppresses us, as it was perplexing and oppressing me to-night.

I went to bed, but I could not sleep. Thoughts of Basil haunted me, and not of Basil only. My brother's sad face, with its sapphire eyes, seemed to suggest and recall the Countess's in some vague and bewildering manner. I saw Lady Otterbourne with hair as fair as Basil's, and with Basil's look of courage and of trust. And I saw Basil with soft, snow-white locks, and the eternal question in his eyes that seemed to dwell in Lady Otterbourne's. And with them, in bewildering transition, Miss Temple's dark, beautiful face came and went, now proud and haughty as when she uttered her imperious "Apologise!" to Colonel Hazelford, now soft and sweet as when she listened to Basil's violin; but always with a note of sadness in it I had never seen it wear.

I heard eleven strike, and twelve, and got up restlessly and walked about my room, till I thought fatigue must surely make me sleep. The moonlight was white upon my blind, and I drew it up with some remembrance of the night I had looked out on the snow-covered park, and seen the mysterious white figure that old Jones had taken for a ghost, and whose appearance in the park had never been explained. So far as I knew, it had never been seen again since that winter night, and the subject had gradually dropped from our conversation and our thoughts. To-night the moon was as bright as then, but how changed was the scene! How different from the expanse of snow on which I had looked out four months ago! Instead of bare boughs and leafless branches, was all the verdure of May; instead of a wild white waste, soft slopes of green in which young flowers were springing; instead of the mysterious figure that had disturbed the winter night, a silence and a solitude that were full of peace.

But suddenly my heart leapt up in my breast, and then seemed to stand still. A white shape issued from the coppice and came swiftly down the slope, flitting in and out amongst the trees, as a white shape had flitted over the whiter snow that other night, that was now four months ago.

(To be continued.)



"The Starry Firmament."

Words by SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Music by G. M. GARRETT, M.A., Mus.D.,
(Organist to the University of Cambridge.)

1. The star - ry fir - ma - ment on high, And all the glo - ries of the sky,

Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord, So bright - ly as Thy writ - ten word:

The hopes that ho - ly word sup - plies, Its truth di - vine, and pre - cepts wise,

In each a heaven - ly beam I see, And ev - 'ry beam con - ducts to Thee.

2. When taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams for comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star:
Soft gleaming then, those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to his ravished eye,
Disclose the Dayspring from on high.

3. Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

DIVINING RODS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



IN these days of advanced reason and science, it is startling, and somewhat fascinating, occasionally to come across some popular superstition or custom, which seems to be a distinct survival of some practice of those early days when such wise men as had acquired a very moderate store of knowledge (according to our present estimate) were deemed sages, or even magicians. Such a link to those far-distant ages has recently been proved not only still to exist, but to flourish, both in Britain and the United States. I refer to the use of the Divining Rod (or as it is locally called in Cornwall and Devon, Somerset and Lincolnshire, the Dowsing Rod, or Twig), the direct descendant of those mystic rods wherewith the Magi of Egypt, Persia and Media, Greece, Rome, and other ancient lands, practised their divinations.

Of old, such a rod would in itself seem to have been the recognised symbol of supernatural power, as is shown by many remarkable passages in the Hebrew Scriptures, more especially in the description (Exodus vii. 9—19) of that wonderful scene when, at the bidding of the Almighty, the rod (which Aaron seems to have carried as a matter of course) was transformed into a serpent, which swallowed up the rods of the Egyptian magicians, when they too had by their enchantments wrought, or seemed to work, a similar miracle. Then the same mystic rod was outstretched that the waters might be turned to blood, and again when the frogs were summoned, and the plague of lice.

Afterwards, when the Israelites were to pass through the Red Sea, God said unto Moses, "Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it." And when this wondrous passage had been accomplished, Moses was once again commanded to stretch out his hand over the sea, that the waters might return to swallow up the host of Egypt.

Again, when the wanderers were athirst in the parched desert, and murmured against Moses for having brought them into such straits, and in his distress he cried unto the Lord, God spake to him, saying—"Take thy rod wherewith thou smotest the river, and go . . . to Horeb, and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall

come water out of it, that the people may drink." And Moses did so, in the sight of the elders of Israel.

Twenty years passed on, ere Korah and his company kindled the anger of the Most High by presuming to take upon them the office of the priests, and burning unhallowed incense. When their terrible doom had been accomplished, and the subsequent plague stayed, and Aaron had once again been shown to be the accepted High Priest, a further sign was vouchsafed to the people. Each prince of Israel—in other words, a representative of each of the twelve tribes—was desired to bring his rod, and every man's name to be written on his rod. These were laid up before the Lord, in the Tabernacle, and on the morrow, behold the rod of Aaron, representing the tribe of Levi, had budded; it brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds.

Henceforth this miraculous rod was preserved in the Tabernacle, for a perpetual witness of the consecration of the Levites to the priestly office. Yet from time to time it was brought forth, apparently to be a visible symbol in the working of miracles, as when, immediately after the burial of Miriam in Kadesh, in the desert of Zin, where there was no water, the thirsty people murmured in their misery. Then the Lord bade Moses take the rod, and speak unto the rock before all the people, and it should give forth water abundantly, for all the Israelites and for their cattle. "And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also."

Here we have the record of some events in the history of perhaps the most celebrated "rod" in the world—ancient or modern. Without venturing to class it with the divining rods of Roman augurs or Eastern magicians, we cannot but recognise it as a kindred symbol, and more especially (in relation to the modern survival) is the connection of the rod with the finding and calling forth of hidden waters worthy of note.

For it is in this last capacity that the "Dowsing Rod" still retains its hold on popular favour. Time was (and not so very long ago) when this mystic twig was invoked for all manner of purposes, such as the discovery of hidden treasure, of minerals—even of criminals. It is only about a hundred years since Aymer of Dauphny, a celebrated diviner, was guided by his rod in tracking and capturing a murderer. And with respect to the finding of hid treasure, we have the testimony of the great Linnæus, who in

the course of his travels fell in with a man who was said to be endowed with the faculty of finding hidden treasure by means of his divining rod. Supposing the virtue to lie in the wand, Linnaeus buried a purse containing a hundred ducats in a corner of the garden, and started his friends, each in turn, to carry the wand which should reveal the hidden gold. All alike failed to detect it, till at last the ground was so trampled that Linnaeus himself could not find his purse. So he summoned the owner of the wand, who at once started in the right direction, and led to the very spot where it was buried. Linnaeus declared that a second experiment, of equal success, would convert him to the use of the divining wand. But deeming the subject to be unscientific, and possibly irreligious, he thought it expedient not to try the second experiment, and thus avoided the danger of being converted against his reason.

But faith in its power of detecting minerals is not confined to the Old World; we hear of a noted expert of Colorado, who accompanies prospectors in their search for rich mineral districts, hoping, by the aid of his famous divining rod, to facilitate their discoveries, and decide on the best location for fresh mines. Various men claiming the same power are found in the Western States, as also others who are known as "oil-smellers," and who profess to be able to detect the presence of oil-springs, and to decide at what spot the shaft of the oil-well should be struck.

In all these matters, the detective powers of the divining rod appear so exceedingly problematic, that we should scarcely care seriously to discuss them, were it not for the indisputable evidence we possess of the extraordinary faculty undoubtedly possessed by certain men of revealing the exact spot where, all undreamt-of, hidden waters lie—a power which (though probably due to some physical peculiarity in themselves as yet unexplained by science) they attribute solely to the guiding impulse of a forked stick, held in both hands. This stick is commonly cut from a hazel bush, an osier, an elm, a cherry tree, or a black-thorn. In Italy an olive twig is preferred. A forked branch is selected, with two branches of equal size, in form like the letter Y, as affording a good grip for both hands; but as some operators find they succeed best when carrying a rod of steel or whalebone, it is evident that the material cannot be a matter of serious consequence.

In Cornwall, and throughout the south-western counties of England, the Dowsing Rod continues to be very generally used in determining the most suitable site for sinking wells; and although now that we are too wise to believe in magic, most people of course at once set down every seeming success to accident or imposture, others are content to acknowledge that there may be

forces in nature still unexplained; and since only certain peculiarly sensitive persons can "work the twig," it is at least possible that they are endowed with some subtle electric, or magnetic, or other force, as yet not understood by our undeveloped science.

It is somewhat singular that whereas the English and French "divinators" carry the rod held forwards, with an upward inclination, and recognise the presence of water by finding it deflect and turn downwards in their hands, their Italian *confrères* carry a light twig of olive, bent into a loop and held by the tips, in forefinger and thumb. Instead of looking for deflection, they expect the loop to rise, as they approach water, until it becomes actually upright, and then turns towards the breast of the water-seeker.

The evidence of two or three persons of unquestioned veracity will best illustrate this subject. Thus Mr. Maxwell Grant (civil engineer) tells of a farmer who lived for some years in his immediate neighbourhood, an illiterate man, but honest and religious—the last person to lend himself to imposture. He was famed for his never-failing success in finding springs for wells. A gentleman whose estate lay at no great distance, but who did not care to consult this village sage, spent several months vainly boring on different parts of his estate in search of water. At last, fairly discouraged, he was about to give up the attempt when this water-prophet, Mr. Philo, volunteered to find it for him. After an hour's search he selected the summit of a dry sandy-loam hillock, rising about fifty feet above the surrounding land. A more unlikely spot could not have been chosen, and all present laughed at a suggestion apparently so utterly absurd. Yet so positive was Mr. Philo of his success, that he undertook to pay for the work if water were not found within thirty feet of the surface. Such conviction induced the hitherto baffled proprietor to make one final attempt, though all were incredulous of success. To the astonishment of the entire neighbourhood, a fine spring of water was found at less than twenty feet below the surface, and to this day amply supplies the house of the owner. It was evident that a subterranean stream had been forced upward at this point, and that there only it came so near the surface as to affect the rod.

Mr. Maxwell Grant, senior, who hitherto had been utterly sceptical regarding Mr. Philo's powers, was so astonished at this proof, that he requested him to make similar essays on his land, with the happy result of obtaining two beautifully clear springs, each within ten feet of the surface, and in localities hitherto undreamt of. The twig used on this occasion was a common cherry-tree fork, cut from a tree in the garden, the stump being half an inch in diameter, and the two branches

each a foot in length. Mr. Philo held the stump vertically in the air, the two ends being firmly bent and clasped under his little fingers. His hands were on a level with his waistband, the elbows near the side, and the forearms horizontal (details which may all affect the force of the unknown magnetic or other fluid). At length the stump began slowly turning downwards, and at last it turned completely upside down. The place was marked, and there the water was found.

Several persons present took the forked stick and approached the spot, but without the smallest result. It was then offered to young Maxwell Grant, who, being a very strong, hearty lad of seventeen, undergoing a university course of close mathematical training, was by no means inclined to any form of superstition. So, although he took the "twig," he held it with a firm grip, resolved that his grasp should effectually check any tendency to movement. He was led to a distance of about twenty yards in the opposite direction to that whence Mr. Philo had approached the spring, and was then turned adrift. As he approached within five or six yards of the spot, he felt the twig twisting in his hands. He grasped it with vice-like strength, and notwithstanding his efforts it soon turned down nearly vertical, convincing him beyond a doubt that some strangely attractive force was drawing the branch earthward, and showing that he himself was singularly susceptible to this as yet undiscovered power.

Very interesting, too, is the testimony of Mr. Vaughan Jenkins, who records his own experience of being about to build his house on a hill-slope near Newport, in Wales. Of course the first necessity was to secure a good well, and so, having selected the most likely spot, the well-sinkers set to work, and bored to a depth of upwards of fifty feet without the slightest indication of success. The ground all around was examined, and appeared equally hopeless, when a Cornish mason who was present, said, "Why don't you try the divining rod? In the part of the country I come from, no one would think of sinking a well without the guidance of the rod." Though quite incredulous, Mr. Jenkins declared his willingness to try, if only he knew of anyone possessing the needful skill. The mason replied that he himself had possessed the power in his early youth, but had lost it at sixteen years of age. His son, however, a boy eleven years of age, possessed it to a remarkable degree, and he was assured that if there was water anywhere near, the boy would find it.

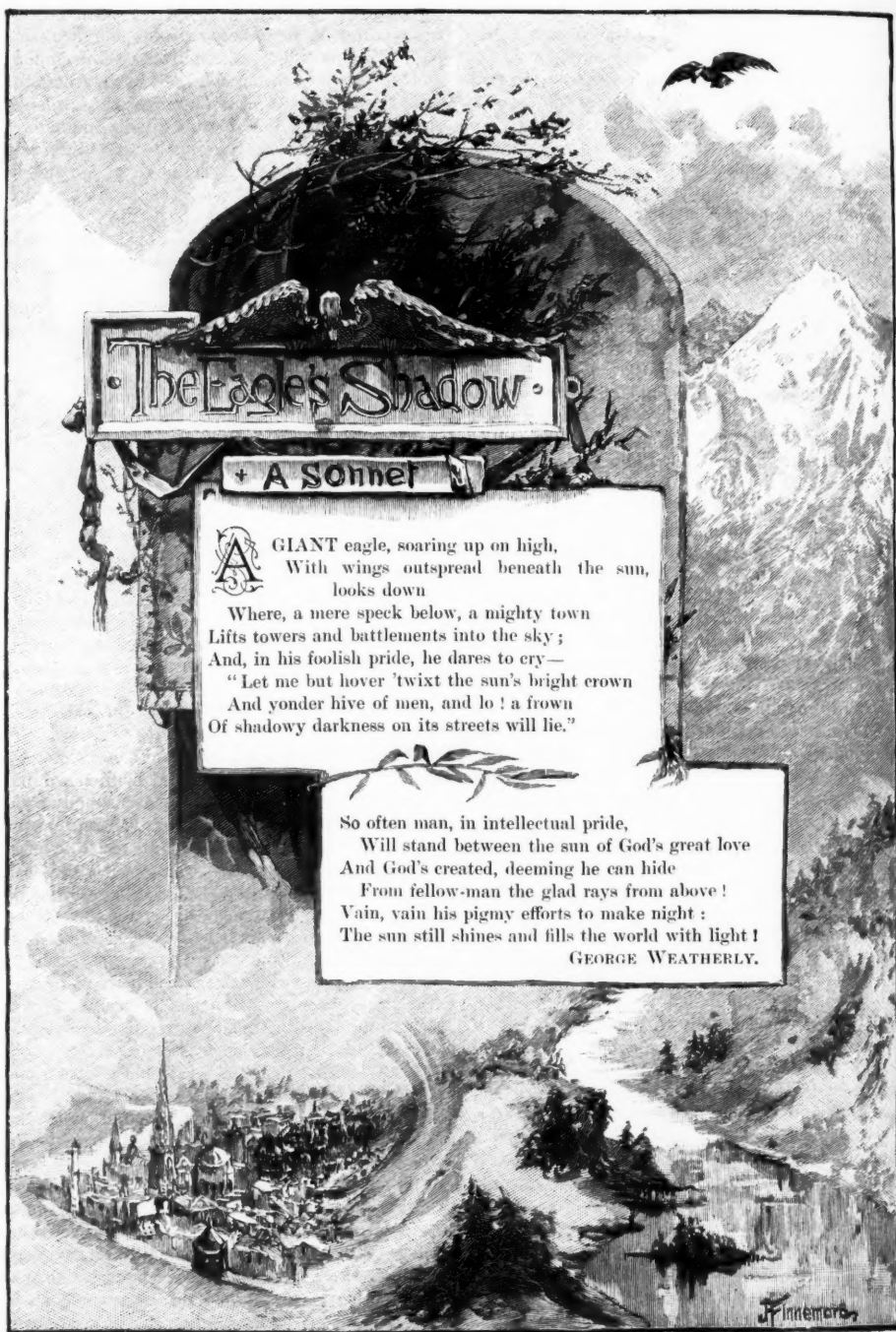
The lad was accordingly sent for, and proved to be a nice-looking, innocent little fellow—a credit to very respectable parents—by no means like an impostor. On hearing what was wanted, he at once cut a hazel wand from the nearest hedge, and holding the tips between the thumb

and forefinger of each hand so as to bend the twig to a slight forward curve, he started on his examination of the ground, crossing and recrossing it in different directions. At last, to the astonishment of all present except the boy's father, the twig began to show signs of movement, although the fingers which held it were rigidly motionless. The motion increased so much that the twig fairly twisted itself from the boy's grasp, and he had to let go, when, like a bent bow, it sprang forward some paces. So strongly did the Cornish mason assert his own conviction that water would be found beneath that spot, that the well-sinkers recommenced their work, and on boring to a depth of forty-eight feet they struck a first-class spring, flowing so freely as to compel them to retreat rapidly; and from that day to this the spring has never failed.

One of the most recent triumphs of the divining rod in Britain has been at the Avonmouth Docks. The company owning the Docks having received an intimation that an American company proposed establishing a sugar factory near the Docks provided a good water-supply could be secured, a certain Mr. Lawrence—who has the reputation of considerable success as a water-finder—was engaged to examine the neighbouring ground. In this case the rod employed was a piece of spring steel, which was bent to the shape of a horse-shoe, as the searcher, holding his elbows close to his sides, began to walk slowly over the field. After a while the steel became so violently agitated, and twisted itself with such force, that one of Mr. Lawrence's fingers was cut! He directed the company to commence boring at the spot thus indicated by the shedding of his blood, and the work was accordingly commenced. At the depth of 107 feet water was struck, and has since flowed at the rate of a thousand gallons per hour.

In New England also the location of wells is said to be frequently decided by the aid of the water-twig. And, moving westward, we are told that both the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific Railway Companies have, in crossing the arid plains, been glad to avail themselves of the services of the divining rod in order to successfully locate their artesian wells.

Doubtless, ere long, this seemingly mysterious power will be scientifically explained. For the present, however, it remains among the number of unfathomed mysteries, of which a few still remain, to puzzle our wisest men, and to provoke the contemptuous sneers of those who (forgetting how little our great-grandparents knew of the forces of steam and electricity, and how certain it is that Nature still holds many a secret which Science has as yet failed to discover) believe that whatever is beyond their own powers of understanding must necessarily be foolishness.



The Eagle's Shadow

+ A Sonnet

A GIANT eagle, soaring up on high,
With wings outspread beneath the sun,
looks down

Where, a mere speck below, a mighty town
Lifts towers and battlements into the sky ;
And, in his foolish pride, he dares to cry—
“ Let me but hover 'twixt the sun's bright crown
And yonder hive of men, and lo ! a frown
Of shadowy darkness on its streets will lie.”

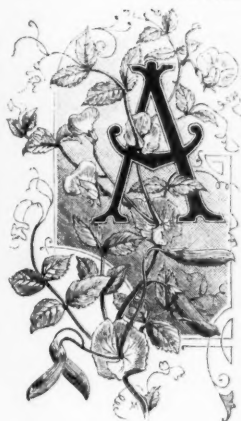
So often man, in intellectual pride,
Will stand between the sun of God's great love
And God's created, deeming he can hide
From fellow-man the glad rays from above !
Vain, vain his pigmy efforts to make night :
The sun still shines and fills the world with light !

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE MOUNT OF PRECIPITATION.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.



ABOUT eighteen miles from Nice, on the way to the picturesque summer retreat of St. Martin Lantosque, the road at the village of Duranus is carried at a height of six hundred feet above the bed of the Vesubie. Here, amid very wild scenery, is the perpendicular precipice called "Saut des Français," over which the inhabitants hurled a large number of the French troops who, under the

command of Massena, were charged to hold this Alpine valley in 1792. Although the locality was the native place of Massena, he allowed his soldiers to commit such cruelties and excesses that the people were driven to revolt; and for two years, in spite of heavy falls of snow, and scarcity of provisions, they maintained their own against the Republican army, and when at last they were delivered by the timely arrival of a large force of Austrians, the exasperated inhabitants took revenge upon their enemies in the above signal manner. The fatal precipice was an ancient place of execution when the secluded valleys around were peopled by half-savage tribes, whose descendants have not yet lost altogether their pagan customs. Duranus, as well as the romantic village of Utelle in the neighbourhood, are prehistoric sites, and their common moot-hill was in the immediate vicinity of the "Saut des Français."

In the awful persecutions which took place in Madagascar during the reign of the despotic and superstitious Queen Ránavalóna, the native Christians were dashed in pieces by being thrown over a huge cliff in the vicinity of the capital. Hundreds of victims perished in this way, and testified to the power of Christian faith as triumphantly as any of the noblest martyrs in more enlightened countries. The Queen brought back this primitive mode of punishment, which used to prevail in the land, as part of the old pagan system which her predecessor had uprooted in favour of the Christian religion. So, too, during the Waldensian persecutions the "bloody Piedmontese," as Milton calls them, hurled mother and child over the rocks; and every valley was the scene of some dreadful outrage of this nature which aroused the fierce indignation of Protestant Europe.

A very singular form of precipitation once existed

in some countries. Everyone has felt more or less the perilous fascination which haunts the dizzy brow of precipices; and has been conscious of a strong effort to resist the impulse to fling himself over. It seems as if nature were wooing us to her bosom by the subtle magnetism of earth, and flinging out her tempting arms that we might flee into them. It is possible that this peculiar feeling may have originated the use of the precipice, in prehistoric times, as a speedy method of reaching eternal felicity. The ordinary road to heaven is long and difficult; many souls perish by the way, and no diseased or infirm person could possibly succeed in overcoming all the dangers of the road. Hence, as soon as a man feels the approach of old age, he indicates to his children that it is time for him to die. A family consultation is then held, a day appointed, and the aged father or grandfather is led out to the brow of the precipice—that has acquired from time a special sanctity from being the point from which many eyes caught their last glimpse of all earthly things—and is then cast over with deepest reverence. In Scandinavia, especially, this strange custom prevailed far on into the Christian centuries. It is referred to in the Saga of Göttréck and Rolf. "Here by our home," says the hero, "is Gilling's Rock; we call it the family cliff, because there we lessen the number of the family when evil fortune comes. There all our fathers went to Odin without any stroke of disease. The old folk have free access to the happy spot. The children push the father and mother from the rock and send them with joy and gladness on their journey to Odin." In the celebrated novel of "The Hyperboreans," supposed to have been written not long after the age of Alexander the Great by Hecataeus of Abdera—the one voice that breaks the deep oblivious silence of antiquity regarding the far north—it is said of the inhabitants of the Baltic regions that they die only when they have lived long enough and are tired of life; for when the aged men have had a good feast and anointed their bodies with sweet ointments they leap off a certain rock into the sea. This kind of sepulture was of all others thought the happiest. Traditions regarding the "happy suicides" of those who were weary of the feast of life are numerous in Norway and Sweden; and the situations of several of these "Valhalla Cliffs," as they are called, are well known in these countries. Usually a lake stretched below, called a "Valhalla Mere," or "Odin's Pond," whose sacred Lorelei beckoned to the aged form on the cliff above, and received it when precipitated into its keeping. When an aged Norseman became too frail to walk or even to be carried to the cliff, his

friends would save him the disgrace of dying in his bed by beating him to death with the "family club," which was only another form of starving or precipitation. In Sweden these family clubs were preserved in the churches; and a specimen may still be seen at a farm in East Gothland, where the custom lingered longest. It has been suggested that the mode of putting to death the aged by precipitation or by the family club was originally owing to the scarcity of food necessitating the getting rid of the useless members of the tribe, and that the practice survived long after the dreadful necessity had ceased. If so we can see a close connection between precipitation as a punishment and precipitation as a mode of ending a life no longer gladdened with fight and feast and dance. They both originated in a custom inherited from harder and ruder times. In the case of the "happy suicides," if we are shocked at the error which led to such dreadful results, we may at least see something to admire in the firm faith with which they acted up to their religious belief.

Allied to these "happy suicides" was the precipitation of the Assassins, the followers of the "Old Man of the Mountain," from the huge rock on which the fortress of Subeybeh stood, near the town of Cæsarea Philippi. Everyone knows the romantic story of this sect and of their devotion to their chief, which forms one of the most striking episodes in the history of the Crusades. At the command of Hassan, his warriors leapt from the top of the cliff, where earth met heaven midway, assured that this was the speediest way to Paradise. This superstition acquired a darker colouring from the memories of the old Canaanitish worship which still haunted the ruins of Hazor, the capital of Jabin, which were near at hand.

I have said that precipitation cliffs were in primitive times associated with moot-hills, or open-air courts of justice. This was the case, as we have seen, in Rome, where the Tarpeian Rock was connected with the Capitoline Hill. We have traces of the same association also throughout Greece; for the assembly of Areopagus, at Athens, was an open-air court of justice that sat on Mars Hill, and the punishment of the *kremnos*, or precipitation, was doubtless often inflicted there, by the malefactor being hurled headlong over the rocks, long before Solon had reformed the Commonwealth and instituted more refined laws for the punishment of crime. Scandinavia, rich in its evidences of primitive institutions, is perhaps richest of all in its examples of moot-hills with their accompanying places of execution. Iceland possesses the far-famed Thingvalla, with its Lögberg, or Hill of Laws, which was the heart of the Icelandic body politic. Here on the highest peak of the rock formal notices of trials were proclaimed with a loud voice; while on the more level portion of it was held the supreme court or parliament of the commonwealth, at which not only laws were made, but criminals were judged. Near at hand, on the precipitous banks of the Oxara, were

the rocks over which, in the early days of this singular institution, condemned criminals were hurled into the dreadful abyss below. All over Britain there are numerous relics of the same primitive institutions, which can be easily identified by place names, or by local traditions. In Glenlyon, Perthshire, there is a rock called Craig Fhiannaidh, which was used in former times as a moot-hill. It has on it a footprint called Cas-lorg Pheallaidh, or the footprint of St. Palladius, who is supposed to have passed through Glenlyon on his return from his unsuccessful mission to Ireland, whither he was sent at the beginning of the fifth century by Pope Coelestine. The footprint is distinct, and is filled with water except in very dry weather. It is not a natural hollow in the stone, but an artificial sculpture made to receive the right foot of the primitive chief or king who was here inaugurated by such a ceremony. On this moot-hill rock criminals were executed by being thrown headlong over the precipice like those at the Tarpeian Rock. The rock is no great height, but a fall from it if skilfully managed would result in instant death. It was on this moot-hill that the court was held in the fifteenth century, which ended in the disastrous battle between Stewart of Garth and the Mac Ivors, related in General Stewart's "Sketches of the Highlands."

But by far the most interesting association of this kind is that which connects our Lord's trial and execution with the ancient institution in question. The place in Jerusalem called "The Pavement" (*Lithostroton*), in the Hebrew called Gabbatha, where Pilate delivered Jesus to death, was no other than a primitive moot-hill, or open-air court of justice. It was outside the Prætorium, or Roman Judgment-hall; and Pilate, by bringing Jesus from his own regular court to the primitive court of the Jews, wished to show that he judged the case not by Roman but by Jewish law. The word Gabbatha is a Chaldee word from a primitive root signifying a bare rounded knoll or height. Connected with this moot-hill was the place of execution, which must have been Calvary or Golgotha, near at hand, where the greatest of all historical events took place. Golgotha, or its Latin equivalent, Calvary, which means a "skull," must have been a knoll, or rising-ground, which by its appearance suggested the idea of a skull, and so received the name. Immediately outside the north gate of the city—marked by the present Damascus Gate, formerly called the Gate of St. Stephen, which was always one of the most important outlets of Jerusalem, opening on one of the most frequented roads—there is a round rocky knoll, which, as Sir J. W. Dawson says, "in its form and certain old tombs which simulate sockets, has a remarkable resemblance, from some points of view, to a skull partly buried in the ground, a resemblance which has forcibly suggested itself to many observers." It is the only place that commands a view of the whole city and temple and the surrounding hills. It is near the site of the Prætorium, and therefore near the site of the

Gabbatha, the primitive moot-hill of Jerusalem, and has also tombs and gardens near it. All these conditions required by the sacred narrative, and fulfilled here and here only, point out this spot as the true scene of our Lord's crucifixion. The southern side of the knoll has been artificially scarped by ancient quarrying, containing, in the face of the cliff, a cave known to Christians as Jeremiah's Grotto, and from the fact of its being severed from the Bezetha Hill by a deep trench, it has been called by the natives El Heiremiyeh, "the rent." Jewish tradition points to this spot as the ancient place of public execution; and the Jews still call it *Eethlas Sekilah*, "the Place or House of Stoning." St. Stephen, the first martyr, is traditionally said to have been stoned to death in this place; and a church dedicated to him stood in the twelfth century near the knoll. Such a consensus of evidence has forced our most eminent recent authorities to accept this spot as the true Golgotha or Calvary, in opposition to the usual site which false tradition and a meretricious priesthood have for ages identified with it. And if this be so, surely no spot in the world should be so interesting as this barren rocky hill, which localises feelings which must ever connect themselves with the historical circumstances of the great Atonement for human sin.

The spot was well known at the time when the portion of the Mishna which refers to the Sanhedrim was written. According to the laws of that executive body, as already mentioned, the criminal condemned to death must have been hurled headlong on the precipice of El Heiremiyeh, and if not killed instantaneously by the fall, must have been stoned to death with the stones which in this old quarry must have been unusually numerous. This would have been the mode in which our Lord would have been executed, had not the power of inflicting capital punishment been taken from the Jewish tribunal a few years before His death. This was doubtless the way in which Stephen was stoned to death, either by an illegal assumption of power by the Sanhedrim or by a tumultuous procedure on the part of the people. As it was, our Lord was put to death by command of the Roman Procurator in a Roman manner, which at the same time fulfilled the prophecies concerning the mode of His death, and was the best way of lifting Him up, so that His Cross might become a throne and draw all hearts to Him. We thus see that Golgotha and Gabbatha must have stood in the same relation to each other in Jerusalem, as that in which the Tarpeian Rock stood to the Capitoline Hill at Rome.

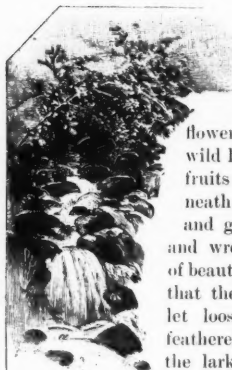
It may be noticed, in conclusion, that the first Sanhedrim, composed of Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel, went up the Holy Mount, and they saw a vision of God, based upon the procedure of the primitive moot-hill. They saw Him seated on a throne of judgment, on a *Gabbatha*; for there was under His feet a *paved work* of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness. It is recorded that on the nobles of the children of Israel He laid not His hand; also they saw God, and did eat and drink; for they were protected by the blood of the covenant which He had made with them, with which they were sprinkled. By the eye of faith we beheld a grander vision. We see Him who stood on earth on the polluted Gabbatha of Jerusalem, where justice was often perverted by men of corrupt mind, and suffered the last penalty of human law on Golgotha, seated on the Heavenly Throne, combining equity with legal justice, and thus forming *true* justice. Divine justice being satisfied with the sacrifice of infinite love, and protected by the blood that cleanseth from all sin, we know that there is now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus; and we can see God, and eat and drink, and carry on all the functions and affairs of life in peace and harmony with Heaven.

On one occasion the infuriated Jews seized upon the stones lying in the courts of the unfinished Temple, and were on the point of summarily executing the punishment of the law, by hurling them at Christ because He claimed to be God. But His calm attitude and convincing words arrested their fury. Jesus answered them: "Is it not written in your law, I said ye are Gods?" If the judges of the earth were representatives of the Deity in the sacred exercise of human justice, and bore His name under the express sanction of God Himself, surely it could not be called blasphemy when He who was sent to manifest the supreme justice of God in His life and works appropriated the sacred name. They threatened to precipitate Him from the brow of the hill of Nazareth, and they threatened to stone Him in the Temple of Jerusalem, because He fulfilled perfectly the commission of the Father. And now He who passed through all this sad and humbling experience is on the throne of judgment, the highest and purest realisation of what man has imperfectly attempted in his courts of justice, from the primitive moot-hill to the most imposing imperial parliament. And on this throne of judgment, ere sentence is pronounced, equity steps in as the corrective of the law; the equity of the Crucified One, for our Redeemer is our Judge!



WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH.

BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS," ETC.



SUMMERoverhead,
lingering long
and lovingly as she
passed on from her
tropic bowers; foliage,
flowers, and fruits mingling in
wild luxuriance and confusion;
fruits and flowers glowing be-
neath her pencil; leaf, fern,
and grass curling and twining
and wreathing into a multitude
of beauty-lines beneath the breezes
that the fluttering of her wings
let loose, a whole orchestra of
feathered minstrels in the branches,
the lark high in the heavens, a
favourite poet in hand, Sancho

by her side, and Edith Lascelles had taken a short
cut into Paradise. Before she lost herself in her
poet she was singing with the birds, but in rich
contralto tones—

"O lovely, lovely vale!
Here free from care am I;
Here is the heart's low sigh
Lost in the gale.
What charm hast thou to free
Souls bound and tried like me?
O lovely, lovely vale,
Be mine thy spell."

Happy Edith! though she sang of Care.

Goethe says of this universal enemy that he wears
many masks. Of all he assumes, the one he wore for
Edith was the least repulsive.

As a candidate for the higher education now given
to women, she had been drawn into competition for
the honours. She had succeeded so far as to take a
high place in the list both for mathematics and
natural science. The genius of her mind had drawn
her insensibly to these hard subjects, but happily the
struggle was over, and she was at home in the forest
she was wont to haunt.

The favourite poet of such natures as Edith's—
natures appreciative but not imaginative—is usually
Wordsworth. Edith loved him best because she
understood him best.

When a girl reaches this period in her life the
question is, what next?

We never do rest in the present, and what very
slight causes sometimes are effectual in turning the
whole current of our lives into channels of which
we had never dreamed! Edith looked forward to
remaining at home, and had many schemes for
occupying the time usefully and pleasantly. Into
her schemes we will not enter. When that morning
she left the grove, she little dreamed that it might
never be her lot to penetrate to its deep heart again;

that Care had already put on one of his most tragic
masks, and was sallying forth to seek her and to bear
her company for many days.

The carol of the birds had grown faint, and the under-
song of insects more distinct, as at the drowsy hour
of noon Edith and Sancho emerged into the dusty
highway, Edith regretting that she had remained in
the forest till there was no shade out of it.

An old acquaintance, Dr. Smithson, who was
collecting botanical specimens in the neighbourhood,
was expected to luncheon, so that Edith felt she
must get on in spite of the heat.

As she neared Woodcroft House, which was her
home, she saw Rolf Briers walking over the field
she was about to cross, as it cut off a quarter of a
mile by the road. He was in a light holland suit,
and was walking with great haste.

"Whatever is the irrepressible Rolf in such a
hurry for?" thought Edith. "I should have thought
this sun too strong even for his effervescent ener-
gies."

Seeing her, he slackened his pace, approaching her
with an expression that looked very much like
dread.

Whatever could have come to Rolf, the bright
fellow who was the life of all the parties round, and
who had a dangerous faculty for seeing the comic
side even of serious occurrences?

Edith's widening eyes asked this sympathetically;
but when he stood actually before her and took her
hand, the blood in her veins stood still as she con-
jectured that, whatever the trouble was, it was
something that concerned *her*.

"I have not had far to go for you," he said. "Ill
news, they say, is never slow to overtake anyone;"
and he smiled because smiling was a habit with him;
but it was a very sickly smile.

"What have you to tell me?" asked Edith, with
a manifest struggle after self-possession. "Has
anything happened since I left the house?"

"I am sorry to say that you will find Harry laid
up, for some days at the least."

Rolf Briers turned and walked on with her, his
object being to get her into the summer-house before
he communicated fully the sad tidings which he had
been sent to bear to her.

"Was it an accident? Harry was quite well this
morning."

"He was, as far as anyone knew, perhaps as far as
he knew himself, but there has been a weak spot
about him, and it has come to light. We were
rowing on the river, and had taken up old Smithson;
then Jones came alongside of us with two ladies, and
Harry at once sang out for a race. One being Cam-
bridge and the other Oxford, it was a temptation to



"She was at home in the forest."—p. 572.

a pull. Suddenly he gave in, and there was nearly a capsize; but I am afraid to tell you what had happened—he had broken a blood-vessel. We laid him flat down in the boat, shot back to the point nearest your house, then we drew to the bank, and some other men helped us to carry him home. The bleeding was not quite stanch'd half an hour ago, but it was better. The doctor is with him, and he has ice on his chest. Dr. Elders says he will come round, but he must be kept very quiet. It will not be right for you to enter the room yet. I am so sorry for you, Miss Lascelles! I wish there had been anyone at hand to tell you this but myself. Do take heart, for it's not so bad but it might be worse."

"I do not know how it could be worse," said

Edith, resting both elbows on the summer-house table, and looking before her with stony eyes. "One does not need much experience to know what that is the beginning of. Oh! my dear, dear Harry!" she exclaimed, suddenly melting, "are you to be cut down and taken from us—you who have been to me like a stronger and a wiser self?"

"No, it hasn't come to that!" exclaimed Rolf Briers. "Such things make a sensation, and we all get too easily frightened. But, I do assure you, there are fellows going about to-day in perfect health who have lain long at death's door without its being opened for them, as I do hope and pray it won't be for Harry."

There was a more refined sorrow and sympathy in

Rolf's honest brown eyes than appeared in his words. Mentally, he paraphrased it as a most awkward piece of business, this carrying sorrow to the heart of a girl—especially such a girl as Edith. Fain would he have comforted her, had he only known how. In all her misery Edith felt this.

There was an emphasis in the pressure of the hand with which she dismissed him, making her way to the house independently, yet with the step of one who has received a heavy blow and hardly knows how to sustain herself beneath it. Sancho leapt up to lick her hands, whining pitifully; for with all the limitations of our dear dumb friends, they can feel for us and spell out their sympathy in an alphabet intelligible to both. The necessity of supporting her mother, and the sight of her touching tranquillity and presence of mind, helped Edith to get her feelings under control, and nerved her for what was before her.

Strange! unspeakably strange, that in one brief hour, one so full of life and of the enjoyment of it as Henry Lascelles should be so prostrated!

The golden bowl might have been almost emptied of its crimson contents, to see how rigid were the outlines of the face, how deathlike its pallor. Edith, kneeling beside him, felt as if it were a marble statue she was contemplating, not her brother. How heavily the large eyelids fell over the eyes! how blue and compressed were the lips! It was almost more than she could bear. She felt as if he would never look at or speak to her again.

When the eyes did open there was an expression of fear in them. The gaze was the gaze of one looking into futurity. Then his eye falling upon her troubled face, he murmured, "I've had a dreadful scare, Edith—I've had a dreadful scare."

The look of extreme anxiety was not relieved by her murmured words of sympathy. Ah, if she could have called to mind the sweet confidence of the Psalmist, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee," she might have given him a little help.

Mother and daughter by turns kept long watch by that sick-bed. Nursing is a duty to which a woman is sure sooner or later to come.

The new experience taught Edith her own weakness, the vanity of earthly things; it took her, as it were, out of the school of intellectual culture and progress, to graduate her with no breathing-time in the stern school of suffering and of heart-wearing solicitude for others. On the threshold of the trial she learned what it was

"To reckon time by heart-thro
Not by figures on a dial."

Poor Harry Lascelles was soon out of the immediate danger, but his constitution had received a shock which could only be retrieved by the greatest care. As Mr. Briers bluntly put it, unsuspected there had been the weak spot.

The doctor gave it as his opinion that for some six months tubercle had been forming in the lung, and

said that the best method of checking the progress of the disease was to send the patient abroad to a warmer climate as soon as he was strong enough to bear the journey.

During the long weeks of convalescence Edith went to church, she exercised in the garden, or went into the village; but she visited none of her favourite haunts, though it was often in her mind to do so. A great breaking down of reserve betwixt herself and her brother rendered the erstwhile strong affection all the more perfect. Edith felt chilled and disappointed when, asking him for the first time if she might read to him, and inquiring what he would like to hear, he directed her to an article on a new French book which was in one of the papers. Complying, she felt guilty, for might he not soon be called upon to enter the world of spirits, the solemn, silent land? and did he not know it? She hoped that the indifference was only apparent, but was sensitively afraid of anything which he might regard as an intrusion upon his most sacred feelings.

However, by degrees the warm current of thought and emotion in both broke through its icy shield, and then how to arrive at the simplicity of little children, and be adopted into the heavenly Kingdom, was a frequent topic of conversation between them when they were alone.

Harry's first visitor outside of his own family was Rolf Briers. Edith took alarm at the hearty tone of Rolf's congratulations and the merry laugh with which he greeted his sick friend. His face sparkled with joy at being allowed to see him. But Rolf's exhilarating presence seemed to act on Harry like a tonic, for he became quite animated. Sometimes Rolf brought his violin and played sweet, soothing melodies, that might have prepared his spirit for the fine glooms of "*Il Penseroso*;" at other times he brought him the doings of the outside world as seen through his glass, and a very curious glass it was, making comical distortions of everything, Edith said. But Harry checked a propensity he thought he discovered in her to discount Rolf. He told her that Rolf was a really good fellow. With all his romancing, he had high ideals, and in the business of his profession was known to be the very soul of honour.

As soon as Rolf had once gained admittance to Harry he haunted him. No doubt his abundant sympathies were to blame for that. It might be from respect to Harry also that he was paying more minute attention to his personal appearance than he had ever before thought necessary. I dare aver that about that time, the most rigid military inspector, if requested to report on Mr. Rolf Briers, must have found him immaculate, from his glossy top-hat to his highly polished boots, ay, even to the very finger-tips.

Soon after his emancipation from the sick-room Harry Lascelles was taken to Torquay, and now it became an anxious question where he was to winter and who was to be his companion. While Mrs.

Lascelles was considering what was best to be done, one of her sisters wrote, expressing not only willingness, but a desire to go abroad with her nephew. She proposed that they should stay a few months at Madeira, and then proceed to the Swiss Alps, or Mentone, or the Riviera. The only objection to this that occurred to Mrs. Lascelles was, that while no one could manage better for others than her sister, Mrs. Villars, no one was less accessible as a friend. An unprepossessing girl, she had married late in life, and it seemed as if her cold soul had never been warmed, until a spark from the torch of maternal love had kindled its fire. Her little one had not seen many years. The recollection of that heart-wound had drawn out her sympathy for Mrs. Lascelles when Harry was stricken down, but such is the force of early habits that it was hardly now in her power to show all the kindness that she really felt.

Pondering this, Mrs. Lascelles wavered. Then it occurred to her that Edith might go. It would be good for her to have a year abroad, and she and Harry would fully make up to each other for any lack of interest they might find in their aunt. The mother sighed. The sigh was on her own account. It was hard to part with Edith for a whole year, when she had for so long looked forward to having her at home with her; and then there was Edith's little sister Violet, who must lose all the culture supplementary to her regular lessons which she was bestowing upon her. But Harry was the main object of the maternal solicitude now, and everything was arranged with reference to what was best for him. Edith was beginning to realise the practical importance of her position as sister and daughter, and though to accompany Harry abroad, without her dear mother to fall back upon in the event of a relapse, suggested terrible possibilities, she was too brave to decline the responsibility, since it was laid upon her.

On the way to the railway station with her mother she wondered if she had not been heartless. So much had been left unsaid that she ought to have said. She gazed out of the window on the church, school-house, homes of friends, with the look of one who may possibly be seeing them for the last time. Suddenly she pointed to the forest, where many of the trees she loved so well were in the glory of their autumn dress.

"I have never been there, mamma, since——" she whispered. "How little I thought, when I left it, that perhaps I was leaving it for ever. Dear, dear old friend! Shall I ever visit you again, as free of care as I was that happy morning?"

"Let us hope so," said her mother. "The cloud of sorrow is rolling away already, Edith."

"Yes; but nothing now appears to me as certain as it used to do," replied the girl, with deep feeling.

On the station Rolf Briers was waiting to see his old friend off. He improved the occasion by some of his odd speeches; and yet Rolf looked very flat, and Edith thought the sadness was for Harry. A peculiar

pressure of her hand in parting, a wistful look into her eyes, first suggested that he felt a little regret for her also, and now many little incidents of the last two months came to Edith with a significance which made her greatly wonder at her own want of perception. Still Rolf had never said anything. No; he never had. Edith little knew that that was what was clouding his bright face. He had sought for permission, and it had been withheld until his prospects were improved. Until then Rolf found that the only hold he could hope to keep on Edith was through his friendship for her brother.

How slight that hold must be! and she was going into a world where would be many to seek her and esteem her beauty. He resolved to set a "stout heart to a steep brae," and achieve a position worthy of her as soon as was possible.

Edith's residence abroad was prolonged for eighteen months. She visited many places and saw much society, her brother being gradually restored to perfect health and strength.

While in the pleasant region of the Tyrol they met Rolf Briers. It seemed an accident; but for a week he was associated with them in all their rambles and excursions. We can leave the reader to imagine how the friendship grew. When Edith finally returned home it was in haste. In six weeks Rolf Briers must sail for India, where a lucrative and honourable post under Government was awaiting him; but, sudden as were his movements, it was deemed expedient that he should take his bride with him.

Only six weeks of home, and even then the time was spent entirely in London, for the dear old house in the country was closed for the season. Fever had broken out in the little village, and as it lingered there the family removed to town. Fearing that Edith and Harry, coming from another air, might take the infection, Mrs. Lascelles would not accede to her daughter's wish to go there for a day.

Edith felt that there was a sad pathos in the way in which she had been torn from the country home and the dear old forest, never to return.

The disruption of tenderer ties was at hand; tears could not be held back that another would wipe away. The child's sorrow, the bride's joy, blend like no other earthly sorrow and joy.

But the forest, with its green, all-embracing arms and its many voices, was a living memory. Amid the heats of India, in the frequent, prolonged swoon of the physical energies, how her imagination luxuriated in the mere remembrance of what it once had been to her; feeling sadly that she was parted from it, perhaps for ever. Yet she was mistaken. That could never be, for what we have once loved and cherished becomes a part of us, lives in us, is carried about with us, with a spell which we may recall at will, and never can the union of Nature's sweet influences with our spirit-life be dissolved, while Memory mingles past consciousness with present, and preserves for us the sacred individuality over which even death has no power.

BIBLE TRADES, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

WEAVING.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "ECCE VERITAS," ETC.



THE origin of weaving is wholly unknown. Who first constructed the machine by which textures of cotton and flax were woven we cannot say. Very early in the history of the world the trade of weaving was in full sway, and tasteful as well as useful were the articles of wearing apparel which were constructed. Egypt was then celebrated for the goods there manufactured, and skill in weaving was cultivated to a high degree. The prophet Ezekiel speaks of "Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt," and Solomon says, "I have decked my couch with coverings of tapestry, with fine linen of Egypt."

It was not wholly to their disadvantage that the Israelites went into Egyptian captivity. The dark cloud had its silver lining. Their trouble was not unrelieved. It was good for them that they were so afflicted, for by dwelling in Egypt they acquired a knowledge of many useful arts—a knowledge which they put into practice during their forty years in the wilderness, and which they found of immense service when they took possession of the promised Canaan. There were two men among the Israelites who were precursors of the men of art, and who were held in very high honour because of their God-given skill. These were Bezaleel and Aholiab. God Himself told Moses that He had "filled them with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue and in purple, in scarlet and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work."

Whatever the Israelites may have learn from the Egyptians, it is manifest that by direct instruction from Heaven these two men were able to lead the Israelites into advanced branches of the trade, and guide them in the construction of the elaborate curtains for the Tabernacle and dresses for the priesthood. It will be remembered that the sacred dwelling of the Deity was fenced off from the camp of the people by being enclosed within an open space of ground bounded on every side by fine white linen curtains or hangings eight feet nine inches high; that the gate of the Court consisted of a hanging screen made of needlework wrought in colours of blue, purple, and scarlet, on a ground of fine white linen; that the high priest wore a long white embroidered coat, over which was placed the robe of the ephod, which was a long blue garment reaching to the feet, and round the edge of the opening for the neck was a binding of woven work; and that over the blue robe of the ephod was worn the ephod, itself made of blue, purple, scarlet, and fine linen

with which was interwoven gold beaten out into thin threads or wires. All these hangings and garments were the work of the Israelites, and none of them could have been produced without a thorough knowledge of the weaving trade. Those who worked at these articles were, however, under the supervision and guidance of Bezaleel and Aholiab.

As in the present day, so then, women took an active part in both spinning and weaving. In Exodus we read, "And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple and of scarlet and of fine linen." And in the Second Book of Kings we are told that when Josiah destroyed the prevailing idolatry he "broke down the houses where the women wove hangings for the grove."

Phrases connected with the trade of weaving occur frequently in Scripture. We read in Samuel of "the weaver's beam;" in the Book of Judges of the "weaver's pin;" in Job of "the weaver's shuttle;" in Leviticus of "the warp and woof," and of "woollen" and "linen" garments. In the description of Delilah's conduct with Samson, it is written that Samson said he would be overpowered if Delilah would weave the seven locks of his head with the web. She did so, "and fastened it with the pin." But Samson "went away with the pin of the beam and with the web." Such are some of the Bible allusions to the trade of weaving.

Now, there is a sense in which we are all weavers. Day by day we are forming our characters. Our position in life is the *loom*; our life is the *shuttle*; our mercies are the *warp*; and our daily conduct is the *woof*.

Here is a young man with a splendid *loom*. He was born and bred amid circumstances the most favourable. He has enjoyed the advantages of a first-class education, the influence of many well-known friends, and freedom from all anxiety as to adequacy of means. The *warp* upon his loom has been well and strongly laid. Mercies have crowded upon him. Providence has favoured him. But, alas! the *shuttle* of his life is plying to and fro to no praiseworthy purpose. What is the *woof* he is working with? Has he the golden thread of piety, the silver cord of morality, or the silken line of fidelity? No! He is weaving into the warp the woof of a soiled, woolly, debased passion. There is no beautiful device appearing. There is nothing orderly, strong, or durable about his character. And when the shuttle shall cease to run there will be no work for the Divine Master to take off that loom that shall be worth preserving.

But yonder is a youth with a very poor *loom*. He was born in poverty. He is devoid of influential

friends. He has had to pick up his education as best he could. He has no one to set him in the path of success and renown. The *warp* upon his loom is coarse. His mercies are not so conspicuous and great as those of multitudes. But as the shuttle flies to and fro he supplies it with the finest material for the woof that he can possibly obtain. He begins with the fine threads of honour, principle, integrity, and truth. He intermixes some of the bolder threads of self-denial, courage, perseverance, and heroism. He uses the silk of fidelity, the silver of morality, and the gold of piety. On and on he works till men gather about him with their words of admiration. The Master looks down upon him with approbation. A whole world hears of the exquisite device he has produced. The shuttle moves to and fro for a long, long day; and when the work is done, and the production is removed from the loom, it is shown, like the garments Dorcas made, for a memorial, the sight of which elicits tears of affection, and awakens memories of the most endearing order; whilst the record of his weaving success is reported in the King's palace amid the plaudits of angelic intelligences.

The one man with a good-conditioned loom produces what is unsightly, and unserviceable, and unenduring, and valueless. The other with a far inferior position with which to start, by careful and prayerful weaving presents to all time a character into which the name of Jesus is everywhere admirably interwoven, in the centre of which the likeness of Christ is introduced in miniature, and the borders of which show the words law, love, faith, and righteousness.

Let us take heed how we weave. Remember that whatever the calibre and quality of our loom—our position—it rests with us how we use it, whether to our present and eternal advantage or otherwise. Let us choose a good design. Let our pattern be the perfect character of Christ. Then let us set to work diligently and devoutly to copy it. Let not sin stain either warp or woof. Let not disappointment lie like dust upon it. Let not unfaithfulness and declension break the threads; but let us keep at it with watchfulness and prayer till the end.

Ah! *the end*—how soon it comes! Job says, "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." The shuttle is the instrument by which the weaver fills in the woof. Standing by the loom of the weaver you can scarcely detect the passage of the shuttle, it is thrown to and fro with such marvellous rapidity. So our days pass. One by one they go, almost without observation. All the while our character is being formed for time and eternity. Soon the last throw of the shuttle will take place, and then, just as the weaver takes the web from the loom by cutting the warp or threads which bind it to the beam, so our life will be cut off from all earthly belongings. No more additions can then be made to the pattern. As the character comes from the loom so it must remain for ever. Happy he who, beginning aright, continues right to the end—whose character is like the garment of the high priest of old, and like the coat of the Lord Jesus, all of a piece, seamless, woven throughout.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

79. What parable of our Blessed Lord is related only by St. Matthew?
80. At what age did the Levites retire from their duties in the Tabernacle?
81. Quote a passage in which evil spirits bear testimony to the truth of the Gospel.
82. From what words do we gather that the Jews believed Jesus to have been born in Galilee?
83. On what occasion were the people of Israel in the wilderness afraid to speak to Moses?
84. What three words are used by our Blessed Lord as a warning against too great affection for the things of this world?
85. What early record have we of the custom of planting trees as a memorial of some great event?
86. Who were Gog and Magog?
87. What prophet foretold the imprisonment of St. Paul by the Romans?
88. What king by his treachery brought about the death of seven of his own sons?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 496.

69. St. Paul means that the high priest is subject to the infirmities of the flesh and to death even as other men. (Heb. vii. 28.)
70. A very important battle between Joshua and Jabin, king of Hazor, with his allies. (Josh. xi. 4—8.)
71. Bethsaida in Galilee. (St. John xii. 21.)
72. Bethabara beyond Jordan, and Aenon near to Salim. (St. John i. 28, and iii. 23.)
73. The message which God gave to a prophet to deliver to the people. (Jeremiah xxiii. 33.)
74. They were the descendants of those people whom Esarhaddon placed in Samaria after the children of Israel had been taken captive. (2 Kings xvii. 24.)
75. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." (Gal. vi. 2.)
76. Of Moses. (Deut. xxxiii. 1.)
77. Zedekiah. (Ezek. xvii. 19.)
78. In the time of Ezra, when the people had returned from captivity. (Neh. viii. 4—8.)

THE SILVER BOAT.

THE room was hushed, and the moonlight fell
In broken bands on the garret floor ;
So cold and damp—the Shadow of Death
Had fallen there hours before.

Oh! she was the child of his old age,
And she lay in his arms a-dying ;
The night-wind crept up the narrow stair,
But fled through the window sighing.

Her yellow hair fell in sheaves of gold,
Her breathing was hurried and low,
Her mother had died, a night like this,
Just seven long years ago.

Day by day, with a terrible love,
A love that was unavailing,
He had watched the light in her blue eyes,
Steadily, hopelessly paling.

"Spare her, good Lord, for she must not die!"
His words were distracted and wild ;
God help him now—for the old man's life
Is bound up in the life of the child.

"Father," she cried, with a sudden strength,
"Look, oh! look at it, sailing there!"

The Good Lord hath sent His Silver Boat—
He has heard and answered my prayer.

"It came last night, but you were asleep,
The window was fastened tight ;
I held out my arms, but it sailed away,
Sailed far away out of sight."

The old man's eyes were blinded with tears,
As they followed hers to the sky,
And he only saw the crescent moon
In a storm of clouds drift by.

But a light not born of earth or sky
Shone now in the eyes of the maiden ;
"It comes, dear father, it comes!" she cried,
"For the weary and heavy-laden."

"I shall sail on through the brilliant stars,
To God's beautiful Home on high,
And He will send it again for you
In a little while. Good-bye!"

The moonlight strayed from the garret floor,
The crescent moon sailed out of sight ;
But the old man knew that his wife and child
Had met in God's Home that night.

ISABEL PLUNKET.

OUR ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

FIFTH LIST—INCLUDING ALL NAMES ENROLLED FROM 1ST TO 20TH APRIL, 1887, INCLUSIVE.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS. (Over 50 Years' Service.)			FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.			FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.		
Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.	Name.	Address.	Years.	Name.	Address.	Years.
* CLARK, SARAH	London, W.	20	* Chapman, Ann	Willarton.	34	* Kynaston, Elzbeth.	Wrexham.	25
* CLARK, CLARA	Reading.	58	* Cooper, Mary M.	London, W.	25	* Lickley, Jane	Aros, N.B.	27
* CALVERLEY, BETTY	Clifton.	50	* Crowley, Louisa	Baconsfeld.	23	* Linn, Sybella	Clifton.	42
* DOWNES, ANN	Clifton.	52	* Curry, Elizabeth	Feltwell.	33	* Law, Charles	Chingford.	27
* FOWLE, CHARLOTTE	Appledore.	66	* Channing, Mary A.	Tiverton.	35	* Le Maitre, Judith	Gursey.	49
* GRAY, JANE	London, W.	54	* Chipper, Fanny	Brixton, S.W.	33	* McGregor, Mary A.	Edinburgh.	31
* GRANT, ELSY	Appledore.	57	* Cornwell, William	Castletown, I. of Man.	27	* McCarthy, Hannah	Pinchley.	26
* KNIGHT, ANN	Sydenham, S.E.	59	* Croft, Benjamin	Oxton, Yorks.	33	* Moran, Eliza	Pool's Cray.	25
* MOORE, ISAAC	Rehner.	58	* Gray, William	London, N.	45	* Mooney, Harriet	London, W.	39
* THOMPSON, JANE G.	Brighton.	50	* Dean, John	Elkstone.	40	* McKie, Margaret	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	20
			* Davies, Hannah	London, S.W.	25	* Mockridge, Susan	Clifton.	40
			* Dolson, Eliza	Alderley Edge.	51	* Mills, Janet	Helensburgh, N.B.	38
			* Fairbourne, Marg.	Beckenham.	27	* Mylchreest, Elzbeth.	Castletown, I. of Man.	42
			* Francis, Emma	Trowbridge.	28	* McCarthy, Patrick	Castletown, I. of Man.	34
			* Foreman, Mary Ann	Salisbury.	39	* Martindale, Alice	West Derby.	52
			* Goad, Sarah	Wandswoth, S.W.	27	* Morris, Emma E.	New Barnet.	26
			* Goddard, Harriet	Goring Heath.	30	* Millard, Jane S.	Landown.	28
			* Gillett, Anne	Ealing, W.	30	* Nott, Kate	London, N.	27
			* Gray, William	St. Giles.	28	* Ormrod, Eliza	Alderholt.	28
			* Genge, Harriet	Darlington.	29	* Prosser, Elizabeth	Gloucester.	27
			* Hudson, Mary	London, N.	36	* Pope, Eliza	Littlebury.	28
			* Hillier, Elizabeth	Edinburgh.	23	* Pask, Susanna	Bury St. Edmunds.	51
			* Howells, Eliza	London, S.W.	26	* Perkins, Eleanor	Bracebridge.	43
			* Hall, Elizabeth	Willeslow.	43	* Pink, Harriett	Shanklin, I. of Wight.	29
			* Horrex, Sophia	Bury St. Edmunds.	33	* Pupworth, Ann	Cambridge.	48
			* Hewitt, Martha	Salis.	28	* Randall, Sarah	Leamington.	42
			* Hughes, Anne	Alderley Edge.	31	* Reed, Maria	Ludvan.	23
			* Hughes, Miriam	St. David's.	25	* Randall, Charlotte	London, N.	28
			* Haddon, Ann	Clifton.	25	* E.	London, W.	39
			* Heading, Ann Mary	Clifton.	43	* Rainment, Ann	Barnet.	31
			* Haywood, Mary A.	Barnstaple.	40	* Reynolds, Elizabeth	London, N.W.	27
			* Hill, Betty	Rochdale.	40	* Rutherford, Ursula	London, N.W.	25
			* Hill, Caroline	Tunbridge Wells.	45	* Ray, Robert	Shandon.	25
			* Hartley, Richard	Weaste.	28	* Ridd, Martha	Barnstaple.	27
			* Hay, Gilbert	Weaste.	30	* Sergeant, Mary Ann	Northampton.	27
			* Heslop, Jane	Castletown, I. of Man.	32	* Snyth, William	Lisburn.	46
			* Hewson, Mary	Oxton.	25	* Scoble, William	Littlebury.	45
			* Holmson, Esther	Standon.	33	* Spencer, Annie S.	Littlebury.	45
			* Jones, Margaret	Blundell Sands.	24	* Syer, Louisa Ann	Clapham, S.W.	29
			* Jones, Elizabeth	Iron Bridge, Salop.	35	* Smart, Elizabeth	Alderley Edge.	33
			* Jones, Mary	Clifton.	41	* Swift, Hannah	Rever.	40
			* Johnson, William	Oxton.	34	* Sewell, Mary Ann	Standon.	41
			* Kelly, Ann	Douglas, I. of Man.	34	* Smith, Bower	Landown.	39

FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
+ Steele, Agnes	Edinburgh.	25
+ Seammell, Jane	London, W.C.	25
+ Siddler, Sarah	St. Leonards-on-Sea.	25
+ Sharland, Mary	London, S.W.	25
+ Swift, Phillis	Perth, N.B.	25
+ Taylor, Elizabeth	Edinburgh.	25
+ Thompson, Margt.	Finglas, Co. Dublin	42
+ Tucker, John	St. Mary's Platt.	25
+ Taylor, Maria	London, S.W.	25
+ Thurgood, Mary A.	Brighton.	25
+ Townsend, Harriet	Wimbledon.	25
+ Thompson, Maria	London, S.W.	25
+ Usher, Edward	Tunbridge Wells.	42
+ Vine, Jennina	East Dulwich, S.E.	45
+ Vaughan, Emma	Tunbridge Wells.	45
+ Vinoli, Philadelphia	West Brighton.	25
+ Woolmer, Eunice	London, S.W.	25
+ Webb, Jane Eliz.	Southborough.	25
+ West, Frances	Charterhouse, E.C.	25
+ Ward, Mary	Hurstpierpoint.	25
+ Ward, Hannah	Reigate.	25
+ Williams, John	Ashted.	25
+ Wild, Jane	Southport.	25
+ Wonds, Ellen	Liverpool.	25
+ Wright, George	London, S.W.	25
+ Webster, John	London, W.C.	25
+ White, Emily Anne	London, S.W.	25
+ Watts, Emma	Clifton.	25
+ Wignitt, Margaret	Teignmouth.	25
+ Whyte, Ann Eliz.	London, W.C.	25
+ Walden, Jane	Brockley, S.E.	25
+ Ward, Ann	Ockbrook.	25
+ Warriner, Martha	Mitcham.	25
+ Willsingham, Sarah	London, N.	25
+ Wyman, Emma	London, N.	25
+ Washford, Fanny	Wimbledon.	25

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Between 7 and 25 Years' Service.)

Alderton, Lina	Hamstead, N.W.	8
Ayres, John	Finglas, Co. Dublin.	16
Aiken, Jane K.	Ceres, N.B.	10
+ Abbott, Mary Ann	London, W.C.	21
+ Adams, Lucy	Thorpe Hamlet.	18
+ Allison, Samuel	Portobello, N.B.	12
+ Arnold, Emily A.	Portobello, S.W.	15
+ Atfield, James	Shere.	15
+ Atkin, Anne	Greenestor.	10
+ Adams, Maria	Brockley, S.E.	12
+ Ayres, Mary	Mitcham.	19
+ Arnott, Mary	London, W.	15
+ Bishop, Annie	Bicknor.	7
+ Bateman, Mary	Kelley.	14
+ Bay, Martha	Belgrave.	14
+ Batton, Rachel	Kelley.	14
+ Bottwell, Emily	Reigate.	18
+ Beggie, Mary Ann	Old Trafford.	10
+ Bryant, Sarah A.	Lower Edmonton.	9
+ Blunden, Martha A.	Brighton.	7
+ Blunden, Mary A.	Brighton.	24
+ Broadbent, Frances A.	Finglas, Co. Dublin.	9
+ Bacey, Elizabeth	London, W.	17
+ Bull, Rosina	Newport, I.W.	25
+ Bradbury, Mary	Nuneaton.	23
+ Bate, Sarah Ann	London, S.W.	20
+ Baines, Eliza	Uppingham.	11
+ Beer, Sarah Sophia	Beckenham.	16
+ Bunt, Catherine	Liskeard.	9
+ Blake, Matilda	Reigate.	8
+ Bletcher, Ann	Clatham.	7
+ Barton, Charles	Alderley Edge.	8
+ Bartholomew, Alice	Earl's Colne.	7
+ Bewas, Mary Ann	Putney, S.W.	9
+ Barnes, Thomas	St. Bernhamstead.	12
+ Beveridge, Margt. A.	Clapham, S.W.	15
+ Bartholomew, Anne	London, S.E.	14
+ Burman, Richard	Ashted.	7
+ Bardsley, Hannah	Didsbury.	7
+ Bettridge, Geo. W.	Alderley Edge.	9
+ Bowring, Julia A. C.	Kelr, N.B.	18
+ Bogg, George H.	Chingford.	10
+ Bushnell, Charlotte	Tunbridge Wells.	21
+ Barnett, Caroline	Southsea.	16
+ Beckett, James	London, W.	14
+ Reddolph, Jane	Leamington Spa.	13
+ Brown, Elizabeth	Durley.	17
+ Brown, Mary Ann	Blackthorn, S.E.	11
+ Bailey, Esther Ann	Hamstead, N.W.	11
+ Backall, Emma	London, S.W.	19
+ Boulton, Ann	Shore Hill.	16
+ Bagshaw, Emily	Huyton.	8
+ Bloomfield, Mary A.	Aspal.	11
+ Blow, Anne Maria	Wilton.	13
+ Bellam, Rose	Leamington.	21
+ Berisford, Annie	Newcastle, Staffs.	20
+ Biggs, Alice	Cambridge.	20
+ Bone, Elizabeth	Upton.	10
+ Bullock, Mary Anne	London, N.	14
+ Collins, Louisa	Leamington.	14
+ Corliss, Charlotte	Blackheath, S.E.	20
+ Chalkley, Sarah	London, W.	23
+ Cook, Jane Elizabeth	Melton Mowbray.	7
+ Crowhurst, Caroline	London, S.W.	12
+ Clist, Mary Susan	Bromfield.	24
+ Clist, Charlotte	Bromfield.	7
+ Clark, Sarah	Newport, Mon.	7
+ Clifford, Alice	Hartsham.	9
+ Cole, Edward	London, W.C.	24

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
+ Carley, Emma	Ellesmere.	23
+ Cavey, John	Brancote.	7
+ Crosswhite, Mary A.	London, S.W.	18
+ Chubb, John	Hamstead, N.W.	18
+ Collis, Thomas	Edinburgh.	40
+ Chale, Emma	London, S.W.	7
+ Cooper, Selina	Slade End.	9
+ Crane, Adelaide	Hamstead, N.W.	15
+ Chamberlain, Lucy	London, W.	14
+ Cooper, Martha	London, N.	12
+ Cummings, Ann	Tiverton.	21
+ Davies, Jane	Southport.	21
+ Down, Minnie	Putney, S.W.	8
+ Dodwell, Martha	Polefield.	16
+ Davies, Mary	St. David's.	14
+ Evans, Sarah Ann	Lower Norwood, S.E.	11
+ Dolman, Harriet S.	London, W.C.	18
+ Davidson, Sarah E.	Lower Walmey.	9
+ Day, Isabella	Lower Norwood, N.W.	15
+ Elment, Caroline	St. Albans.	15
+ Emery, Hepzibah	London, W.	24
+ Eastwood, Mary A.	York.	19
+ Evans, Sarah Ann	Harvington.	10
+ Erby, Mary Anne	Hadley.	21
+ Eaton, Emily	Putney, S.W.	8
+ Evans, Louisa	Harvington.	10
+ Ferguson, Annie	Helensburgh, N.B.	16
+ Fawkes, Matilda	Gillingham.	20
+ Fleet, George	Brancote.	15
+ Frounce, Eliza	London, S.W.	14
+ Ford, Sarah	Wimbledon.	9
+ Franklin, Madeleine	Bristol.	14
+ Goss, Janet	Lower Norwood, N.B.	14
+ Gillespie, Isabella	Lisburn.	8
+ Goodwin, Annie E.	London.	8
+ Greenfield, Thomas	Tiverton.	11
+ Glend, Caroline M.	Highgate, N.	8
+ Garraway, Eliza	Cheltenham.	19
+ Greenwood, Mary A.	Clapham, S.W.	23
+ Gair, Ann	Cockington.	14
+ Graham, Camilla	Portobello, N.B.	7
+ Grathurst, Harriet	Eastbourne.	12
+ Germain, Elizabeth	London, W.	13
+ Grundman, Adele	Bolton, Lancs.	10
+ Gough, Mary	London, W.	11
+ Gough, Ellen	London, W.	9
+ Gould, Mary Ann	Barnham.	13
+ Gray, Jane	Selsdon Park.	12
+ Howlett, Jane	Northampton.	9
+ Harvey, Alice	Newbridge.	7
+ Hecker, Emmeline	White Knights.	10
+ Harris, Frances J.	Thetford.	7
+ Hopton, Sarah	London, W.	10
+ Hobbs, Anne	London, W.	8
+ Holloway, Eliza	London, W.	12
+ Hucker, Charlotte	Bath.	21
+ Hall, Caroline	Clifton.	21
+ Hancock, Louisa	Swire, Gales.	10
+ Hillier, Sarah	Ealing, W.	16
+ Hawker, John Wm.	Gloucester.	18
+ Hay, Isabella	Paisley.	10
+ Hordley, Sarah Ann	Preswich.	14
+ Hughes, Anne	Old Trafford.	14
+ Hurn, Jane	Slade End.	9
+ Hood, David	Sunder.	13
+ Hills, Elizabeth	Brighton.	13
+ Hanks, Eva	Clacton-on-Sea.	7
+ Hunt, Eliza	London, S.W.	12
+ Hartill, Annie	West Bromwich.	12
+ Hartill, Sarah	West Bromwich.	13
+ Harding, Eliza	Mitcham.	9
+ Harvey, Elizabeth	London, N.	22
+ Hodge, Lydia	Oxtord.	10
+ Hanna, Fanny M.	Over Beethlow.	8
+ Harrobin, Isabella	Haselock.	7
+ Howe, Susan	London, W.	9
+ Ives, Emily	Oxtord.	17
+ Ion, Joseph	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	11
+ Irwin, Jane Ann	Edinburgh.	7
+ Jenkins, Posthum.	Sydenham, S.E.	22
+ Jenkins, Eliza	Ealing, W.	16
+ Jarrett, William T.	London, S.W.	9
+ Kelly, Emma	Thames Ditton.	21
+ King, Alice Maud	Shooter's Hill.	8
+ Knight, Emma	Warp.	16
+ Knight, Eliza	Brancote.	16
+ Knight, Sarah	Watford.	16
+ King, Mary Jane	Lone Eaton.	12
+ Light, Martha	London, S.W.	7
+ Lockley, Sarah	Highgate, N.	9
+ Latham, Ellen	Cardstock.	16
+ Linchell, Harriette E.	Brixton, S.W.	10
+ Lank, Jane	Beckenham.	11
+ Lunge, Ann	Redhook.	23
+ Maher, Harriet	Manuel, Charlotte.	21
+ Maxim, Marianne	White Knights.	8
+ Miles, Mary Ann	Tavistock.	20
+ Mason, Mary Ann	Thorpe Hamlet.	9
+ Mills, Mariah	Teignmouth.	12
+ McCarthy, Mary A.	Castletown, I. of Man.	9
+ Moore, Christian	Dorchester, Dorset.	8
+ McBean, Janet	Granton-on-Spey.	20
+ McKinnon, Jean	Glasgow.	11
+ McLean, Jane	Irving, N.B.	16
+ Maddocks, Mary E.	Didsbury.	7
+ Morris, Ann	Brighton.	22
+ Macfarlane, Helen	Grange, N.B.	10
+ Macfarlane, Isabella	Grange, N.B.	23

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
+ Mitchell, Grace	Aixburgh.	10
+ Moir, Ann	St. Leonards, S.E.	19
+ March, Thomas	Olton.	15
+ Mobbs, Emma	Kastella.	10
+ Masson, Helen	Aberdeen.	11
+ Miller, Isabella	London, S.W.	9
+ Norris, Phillis Ann	Edinburgh.	10
+ Nixon, Jane	Finglas, Co. Dublin.	10
+ Norris, Mary Anne	Bracewell, S.E.	23
+ Norman, Ann	Blackheath, S.E.	23
+ Napier, Janet	Sheerness.	17
+ Nicholson, John	Bowdon.	17
+ Orpp, Jane	London, N.	15
+ Penny, George	London, W.	11
+ Penke, Eliza	White Knights.	9
+ Piper, Eliza	London, S.W.	9
+ Parker, Louisa Jane	Waltham, S.W.	8
+ Paddon, Ellen	Tiverton.	10
+ Phillips, Ann	Chichester.	11
+ Potter, Mary Ann	West Dorset.	8
+ Pallant, Florence H.	Aspal.	13
+ Pettit, Rose	London, N.	7
+ Percy, Emma	Sydenham, S.E.	22
+ Pinkney, Rachel	Iron.	22
+ Quarterman, Annie	London, W.	12
+ Robins, Mary	Reid.	10
+ Robins, Margaret	Birkenhead.	10
+ Redman, Alice	Brighton.	7
+ Reed, Emma H.	Teignmouth.	21
+ Roach, Helen	Glasgow.	12
+ Ridge, Martha	London, S.E.	8
+ Richards, Mary	Northam.	13
+ Roberts, Elizabeth	Lamely.	17
+ Robert, Mary	Putney, S.W.	12
+ Riches, Elizabeth	Lower Edmonton.	14
+ Robinson, Mary A.	Southport.	8
+ Russell, Hannah	Conover.	23
+ Rose, Lucy	Hamstead, N.W.	17
+ Rainbow, Eliza	Hamstead, N.W.	17
+ Rice, Mary	Heywood.	12
+ Rice, Eliza	London, W.	15
+ Rickard, Jane	Stokenham.	12
+ Rodgers, Margaret	Dublin.	21
+ Richardson, Thos.	Clayton.	12
+ Robinson, Hannah	Sandwich, LofMan.	15
+ Smith, Josephine	Frank.	9
+ Small, Christina	Dollar, N.B.	10
+ Shaw, Christina	Glasgow, N.B.	15
+ Simmonds, Julia B.	Maldenhead.	13
+ Sharp, Eliza Ann	London, W.	16
+ Simpson, Martha	Brighton.	21
+ Sims, Charlotte	Clifton.	9
+ Sharp, Isabella	Partick, N.B.	8
+ Sewell, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	21
+ Seabrook, Mary	Stockport.	9
+ Stafford, Edwin	Stockport.	11
+ Seale, Sarah	Stockport.	11
+ Spilsbury, David	Stockport.	11
+ Squire, Gales	Sewport, Mon.	9
+ Shields, Robert	Melrose, N.B.	19
+ Summers, Emma	London, W.	9
+ Stammer, Caroline	London, E.	7
+ Stowers, Emma	Chingford.	23
+ Strong, Mary Ann	Tunbridge Wells.	19
+ Swaffer, Kate Eliza	Hartsham.	7
+ Soder, Sarah	Harlington.	17
+ Still, Mercy Han.	Greenford.	9
+ Sumner, Alice	St. Mary's Platt.	9
+ Small, Mary	Maidshead.	9
+ Sumner, Alice	Maidshead.	9
+ Siann, Mary A. E.	Berefield.	14
+ Swindells, Hartley	East Sheen, S.W.	8
+ Savine, Mary	Holm Lane.	15
+ Stevens, Kate	Harbledown.	7
+ Taylor, Sarah	London, S.W.	9
+ Tilley, Sarah	Ogborne St. George.	16
+ Toll, Marlin	Thorpe Hamlet.	15
+ Trill, Orph	London, W.	9
+ Thomas, Mary H.	London, W.	9
+ Thomas, Florie	Blaueville.	7
+ Thompson, Sarah	Handsworth.	21
+ Tinker, Henrietta	Mitcham.	11
+ Thomas, William	Llangelynn.	9
+ Vaughan, Elizabeth	Clifton.	18
+ Woodhead, Mary A.	London, N.W.	17
+ Weeks, Fanny	Leamington.	15
+ Weston, Sarah	Leamington.	13
+ Webster, Mary	Cassal.	8
+ Woods, Emma	Charterhouse, E.C.	14
+ Wardrop, Jeanie	Shute, N.B.	21
+ Wilkinson, Sarah	London, W.	11
+ Wells, Mary Ann	Tring.	8
+ Windrum, Augusta	Castle Coole, Ireland.	8
+ Weller, Helen E.	St. Mary's Platt.	9
+ Wilson, Emily	Wolverhampton.	17
+ Woodridge, Ann	Brockley, S.E.	17
+ Wells, Eliza	Watts, Annie.	17
+ Watts, Annie	Charterhouse, E.C.	10
+ Wildish, Mary J.	Reading.	15
+ Webb, Frederick	Harvington.	20
+ Woodward, Giles	London, W.	8
+ Whitaker, Mary	Newcastle, Staffs.	10
+ Whyte, Katherine	London, W.	10
+ Walley, Elizabeth	Sunder.	24
+ Watkins, Priscilla	Sunder.	24
+ Webb, Frances	Oswestry.	16
+ Williams, Harriet	Bury St. Edmunds.	7
+ Woughton, Ellen	Tring.	8
+ Watchorn, Fanny E.	London, W.	14
+ Williamson, Thomas	Weymouth.	11
+ Young, Ann Elizabeth	Brancote.	15
+ Yarell, Benjamin	Aberdeen.	21
+ Youngson, Elsie	Aberdeen.	21

Those marked * have received Bibles ranging in value from Six Shillings to £25, + besides Medals and Certificates.
 Those marked † have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.
 All the rest have received Certificates of Membership.

No correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the awards, which have been made upon a careful consideration of each case in accordance with regulations which have been fully supplied to the Members concerned.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.



"THE BRIDES OF
THE SUMMER
SUN."

"ONLY a
God,"
says one of
our great
writers,
"could
have de-
signed and
created
roses." May
we not echo
his words
as we gaze
upon the
clustered
lilies,
crowning

and wreathing the summer land? Whether we think of our own pale, sweet valley-lily, or of those among the oaks of Tabor and on the hills of Nazareth, spreading amid hedges of thorn their splendid canopies, or of the familiar garden-flower, holding the golden rays in a shining prison, or of the arum-lily, lifting up its silver chalice, or of the tiger-lilies blazing on their stalks like fire, or of the alabaster cups that float upon the stream, or of the Eucharist lilies laid by trembling hands to watch "like saintly vestals" beside our dead—these fragrant, gracious flowers breathe to us music of helpful cheer, and whisper day by day,

"Behold, how we
Preach, without words, of purity."

Who could dream that such stainless beauty would issue forth from the dark lily-bulb? So let us learn that the eye of God sees possibilities of beauty in the dark, undeveloped lives amid which His servants labour.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

"To what purpose is this life?" is the question that rises sometimes to our thoughts, if not to our lips, when we gaze on one stunted, deformed, apparently useless in this busy world. Let us be very sure, however, that God seeth not as man seeth, and that every living creature can fulfil His work and glorify Him by being of service to others. We remember in bygone days reading of a poor half-witted creature, whose existence was almost grudged by his neighbours, but who wandered aimlessly one day into a railway train. The delay caused by removing him was just sufficient to save many lives from a fearful and impending accident! After this, nobody asked, "Why has he been suffered to live on?"

A true history was told recently in our hearing of a little girl, the crippled child of drunken parents. She came under the influence of temperance workers in Lambeth, and, despite her physical weakness, she set herself to rescue her debased parents. As time went on, both those parents became sober and respectable, and honour instead of disgrace became attached to the family name. The child now longed that the happy and improved circumstances of the family might be shared by their friends and neighbours and fellow-creatures, and the little thing, shapeless and unsightly save for her sweet face, toiled on unceasingly to save the drunkard. By-and-by she was taken hence, and, after her death, within her little Bible it was found that more than three hundred people had signed the pledge. Such was the work of a child, continuously hindered by weakness and deformity. Who shall say, after this, "My life is useless—I can do nothing for God or man?" Remember, the least, the feeblest flower, may stand, "and share its dewdrop with another near."

A DICTIONARY OF RELIGION.

We hail with unfeigned gratification the book which Messrs. Cassell have just issued, bearing the above title. In these days of multifarious and disturbing theological disputations, a book of reference is sorely needed by even the best informed of readers. Those who consult this book, which has been very carefully edited by the Rev. W. Benham, B.D., cannot fail to discover how many an ancient heresy has been revived in modern times under some new and fine-sounding name. Every Christian minister should possess this exceedingly valuable work.

CHIPS FROM A CARPENTER'S BENCH.

Milton tells us that he who reigns within *himself* is more than a king. How much easier is it for us to hold the reins of business, of the house, even of Christian service, than to keep in check the unjust thought, the resentful word, the hasty deed, which yet may yield such bitter and sorrowful fruit! The thoughtful carpenter, whose mental "chips" we have quoted from time to time, has this remark among them: "He is best fitted to govern who can *himself* control." Closely allied is this thought to Milton's, and both have Scriptural authority—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Gentleness to some is almost second nature, but those of us who have the quickest tempers can yet reach the heights of "bearing and forbearing" along the road of prayer and striving. "Never leave a fire or the tongue without a guard," says the carpenter, in his homely

and even of the plagues of Egypt. This chart, properly used, cannot fail to be of real service to the Bible student.

FOR READERS AND THINKERS.

We have received from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton a new edition (the fourth) of Mr. G. H. Pember's "Earth's Earliest Ages," and an unpretentious little volume containing "Records of the McAll Mission," with an Introduction from our old friend Dr. Horatius Bonar, the hymn-writer. Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a thoughtful exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes, by the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, who gives to his little work the title of "The Preacher's Pilgrimage." From the same publisher we have also received a second edition of Archdeacon Wynne's "Spiritual Life in its Advancing Stages." "Sunny Sundays" is the title of a book of Hints for Conversational Classes, by S. M. Holworthy, whose subject is "The Fruits of the Spirit;" the publishers are Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., from whom we have also received "Gospel Types and Shadows of the Old Testament," by the Rev. W. Odom, who has thoughtfully expounded fifty-two of the striking parallels between the Old and the New Dispensations; "Outlines of a Gentle Life," being the life-story of Ellen P. Shaw, who was a sister of Frances Ridley Havergal and of the writer of this touching little volume; "The King's Message," which is an able collection of addresses to the young, by the Rev. J. H. Wilson, D.D., of Barclay Church, Edinburgh; and "Surpassing Fable; or, Glimpses of our Future Home," by the Rev. R. H. Brennan, M.A. Professor Creighton has made a worthy addition to his excellent "Epochs of Church History" Series (Longmans) in the little volume on the "Church of the Early Fathers," which has been contributed by Dr. Plummer, Master of

University College, Durham. The book is very concise; containing a vast array of facts, and yet most readable.

MEMORIAL DRINKING-FOUNTAINS.

It is a natural and tender feeling that prompts us to connect the name of some dear one "gone before" with a memorial that year by year shall preserve the record of that much-loved life. There are memorial libraries, institutes, hospitals, statues, and the like; but all of us cannot afford a gift that is so expensive, and some prefer to use the available funds in "sculptured urn" or richly carved monument that shall attest to all our love for the departed. The sweetest memorial to our lost is surely that which will bless and benefit the living. Eyes that look down from heaven need no lavish monumental sculpture. Dearer to angel-hearts would be rest provided for the weary, strength for the wayworn, comfort even for the dumb creatures that cannot speak their need. Can we provide a memorial seat, tree-shaded, by the wayside—a memorial playground for the sake of the child whose feet are tireless now, or a memorial drinking-fountain, sending up day by day the waters of succour and refreshment? Oh, the blessing of these wayside fountains, especially in the days of sultriness! Long ago there was One Who, "wearied with the noontide heat," rested by the well; and surely the offering is acceptable in *His* sight, when benevolent hearts uprear these springs of succour, welling refreshment from the cool, shapely stone, and graved, perhaps, like one we know, with the text, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

ONLY A WORKING GIRL!

Only a working girl! Yes; but by-and-by she will have around her some ~~four~~ five children, and these will be the men and women of the future. The working girl cannot train these who are to be the people of the future unless she herself be trained to be something more than "only a working girl," a live machine to make men's neckties. Fathers whose girls are not factory hands are striving hard to make money to keep homes bright and cheerful for their own girls, and to keep want from the door after they are dead. But, fathers, if your children stand side by side, after you are gone, with the children of "only a working girl," how intensified will be the struggle between rich and poor! The problems which now appal us will be greater then,



"Comfort for the dumb creatures that cannot speak their need."

and therefore we shall best secure the future happiness of our children by looking at the state of society generally, and seeking to remedy its ills. At 134, Hoxton Street, London, there is a room set apart for about fifteen working girls. Games, recreation, dressmaking, plain needle, and cookery are taught them, and every endeavour is made to make them something more than "only a working girl." Mrs. Rae, the president, would be glad to receive help in money, as funds are needed. Friends might send magazines carriage paid.

confectionery in the holidays. As to movement, perhaps our nerves can have a little too much now and then. Well, let the school-room—transformed to play-room now—have plenty of paste, gum, pictures, wools, glue, odds and ends of material, and let your boys and girls manufacture something for the shadowed, neglected little ones whom our friend at Rugby helps. We heard of two mites who wanted to give presents like the rest, and who brought with looks of self-denial all they had to offer—two pieces of loaf-sugar: "*where there's a will there's a way*," and the holiday-



WORKING FOR THE CANAL CHILDREN.

LITTLE CONJURERS.

Children have been likened to little conjurers, equalising the different classes of society by their spells of natural magic. Certainly children have no notion of "caste"; they terrify us sometimes by familiar converse with juvenile tramps, with whom our more suspicious ideas associate fever, and their farthings are dragged out for the benefit of such far more readily than our own reluctant silver. Some time since we mentioned the "George Smith of Coalville Society," which encourages our bright-faced bairns to assist with warm clothes, books, scraps, etc., the waifs of river and road; the head-quarters of this society are now at "The Cabin," Crick, Rugby, where all information will be gladly furnished. Mr. George Smith, the friend of wayfaring children, writes to us with hearty thanks for such help as we have been able to render towards his association; may we commend it to those whose homes are merry with holiday life and full of juvenile energy? It is said that the three charms of childhood are sugar, movement, and laughter. Indulgent relations are generous as to

laughter will be all the sweeter because the hands are doing something for the Master's little homeless lambs.

IN THE HAY-FIELDS.

"What is a boy?" asked a speaker of an audience of juveniles. "Please, sir," was the reply he gained from one, "*he's the beginning of a man.*" It is a truth worth our consideration that England's future men and women, the coming nation, may be seen to-day in the boys at cricket and the girls with their dolls—yes, and in the children who have neither bat nor ball, nor doll nor rosy cheeks, whose playground is the London court, whose life is bounded by chimneys, and shadowed by city smoke. Do we want to put life and energy and stamina in the children of the poor, in the pale-faced little convalescent, in the sickly bairn whose daily struggle for life goes on in an overcrowded garret? If on social and economical, humane and Christian grounds, we are concerned for the rising generation of our courts and alleys, we cannot do better than strengthen the hands of our

friends of the Fresh Air Mission. They are anxious to send hundreds of such little ones out among the flowering meadows through the brightening days, and to accomplish again the sweet miracle that



"Through the brightening days."

summer by summer has been wrought by "Lady Nature"—that of producing rosy, sunburnt faces, where sickness and poverty have been allied, and of wakening songs and laughter from sad little lips that learn new music in the open air amid the fragrant breath of "russet haycocks."

THE BRIDGE OVER WHICH WE MUST PASS.

"Will you ask my pardon?" said a master to his servant with whom he had disputed. The answer was a surly negative. "Then I will ask yours," said his master, knowing that someone must always be the first to give in, and meeting his servant more than half-way with forgiveness and peace. What heart could withstand such a step towards reconciliation? Truly has it been said of *forgiveness* that this is a bridge over which we all need to pass. Let us not break it down. A glimmer of light and comfort came to Martin Luther when the old monk by his bedside read aloud the solemn words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Which of us could stand before the God of all, did He not blot out our failures, and dismiss our trespasses? If we are

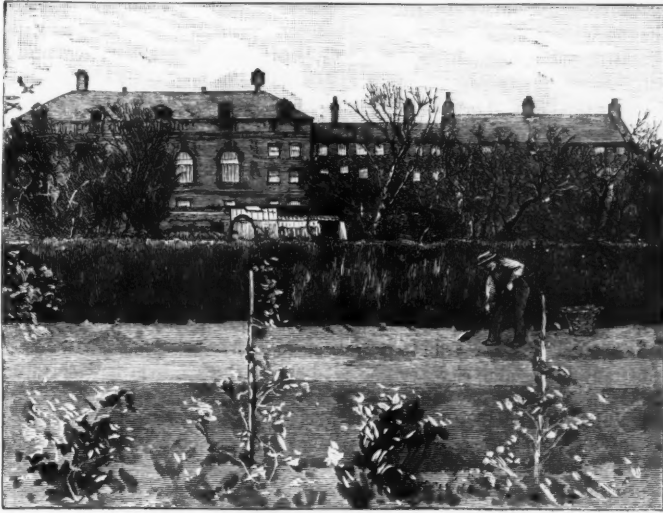
feeling, concerning any fellow-creature, "I have sustained a wrong I cannot forget or pardon," let us take the first right step by naming the name we dislike, at the Mercy-seat. In the time of Washington a Christian man journeyed to the General to beseech the life of a neighbour, sentenced to death. He was told his "unfortunate friend" must perish. "He is my worst enemy," said the intercessor. "And have you," asked Washington, "walked sixty miles for your enemy's sake? I grant you his pardon." What a revenge was this!

FROM SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN.

Stratford-on-Avon has furnished us with the latest member of the growing band of QUIVER Heroes, in the person of Thomas Whiting. The Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., presented the medal to Whiting, and with it conveyed to him the best wishes of the Editor and readers of THE QUIVER, and their appreciation of the conspicuous gallantry he displayed under the following circumstances. On January 26th last, in a fit of despondency, a poor woman threw herself from the churchyard into the river which, as everybody knows, flows past the fine old Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon. Carried along by the stream, which was swollen by recent rains and running rapidly at the time, the woman would certainly have been lost, had not the attention of some workmen been drawn to her. They made ineffectual attempts to save her by means of poles and ropes, and then Thomas Whiting, who was one of the company, gallantly plunged into the river, and, despite its strong current and swollen stream, succeeded in reaching and rescuing the woman. Such noble deeds as this need no commendation on our part, but the case is typical of those which the QUIVER Heroes Fund seeks to recognise by the award of medals—not as rewards to the heroes, but as symbols of the appreciation in which their bravery is held by their fellows. We rely upon our readers to enable us to carry on this work, not only by subscribing to the Fund, but also by drawing our attention to any cases of bravery that may occur in their neighbourhood. In connection with this fund the Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions since the last list was issued:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	145	9	6
Mrs. Jno. Doughty, Jackfield	1	1	0
L. Banks, Stratford-on-Avon	1	5	0
Mrs. Shore, Feltham	0	2	6
D. Norman, Wolverhampton	1	1	0
Mrs. Richmond, Torquay	0	1	0
Master A. Richmond, Torquay	0	1	0
E. C., Diss	0	2	6
Total	149	3	6

FULNECK AND THE MORAVIANS.



FULNECK.



IN the histories of the smaller of the religious bodies there is often much of interest; and not the least is this true of the "*Unitas Fratrum*, or Church of the United Brethren." It has a past that is honourable, a present that is active, and surely a future of usefulness. It has had conferred upon it special privileges, has distinctive spheres of work, peculiar observ-

ances; and in its work, its systematic care for its members, its zeal and its catholicity, it is in many respects a model Church. It maintains its weekly newspapers, its periodicals in several countries and languages, its almanack, its special histories, its own hymnal, its theological seminaries, and many schools, whilst its zeal for missions and its vast work therein are widely recognised. We need not glance back at the Church of Huss; but from the time of the awakening in some of the villages of Moravia in the beginning of the eighteenth century, we find the settlement of the "Moravians" under Zinzendorf, at Herrnhut, in Saxony. Christian David led the band from the Moravian plains

near the towns of Fulneck and New Tetschein in 1722, the first tree was felled for the building of Herrnhut, and two years later the foundation stone of a building was laid where "youths of rank should receive a Christian education." From thence spread the successors of the "Ancient Brethren"; and with David Nitschman, Christian David, Tobias Leupold, and Leonard Dober, began the series of missionary visits which have since that time continued to distinguish this "Missionary Church." Count Zinzendorf had been in England in 1737, but it is to Peter Böhler that the first society of Moravians in England is traceable (in 1738), the meetings being first held in the house of one of their members, and then in a chapel where Baxter had once preached, at No. 32, Fetter Lane, London. This address is still that of the "Moravian Church and Mission Agency" in London. We have now to do with the chief settlement of the Church of the United Brethren in England, and our steps must be turned northwards.

August Gottlieb Spangenberg, once a student at law in the University of Jena, then a propagator of the faith of the Brethren, proceeded in April, 1741, into Yorkshire, with two of his friends. They took charge there of some spiritually awakened people near Halifax, and formed several societies; but, later, they removed to a place then called Lamb's Hill, but renamed, after the town of many memories in the Fatherland,

Fulneck; and in the Moravian Almanack, April 19th, 1755, is given as the date of the establishment of the congregation. The site was fixed upon by Count Zinzendorf. That establishment followed the recognition by the British Parliament of the Society as "an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church;" and it has been followed by the settlement of many other churches, but still Fulneck remains the centre of the British Province of the Church of the United Brethren. It has the church with the largest congregation of the Brethren in Britain, and with the largest number of communicants; it has the largest schools; whilst around it are clustered many memories of this peculiar but honourable Church in England. Fulneck is still, as ever, a retreat for the missionary and his kin, a nursery for the ministry, and the headquarters of the Church.

In the heart of the home of the textile trades, between Leeds and Bradford, and close to the town of Pudsey, is this Moravian settlement of Fulneck. It is a quiet oasis, amidst a lusty, busy, and even turbulent life. Pudsey is a typical textile town; its people rough but honest and hearty, its men wearing in the street the slop or "checkerbrat" proclaiming the calling, and its bonnie lasses still wearing the shawl for their only head-covering. A few hundred yards from this place of warp and weft, of mills and looms, of oddly angled houses of grey stone and dark roofs, and in great contrast with it in most particulars, is the settlement of the *Unitas Fratrum*. It is a large aggregation of buildings, the range extending to upwards of a mile in length. The main block is over a century old. There are the "Single Sisters' House," the "Widows' House," the house for the minister, and the three large schoolrooms and chapel. Close thereto is the God's Acre of the Moravians, a pleasant slope of sward, with many flat gravestones, bearing usually a number, a name, and the year of death. The graves of the sexes seem divided; the grass grows thickly over and around, at times obscuring the gravestone, and avenues of tall trees make music to serve as a monody.

Though the settlement has been made for more than a century, there is still something distinctive about it and its people. It is not a trading village, though a few traders are there: it is a settlement where education is the aim, and where that aim includes the training for the service of the Church in many lands. In the people who are seen, too, there is a wide distinction from those in the villages, whose chimneys may be seen from the terrace at Fulneck. There are "sisters" who are to be seen pacing along the front; there are "brothers" resident or "brothers" from a distance, who are walking along to some of the separate homes of the place. At one time this distinctive character was

apparent in the dress, each "choir" having its own recognised feature or colour; but in the English and American Provinces of the Church this has to a great extent become a thing of the past, although still in existence in the German Province.

It may not be out of place here to observe that although the educational establishments at Fulneck are the largest and most extensive in connection with the Church in England, there are some half a dozen or more other places where Moravian schools have long existed and flourished, the best-known being at Fairfield, near Manchester, and at Ockbrook, near Derby.

On "memorial days" and congregational anniversaries there are many thronging to the appointed place of meeting, and now and again one of the dozen or so of bishops of the Church will give dignity to the occasion. The Moravian calendar has many memorial days in addition to those the Church Universal commemorates. Epiphany is in some places the memorial day for the mission work; there is the festival of all the "choirs," or spiritual unions; there is the "widows' festival," and that for the "single sisters;" the "festival of the elder girls," of the "elder boys," the "children's festival," that of the "single brethren," of the "widowers," and of the "married brethren and sisters;" and at these and at the Sunday services, the pealing of the great organ, the prescribed forms of prayer, the chants and the hymns—all do much to stir up the devout mind amongst the Moravians.

In connection with the services, it is not a little singular to note how the old and well-known meetings, formerly peculiar to the Moravian Church, and including children's services, singing meetings, and liturgies, have been taken up and adopted by other denominations with much and marked success. The communion service amongst the Moravians has always been a strong bond of union, and strikes a stranger as being solemn and impressive. The different congregations in each province, all over the world, celebrate this on the same day throughout the year—every fourth Sunday—and a very large proportion of the communicant members almost invariably attend. In the bulk of the congregations the communion service is preceded by a short love-feast, preparatory to the sacrament, and at the conclusion of the latter, during the singing of the closing hymn, expressive of the bond of union, all present shake hands, each with their neighbour.

There is one observance that still survives in the Moravian Church—the use of the lot. More than a century and a half ago, the history of the *Unitas Fratrum* tells us, the lot was "used only in the Conference of Elders under circumstances of perplexity;" no doubt in imitation of the method adopted by the eleven Apostles when

by lot St. Matthias was chosen as a successor to the traitor Judas. In 1731, the question of the union with the Lutheran Church was decided in the negative by the use of the lot; and in many exigencies it has been since used. In 1769 a Synod of the Church considered the question of its continued use, and the Brethren were agreed then that that means had been followed "with rich blessing, and in many important matters." It was agreed on that "simple faith was necessary in the use of the lot." When Dober declined the office of General Warden, "his determination was sanctioned by lot," and

the district—and intended to promote "intercourse and fellowship of work among the congregations, and for mutual counsel and help among the ministers." Again, and for the separate congregations, there are "Elders' Conferences," a committee for the management of temporal matters, and a congregational council. It may be added that the Moravian Almanack states that there are funds in the British Province, first to raise all "ministers' salaries to the minimum of £100," a second to provide small pensions for invalided workers of both sexes; and others for training, education, chapel-building, etc. Finally,



HOUSES AT FULNECK.

it is the means of attaining the final decision in the election of bishops still.

In this country there are about two score Moravian congregations; in Germany and the United States there are larger numbers, and more churches and schools. The body is divided into three "provinces"—for the three nations. Over the whole is a "supreme board of direction" at Berthelsdorf, Herrnhut, Saxony; the whole Unity of the Church is legislated for by the General Synods, which meet about every ten years, whilst the Provincial Synods meet for the separate provinces more frequently. The executives of the Provincial Synods are the "Provincial Elders' Conferences," elected thereby. Below these latter conferences, again, are, in Britain, the "General Conferences of Elders" for the different districts—composed usually of "all persons having a spiritual office in the congregation" of

there is a Church work of the Moravians which is peculiar. It is called the "Diaspora," or Home Mission Work of the German section of the Church. "It seeks not to make proselytes, or to draw members from other Protestant communities, but to excite and foster spiritual life by means additional to those provided by the established churches" of the Scandinavian, German, and other countries where it is carried on.

These, then, are some of the facts gathered, and the impressions received on a visit to Fulneck, the chief British settlement of this peculiar and honoured little Church. The life there goes on in even grooves; quietness and order reign in what may be called a little colony of those who are and are to be workers in spiritual and educational things, and who dwell in the midst of a population distinct in aim, in manner, and in custom.

J. W. S.

MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER XX.

THE GHOST EXPLAINED.

"I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too."



NCE more I had seen the "ghost," the fear of which had driven old Jones from the Home Farm; but though my pulses quickened, it was with surprise and excitement, not with fear. There was nothing to be afraid of in a spirit embodied in human form, and able to

leave footsteps behind it; but the less frightened I felt, the more curious I became. I watched it eagerly, and though the now leafy trees hid it occasionally from sight, I distinctly saw it pass into the Castle by the ladies' private door.

Could it be Lady Otterbourne? I wondered. It was currently reported in Hazelford that the Countess was deranged, and though Basil said it was only melancholia, who is to say where melancholy ends and madness begins? The moon was at the full now—might not the mysterious influence she is said to exert have been just the determining force in crossing the indistinguishable line? Might not melancholy have quickened to madness, and might not this wandering figure be that of the poor Countess seeking her dead child?

It was at least a more plausible theory than Dr. Cheriton's had been. If even before I knew her I felt it impossible that the midnight wanderer should be Ellinor Temple, I scouted the idea now as indignantly as Basil could have done.

Of course, when I went down to breakfast, I told Basil what I had seen, and he agreed with me that it might perhaps have been Lady Otterbourne. Whether he actually thought so, or whether he only accepted the idea as an escape from the alternative theory, I could not tell. He did not even refer to Dr. Cheriton's suggestion, but in his manner was an ostentatious abstinence and indefinable protest that told me he had not forgotten it.

We were rather long over breakfast that morning, but late as we were, and erratic as were Dr. Cheriton's visits, I think even Basil was surprised to see the familiar yellow gig pull up at the gate before the cloth was cleared.

"I'll change my housekeeper, if I can't get one meal in peace!" Basil declared with mock vehemence;

but I was determined not to make a goose of myself again.

"You don't suppose he comes to see *me* at this time of day?" I retorted with spirit.

"Is Miss Graham at home?" sounds rather like it," said Basil drily; and the next moment Mrs. Munns ushered in the untimely guest, with the announcement—"Dr. Cheriton—to see Miss Esther!"

I rose with a great assumption of dignified surprise, but it was quite thrown away on my irrepressible visitor.

"Miss Esther," exclaimed Dr. Cheriton, shaking hands as easily as if eight o'clock in the morning were his usual time for paying calls, "I told you I should spot your ghost, and you didn't believe me; I told you I *had* spotted it, and you didn't believe me; I've come now to tell you that I've seen it, and shaken hands with it, and spoken to it; and it sends its love to you, and hopes you'll go and see it too, as soon as you conveniently can."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean that I've been right all along. The ghost is Miss Temple, as I always thought it was."

"What authority have you for saying so?" demanded Basil sternly.

"Her own!" said Dr. Cheriton.

He paused a minute, as if to allow us to digest the information, and then he went on, with a laugh at Basil's speechless surprise—

"My dear fellow, you needn't look so fierce or so dumbfounded. The whole mystery lies in a nutshell. Miss Temple is a sleep-walker."

"A sleep-walker!" I ejaculated. It was a solution that had never even occurred to me, and yet how simple it was!

"Yes, a sleep-walker," repeated Dr. Cheriton, "or a somnambulist, if you prefer a more learned and less expressive term, like most of your charming sex. If I told a patient she had face-ache, she'd think me an ignorant fellow who only told her what she knew herself, but if I call it neuralgia or tic-douloureux, she has any amount of faith in the diagnosis."

Basil seemed to be listening, but I doubt if he heard a single word of the doctor's tirade.

"A sleep-walker?" he repeated, as if he could hardly credit the fact. "But is not that a very serious condition?"

"To a certain extent it is, of course. It shows an instability of the nervous centres, to say the least; but a good deal depends on the degree. In Miss Temple's case I fancy half the battle would be to find out the disturbing cause."

"How did you find out that it was Miss Temple?" I inquired.

"I was called up in the night to see old Mrs. Fosberry, who was 'took with spasms'—as she

always is after the lobster salad she never misses a chance of eating—and as I was getting into the gig to come away, what should I see coming down the slope but the regulation white-sheeted ghost! The footman yelled and fled into the house, but I thought I would see it out, so I sat still and kept as quiet as a mouse. It came on pretty quickly, and I soon saw that it was Miss Temple, and that she was far too sound asleep to see me or take any notice of me. So I just watched her into the house, and then I rang the bell and asked to speak to her maid. And I wish now I hadn't."

"Oh, why?" I exclaimed. "Surely it was the best thing to do?"

"So it seemed to my limited intelligence. But the girl was a perfect idiot—one of the shrieking, hysterical editions of feminine folly that seem to be sent into the world to make us appreciate sensible women. The footman had just been raising the house about the ghost, and this ridiculous woman was frightened out of what few senses she ever possessed, and behaved like Bedlam let loose. The end of it was that Miss Temple woke up in a fright, which was the worst thing that could have happened; the Countess scented the disturbance, and sent her own woman inquiring and interfering all round; and between them they've kept me there till now."

"But Miss Temple is better now, I hope?" I put in, before Basil could speak. For, indeed, I was afraid of what his anxious voice might betray.

"Better? Oh, yes—quite herself again. But the upshot of it all is that I've advised them to have her watched, if only for a time. I want them to get down a trained nurse—for as for expecting a rational report from that idiot of a maid, you might as well expect to gather gooseberries off an apple-tree—but Miss Temple objects so strongly I had to give it up. Then I asked if there was no friend she could have to stay with her, and she said the only one she liked well enough or could endure in her room was yourself. So now you know why I am here. And, indeed, Miss Graham, if you would not dislike it, I believe it would be the greatest possible kindness."

He pulled a note out of his pocket, and gave it to me. It was a kind, and even friendly, note from Lady Otterbourne, asking me to stay at the Castle for a week, and courteously adding that the circumstances, which Dr. Cheriton would explain to me, had accelerated rather than occasioned the invitation.

"Miss Temple was hoping to see you when she would be more at leisure to enjoy a friend's society," wrote Lady Otterbourne, "but under present circumstances, I trust you will understand the change of plan."

Of course I understood it, and of course I was willing to go, and should have been even if Basil's eloquent eyes had been less urgent in their silent entreaty.

"Lady Otterbourne will send the carriage for you this afternoon," said Dr. Cheriton, "and if Ford is inconsolable, I think Charlie may be pronounced

out of quarantine now, and he and Mrs. Graham could come here while the house is disinfected. What do you say, Ford? Do you like the plan?"

"The *deus ex machina* decrees—what can poor mortals do but submit?" said Basil.

And indeed, I was rather amused at the way in which Dr. Cheriton seemed inclined to settle our affairs for us. I thought he quite deserved the delicate rebuke, but he took no notice of it, and only observed that the projected tennis-party appeared to have given general satisfaction, and that we might expect an invasion of "the youth and beauty of Hazelford" early in the week. But even Basil protested at this.

"I certainly can't have it till Esther comes back," he said decidedly.

"And certainly I wouldn't come to it if you did!" said Dr. Cheriton. "But I daresay Miss Graham will have tired of her fine friends before then."

He spoke quite bitterly, and I wondered if it was possible he was jealous of my invitation to the Castle. He certainly looked as if he only half approved of it, though he had been the means of procuring it for me.

"Good-bye," he said, getting up, and refusing any breakfast on the plea that he had already had some at the Castle. "The Home Farm won't seem like itself without you, will it, Ford? But I shall see you at the Castle to-morrow. Remember, you'll be in charge of my patient, and will have to deliver your report."

I wished he would not have looked so absurdly jubilant about it, or that Basil would not have looked so provokingly intelligent, and so unnecessarily amused. But at least I did not blush—or at any rate, I should not have done so if Basil had behaved himself.

When Dr. Cheriton had gone, I wrote and accepted Lady Otterbourne's invitation, and Basil drove into Hazelford, to see if my mother and Charlie would come and stay with him, and to bring another dress or two for me. One evening dress was clearly insufficient for a week at Hazelford Castle, as Basil quite agreed.

"You need not be smart, but you must not be dowdy. They are never either one or the other," said my brother, as he carried off the list I had been making out.

He came back alone, except for my precious box, for my mother had pronounced it impossible to get herself and Charlie ready before to-morrow.

"Did you see May?" I asked. And before he spoke, I knew that he had, and that he had been in some way annoyed.

"May can think of nothing but fashion-books just now," he said irritably. "I know nothing about it, and care less; but I can't stand the way they ask Potts's opinions, as if he were that man-milliner at Paris—what do they call him?—himself. I don't believe May will have a gown belonging to her that he hasn't had a finger in choosing; but perhaps I've no right to complain."

"Choosing 'gowns,' as you call them, doesn't mean much," I said consolingly, and thinking this little bit of natural jealousy quite a hopeful symptom.

"No," he sighed. "And if it did, I'm the last man——"

He stopped abruptly, and I looked up and saw that the Otterbourne carriage was at the gate, and that Miss Temple herself was sitting in it. She was looking very much herself, and was full of gratitude and pleasure at my coming.

"It is so good of you to come and take care of me!" she said, as I took my place beside her. "Mr. Ford, you will not be afraid to trust me with your sister, will you? I know how much she is to you, and it is as kind of you to spare her as it is of her to come."

Basil lifted his hat, and we drove off; but willing as I had thought myself, nay, willing as I was, to be of service to Miss Temple, I could not help a sharp throb of pain at leaving my brother Basil, though it was only for a week. Miss Temple read my face, as she always did.

"Would all sisters mind as much?" she said wonderingly. "But it only makes it more good of you to come. I believe you would never have agreed to do so if you had not seen how badly you were wanted."

"I shall be very glad if I can really be of use."

"It is not only that. I believe I was glad of any excuse to get you. It seems as if we never saw each other now."

"I have not liked to come while Colonel Hazelford is with you. Even if you did not think me an intruder, *he* might."

"Nonsense!" she laughed gaily. "Didn't I tell you we were not that sort of lovers? I believe we are both very much obliged to anyone who will come and save us the trouble of entertaining each other!"

I laughed too. If I had believed her, I should have thought it sad enough, but I knew it was only her way of talking. She chose to affect a cynical unbelief in what she called "romance," but no one who looked at her could think the cynicism real. Her eyes were too full of feeling, her face too earnest and too passionate for the cold creed she professed.

Colonel Hazelford came down the steps to meet us, and received me more graciously than I expected. My arrival could not be particularly welcome to him, but perhaps he thought my services to his betrothed would atone for the disturbance of his courtship. He looked older by daylight, I thought; his complexion was more faded, and the lines about his eyes and mouth more marked and noticeable. Still, he might fairly be called a handsome man, and he had what women care more for than good looks—the unmistakable stamp of a gentleman, and a bearing that was decidedly distinguished. It was curious how I felt again, as I did every time I saw him, the conviction that I must have met him before. It wore off after being a few minutes in his company, but my first impression was always the same. Somewhere I had

been chilled by those cold blue eyes, and discomfited by that sarcastic smile—somewhere, if I could only remember where!

But, try as I would, I could not remember. And, however cold and sarcastic his habitual expression might be, I had to confess that Colonel Hazelford could make himself exceedingly agreeable. Whether he shared Miss Temple's views or not, he was not a selfish lover, and made no objection to my sharing their rambles or their conversation. He talked cleverly, with a man-of-the-world readiness and ease, and I owned, when I got over my first shyness, that my visit was likely to be all the pleasanter for his presence at the Castle.

The Earl was everything that was kind, but the Countess I scarcely saw. She rarely left her room, and when she did, she took no part in general conversation. The only other guest was a young Lady Avondale, whose husband was a connection of Lord Otterbourne's. She seemed entirely absorbed in two very pretty and very spoilt children, and took as little notice of Miss Temple as of me; a fact that was the less to be regretted as the very tones of the high, unmusical voice seemed to make Ellinor Temple uncomfortable and nervous.

Very nervous she was, I could see, and a good deal unhinged by the discovery of the midnight rambles she had taken so unwillingly.

"It seems so strange, so terrible, to do things without being conscious of them, and to remember nothing—absolutely *nothing*—afterwards," she said to me a few nights after I came. "I hate the thought of wandering about, as they say I have been doing—the gazing-stock of half the country-side."

"Oh, no!" I assured her; "very few people have seen you, I am sure. And no one ever recognised you, or they would not have been so frightened."

"Does Mr. Ford know?" she asked nervously.

"Dr. Cheriton told us, but"—as I saw her mounting colour—"he would not tell anyone else, I am sure."

"I wish he had not told your brother," she said, in a tone of mortification. And then she added vehemently, "I am glad it was Dr. Cheriton who saw me last night. If it had been—anyone else—I should have died of shame."

"Go to sleep, and don't be silly!" I ordered her. "There is no shame about it, and it is foolish to talk like that."

A bed had been made up for me in Miss Temple's room, for Dr. Cheriton's orders were strict that she should not sleep alone. But since I came, the precaution seemed to have been unnecessary.

I am a light sleeper, but nothing but my own anxiety broke my rest. Once or twice every night I woke, and rose and looked at my charge, but each night her slumber seemed deep and dreamless as a child's.

"All the better," said Dr. Cheriton, to whom I made a daily report. "Every good night is so much gain. But keep one eye open, Miss Esther—I'm

afraid we're not out of the wood. There's too much excitement about her to please me, and too much variability."

The last charge was certainly true. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," she passed through all in the compass of an hour, and no one could even guess which mood would assert its supremacy next. Colonel Hazelford seemed to take it all with bland indifference, but I think he found his wilful and imperious mistress unusually hard to please.

But if she was wilful and imperious one hour, she was gentle and penitent the next, and I dare say he thought—as I did—that the sweet more than atoned for the bitter. And if his beautiful tyrant was capricious and exacting to him, it was only what she was to us all—or rather to all but one. Whatever she was to the rest of the world, she was always docility and sweetness itself to Lord Otterbourne. It was pleasant to see them together, and to realise, as I could not help doing, how much they were to each other, and how his ward's grateful devotion brightened the Earl's saddened life.

On the whole I was spending a very pleasant week. I had rather dreaded the pomp and circumstance that must attend all the details of daily life in an earl's household; but it is wonderful how soon we grow accustomed to outward changes, and how loose they sit amid the actual realities of existence. Numberless courses and liveried servants became as natural to me as Mrs. Munns's roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, or my mother's dainty little dinners, deftly served and waited on by neat-handed, round-cheeked Susan. The only thing I could not get used to was the dark-skinned servant who stood behind Colonel Hazelford's chair, and whose calm and inscrutable face filled me from the first with almost unreasonable dislike. The man, I learnt from Colonel Hazelford, had been his servant in India, and had followed him to Europe; but he and the Earl's Indian valet were of different race and creed, and could not get on together. Many were their quarrels, Colonel Hazelford said, and I felt no doubt that the fault rested with his own man, Mirza Khan. Siva, the gentle, courteous, mild-mannered Hindu, was a favourite with everyone in the house, even Mrs. Fosberry having overcome her aversion to him; but I felt that nothing could make me like Mirza Khan. The quiet yet hostile glance seemed to cast defiance at everyone he met, and even to his master his demeanour was so insolent that I wondered Colonel Hazelford put up with it for a single day.

But the Colonel took his servant's insolence with the same imperturbable indifference as his lady-love's caprices. "Mirza Khan was a good servant, and a good fellow at heart," he maintained, "and when a man had been in your service for twenty years, you could not turn him adrift for little faults of temper."

"All the same, I should be glad if he would keep his temper for those who like it," said the Earl drily. "Siva has been complaining of his behaviour down-

stairs, and from what I can hear, your fellow appears to have been decidedly in the wrong. I should be glad if you would speak to him about it, Richard. I can't have Siva molested and annoyed."

Colonel Hazelford shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, I'll do as you like about it," he said, with evident reluctance, "but I doubt if it will do any good. Those black fellows are always wrangling, and I don't suppose anything I can say will stop it."

Certainly I thought the rebuke I heard Colonel Hazelford administering, as I happened to go through the hall a little later, was too mild to be effectual. But mild as it was, it seemed to excite Mirza Khan almost beyond endurance.

"Do you threaten me?" he cried, fronting his master, with gleaming eyes. "Take care, sahib! It is not a safe game to play in *this* house, and you know it!"

Both master and man were too excited to observe me; and as for me, the passion in both their faces frightened me so much I was quite unable to move.

Mirza Khan looked beside himself with rage, and Colonel Hazelford's face was livid—and livid, I was sure, with fear. He turned away without uttering a word, and literally slunk out of the hall, while Mirza Khan looked after him triumphantly, and gave vent to a low, jeering laugh.

CHAPTER XXI.

TWO ENCOUNTERS.

"I will stand betwixt you and danger."

THE hall at Hazelford Castle would have held a modern villa, and still have had room to spare. The floor was of tessellated marble, but the foot fell softly on Eastern rug or costly skin, and the rarely beautiful marbles only showed themselves where no tread might be expected. The walls were hung with priceless pictures, and with armour, each piece of which had a place in history, in story, or in song. The windows, set in the solid masonry of walls ten feet thick, were each a deep recess, furnished with cushioned seats, and screened by thick velvet curtains. They looked out upon the meadows that lay between the castle and the sea, and commanded a splendid view of Hazelford and the low-lying pastures beyond, to where the Channel's blue waters broke in a fringe of white upon the beach. In a large family, a hall like this—spacious and beautiful, and combining opportunities for privacy and for sociability—must have been a favourite gathering-place, but in the present Earl's household it was little used.

No one seemed to think of sitting in it, and except for the window seats, and half a dozen uncompromising and forbidding chairs with elaborately carved backs and plain oak seats, there was nothing to sit on. Colonel Hazelford had probably felt himself secure from interruption when he spoke to Mirza Khan in

the great solitary hall, and only the accident of my coming to fetch a book from the library had made me the unintentional spectator of a scene I was not likely soon to forget. Neither the Colonel nor Mirza Khan had seen me, and as soon as the hall was

I could not tell her of the interview I had just witnessed; I could not and I would not, of that I was sure. I felt that whatever it might mean, Colonel Hazelford had not come well out of it. A man who promises without performing is never an heroic



"She stood up and laid her hand on the doctor's arm."—p. 595.

clear, I sank into the nearest chair, hard as it was, to try and recover my scattered senses. I was startled and agitated, and trembling with nervous excitement, and I did not want to return to Miss Temple till I had somewhat recovered my self-possession. What should I say if she asked me what was the matter?

character; a man who shrinks from his own servant is even less heroic. It was fear—I was sure it was!—that had blanched Colonel Hazelford's face, and made him skulk silently away; and the only explanation that could suggest itself was not one to be lightly offered to Miss Temple's ears. Why should her lover have feared his servant, unless Mirza Khan

knew something to his master's disadvantage—held, perhaps, some disgraceful secret which Colonel Hazelford feared to have revealed?

All the dislike I had felt for Richard Hazelford, the dislike which his pleasant manners and the fact that he was Miss Temple's chosen husband had begun to dispel, returned in full force. What were pleasant manners in a man who could shrink from his own servant's presence like a beaten hound? And for that other and more valid apology, it was only an aggravation of his sins. That a man like this should be going to marry Ellinor Diendonée Temple struck me with a sort of horror. Could the Earl know the kind of man to whom he was about to give his ward? Could Miss Temple even dream that the man she loved was such a one as this?

I felt that they did not, they could not know. If I was sure of anything about the silent and rather haughty Earl, it was that he loved his ward as his own child; and if there was still much in Miss Temple which I did not understand, I was at least certain that she was the last girl in the world to love a man whose honour was ever so slightly smirched.

And then I found myself asking, almost unawares, Did she love Colonel Hazelford? did she even know what love meant?

If anyone had asked me the questions I was asking myself, I daresay I should have given a conventional assent; but in my heart I knew that I doubted both.

The more I saw of Miss Temple and Colonel Hazelford, the less I believed that she loved him. Whatever her feeling for him, she was not "in love" with him, I felt sure. And I doubted further if she realised the possibilities of her own nature, or understood that the mild regard she gave to Colonel Hazelford was by no means all it was in her power to bestow. He had been reading Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" to us in the garden this very afternoon, and it struck me that in his betrothed's dreamy eyes was a sort of startled wonder and surprise, as of one who hears the murmur of the unseen sea, and marvels at the sound. She had taken the book away with her when we came indoors, and I could not help wondering what she thought of it. These were not fiction, these sonnets in which the poet-wife has enshrined her love—what did the girl think of them who professed to believe that only in fiction could a love like this be found?

But whatever she thought, she kept her thoughts to herself. She could be very reticent, I found, this girl with the fluent tongue and frank smile and clear, candid eyes. What she said would be simply and absolutely true, I was sure, but I was becoming very sure also that she would say only as much or as little as she chose.

She was coming down the staircase now, the great central staircase whose finely wrought balusters were a triumph of metal-workers' skill, and whose white marble steps were relieved by a broad carpeting of crimson velvet. She was in white herself, with no

colour about her except the splendour of her eyes and the brilliant hues that fell upon her here and there from the stained glass window half-way up the stairs, but I thought I had never seen so magnificent a creature. Her noble and imperial beauty had never impressed me so before—and this was the girl who was to marry Richard Hazelford, a man whose life probably held some sinister or shameful secret, and whom I had seen lower his front to the dark-skinned Mirza Khan!

Ought I to tell her what I had seen, and the conclusions I had inevitably drawn? ought I—or ought I not? I could not decide, and I temporised, as women in a difficulty generally do. I would tell her, if once I decided that she should be told—but not yet; certainly not to-day. The Colonel was going out this afternoon, I knew, and Diendonée—as she insisted on my calling her—had arranged to go for a walk with me. For the next few hours at least she would be free from his attentions, and by to-morrow I might have made up my mind.

We went into the park together, but we did not talk much. I was absent and engrossed with perplexing thoughts, and Diendonée seemed almost as preoccupied as myself. "Diendonée"—it was rather what Dr. Cheriton called "a mouthful of a name," but "Donnie" was too familiar, and she would not let me call her Nora. Was it because Colonel Hazelford called her so? I wondered; and was he really dearer to her than she would own? Were the changeful lights in the dreamy eyes and the tender curves of the beautiful mouth a witness to her absent lover's power? Or had she forgotten his existence, as she seemed to have forgotten mine, and given herself up—as I believed she often did—to vague poetic fancies, and the companionship of the heroes and heroines who peopled her ideal world?

We wandered idly under the spreading trees, but habit brought our steps at last to the little wicket-gate where we had been used to part. The lane that led to the Home Farm lay before us; the Home Farm itself showed through the clustering trees. The evening light fell softly on it, and glorified it to a sweet and peaceful beauty; the sunset fell on every rounded stack, and turned it into gold. In the lane were cattle going home, with a smell of pasture in their fragrant breath, with deep satisfied lowings, with tails lazily whisking away the swarms of gnats, and heads lowered to snatch a mouthful of wayside grass; a boy clattered after them in huge hob-nailed boots, with face and hair tanned to a level hue, and mouth puckered to a tuneless whistle; a dog leaped and barked with unexpended energy, and made sudden runs at the hindmost cow, whichever it happened to be, and enjoyed himself as only a dog with something to run at can.

We stood and watched them as they tramped by, with low thud of noiseless hoof, and deep-drawn breathings, and soft, reflective, mildly inquiring gaze; and then we heard the voices of returning labourers, and the crack of a carter's whip.

"Basil will be coming soon," I said. "He generally waits till the men have all gone. Do you mind waiting a minute? It is so long since I saw him—or, at least, it seems so to me."

"He is so busy, is he not? But what a full life it is! what a happy one! If I were a man, it is what I would choose to be. Beneficent, useful, giving and receiving good—the gracious earth your workshop, and no humbler roof than heaven! It seems to me the true ideal life."

"I don't think my brother has quite such exalted ideas of his calling," I said soberly. "It is at least a life that has plenty of trials in it, in times like these."

"Yes; but I don't think he would change it, for all that. He says he knows few in which a man may be so useful and so influential for good. And that is what he cares most about, I think. He would not like to be anything that meant just making money."

I wondered how she had come to know and understand him so well. I felt it was true, though he had never said so much as this to me; and something very like jealousy stirred within me at the thought. Why should he have opened his heart to this girl, who could never be anything to him? I am afraid my voice sounded a little hard as I said, more coldly than I wished—

"You seem to know Basil wonderfully well. I suppose he talks a great deal to you?"

"No," she said simply, "but I often think over what he says. He is not like anyone else—not like the men one meets in society. He is more like a man in a book."

She spoke with a grave simplicity it was impossible not to accept as simply. To have smiled at it would have been as utter an insult as to imagine it meant any more than it professed. No wonder he had lost his heart to a girl so artless and so charming, and who, if she did not return his love, evidently regarded him with admiration. If each had been free, and if their positions had been more equal, how long, I wondered, would he have been to her as a "man in a book?"

The troop of labourers had passed us, with coarse hot faces reddened by the sun, and the alternations of stupid silence and stupider jest with which the British peasant signalises his release from toil. Two or three touched their hats, but the greater part passed us with a stolid indifference, begotten of fatigue. Behind these village heroes, two tall figures came up the lane together, and the next moment Basil was taking off his hat to Miss Temple, and Charlie had cleared the fence, and was giving me a fraternal hug.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Miss Temple, bowing lower than I had ever known Master Charlie do before, "but it's Esther, you see, and I haven't seen her for a month!"

"Are you so fond of her, too?" she said, smiling softly—"what a rich, happy Esther she is!"

"We are all fond of Esther," said my young brother. "The mater—I mean, my mother," corrected boyish Charlie—"is wanting to see her dreadfully. Couldn't you spare her for an hour or two, Miss Temple? I'll undertake to bring her back at any time you like to name."

"Very well. We dine at nine—so there is a good hour yet."

"But you will have to walk back alone," I objected.

"Unless Miss Temple would come with us?" said Basil, flushing like a girl. "The mother would be very glad to see her."

"And I should like to see Mrs. Graham," said Miss Temple cordially, as she opened the gate, and came out into the lane.

Could I blame Basil that he lingered behind with her, talking quietly and innocently enough, no doubt, but perhaps forgetting May in the presence so much sweeter and fairer, and, alas! so much more dear? Perhaps I ought to have prevented it; perhaps a more truly loyal sister would have stayed and interrupted the perilous *tête-à-tête*, instead of hurrying on with Charlie under pretence of giving my mother notice of Miss Temple's coming. Perhaps this might have been the truest kindness, but I could not do it. He was my brother, and I loved him so much!

After all, I need not have disquieted myself. If the walk had been sweeter to one—or both—than either might have cared to confess, it had certainly been short. They reached the farm almost as soon as we did, and came into the pretty drawing-room, with its summer garniture of holland and lace, while I was seeking my mother to tell her of her approaching guest.

"Please, Miss Esther, the missis has gone into Hazelford, and won't be back till late," said Mrs. Munns, appearing at the door, and dropping innumerable curtsies to Miss Temple.

I knew it was no use waiting, so we prepared to set out. But first Charlie insisted on showing Miss Temple the garden, gathering all Basil's early geraniums and presenting them to her, while Basil himself was called off to speak to one of the men, and then Charlie said I must see the new calf that had arrived during my absence, and Miss Temple came with us, stepping daintily over the clean-swept stones and fresh-laid straw, putting her finger into the pretty creature's mouth, and looking almost frightened as she felt the strength with which it drew it in.

"It won't hurt you," said Charlie scornfully. "If you want to see a beast with some fight in him, come and see Deva! Come! you'll be quite safe if you go with me."

"Where is he taking her?" said Basil, coming up as Charlie walked off with an amusing air of patronage and protection. And then, before I could answer, he went on—

"That is the sort of dress that May ought to get.

I wish she would consult you instead of the Honourable Potts!"

"My dear Basil, I'm afraid you know less about it than Mr. Potts. A dress like that would probably cost about half May's allowance."

"Would it? Why, it's only a white gown without frills—the very thing for the country. And those red geraniums Charlie gave her look so well against it."

"Ah! there are gowns and gowns," said I; "and rural simplicity is a costly thing if you order it in Paris."

Basil looked as superior and unconvinced as a man always does when he is too profoundly ignorant of a subject even to understand the arguments advanced against him.

"Where did you say Charlie had taken Miss Temple?" he asked, looking round the now empty space.

"To see Deva, I think——"

"Oh, surely not!" he interrupted. "He knows I don't like anyone to go in there."

"Isn't Deva safe?" I began; but already Basil was half across the yard. I was following, wondering at his excited tone, when a sudden shriek rent the air. A door flew open, something white flashed across my sight, and, with an angry bellow, out rushed the Devon bull, with lowered head and tail standing straight in the air. Miss Temple did not see us. She was running blindly along, away from the gate that might have saved her, and followed by the infuriated bull.

Charlie had come out after them with a white, distracted face and futile cries. But what could he, what could any of us, do? Already the animal was close upon her, and, as I saw her stumble and fall, I felt that hope was over. The angry brute rushed madly forward. Already she must have felt his breath upon her neck, when, with a shout that made even Deva pause, and lift his red, wicked head with an angry stare, Basil dashed across the yard, and flung himself between them.

I shall never forget the sick horror of that moment. The bull retreated, but only a pace, and charged his new prey with redoubled fury. It was a horrible vision of trampling feet and plunging horns, and though help was nearer than I thought, and men with pitchforks were running from all quarters, I knew that any help they could give must be too late.

I leant sick and trembling against the rails, in a voiceless and almost wordless agony of prayer. If only Basil's life might be spared! "Only his life—only his life!" I gasped.

I absolutely dared not look at what was going on. I knew somehow that Deva had been overpowered and led back to his stall, but I dared not even think of what might be left behind. Miss Temple and Charlie were kneeling by something—something at which I dared not look—and I knew that if I tried to walk and go to them I must have fallen.

At last I saw people coming towards me, and Basil, my brother, in the midst. "Only his shoulder," I heard someone say, and I think I tried to say "Thank God!" and could not for the choking in my throat, and the sudden mist before my eyes. And then suddenly all was dark, and I knew nothing more.

When I came to myself, I was on the couch in the drawing-room, and Miss Temple, with a face as white as her dress, was bathing my forehead, while Dr. Cheriton—who had luckily happened to be at a cottage near—was bending over me with a grave professional gaze.

How he came there I was too confused even to wonder. All I did was to sit up and ask if he ought not to be with Basil, and to faint promptly off again before he could reply.

"Don't you know that fainting people ought to lie down?" asked Dr. Cheriton quite sternly, when I once more opened my eyes. "I thought everybody knew as much as that, between health primers and ambulance classes. Now, you're not to talk! Lie down again, and I'll tell you all you want to know. Ford's all right—or at least he's as right as a man can expect to be with a hole in his arm and a broken rib. Come, you needn't faint again! He'll pull through fast enough, you'll see, though I daresay his fiddling's spoilt for awhile. It's the first decent bit of surgery I've had down here, and I'll take care he doesn't spoil my credit."

There was consolation in the cheery voice, and in the doctor's quaint little boast.

"Can I see him?" I asked.

"And I?" said Miss Temple, as Dr. Cheriton hesitated. She stood up and laid her hand on the doctor's arm. "I must see him—I must thank him," she said earnestly. And then, in a strange, awed whisper—

"Do you know that he saved my life?"

"I am quite aware of it," said Dr. Cheriton; "but that is no reason you should do your best to endanger his. No—I won't have him seen by either of you tonight. He's gone to bed, and he's going to stay there. I've left Mrs. Munns in charge till Mrs. Graham comes back—and, if you'll excuse my saying it, the sooner the house is quiet the better. I've taken the liberty of sending Charlie for Miss Temple's pony-carriage, for I don't think you're either of you very fit for walking home."

I looked at Dieudonné's white face, and felt as if I had been unpardonably forgetful of her own danger, and possible sufferings.

"Are you hurt too?" I asked anxiously, but she shook her head with a smile that was curiously sweet.

"No—he took it all for me."

Her eyes brightened with sudden tears, and she turned away her head.

"There is Mr. Graham and the carriage!" she exclaimed, and the next moment Charlie came in.

My poor penitent Charlie! How subdued he was! how conscious that his own folly had caused it all! I

could not find it in my heart to scold him, richly as I thought he deserved it. But Dr. Cheriton had no such compunctions.

"Here is the promising young soldier who thinks it fine to disobey orders," he said, as my poor crest-fallen boy came in. "Here is the sagacious naturalist, who first adorns a young lady with scarlet flowers, and then stirs up a bull with a long pole to draw his attention to her."

"I only wish it had been me instead," said poor Charlie. "Miss Temple, can you ever forgive me?"

"I forgive you now," she said, giving him her hand with the air of a pardoning queen. "I am thankful—as you must be—that it has not become impossible to do so."

It was a curious speech. Charlie stepped back with a puzzled look, and I wondered if Miss Temple felt—as I did—that only Basil's escape made it possible to pardon his brother's reckless folly. She might well feel so, I thought, when Basil had risked his life for hers; but she did not explain herself, and something in the proud, silent face made it impossible to ask for an explanation.

Dr. Cheriton, who was evidently anxious to get rid of us, took us down to the carriage at once. I would fain have stayed. Surely Miss Temple might have spared me now, I thought—and I longed to be permitted to nurse Basil.

But Dr. Cheriton would not hear of it.

"I tell you, all he wants is keeping quiet, and Mrs. Graham will do that twice as well as you! Besides," he added, while Charlie was putting Miss Temple into the carriage, "I can't let you go off duty yet. A shock like this isn't the most soothing thing for weak nerves, and you may be wanted there. Can't you trust your brother to me, Miss Esther? Don't you know that I care for him as much as—no! a thousand times more than if he were my own?"

"It's very wrong of you, if you do," I said bluntly. And then I let him put me in the carriage, and we drove off without further delay.

"We are late—there is Dick looking out for us," said Miss Temple, as we stopped at the great entrance, with its otter-guarded doors.

The doors were flung wide, and a stream of light poured through them. Colonel Hazelford stood at the top of the steps, looking out for us, and the lamp that swung in the massive archway threw its light full upon him.

Miss Temple ran lightly up the steps, and went past him into the house. It seemed to me that he tried to detain her, but without success.

"It is late; I will tell you all about it at dinner," I heard her say; and he stood looking after her with a discomfited expression. Others were late, it seemed, beside ourselves. Lady Avondale's children were just coming in from their evening walk with the French and German governesses, who had charge of their polyglot education. One of the little ones put her hand into mine, stopping me to show me her flowers, and the other ran up to Colonel Hazelford. She was

a pretty little blonde, of five or six years old, but the Colonel pushed her roughly away. Perhaps he had not recovered his good-humour since he parted from Mirza Khan, or perhaps he was annoyed with Miss Temple. It did not matter which—no, certainly, it did not matter! It was not any question of the cause of Colonel Hazelford's ill-humour that made me look at him with such sudden and absorbing interest.

All at once, as he stood on the steps in the brilliant light, and pushed away the little fair-haired child, I knew where I had seen him before.

"I know you! I know you!" I cried. "You are Basil's *Uncle Dick!*"

CHAPTER XXII.

"ON THE WORD OF AN OFFICER."

"It is the masterpiece of villainy
To smooth the brow and to outface suspicion."

YES, I knew him at last—Basil's "Uncle Dick!" The man who stood on the steps of Hazelford Castle to-night, with the lamplight falling bright upon his face, was the man I had seen in the brilliant light of an Indian sun twenty years ago, on the steps of Government House. The long whiskers were gone, the hair had turned a little grey, the face was furrowed and lined, but the young officer of my childish remembrance lived again in the cold blue eyes, in the ungracious repulse, in the hateful sarcastic smile.

I ran up the steps in uncontrollable excitement.

"I know you!" I panted again. "You are Basil's Uncle Dick!"

Colonel Hazelford put his glass to his eye, and stared at me in apparently amused surprise.

"I will be anybody's uncle you please," he said blandly, "if you will evince as sweet an interest in me, Miss Graham, as you are honouring me with just now. As for my claims to it, I fear they are rather—shaky. I regret to say that I have not a nephew or a niece in the world."

"But surely you had once," I persisted. "Don't you remember the little boy who ran up to you, and called you Uncle Dick, on the steps of Government House in Calcutta, twenty years ago?"

His face changed. He did remember—I saw he did. But all he said was—

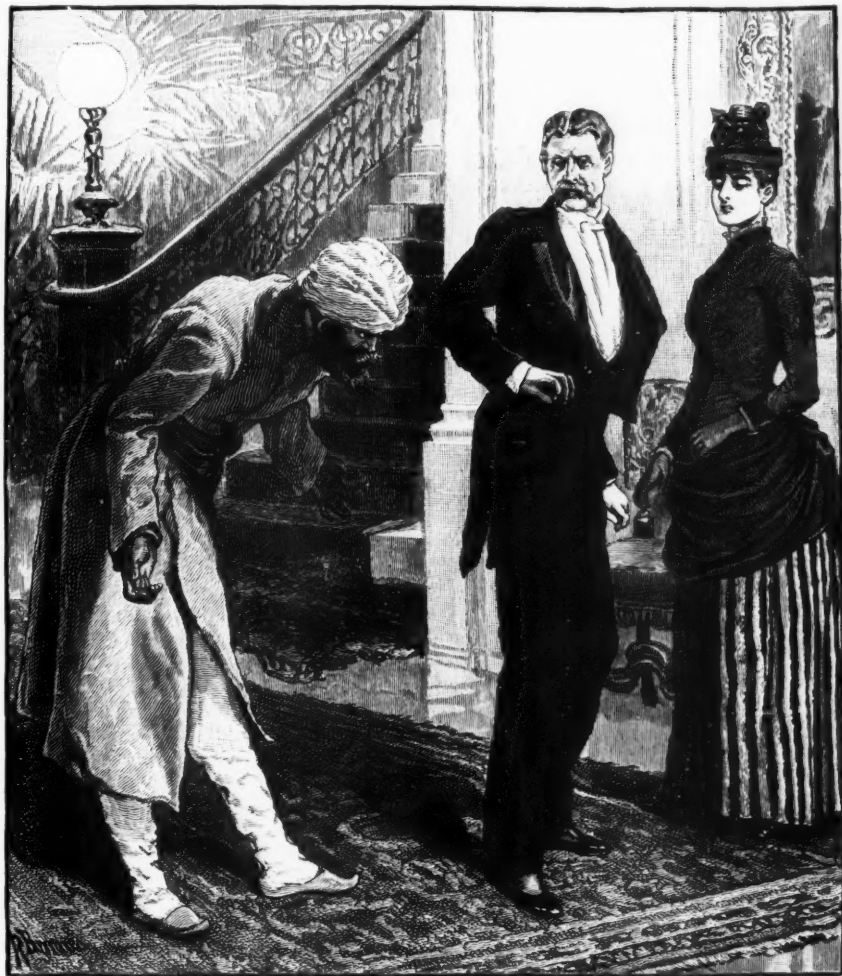
"My dear Miss Graham, I seem an old fogey to you, I've no doubt, but I haven't quite such a prehistoric memory as that! Twenty years? It's quite painful to think of remembering anything that happened so long ago. I couldn't do it, even to oblige so charming a young lady as yourself."

"Try!" I exclaimed. "Surely, if I can remember it, you can. Think of the steps at Government House, and the little fair-haired child! You remember him, Colonel Hazelford. Oh, I am sure you must—you *do!* The little fair-haired boy who called you Uncle Dick!"

I think Colonel Hazelford was going to disclaim all remembrance once more, when an unexpected ally

came to my aid. Mirza Khan glided from one of the pillars in the hall, as the young officer's servant had glided from the shadow of the pillars of Government House.

"Pardon, sahib," he said, spreading out his hands in a deprecating manner, and bowing almost to the ground. He vanished as silently as he had come, but Colonel Hazelford could not recover his self-



"I think the sahib remembers," said the Indian."

"I think the sahib remembers," said the Indian, showing his teeth in a significant smile. "I was also there, sahib—I, Mirza Khan!"

"Dog! be silent!" cried the Colonel, with a furious gesture.

I began to tremble, in dread of another scene. But if the Colonel forgot his manners before strangers, his servant had apparently more self-control.

command. He stood biting his lip, and pulling at his moustache with a hand that visibly shook, and looked quite relieved as the Earl came into the hall.

"Not a word before Otterbourne," he whispered rapidly. "I think I do recall the incident you speak of; but I can explain nothing here. I will see you after dinner. And meanwhile, are you not more than a little late?"

I hurried away, as much to conceal my agitation as to change my dress. I was on the verge of some great discovery, I felt sure. If Colonel Hazelford was not Basil's uncle, at least he knew something of him—at least he could tell me who my brother was. Basil, my dear Basil, would have a name and a place in the world at last!

I went in to dinner with this thought singing in my heart, and marvelled to see Mirza Khan, calm and imperturbable as ever, behind his master's chair. How much or how little did this man know? and what was the secret of his power over his hot-tempered master?

The dinner seemed unusually long and tedious. Lady Otterbourne did not appear. Lady Avondale made talk with the Earl, and Colonel Hazelford with me. Miss Temple sat silent, in a languid abstraction her recent escape might be held to excuse.

The Earl seemed too much moved at her peril even to discuss it. He listened to Lady Avondale's society gossip, but every now and then he put out his hand and gently touched his ward's, and I felt how much the tender little action expressed.

"Have you seen the conservatory lighted up?" Colonel Hazelford asked me, as we got up from table. "I should like to show it you presently, if you will permit me."

Of course I guessed that the explanation I was longing for was to be given there. I bowed assent, for I felt too agitated to speak.

It was not long before he came for me, but when we entered the beautiful house, with its feathery palms and trailing creepers and gorgeous pyramids of bloom, we did not even make a pretence of looking at the flowers.

"You want to know if I remember that little scene in Calcutta, Miss Graham? I do remember it, now that you have recalled it to me. But will you tell me why you are so interested to know?" said Colonel Hazelford, stopping short before we were half-way down the centre walk.

"Why?" I exclaimed. "But surely you know that? It is because the child you disowned then, but whom I cannot help thinking you knew, is my brother, my brother Basil. Oh! Colonel Hazelford, if he is indeed your nephew, I beseech you tell me. You need not think he would trouble you. He has friends, a home, a career—everything but a name! If you will tell me who he is, it is all I ask. It is all that Basil himself would ask if he were here. And you know—I am sure you know!"

I was too eager to choose my words, or even to notice their effect. It was only when I stopped, and no answer came, that I saw how strangely Colonel Hazelford was looking at me. His face was white and livid, his eyes had a dumb fury in them that seemed to chill my blood. Suddenly he pulled himself together with a short, disdainful laugh.

"So that is your story, is it?" he said. "I warn you that neither you nor he will gain anything by it."

For a moment I was too much astounded to speak, and I think my surprise in some way mollified the angry man before me.

"I beg your pardon—I ought not to have said that," he said, in more conciliatory tones. "I think I did not quite understand you. You ask me to tell you your brother's name, and I suppose you mean Mr. Ford?"

"Yes, my brother Basil, whom we call Ford; who, we sometimes thought, might be the son of that Trumpeter Ford of whom you once spoke—but whose real name we have never known."

"And do you mean to say that young Ford—the Earl's sub-agent, the man settled here at his very gates—is the boy I saw on the steps of Government House?"

"He is that very boy—the boy my mother saved when she escaped from Sooltaipoor."

"Hush!" he said, looking quickly round; "there is no need to mention names. This is all you have to tell me, is it? Before I say anything, I should like to hear your story to the end."

"This is all," I answered briefly. I did not think it necessary to tell Colonel Hazelford how Basil was rescued, or the awful price my mother paid for the unknown child she saved. It was Basil I was thinking of—Basil, my living brother—not the little dead sister who was to me only a name and an empty memory. Mothers keep their dead children alive in their hearts for ever, but I was not Nelly's mother, and Basil was more to me now than the sister I had lost so long ago.

Colonel Hazelford was walking up and down the long conservatory as if he had forgotten my existence. Dimly as it was lighted, I could see that his face was pale, and his brows knit. He seemed, indeed, quite lost in thought, and I could only wait till he came out of his reverie. Up and down he paced, for I did not dare to interrupt him, and by degrees I saw his brow clear. Quite suddenly he stopped, and stood before me.

"Miss Graham, I will tell you all I know, and I hope I shall be able to clear myself of the very questionable conduct you have attributed to me. The child who spoke to me that day was probably not so entire a stranger to me as I thought. My nephew he certainly was not. I was an only child, and have neither nephews nor nieces—as you can easily satisfy yourself from the 'Peerage,' if you doubt my word. But in those days I was fond of children, and half the youngsters in the regiment called me Uncle Dick. It is likely enough that the boy you rescued belonged to my old regiment—part of which, I know, perished in the massacre we have all such sad cause to remember; it is likely enough that he knew me, though I had forgotten him. His name I cannot tell you, for I do not know it. I did not know it then, and I do not know it now. Very possibly he may be poor old Ford's son—he had a boy about that age, I remember. This is all I know, and therefore this is all I can tell you. If it would be any satisfaction

to you, I could hunt up some of Ford's old comrades——"

"Thank you," I said faintly. From Colonel Hazelford's nephew to Trumpeter Ford's son was a descent for which Basil's sister could not be grateful.

"I trust I may consider that I have exonerated myself—if anything in my conduct seemed to need exoneration?" said Colonel Hazelford stiffly.

"Yes—of course—if you are *quite, quite* sure you did not know him when you saw him in Calcutta," I stammered, a good deal ashamed of the ungracious doubt. But I had hoped so much, and been so bitterly disappointed. It was, of course, impossible really to doubt Colonel Hazelford's word; yet I think if he had not told me he had once been fond of children, I should have found it easier to believe him. He looked at me a little sternly.

"I have told you so already, Miss Graham. I can only repeat it with such emphasis as I may. On the word of an officer and an English gentleman, I did not know the child."

He bowed coldly, as perhaps I deserved, and offered me his arm to take me back into the house. Was it my fancy that I heard a low, smothered laugh? I turned quickly, and saw something dark gliding behind the flowers, and then I felt sure that our interview had been overheard, and overheard by Mirza Khan.

It is impossible to describe the repulsion I felt at the thought, or the perplexity with which it filled me. I seemed hedged about with mysteries and surprises, perhaps with falsehood and fraud. But as I looked at Colonel Hazelford I did not think he would have told me a formal and deliberate falsehood. "On the word of an officer and an English gentleman"—it seemed impossible to doubt a statement attested by words like these.

We went into the house together, silently enough, and found that Miss Temple had already retired. I wished Colonel Hazelford good-night, and went upstairs at once.

Miss Temple's dressing-room was a charming apartment, furnished with everything that could please a girl's fancy, and opening into a tiny conservatory, in the centre of which stood a white marble bath, shaped like an enormous shell. To-night the door that communicated with the bedroom was shut, and concluding that Miss Temple had retired to rest, I sat down in the dressing-room, not sorry to be alone, and able to think over the events of the day. So much had happened that my brain seemed in a whirl of excitement. Connected thought I found impossible. As in a dream, I went again through all that had filled the busy hours; as in a dream, I was walking in fancy in the park with Ellinor Dieudonné Temple; watching in a second anguish of suspense the encounter with Deva; rejoicing again over Basil's safety; seeing once more in Colonel Hazelford the "Uncle Dick" of Calcutta memories; hearing, and only half believing, his subsequent denial.

It must have been quite an hour before I roused

myself, and then, before I began to undress, I opened the bed-room door, and peeped gently in. Miss Temple was sleeping, and I stood a few minutes looking at her, and thinking what a lovely picture she made, as she lay in her luxurious nest of down and lace. One white hand and arm were thrown above her head, and the other lay on the scarcely whiter coverlet; but perhaps the position was more graceful than easy. She moaned and murmured in her sleep, tossing restlessly on her soft lawn pillows, and uttering disjointed words.

"For me—it was for *me*!" she murmured once. What was she dreaming of? I wondered. A soft flush tinted her cheek, an exquisite smile curved her lip. And then her brows contracted with an expression of pain; she uttered a low wailing moan. "I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she cried. She threw her arms out wildly, and sat up, and looked at me with a strange glassy stare.

I thought of Dr. Cheriton's prophetic warning, and summoned all my courage. I had never been with a sleep-walker before, and though I had not thought I should be frightened, a cold, nervous terror laid hold of me against my will. That Dr. Cheriton's prophecy was coming true I felt sure, and I was not mistaken.

Miss Temple got up and walked to the door, apparently seeing as well as I could, but with her eyes fixed in that strange glassy stare. She passed into the dressing-room, felt for the key of the ladies' door, which had been used to hang there, but which Dr. Cheriton had ordered to be removed, paused a moment, as if at fault, and then opened the door of the room, and went out on to the landing. I followed her, trembling in spite of myself, but resolved to fulfil my charge. "Follow her, but don't wake her," had been the doctor's brief directions.

Miss Temple went on barefoot, and clad only in the fine filmy night dress that must have been so poor a protection against the cold of the bitter winter night when first I had seen the "ghost." No wonder she had been ill after a walk like that! Warm as it was to-night, I snatched a shawl from the dressing-room and threw it round her shoulders, and then I prepared to follow wherever she might lead. Swiftly and noiselessly she glided across the landing, and down the flight of stairs that led to the ladies' door. She tried it, but, as I expected, it was locked. I hoped she would return to her room on finding her purpose baffled, but after a moment's pause she turned down a corridor that led into the hall. All was in darkness there, except that through the central window came a wide shaft of silver light. The other windows were all closed and barred, but through this the moonlight streamed, cutting the darkness like a knife, and showing the very patterns of the gorgeous Eastern carpets, and the veinings of marbles on which it fell.

And in the centre of the hall, with the moonlight full upon their faces, stood Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan.

(To be continued.)



A Child's Tear

"MY home—yes, it's bright and clean, sir,
And I'll tell how it came to pass:
It wasn't my work or doing at all—
It's all due to that little lass.

"I was going straight down to hell, sir,
And all through the curse of the drink:
How I treated poor Mary, my wife, sir,
God knows I can't bear to think.

"I didn't know as I loved her
Till the wild dark night she died,
When I found her lying so cold and still,
And that new-born child by her side.

"The little lass, she has grown, sir—
Last June she was eight year old;
And what she has been to me, sir,
Can never on earth be told.

"When a kid, there was no one to mind her
But a woman as lived next door;
And she being given to drink, too,
Let her fall one day on the floor.

"And, ever since, the poor creatur'
Has been lame with a crooked knee;
So I'd often lift her up in my arms
To take her about with me.

"For I really loved the poor mite, sir,
And her sweet little eyes of blue
Was as blue and as bright as her mother's
wor,
And they looked me through and through.

"One night I was off to the 'public'—
I'd been drinking already—'t was late,
And I took little May to carry her,
But I couldn't walk quite straight.

"'Oh, daddy, don't go!' she whispered,
But I quickened my drunken pace,
And I said, 'Not another word, young un,
Or I'll give you a slap in the face.'

"I was brutal, sir—I know it;
But the devil was in me then,
And when he gets hold of us with the drink
We are only brutes—not men.

"And the little lass, she wor quiet,
But I felt a hot tear fall;
It seemed to burn right into my hand,
Though she wiped it off with her shawl.

"Straight into my soul it entered—
It melted my hardened heart;
So I said, 'I'll go home, lassie,'
That night I made a new start.

"Now, every morning and evening,
I kneel, and with heart sincere
I bless my God for saving a soul
By the touch of a little one's tear."

T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.



HOW GOD PRESERVED THE BIBLE.

FOURTH PAPER.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



WE have now followed the fortunes of Hebrew literature from the time of Abraham down to the return of the exiles from Babylon. A few words are still necessary with regard to the period that intervened between that return and the completion of

the Old Testament Scriptures.

Now, we have seen that the exiles had taken with them to Babylon, and carried back to Jerusalem, their family rolls. They certainly also had with them many precious writings. The scribe Ezra is believed, on good grounds, to have been the compiler of the Books of Chronicles, and on reading them we are struck with the wealth of historical literature at the disposal of their author. We find express mention made of thirteen or fourteen volumes, one of which—appearing under various titles, and which was a history of the Kings of Israel and Judah—must have been a work of large size. Among the writers of these histories we find the names of Samuel, Nathan, Gad, Ahijah, Iddo, Shemaiah, Isaiah, besides others of less note. There was no dearth of books, plainly, but very possibly much confusion and uncertainty as to their relative authority and value. There is, moreover, an important fact, which had much influence upon the fortunes of the Bible; and this is that the mass of the people had ceased at Babylon to speak the old classic Hebrew, and had adopted as the language of common life an Aramaic dialect, which even previously was beginning to displace the old tongue. For Jeremiah, who, in his intense earnestness, is quite indifferent to the beauties of style, constantly falls into Aramaic phrases and expressions, taken, evidently, from the ordinary speech of the multitude, and thus leading us to the conclusion that Aramaic was the *patois* used by the common people.

The schools of the prophets had maintained and preserved the old sacred language. As there were certainly prophets at Babylon, so probably there were schools; but not numerous enough, nor powerful enough, to counteract the influence of trade. The priests and Levites would be trained in their old tongue, but the settlers generally had to exert themselves to gain their living, and they would speak in family life the language used by them upon the mart.

Now, Aramaic is only a dialect of Hebrew; but, as we shall see, it was no longer easy for those who used it to understand their old classic tongue. If we take the first verse of the Bible, the Hebrew is:—

Břeshith bārā elohim ěth hashšāmāim věth hāāretz.

The Aramaic:

Bekadmin brā yȳā yath shemayā vyath ar'ā.

1107

To the eye—and we learn languages now more by the eye than by the ear—the difference is not great, especially as any substituted word was formed from a Hebrew root; to the ear it sounded like a different tongue.

In Nehemiah viii. we learn what were the means used to obviate this difficulty. A pulpit of wood was raised for Ezra's use, and on each side of him stood learned men chosen from among the Levites; and as Ezra read the Law of Moses verse by verse, the Levites translated it into Aramaic and explained its meaning. In order to read it, Ezra must know what was the right division of the consonants into words, and what were the right vowels to attach to them. But it was his training in this learning that made him a scribe. His part was therefore the more difficult. The Levites would know Hebrew well by the ear; many may even have been scribes, capable of reading; but, anyhow, the explanation would be comparatively easy. This reading and expounding went on throughout the week, and one interesting result was that the Feast of Tabernacles, which had long gone into desuetude, was kept with great solemnity.

Some students wonder at this neglect, and ask how it could be possible. But, as we have seen, Jewish learning was a mystery sealed up, of which the scribes kept the key, and too often their conduct was such as brought upon them the condemnation spoken by our Lord: "They took away the key of knowledge, and neither entered themselves, nor made it easy for others to enter in" (St. Luke xi. 52). Proud of an art which they had acquired by long study, they despised all others as "unlearned and ignorant men," and passed upon them a short sentence: "This people not knowing the Law is accursed" (Acts iv. 13; St. John vii. 49). Yet both these sayings belong to a time when the reading of the Scriptures in the synagogues every Sabbath day had made the knowledge of their contents more general.

This Aramaic dialect which the Jews spoke on their return is commonly called Chaldee, but incorrectly. The Chaldee language, as preserved for us in some of the cylinders discovered at Babylon, is a Cushite tongue, somewhat like that now spoken by the Gallas in Abyssinia. But undoubtedly the language spoken by the common people at Babylon was Semitic, though, curiously enough, not the dialect brought back by the Jews. What is called Chaldee is the Eastern Aramaic, a dialect which prevailed in Palestine and Phœnicia; while the dialect which prevailed in Mesopotamia and on the Euphrates is the Western Aramaic, commonly called Syriac. But what was the exact state of things in the days of Daniel is more than we can tell. With so many

Jews, and probably Tyrians, at Babylon, the Eastern Aramaic may have been the more prevalent tongue. For it is quite certain that the Jews held a very predominant position among the settlers there, and may have brought their Palestinian tongue into general use.

Now, it is ever the struggle with difficulties which calls forth effort. When all things are smooth and easy, men let them take their own way. When, then, Ezra, and the priests and learned scribes saw that their sacred tongue was becoming one unknown to the mass of the people, they must have had many an anxious thought upon the subject, and they set themselves to remedy the difficulty by means of translations, called Targums. An interpreter is still called in the East a *Targomán*, corrupted by travellers into "Dragoman." And as these Targums are not always quite literal, but often explain the meaning, interpretations is a right name for them. The older Targums were not intended to be paraphrases, as they are often styled, but where the sense is not easy they add or alter words in order to explain it. But the later Targums too often combine fanciful expositions with their more legitimate work. It illustrates the nature of the Jewish schools that these Targums were handed down by memory for centuries, before even the most ancient of them, that of Onkelos, was committed to writing. This probably took place in the second century of the Christian era, and was even then looked upon as a wicked innovation. In the Talmud (Jer. Meg. iv. 1) we find that it was regarded as unlawful to read it in public, while the oral Targum was regarded as orthodox and authoritative. So the Massoretic notes, which protect the text of the Hebrew Scriptures, were not committed to writing until the seventh and following centuries of our era, but they were the work of scribes (as regards at least the most difficult texts of Scripture) who flourished many centuries before. In fact, the writing of these things down was very unpopular, as it put an end to a monopoly, and was therefore looked upon as taking the bread out of the scribes' mouths. Men would cease to pay them highly and honour them greatly when all their secret knowledge had been divulged.

From the days of Ezra there was thus a race of Targumists, whose office it was, after the sacred Hebrew text had been read, to explain it in the dialect of Palestine. Besides this, Ezra was himself "a ready scribe in the law of Moses," and had "prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments" (Ezra vii. 6, 10); so that, without giving credence to all that the Jews have affirmed respecting his labours in settling the canon of Scripture, and correcting and editing the sacred books, we may feel sure that great attention was paid by him to these things, and from what we have seen of the Books of Chronicles, that he had ample materials for such a work.

There is an interesting tradition in the Second Book of Maccabees respecting Nehemiah, Ezra's friend and

partner, referring to this matter. The book contains much fabulous matter, but this is a valuable statement, even if it be but an Alexandrian tradition; and it seems to be much more, and to be quoted from writings then in existence. The words are: "The same things also were reported in the writings and commentaries of Nehemiah; and how he, founding a library, gathered together the acts of the kings, and the prophets, and of David, and the epistles of the kings concerning the holy gifts" (2 Macc. ii. 13). Now, this represents Nehemiah as being himself a student and commentator upon Holy Scripture; but the next words are even more important. For a library, *bibliotheca*, is the current word for the Bible. In Dan. ix. 2, the Scriptures are called "the books" (with the article). Bible in the singular is modern, and has grown out of the habit of regarding the Word of God as one, though made up of many parts. In the Septuagint it is plural ("bibles"), just as we generally speak of "the Scriptures," that is, the writings in the plural. But Jerome, Isidore, and others, call them the "Holy Bibliothec," or library.

No mention is made in Nehemiah's Bibliothec of the Pentateuch. It stood upon a higher and holier footing. Both Samaritans and Sadducees acknowledged its authority; but the books of Nehemiah's library they both alike rejected. It consisted of histories of the kings, of the prophets, and of Psalms, called David (comp. Heb. iv. 7). Now, we are not to conclude that they were absolutely identical with our "early prophets," "later prophets," and "holy writings;" but they laid down the lines which have been strictly observed ever since by Jewish rabbins and scribes. There is a fourth class mentioned: "the epistles of the kings concerning the holy gifts." Now, these letters of the kings of Persia, relating to the contributions to be given to the Jews, to help them in rebuilding their Temple, were documents of primary importance in the days of Nehemiah. Gradually they ceased to be so, and not being of prophetic authority, were very properly discarded.

From the days of Ezra and Nehemiah the Sacred Scriptures were the objects of intense study, and of exact judgment according to settled rules. The Pentateuch held the foremost place. Second in authority were the Prophets, including the histories, all of which had prophets for their writers, and the strictly prophetic books. The rest formed the Holy Writings, consisting of the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Canticles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles. For these the Jews claimed only a lower degree of inspiration, saying that they were written not by the spirit of prophecy, but by the spirit of holiness, meaning thereby that they were God's gift to aid men in leading holy lives. One might well have expected that the Psalms of David, a prophet as well as king, would have been placed on higher ground. But evidently the Jewish scribes chiefly thought of them as aids both to public and private devotion, whereas we find them full of prophecies concerning Christ.

Lastly, the Jews admitted no book into the canon except upon the authority of a prophet. Consequently, the limit is fixed in the reign of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, when Malachi flourished; and his prophecy and the Book of Esther are the latest books of the Old Testament.

Perhaps I may add that, with one exception, we follow the order of the Septuagint, and not that of the Hebrew Bible. That one exception is that we place the twelve minor prophets after, instead of before, the four great prophets. Of course we omit

the Apocryphal Books, of which Josephus rightly says that "the works written after the days of Malachi have not been deemed by our people worthy of equal credit, inasmuch as the succession of prophets then ceased" (Jos. c. Apion i. 8).

And thus, vast as is the antiquity of the most ancient books of the Hebrew Scriptures, and long as was the period during which the sacred canon was being formed, yet there never was a time when the providence of God had not made ample provision for their safety and protection.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM JAY, IN ARGYLE CHAPEL, BATH, ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1840.*

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And He saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And He saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God."—REVELATION xix. 7, 8, 9.



EVERYONE that is worthy to bear the name of a man naturally looks forward to marriage as one of the great purposes of his being, and as a source of joy and usefulness; otherwise he reproaches his Maker, dishonours his parents, robs his country, and,

if he does not become a promoter of sin, is a subject of selfish abstraction. Though marriage is a social contract, it is also a Divine ordinance; and I should wonder how a Christian could view it in any other light; for the law of the house in regard to him is this—"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" (Col. iii. 17); "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31). Many are the relations of life, but they all spring from marriage. The feelings and interests produced are altogether peculiar when two persons are brought together, perhaps from a distance, and form a union rising above natural relationship, leaving father and mother, resigning themselves to each other, and becoming as one for life. What a marriage was that in Cana of Galilee, when Jesus, and His mother, and His disciples were present as guests, and water was turned into wine to supply the want of the occasion! And what a marriage will there be in London to-morrow! What a desirable one, both as regards the Sovereign and her subjects, and, according to present appearances, how promissory of happiness! And what splendour will attend it, being the marriage of the first person on earth in respect of natural glory! Yet what are things temporal in comparison with things

eternal! What will be the exhibitions of London and Windsor in comparison with the scenes which a voice from heaven announces in the text, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready," etc. The passage consists of two parts—the announcement of the nuptials, and the blessedness of the guests.

I. The announcement of the nuptials.

Under this head six things must pass under review—the bridegroom, the marriage, the bride, their readiness, the wedding dress, and the joyousness of the occasion.

1. *The Bridegroom.* You know that is Jesus Christ, who was born at Bethlehem and crucified on Calvary for our redemption, and who is frequently called the Lamb of God. By this title you are reminded of His innocence, His immaculateness, and His patience. But there is also a reference to the nature and design of His death. John the Baptist called attention to Him as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world;" and the Apostle Peter says that "we are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." In His glorified state He is exhibited in the midst of the throne under the aspect of a Lamb as it had been slain; the saints are said to have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and it is with the same reference to His atoning sacrifice that He is described as receiving the worship of the heavenly hosts, who say, with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory,

* Now first published.

and blessing." Who can describe His dominion? for it is universal. Who can describe His power? for it is omnipotent. Who can describe His riches? for they are unsearchable. And who can describe His beauty? for He is fairer than the children of men, and altogether lovely. Such is the Bridegroom.

Now let us notice—

2. *The marriage.* The prophecy in the text says, "The marriage of the Lamb is come." The union of Christians with Christ is often held forth under this image in Scripture. The whole book of Solomon's Song is founded on this principle. The imagery is liable to abuse, and has been abused by unsound minds, but the error has arisen from applying it to individuals instead of to the Church collectively. Madame de Staël, in her various writings, speaks of Christ as her husband in particular, and all her complaints, her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears, are of the conjugal character. Yet how interesting is this union between Christ and His people when it is rightly understood! It is most intimate, most endearing, most durable.

But has not the marriage already taken place? To answer this question it is necessary to distinguish between the betrothal or engagement and the consummation of it. The Apostle Paul says to the Corinthians, "I am jealous over you with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." And God says by the prophet Hosea to his Church, "I will betroth thee unto Me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord" (ii. 19, 20). Among the Jews the espousal or betrothal was a formal affair—not clandestine, but in the presence of relatives and friends—and it preceded the marriage, and laid the parties under mutual obligations. Thus the Church is in the present state betrothed to her Divine Lord and Redeemer, but the consummation of the marriage itself is future. It is reserved for the end of time, and is intended to aggrandise the commencement of eternity. To this the prophecies and promises refer. It will be the full accomplishment of the purposes of Christ and the dearest wishes of His people. The period is called the "manifestation of the sons of God," and it will be so grand as to throw all other events and transactions into shadow and darkness. Let us now look at—

3. *The Bride.* She is here called the Lamb's wife. This is the Church of Christ; not the Church of Rome, not the Church of England, not the Presbyterian Church, not the Independent Church, not any Church exclusively, but all in each branch of the Universal Church who will be present at the marriage. Miserable intelligence this for bigots! but the intelligence is true though; and grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Few things excite more attention than a marriage, especially in high life; but the bride is a peculiar

attraction. Every eye is upon her; all that is known about her is mentioned, and often more than is known; for there is no person in the world that furnishes such materials for gossip and scandal as she does. A fine opportunity is afforded, especially to the sisterhood, to seize upon the most trivial incident that can be found to her disparagement; for who can stand before envy? What eagerness will be evinced to-morrow to see the royal bride! Indeed, I hardly know anything that would gratify me more than to look upon her in all the freshness and beauty of her youth, and in all her relative importance. But, after all, we must distinguish between the bride of to-morrow and the bride of my text. Our Queen will confer dignity by her marriage instead of receiving it. She is descended from a royal line; yea, from the most illustrious in the whole earth. Though she will promise obedience to her husband, yet (by a strange anomaly) he will be her subject. But on that Bride, which is the Church, consisting of the good and great and noble of every age and country, Jesus, the Divine Bridegroom, confers all the beauty and excellence. The exhortation in the text is, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him." In response to the call, millions of the redeemed will sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."

4. *Her readiness for the nuptials.* How often have I told you that heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people? We see that men commonly wish to rise in the world, but too often it is to exercise themselves in matters that are too high for them, and the embarrassments which follow prove their want of qualification. But if God brings His people into a new sphere of action or enjoyment, be assured He will fit them for it. If He requires them to act holily, He will put His Holy Spirit within them. If He requires them to act nobly, He will uphold them with His free Spirit. He will make them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. They will be at home and in their element in heaven. They are born from above by a spiritual birth before they dwell there.

Let us now pass on to look—

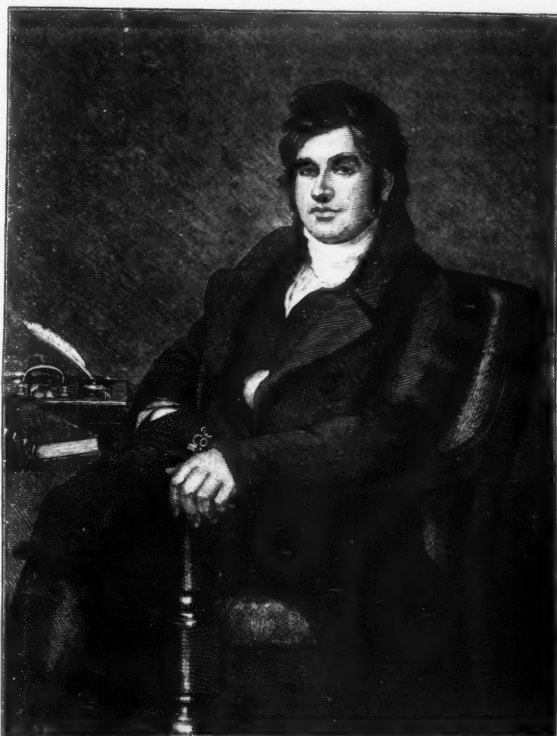
5. *At the wedding dress.* It is said, "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" and the question shows what great importance she attaches to them. How splendid will be the bridal dress of to-morrow! and how magnificently will peeresses uphold the long train of the precious robes! But, after all, it is of human manufacture, and will not bear comparison with a flower of the field. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Yet what is the most splendid bridal dress which the noblest on earth can

wear compared with that which is ethereal in its quality, divine in its workmanship, unfading in its freshness, and eternal in its duration? The Bride of the Lamb is all glorious within as well as without. In the figurative language of the forty-fifth Psalm, "Her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework;" in other words, her appearance will be exceedingly brilliant.

But what is the meaning of the figurative language employed in the text, "the fine linen, pure and white?" This is explained to be "the righteousness of the saints." The word is plural in the original—the righteousnesses of the saints—and signifies their righteousness as it is imputed to them in justification, and their righteousness as implanted in them in sanctification. The righteousness which is imputed is complete and perfect from the beginning; but the work of sanctification is incomplete at present, and progressive. Yet in due time the sanctification of the Christian will be as perfect as his justification. Thus apparelled, the Church will be presented to Christ without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing—a glorious Church.

6. *The joyousness of the occasion.*

Joy becomes a feast, and especially a marriage feast. Seven days were often devoted to a marriage in ancient times in the East, but a royal one would often employ weeks in festivity. And what feeling becomes the Christian at the marriage of the Lamb, who is King of kings and Lord of lords? Why, it is joy unspeakable, and full of glory. The Bridegroom will say to the Bride, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and she will do so, for all her enemies will be vanquished, all obstacles will be removed, and doubts and fears dispersed, and the preparations will be complete. The Bridegroom will rejoice over the Bride, for He will see the fruit of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied. The Bride will rejoice in the Bridegroom, her Beloved, her Friend, her Redeemer, her All-in-all. The wishes of both will be fully realised, and their communion perfect. A prospect like this should interest us greatly even in the present world; and it will if we are in a right state of mind. If the marriage be distant, faith brings it near; if it be future, faith makes it, in some measure, present; if it be promised, faith regards it as accomplished. Faith reiterates the sentiment, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him; for the marriage



THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

(From the Painting by W. ETT, R.A.)

of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready," etc.

Let us now proceed to consider—

II. The Blessedness of the Guests.

"And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God." There are three things to be noticed: The representation of the blessedness, the title to a participation of it, and the earnestness of the proclamation.

1. *The representation of the blessedness itself.* It consists in the pleasure and honour of being present at the grandest and most wonderful marriage that will ever take place. The display and festivity of to-morrow evening will indeed be great. The viands will be costly and abundant; the entertainment will be splendid; the very waiters will be laced with gold; and music, and melody, and the voices of singing men and singing women will enliven the scene. But the company assembled will be the most brilliant of all, consisting of princes, and of nobles, and of peers and peeresses. Ah! you are ready to exclaim, blessed are they who will take part in such a festivity! We

grant the honour, but at the same time we call on you to say, Yea, rather blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. What peculiar provision will be there, what exalted pleasures, what unrivalled voices and music, what a vast assembly, what illustrious characters will be there: pious patriarchs will be there, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, will be there! The members of the holy Church throughout all the world, the wise and the good of all ages and generations, a number that no man can number, will be there! Will you not say—

"O! may I hear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love inspire my tongue."

Let us now observe—

2. *What it is that entitles us to a participation in these blessings.* Who will be present on that great day? Why, those who are called, and who, in the time of trial, obey the call. There is a Gospel call which is addressed to everyone, of whatever character, or rank, or condition; and we may truly say—

"No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair."

The invitations are: "Look unto Me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth." "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." It is a mercy to live under such a dispensation. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." But it will be found at last that many are absent from the feast who heard the general invitation. The Scripture says, "The Kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage

for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come." Surely this was very disrespectful and disloyal. The invitation was repeated, but with no better result; and it was only when the messengers gave it for the third time to all, both bad and good, that the wedding was furnished with guests. Now observe what became of those who refused to respond to the royal invitation. "When the king heard thereof, he was wroth; and he sent forth his armies and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city." (St. Matt. xxii. 7.) The invitations of Almighty God ought not to be treated with disrespect, and cannot be refused with impunity. Not all who hear the general call of the Gospel, but only those who through grace obey it, and who are clothed in the wedding garments, will be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and these alone can enjoy it.

3. *But what is the earnestness, so to speak, of the proclamation?* It is an earnest desire that it should be known, and believed, and welcomed. It goes on the supposition that the announcement made is of very great importance: one in which all men are deeply interested, and that it is perfectly trustworthy. Blessed be God, we have these things written, and everything written that is needful to our salvation. The more important intelligence is, the greater the necessity that it should be well authenticated. Now, here we may all be assured that these are the true sayings of God; and when sayings are good there is nothing so delightful as certainty. There is a foundation that will never give way; do you believe it? We give you an invitation to the heavenly banquet. Will you come? The wedding garments are prepared. Will you wear them? All things are ready. Believe, and come, and be saved.

BOTH MISTAKEN.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

"**C**OMING out to Rosedene this afternoon, Jack?" Mr. Dalton said, as he passed through the office, where several young men were busy writing. "I think Agnes said something about expecting you!"

"Thank you, sir," Jack Hardy said, throwing down his pen with alacrity. "I promised to bring Agnes some books. I'll be ready in a moment."

"Very good." And Mr. Dalton took up a handful of letters, glanced at them carelessly, threw some to Michael Ainger, the chief clerk, and put the others, unopened, into his pocket, while Jack ran his fingers through his crisp curls, and turned down his cuffs, as the only possible improvement to his toilet.

Mr. Dalton was a tall, portly, genial gentleman, with a rosy face, cheery voice, and kindly smile.

He was the principal lawyer in Westwood, a flourishing country town; he was an estate agent, too, and was altogether a highly prosperous and respected gentleman. There was a traditional Mr. Driver, the head of the firm, but as no one ever saw him no one thought much about him, except, perhaps, Michael Ainger, who knew that he was a very unpleasant reality.

Mr. Dalton was a widower, with one daughter, Agnes, who kept his house, and Jack Hardy was a distant cousin, whom the lawyer had brought up from childhood, and placed in his office, with every prospect of his succeeding to the old-established and lucrative business. Jack was shy, and somewhat awkward. He was plain-looking, too, save for his frank, honest blue eyes, and crisp brown hair; but he was clever and ambitious, patient and

painstaking in the office, and entirely devoted to his master. Everyone liked Jack Hardy; even dumb animals understood how good and gentle he was; and all the other clerks in the office imposed on him in a way that proved how much faith they had in his patience and generosity. No one envied him for being such a favourite with his master, for his interest was exerted on behalf of others rather than himself. Nor did the clerks resent his being so much at Rosedene: in all probability he would be one day master there. Only Michael Ainger thought seriously about the matter; and he often wondered how it would all end for poor Jack, who was quite capable of falling desperately in love with Agnes Dalton, though in no way calculated to win her love in return.

"My hope is Miss Agnes," the old clerk said, as he watched his master and Jack drive away that sunny afternoon. "She's too good and wise to encourage the lad in folly, or allow him to delude himself; but I wish the master would open his eyes, and see that they're not children any longer." He had been cutting open the letters before him, and glancing at their contents mechanically. Suddenly he started, and a look of trouble came into his eyes, which increased as he re-read the letter, and then put it in his pocket. "Past post time," he said, glancing at the clock; "nothing to be done to-day; and Mr. Dalton must see to the matter himself on Monday. It's gone beyond my management."

Meantime Mr. Dalton and Jack were driving along the beautiful shady road leading to Rosedene. "It's good to get home," the lawyer said, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, as he drove up the well-rolled drive. "There are not many prettier spots than Rosedene."

Jack thought there was no place to be compared to it, especially when Agnes stood on the steps smiling a welcome. She was not in sight that afternoon, but Jack knew where to look for her. Taking the books, he crossed the lawn with a light, firm step, smiling unconsciously in very gladness of heart, because the world was so beautiful and everyone so kind. "I'll find her either in the summer-house or the wood," he said aloud; but the summer-house was deserted. "All the better; we shall have the longer walk back," he mused, as he crossed a meadow, and entered a small, thickly planted copse, generally spoken of as "the Wood." It was Agnes Dalton's favourite retreat when she wanted to read and think; no one ever accompanied her there except Jo, her favourite dog, or followed her except Cousin Jack, who was privileged to go where he liked, and do as he liked, at Rosedene. After a few minutes he found her seated on a mossy bank under the shelter of the trees, absorbed in a book. She had thrown off her hat and laid aside her sunshade; the light fell on her soft, fair hair, turning it to gold, and irradiated her calm, sweet face; her white dress gleamed amid the cool, tall ferns, and there was a most impressive air of rest

and stillness all round, with a subtle odour of flowers and a drowsy hum of insect life. Jack gazed for a few minutes through an opening in the tall trees, and his heart seemed to stand still. Agnes looked so calm, so beautiful, so like an angel, with the sunshine making a golden glory about her, that he was frightened at his own presumption in loving her; and yet, how could he help it? She was so kind and gracious, and tender and pitiful. All a man's life might be well spent in loving her, all his nature ennobled, even if he was never fortunate enough to win anything in return.

With a very unusual humility, Jack drew near. Jo blinked his great brown eyes, and wagged his tail lazily, but Agnes never looked up; and in that one minute Jack somehow felt that she was farther from him, more out of his reach, more sacred than she had ever seemed before. At last he made a slight noise by treading down a bramble, and Agnes looked up with a smile of welcome.

"Home so soon, Jack?" she said, with a smile. "I thought it was quite early in the afternoon!"

Jack's heart sank lower; she evidently did not miss him, nor even expect him, though he had promised to come, and had been looking forward to the visit all the week. He had also been making up his mind what he would say to Agnes on that particular occasion; but now, though the place and time were most propitious, there was something in her face that discouraged him: she looked so calm and sweet and unconscious of her own beauty; she was so tender-hearted, that Jack—tender-hearted too, and supremely unselfish—found himself wondering how he could dare to trouble her, or disturb the perfect, even calm of her life. If she accepted him, it would be a break, and something of a wrench, for Agnes was devotedly attached to her father. If she refused him, he could not help feeling, even in the midst of his own uncertainty, that it would give her pain, and upset all their pleasant intimacy, and yet Jack felt that he must know his fate—"put it to the touch" without any further delay.

"You were expecting me, Agnes?" he said, throwing himself on the moss at her feet; and there was so much earnestness and entreaty in his voice that Agnes looked at him attentively. "You knew I would come to-day?"

"I don't know that I thought much about it, Jack; you often do come on a Saturday!"

"I promised to bring you some books——"

"And you generally keep your promises, like a good boy. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I don't know—never mind; I want to talk to you—Agnes—I have something very particular to say to you—but I don't know how to begin——"

"Don't begin, then," she interrupted, with a swift divination of his meaning. "Don't, Jack," and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm. "We have been such friends always!"

"Can't we be anything more, Agnes?" he said, taking her hand. "You know that I love you—have

loved you and will love you always. Friends we must always be. But can't you say one word? I love you so!"

"It is impossible! Oh! dear Jack, I am so sorry! I never thought of this."

"And I have never thought of anything else," Jack replied with a dreary little smile. "I know you are too good and kind to send me away hopeless if there were any hope."

"There is none, Jack!"

"Were I your very brother, Philip Wynne would brook no rival in your affection," Jack said, with a strange hardness in his voice. "I must go, dear. It is best——"

"Best for you, and best for me! But you will come back some day when you have learned to forget," Agnes said gently.

"If I never come back till then, I'll never come back at all!" Jack cried, dashing away a tear with the back of his hand. He was very boyish, despite



"With a very unusual humility, Jack drew near."—p. 607.

"Then I can only pray for your happiness, Agnes, and say good-bye!"

"Oh! that need not be, surely. You will soon forget this," Agnes replied. "And," she added, with a sudden blush that gave the lost charm to her sweet, thoughtful face—"and, Jack, I think I shall be happy!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said earnestly. "It is the dearest, the only wish of my heart. Ah! I see—that is, I think I understand," and his lips trembled. "If I am right, there is indeed no hope; it only remains for me once more to pray more fervently than ever, 'Heaven bless and keep you always,' and say good-bye in real earnest."

"Oh! not that, Jack! surely not that! You are my oldest friend—my cousin—almost my brother."

his manly heart. "But if ever I hear or think you want me, I will come without an hour's delay, even if it be from the very uttermost ends of the earth!" And without another word Jack turned away; for in truth he could not trust his voice any further. He longed to be alone: alone with his sorrow, his awful sense of loneliness; alone to look at his trouble; try to realise the magnitude of it, and consider whether he could fight it out manfully, with any chance of ever getting the better of it.

"Poor Jack!" Agnes murmured, as she watched him disappear with tear-dimmed eyes. "Poor, faithful, kind-hearted boy! I never dreamed of such an end to our friendship. And yet, if I had not been so selfishly wrapped up in my own happiness, I might have seen, I might have known. But he is only a boy; he

will soon forget." But, even as she uttered the words, something told her that, boy though he was, Jack Hardy would not forget. For a long time after he left, Agnes sat on the mossy bank, thinking deeply. It had been a trying day for her, and the deep, solemn silence and the fading light were soothing to her overstrung nerves. Only a short hour before Jack found her in the wood, Philip Wynne had asked her to be his wife, and, after deep and painful consideration, she consented; but it was a hard task to make up her mind, though the temptation was threefold. She loved him, she believed he loved her, and he had persuaded her, not altogether against her will, that he needed her; that she had led him into better ways, and that, to help him and strengthen him in the right path, he must have her. If she failed him, he would become again the restless, aimless wanderer he had been, or perhaps drift into something worse. So—reluctantly, because the thought of leaving her father was terrible; yet gladly, because she thought she had gained an influence over his wild, unsettled life, that she had the power to keep him out of temptation—she consented. Of Philip Wynne's early life Agnes knew nothing. He had been away from home ever since boyhood, and the old Manor had been shut up. In his father's time, the family had been in difficulties, but it was said that during Philip's minority matters got right. The property was carefully looked after, the house kept in good repair, but still the master did not return till he was a middle-aged man with a cold, dark face, and a bitter, cynical manner. No one liked him; all sorts of tales and rumours were freely circulated, but, though every gossip conjectured, no one knew either where or how he had spent twenty years of his life. Agnes Dalton never troubled herself about the matter. She found him all her girlish fancy painted, all that a hero and lover should be: grave, silent, earnest; with a low, soft voice, and eloquent dark eyes; wise, in all mere worldly learning and culture, and with a suppressed force, or passion, or earnestness—she could hardly define the thing to herself—but a something that set him apart from other men, from the first.

It was an easy matter for him to win her heart, for all the possibilities she saw in him were for good, and he was an assiduous wooer; but she did not so easily consent to show her love, much less confess it. But, having once done so, he pressed for a speedy marriage, and he said he would speak to Mr. Dalton, on whom everything depended, that very evening; for Agnes would never marry without her father's consent, and somehow Mr. Dalton did not very much admire Philip Wynne, though he was a good deal at Rosedene. Had he thought of suitors for his daughter's hand, which he never had, Jack Hardy would have been much more acceptable. He was therefore much surprised when Mr. Wynne laid his proposals before him that evening after dinner. He would even have objected—for his instinctive dislike and distrust of the man were strong at that moment—but for two things. Philip spoke with quiet

certainly of having won Agnes's love, and Mr. Dalton had received a telegram from his senior partner, Mr. Driver, that disquieted him very much. He could not understand it, but none the less he experienced a strange sense of uneasiness, especially as he knew that things had been "a little wrong" with his partner for some time. So he accepted Mr. Wynne's proposals, not with enthusiasm, but still with a tolerably good grace, and even consented to an early date being fixed for the wedding. An hour later, when he saw his daughter's radiant, blushing face, and the deep, tender light in her eyes whenever they rested on her lover, all his scruples vanished, and he was even cordial to Philip Wynne; the child evidently loved him, so there was no more to be said. That was Saturday, and the Sunday following seemed to Agnes Dalton the most perfectly beautiful day of her life. Philip came over to Rosedene early, and they walked to church together through the shady lanes and smiling fields. He seemed so much gentler and kinder than he had ever been, so much more interested in and impressed by the perfect Sabbath stillness, the holy awe of the day and place. He did not utter one word of love—Agnes often remembered that—nor did he rail at the uselessness of things, and the helplessness of man; nor did he even smile when Agnes said that every day, if we liked, we could all do something to lessen the sense of human suffering and misery.

"We will try together, Agnes," he said, looking at her tenderly. "Hitherto I fear I have done more to increase rather than diminish the sum of human woe—but you will help me!"

"Heaven helping me," she said softly.

That was Sunday. On Monday afternoon, while Agnes Dalton sat in her favourite shady nook waiting for the coming of her lover, she was startled by an unfamiliar step on the mossy slope, and, looking up, saw Michael Ainger.

"My father—what is it?" she cried, divining something was wrong. "Tell me, Michael!"

"It's hard to tell, Miss Agnes; but you are brave and strong, and know where to look for help in time of need."

"My father, Michael? My father?"

"He's broken, miss, but alive. Driver and Dalton have gone smash. Driver has escaped, and Dalton is left to bear all the blame—Dalton and me!"

"What is it? what has happened? who is hurt? In pity, Michael, tell me!"

"The firm, Miss Agnes—that is, the master and me. Driver's gone, escaped—and taken everything with him. We're ruined, bankrupt, disgraced!"

"Oh! is that all? I feared my father was ill—or perhaps dead, Michael."

"Worse than ill, worse than dead—disgraced, Miss Agnes!" the old man wailed. "Everything is gone!"

"Never mind, old friend; while there's life there's hope. Poor, ruined we may be; but disgraced, never!"

If it is only a matter of money, I know someone who will help us. Come, cheer up, and tell me the very worst!"

"There's no best or worst about it, Miss Agnes. Mr. Driver has realised every penny the firm could command; stolen all our securities; stained our name, and absconded—that's all!"

"Father is not to blame! And what does it matter, being poor?" Agnes said bravely.

"God help you, Miss Agnes, and enable you to bear it!"

"He will, Michael. I am not afraid. Where is my father?"

"In the house; he asked me to tell you—he felt so broken."

"I must go to him at once. I have stayed too long. Poor father! as if anything mattered while I have him!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear! the little childie I carried in my arms—the sweet, wise little lassie that used to try to comfort old Michael! It's a poor return for all my love and care, and for all your goodness, to make me tell the saddest story ever loving child heard. My dear, my honoured master had 'a stroke,' and is quite unconscious. The doctor says he is not in any immediate danger, but he will never be himself again, I fear, with this trouble hanging over him."

"Oh yes, he will, Michael! We have a friend who will help us out of the money difficulty."

"A letter for you, Miss Agnes, marked 'immediate,'" a servant said breathlessly; "and, please, the doctor wants to see you."

Agnes opened the letter with trembling fingers. It was very brief:—

"MY DEAR GIRL,—We were both mistaken: you, in thinking you could love a worthless scoundrel like me—I, in fancying I could ever deserve your love. I am going to Japan. Farewell."

The letter dropped from the girl's nerveless fingers, and the old man picked it up.

"That is Philip Wynne's writing," he said. "He is the cause of all our trouble. He was the evil genius of Driver. Now he is the sharer of his guilt and

plunder. Welcome poverty, misery, *disgrace itself*—so you are saved from that man!"

"He was to have been my husband," Agnes said brokenly; "but now it seems all over. He says we were both mistaken."

Ten years passed. Agnes Dalton was sitting by the fire in the dreary twilight of a February day, older grown, but with a more tenderly sweet expression than in the old time. Two feeble white-haired old men were pretending to play chess, on the other side. The room was small, bare, comfortless; but there was at least love and contentment. The old men were harmless, the girl was tender and patient, and she worked with all her might to supply their few and simple wants. She had worked for them for ten years—ever since Mr. Dalton and his chief clerk, Michael Ainger, left Westwood, ruined indeed, but not disgraced; ever since that dreadful day when Philip Wynne heartlessly said they were *both* mistaken, and escaped with his partner, Robert Driver, the author of their ruin.

Suddenly there came a loud knock at the door, and, without waiting for a reply, the latch was raised, and Jack Hardy entered the shabby little room.

"My darling, I have found you! I am not too late," he cried, clasping Agnes in his strong arms. "Tell me it is not too late."

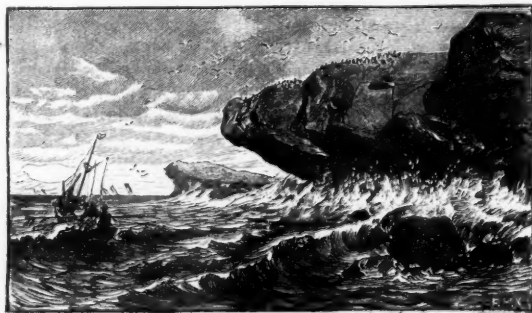
"No, it is not too late, Jack," Agnes sobbed. "I have found out—"

"That we were both mistaken, my darling: I, in daring to think I was worthy of your love then; you, in thinking I never would be; but let us forget the past and begin again."

"But my father and Michael?"

"Your father will always be my father, dear, and Michael will always be my dear old friend. The world has gone well with me during the last ten years; and now to find you again, and willing to share my good fortune, I have nothing left to wish for. I am not even sure that I am sorry we were both mistaken long ago. Happiness won by waiting is not only sweet, but sure."

H. B. D.



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

No. 38. SUNDRY WARNINGS.

To read—St. Matthew xxiii.

WARNINGS. (1—12.) *The time*—Tuesday before the Crucifixion. *The place*—one of the Courts of the Temple. *The teacher*—Christ, for the last time before His death. *The subject*—warnings against the Pharisees and Scribes. Notice—
(a) They were authorised teachers.

(b) Their teaching must be respected, but—

(c) Their example must not be copied.

The laws of Moses were heavy, *i.e.* difficult to obey (Acts xv. 10), but Pharisees added to them—*e.g.* excessive washing (St. Mark vii. 4)—whereas Christ's burden was light (xi. 30).

What especially is to be avoided?

1. *Osntation.* (a) Works done to be seen of men—such as prayers, fasting, alms-giving (vi. 1, 4, 5).

Also—

(b) *Making broad phylacteries*, *i.e.* slips of parchment with text inscribed (Deut. vi. 8), thus obeying letter of Law, but neglecting its spirit, to have them in the heart. (Deut. vi. 6.)

(c) *Large borders* or fringes of blue, symbol of purity. (Num. xv. 38.)

(d) *Choosing chief seats* at feasts, *i.e.* seat nearest the Master of the feast in centre of table.

(e) *Best places at synagogues*, as also rebuked by St. James (ii. 2).

2. *Pride.* (a) Insisting on humble greetings from followers.

(b) Getting highest possible titles.

Disciples must avoid these errors. No title must come between them and God's honour. Greatness consists in doing most service—humbling selves before God. Such shall be exalted.

II. **REBUKES.** (13—33.) Eight woes denounced against Scribes and Pharisees:—

1. Not opening Kingdom of Heaven by their teaching. 2. Greedy of gain—beguiling rich widows with hypocrisy. 3. Seeking converts to their party rather than to God. 4. Bringing the Temple into contempt. 5. Levying minute tithes rather than teaching mercy. 6. Making clean the outside, not the inward parts. 7. Being outwardly good, inwardly wicked. 8. Partaking in crimes of past ancestors.

Had had warnings of every kind from prophets, Scribes, etc.—

Yet killed St. Stephen. (Acts vii. 59.)

Crucified Christ.

Scourged St. Paul uncondemned. (Acts xvi. 23.)

Persecuted from city to city. (Acts xxvi. 11.)

They shall be treated in like manner.

III. **PROPHECY.** (37—39.) Christ foretells fate of Jerusalem.

There had He Himself warned and taught.

There did He yearn over them. (St. Luke xix. 41.)

There they would not receive Him.

Their city, Temple, etc., shall all be destroyed.

LESSON. *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

No. 39. THE FATE OF JERUSALEM.

To read—St. Matthew xxiv. 1—28.

I. **THE TEMPLE.** (1, 2.) Christ been teaching in Temple—told how it would be made desolate (xxiii. 28), now leaves it—never entered it again. Disciples evidently much impressed—come and ask when these things would be. Recall history of Temple.

David wished to build it, but not allowed. (2 Sam. vii. 11, 13.)

Solomon built and dedicated it. (1 Kings vi, viii.)

Chaldeans destroyed it. (2 Kings xxv. 9.)

Zerubbabel rebuilt it. (Ezra iii., etc.)

Haggai foretold its glory. (Hag. ii. 7.)

Christ twice expelled buyers and sellers.

Stood on slope of rock over Valley of Cedron, on foundation of huge stones of white marble. These were to be thrown down. This fulfilled by destruction of Jerusalem and Temple, A.D. 73, by Romans.

II. **THE SIGNS.** (3—8.) Christ and disciples cross Valley of Cedron, ascend slope of Olivet—turn back and look at the Temple opposite. Four disciples (St. Mark xiii. 3), the two pairs of brothers, question Him as to the *time* and the *signs*. They think only of the destruction of Jerusalem—the end of its world. Christ thinks also of end of the whole world, of which the other was a type. Makes the one a kind of parable of the other.

Notice the signs—

1. The coming of false Christs—fulfilled 1 St. John ii. 18.

2. Wars and rumours of wars.

3. Famines, pestilences, earthquakes. (Acts xi. 28.)

All these things literally fulfilled, as described by Josephus, the Jewish historian.

III. **THE TROUBLES.** (9—14.) What would happen to the disciples?

(a) Delivered to be afflicted—fulfilled Acts v. 17, 18.

(b) Killed—as St. James by Herod. (Acts xii. 2.)

(c) Hated—fulfilled Acts xxviii. 22.

(d) Many offended, *i.e.* turn away. (See 2 Tim. i. 15.)

(e) False prophets arise—*e.g.* Thendas and Judas. (Acts v. 36.)

(f) Love grow cold—*e.g.* Demas. (2 Tim. iii. 10.)

But the Gospel—*i.e.* news of Christ—would first be preached through all the known world. This literally the case before destruction of Jerusalem. (Col. i. 6, 23.)

IV. CAUTIONS. (15—22.) The first sign would be the appearance of the “abomination of desolation” (Dan. ix. 27) in the Holy City—probably means the eagle standards of the Roman army. What were Christians to do?

(a) All in Judæa to flee to the mountains. They did escape to Pella.

(b) Escape along roofs, from house to house.

(c) Nor stop to fetch outer clothing.

Great tribulation did come. City crowded with Jews come up for Passover—soon fearful famine. Romans besieging from outside—civil feuds within. A million perished. City and Temple destroyed—100,000 sold into slavery. Then ended the Jewish nation.

LESSON. *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*

NO. 40. THE END OF THE WORLD.

To read—St. Matthew xxiv. 23—31.

I. SIGNS OF THE TIME. (23—31.) Christ passes on to what is in His mind also, *viz.* His second coming and the end of the world. Compare the signs of the two events as follows:—

Fall of Jerusalem.

1. False Christs and prophets (5 11).
2. Persecution, etc. (9—12).
3. Wars, famines, etc. (6, 7).
4. Great tribulation (21).
5. Sign of desolation (15).
6. Escape of Christians (16—18).

Christ's Second Coming.

1. False Christs, etc. (23, 24).
2. Dangers to the elect (24).
3. Distress of Nations (29).
4. Sun and moon darkened (29).
5. Sign of Son of Man (30).
6. Safety of the elect (31).

24. *Prophets* often led followers into the wilderness, *e.g.* John the Baptist (St. Matt. iii. 1); the Egyptian (Acts xxi. 38). Sometimes to secret chambers or “closet” (vi. 6), *i.e.* place for prayer on housetop.

27. Christ's coming, like lightning, will be swift, sudden, dazzling in brightness, and destructive.

28. *The carcass* means the wicked, dead in sin (Eph. ii. 1), ready for destruction. Eagles will be the ministers of God's wrath, *i.e.* the angels (xiii. 49, 50).

29. *Those days*, *i.e.* before coming of Christ.

Sun darkened as during three days of ninth plague of Egypt (Ex. x. 21), or three hours of Christ's crucifixion (xxvii. 45). This foretold in Isaiah xlii. 10.

30. *Sign of Son of Man*. Christ does not say what. Jews often asked for sign—one will be given at last. Some outward token of His power and

glory. He will be seen. His elect will be gathered. All will bow before Him.

II. WATCHFULNESS. (32—51.) Fig tree again used as warning. When branch is tender, *i.e.* ready to sprout, may expect summer, *i.e.* harvest-time. So these signs will show God's harvest-time, *i.e.* end of this age. Christ's words cannot fail. Some more signs of the time given:—

(a) No one knows the exact day.

(b) Day when it comes will take world by surprise

(c) World will be going on in its usual way.

(d) Sudden destruction will overtake those not ready. Therefore duty of all is to watch.

III. FAITHFUL STEWARDS. (45—51.) Stewards or slaves chosen on account of proved faithfulness, to manage estate, rule household, distribute food, etc. Thus Joseph in Pharaoh's house. (Gen. xli. 40.) His service will be *faithful*, not like unjust steward (St. Luke xvi. 1); *constant*, not neglecting his work; *regular*, whether master be present or absent.

So must God's stewards do their work, whatever it may be. He knows who really serve Him—will come and award judgment—blessing to the faithful, punishment to the wrong-doers.

LESSON. *Prepare to meet thy God.*

NO. 41. TWO PARABLES.

To read—St. Matthew xxv. 1—30.

I. THE TEN VIRGINS. (1—13.) Stewards, ready and unready, illustrated by parables. Wise and foolish virgins—users and abusers of talents. Virgins are professors of religion.

Points of resemblance—

(a) All have lamps, *i.e.* means of grace.

(b) All profess to belong to bridegroom, *i.e.* Christ.

(c) All have oil, *i.e.* grace, at the beginning.

(d) All slumber till bridegroom comes, *i.e.* go on with ordinary life.

Points of difference—

(a) Wise have oil sufficient to last—foolish not.

(b) Wise go in to wedding, *i.e.* heaven; foolish are shut out.

The oil is God's grace freely given (Isa. lv. 1), God's love shed abroad in heart, God's Spirit cleansing the soul. Thus Christ was anointed with Holy Ghost. (Acts x. 38.)

LESSONS. 1. Must endure to the end if would be saved.

2. Now is the day of salvation.

3. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.

II. THE TALENTS. (14—30.) Similar to last, yet with some differences, *viz.* :—

(a) Work to be done during time of waiting.

(b) All are responsible, even those with least talents.

Similar also to Parable of Pounds, but with these differences—

In Pounds all received same amount, but gained differently.

In Talents all received different, but gained proportionately.



"The life they gave with their tender bloom
Was the joy my soul desired."

Kingdom of Heaven—Christ's reign.
Far country—Heaven, to which He is gone.
Servants—Apostles and all Christians.
Talents—things to use for Him, e.g. money, time, example, persuasion, influence, etc.
Trade—the use made of God's gifts.
Talent hidden—God's gifts not used.
The reckoning—the day of judgment.
The reward—future happiness in heaven.
The punishment—banishment from Christ's presence.

Several things to be learned—
 1. All God's gifts must be used and accounted for.
 2. God notices and rewards according to works.
 3. God increases gifts. No standing still.
 Thus Christ increased in wisdom. (See St. Luke ii. 52.)
 St. Paul tells all to abound more and more. (1 Thes. iv. 1.)
 St. John desires that the soul may prosper. (3 John 2.)
 LESSON. *Grow in grace.*

FLOWER MEMORIES.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

I THINK of the roses I wore one day
 When life was merry and sweet,
 And children called me the Queen of May,
 And knelt at their playmate's feet ;
 But the mirth died out with the sunset light,
 When the young ones went to rest ;
 And the flowers were left in the summer night
 To fade on the earth's green breast.

I think of the roses he gave to me
 When love was a bliss new-born,
 And hill and meadow and daisied lea
 Were fresh with the touch of morn ;
 But short was the life of that love of ours,
 And sharp was the sting of pain
 When I looked on a spray of withered flowers
 That never might bloom again.

I think of the roses, dainty and fair,
 I bought at a London stall :
 Their fragrance scented the morning air,
 Their smile was a smile for all ;
 I carried them straight to a darkened room
 Where a child lay sick and tired,
 And the life they gave with their tender bloom
 Was the joy my soul desired.

Oh, not for the roses of spring that shed
 Their dew on my childish brow,
 And not for the love-gifts, early dead,
 My spirit is longing now !
 For sweeter far are the flowers we give
 Than those which the hand can hold ;
 And blossoms gathered for others live
 When the giver's heart is cold.

PROMISES TO THE AFFLICTED.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



HE promises to the afflicted are of necessity offered to those that have consciously given themselves over to the guidance and the service of God. The ungodly can expect no part in them.

To the godly, indeed, they are doubly precious, because they have their full share of afflictions in this life. Worldly men have fancied that the holy have the severest trials, and that the wicked enjoy all the sunshine of the earth. This question troubled David once, and he failed to answer it until, within the house of God, he was able to look upon eternal realities, and to weigh facts in the balance of the sanctuary. Notwithstanding this, there is a con-

stancy of affliction which fails not either the wicked or the holy. It eclipses the light of life. It blights the lilies of life's garden. It lies—like the smoke of the dark coal-regions—a polluting, plague-striking cloud over field and hillside, over grass and tree. Yet to the eye that surveys it from afar it constitutes much of the grandeur of humanity. It is the shadow which tones the picture ; it is the background which throws up the actions, the graces, and the loveliness of the front. But it falls everywhere. It attacks the individual, it saddens the family, and it desolates the empire. Man, whoever he may be, is born to adversity.

The adversities, too, are as manifold as the circumstances of existence. Here we have blighting poverty that clings to us whatever our efforts. There sickness appals the family, and spreads its wings over

the household—keeping them outstretched, as if it intended never to remove them until the last hope had died, and until despair had buried the last remnant of the brotherhood in death. Then, again, it is a secret sorrow, borne with a hero's patience, and nursed in suffering silence, because no ear might learn it without detriment to someone that is loved. Oh! it is here that the fangs strike sorest and deepest, and here that the consolations of God's good promises are most sorely needed. Let us examine, then, what they contain for these and for all.

I find that there are three distinct classes of promises to such.

I. In the first place, there is the promise of *Limitation*. It is contained in the tenth chapter of 1 Corinthians: "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able." He refers, indeed, to one kind of affliction: namely, spiritual temptation. But who can separate the spiritual, the physical, and the mental in one whose whole body, soul, and spirit are kept unto the great day? Within that statement of St. Paul lies the universal principle of God's watchfulness over all His people. Widen out temptations into *trials* of every kind—it is our right to do so—and we conclude that no trials, no afflictions, or sorrows will be suffered to come to us beyond our ability to bear them. There is another limit indicated in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is the Father's love. There all afflictions are considered as His chastisements. "My son, regard not lightly the chastening of the Lord. For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. It is for chastening ye endure" (Heb. xii. 5—7, Revised Version). Within that Love we enjoy the surest pledge that every trial is measured for every saint. Afflictions, indeed, are like the breaking of the seas upon our coasts. There are gentle, tender natures; there are others sensitive and highly strung; there are others hard in resolution and purpose as adamant, who can seek suffering like the early Christian, or cry, like Bishop Hooper at the stake, "Heap more fire, good friends, more fire!" There are others yet who, with less of energy and tenderness, permit the wrongs of the world to come and go as they will, and who with undisturbed patience are always able to possess their souls. Thus does the heaving of the waves, the pulse and beat of the rising and the ebbing tide, strike upon the brittle cliffs of Devonshire or the iron rocks of Antrim, or fall and flow in gentle ripples upon the sands of the Dee. But whatever their force, there is a line which they cannot pass. God has set a limit to their power of changing and undoing.

II. There is the promise of *Preservation*. "I have redeemed thee, O Israel," cries the Lord in Isaiah; and then He exclaims, as a consequence of this, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii. 1, 2). The Psalmist, too, assures the godly that because He has made God his

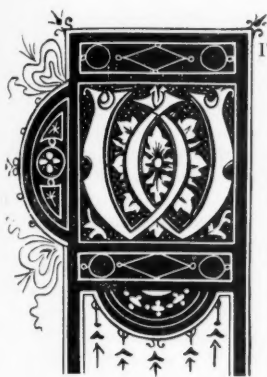
habitation, no evil shall befall him (Ps. xci. 10). Neither of these promises holds out the hope of exemption; but they teach us two things: first, that affliction touches not the man himself; and secondly, that his inward being and real manhood are under the immediate care of His Father. The outward man is strangely limited, the inward is strangely free. The enjoyments possible to the body are few; those which are open to the mind and spirit are beyond numbering. It is to that spirit and all the higher nature that these promises appeal. The man is in a new society. The same presence—full of light, and knowledge, and wisdom—that guided the wanderings of the wilderness, that asserted the majesty of God's people in Canaan, and rewarded the chivalry of David, will, especially during the time of affliction, be with His people now. Nor only that. Around us is the whole spirit-world, a universe brill'ant as the eastern heavens when every star is out. The angels there are the guardians of the saints (Ps. xci. 11). All this changes the face of affliction. The darksome messenger of earth becomes, like the raiment of the Man of Sorrows, transfigured in our presence until it glistens with celestial glory.

III. There are promises of *Consolation*. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people," said God, when the day was beginning to tremble upon the hills of Judah's desolation, and the Kingdom of Christ to shape itself. And when Jesus came—reared amid privations, and adopting a life of want Himself—He cried to us, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." There is truly a blessedness in mourning, as all saints have found. It helps us to grasp truth, and to rise up to the heights of life, and see as God sees; to appreciate the world in its offers, its enjoyments, and advantages; and, scunding the depths of our own nature as well as of our Father's love, to fall back upon the humility, the gentleness, and earnestness of our Saviour's life. There is another blessedness greater than this, though it springs from it—namely, the benefit we become to others. It is the hand which has been pierced that can help the sick, the bereaved, the destitute. It is the heart which has bled that can feel alike for the sorrow and the joy of our brethren. And just as the tree bent under the blast regains its height, and waves backward into the bosom of the wind, so does the force that bends downward to bless others fall back and bless ourselves.

"I know when Heaven has wounded and probed the bleeding breast,
Its richest healing balm is in making others blest."

Yes, there is that most fragrant balm that we are becoming like the Master ourselves, and helping others to do the same: that they and we are growing closer in our intercourse with the Spirit: that our being is growing holier, and that they and we are becoming attuned to Heaven. It is in these consolations of affliction that we learn the music of the heavenly songs.

JERUSALEM AS IT IS.



WITH much shouting and rejoicing, and ringing of mule bells, we left Hebron for Jerusalem; the Bedouens singing in questions and answers concerning our perils and escapes from the "red-handed" Fellaheen of Petra, thanks to whom, and to our seven weeks of hard desert travelling, we arrived outside the

Jaffa Gate as very Gibeonites, in old shoes, clouts, and with bread mouldy and dry, our horses flagging painfully, and ourselves sufficiently tired. By the Jaffa Gate we pitched our tents, and so our first view of Jerusalem was disappointing enough: no hills visible; a predominance of German houses and villas backed up by the town wall; this was all we saw on our arrival. But delight replaced disappointment the next day, when riding round the town we gained the Valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the dry torrent-bed of the Kedron, and climbed the gentle slopes of the Mount of Olives to look from thence over Jerusalem. The eastern wall runs along the hill line of Mount Moriah; in the centre is the Golden or Beautiful Gate, closed by the Turks; for, say they, "The Christians will come in by that gate when they conquer the city, which, *mushallah!* they will some day." "Closed," say the Jews, "until the Messiah shall come; He will enter thereby."

Almost immediately above the Golden Gate shines the blue dome of the Mosque of Omar, "standing where it ought not" on the site of Solomon's Temple. To the south, and deeper within the city, the brown Tower of David marks Mount Zion, and around and in between, north and south, east and west, up and down, are the cupolas and minarets, and white houses set in green grass and shadowed by tall cypresses, fig-trees, and olives. The hills stand around Jerusalem, while deep down below this eastern wall is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, sweeping round to the south, losing itself in the little hill village of Siloam, beyond which, again, are Hezekiah's gardens, and the pool with its cleansing water now far within a cave, but which once clearly washed up the rough steps of Roman workmanship. Fair, is the word Jerusalem suggests from without, as seen from Mount Olivet or Bethany, from Scopus or overlooked from house-tops within: everywhere, in fact, excepting from outside the Jaffa Gate, with its mean and ugly surroundings, and no redeeming hill visible. The abundant

green, after the rains, relieves the general whiteness, and the blue of Omar and the green of other mosques catch the sun and shine like jewels. But perhaps the view from the Bethany road is, both from association and situation, the most striking of all.

As we returned from Bethany, the city previously hidden by the Mount of Offence burst upon our sight as we turned the shoulder of the hill, and disclosed itself framed and girt by hills—not mountains, but shadowing hills; the city of so much love and sorrow, which had wrung from the lips of prophets, kings, and scribes, prayers and expressions of unequalled passion, agony, and love; from banished citizens, songs of longing; and from the greatest of its citizens, from the King of kings and Head of the prophets, tears and heartbroken lamentation. The whole road is stamped by sorrow, as you descend among the scattered olives to the Garden of Gethsemane, and make your way back through Kedron into the city along the Via Dolorosa. The Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, is an enclosure of ancient olive trees, and among the olives are prim beds of flowers. At first I wished no attempt had been made to enclose a particular spot; but perhaps there was something in the idea offered in answer to my criticism—"It is like the grave of a dear friend lovingly kept." All around are signs of death, for the Valley of Jehoshaphat is indeed full of bones: graves, graves, graves. Very old and crumbling away are many of the stones, and the Hebrew inscriptions barely traceable; others are still distinct, and towards the Mount of Olives they are of more and more recent date, until you see those of this century, of this year; for every believing Jew who can, has his body sent back to be buried here. In this valley, too, is Absalom's Pillar, and away beyond the northern end are the grand rock tombs of the kings, while those of the prophets are to the south-east. The reputed tomb of David, in the tower of his name, is clearly a very modern erection in a Saracen building.

Our next visit was to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—with its grey stone towers, Saracen arches, and rich carvings; the Piazza thronged with pilgrims of all nations; while relic-vendors give brilliant touches to the pavement by their rosaries of scarlet, blue, and yellow beads piled at their feet. You enter the great door, and to your surprise behold an old Turk keeping guard, with the inevitable pipe, curled up in the deep porch seat, which has been converted into a divan, and as he pokes away at a charcoal brazier he is usually chatting with some friend curled up by his side, and they sip coffee together. Exactly opposite the entrance, within, is the Stone of Unction, said to be the spot where our Lord's body was anointed before burial;

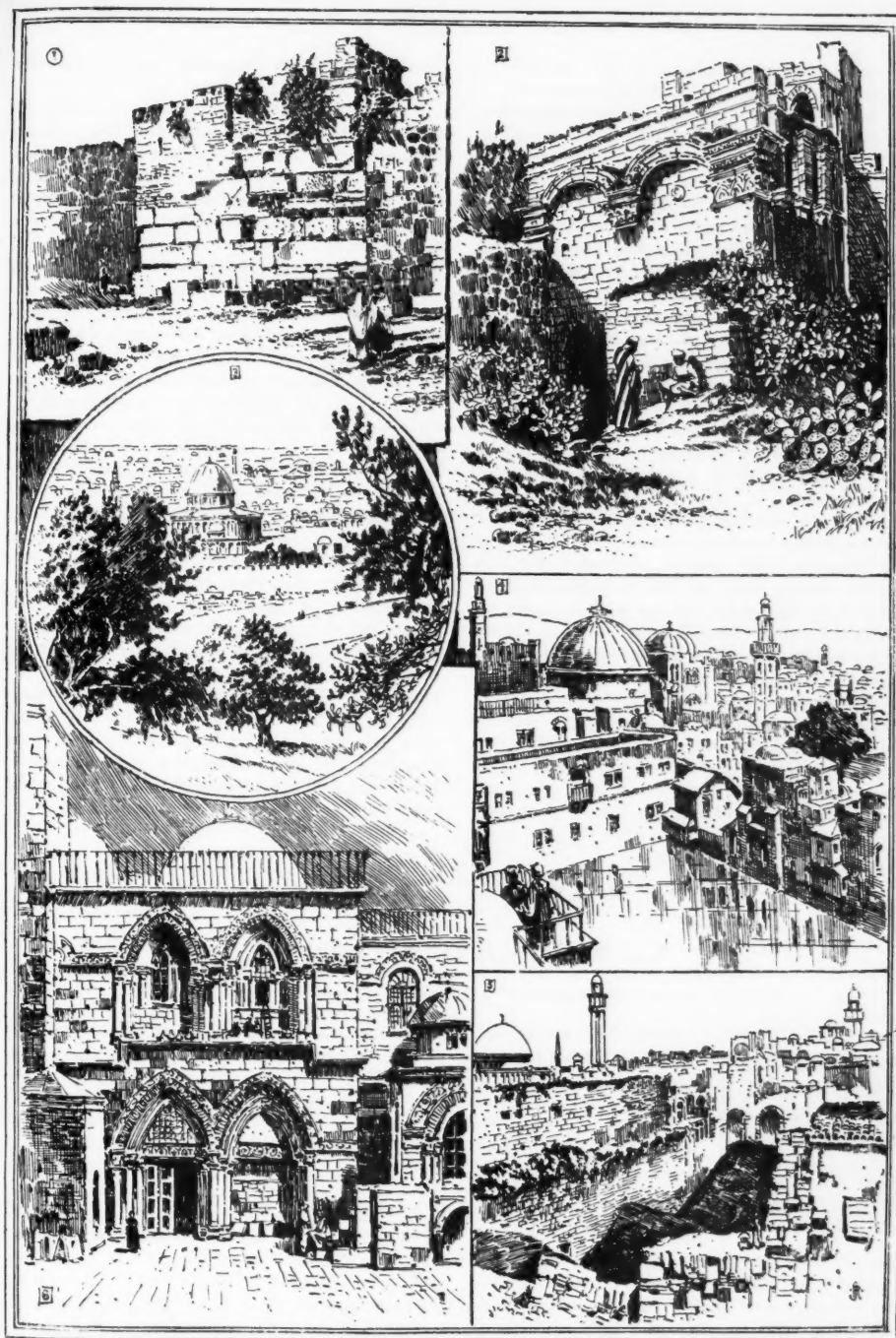
and here services, Latin, Greek, Armenian, or Coptic, are always going on; for this stone, and the chapel in which it stands, is the only place in the church free to all Christians. Passing the Stone of Unction, another little chapel to the right is pointed out as Calvary, and every step of His Passion is marked. The whole building of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre within, and to some extent without, is a patchwork; chapels and galleries, ante-chapels and crypts, all more of paint and plaster than of solid work; all somehow hanging together and sobered by wear into a not incongruous whole; while the dim light softens away much that would be gaudy and tinsel in full sunshine. In the rough rock into which the church is welded on one side, are tombs which, whether of Nicodemus and Joseph or not, are most interesting as being beyond dispute very ancient cave sepulchres. The rough rock appears also in the little chapel of the Empress Saint under-ground, and fissures are pointed out as "the rocks rent asunder."

These tombs and the rocks are perhaps the strongest part of the evidence as to this being Calvary and the garden of Joseph, but Captain Warren's excavations have lately proved that the existing city walls are built on the courses of old walls; and as it is plainly said that the place where Christ was crucified was "nigh to the city," and that He suffered "without the gate," this Church of the Holy Sepulchre within the walls can hardly be the site of Calvary. No one knows now; and the devotion of centuries poured out here has given a beauty to the poor faded splendour within the church, and lifted the whole above cold criticism, and out of the area of controversy. You feel that if He neither suffered, was laid, nor rose here, yet that the power of His Cross, His Grave, and His Resurrection has brought your fellows here for many hundreds of years, and that they have gone back the stronger and the happier for the effort to know Him better, and to worship where they believe He suffered and conquered.

The sepulchre itself is in the centre of the church, an oblong tomb, into which you pass through a very low entrance, and you find that within it is divided into two chapels, the innermost being the spot where His body is said to have been laid. There I was one day when a Syrian woman came in, and startled me into the knowledge of her presence by her bitter weeping. She had not noticed me in the dim light, and plainly thought herself alone. I could not pass her without disturbing her, and as I saw her standing before the altar, her white head-veil thrown back, in the simple Eastern dress which seems to have been handed down unchangingly, and beating her breast passionately, then throwing herself on the ground sobbing her lament, and offering agonised prayer, I could not but think of the Mother of our Lord, of Mary Magdalene, and the daughters of Jerusalem. This was one of the many incidents which were perpetually recurring which made time disappear, made the past the present, and by which the dead still seemed to be living on this earth.

The Mosque of Omar is beautiful; its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colours, and the dome is roofed with tiles of brilliant blue, and some green and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquoise dome roofing walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements and tall cypresses around; steps lead down to other courts, once the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Great Brazen Laver, etc.; and olives, and grass of emerald green, and abundant wild flowers, cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the Golden Gate and the eastern walls of the Temple itself.

Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars enclose the veritable rough rock top of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions inlaid with tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, divide the little side chapels from the central passage-way between them and the sacred rock, the scene of Abraham's awful obedience, and of the sacrifices which interpreted to men, and made them partakers of, the one great Sacrifice of the Son of God. We saw the opening cut in the rock for the escape of the sacrificial blood, and, descending into the excavation below, we found a similar opening communicating with a duct which discharged into a cesspool by the Brook Kedron. We crossed the outer southern court, and passing the fountain supplied by the same water as its grander predecessor on the backs of brazen oxen, we descended beneath the present mosque, El Aksar, close to the mosque of Omar, into the very same gallery which led to the old Temple from the south, and up which our Lord walked again and again when He was there. It is now half-filled with rubbish and earth, but the ceiling is still so high above, that we needed to be reminded that the ground level is far down under the rubble. The pillars in single, solid blocks, the round keystone in the roof, and the lintels of immensely long single stones, are witnesses of the glory which has departed. Leaving this gallery, we climbed the city walls by the Golden Gate, and walking south at the angle of the walls we descended under ground into the stables of Solomon. That they may have been utilised by him, and certainly were by the Crusaders, the halter-rings declare; but it seems that the original intention was to raise the level of the valley, and the thick forest of pillars are chiefly for support. To the south-west of the Mosque of Omar is the Wall of Lamentation, the one part of the holy ground to which the Jews can have access. This wall divides the Jewish quarter on one side from the Temple precincts, and the lower stones are of the original wall built by Solomon—massive blocks, carefully bevelled, similar to those in the lower courses of the Tower of David. Beneath this wall the Jews assemble every Friday, to lament the departed glory of their Temple and city. I tried to learn why Friday was the day set apart for this



1. PORTION OF THE OLD WALL.
4. POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

2. THE GOLDEN GATE.
5. POOL OF BETHESDA.

3. THE CITY FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.
6. THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

JERUSALEM AS IT IS.

requiem, but no one knew; it is a singular coincidence. The people come and go from three o'clock to sunset, lamenting in families and companies; wailing, weeping, and chanting litanies—some by themselves, some leading others; an elder woman surrounded by other women, lads gathered round a Rabbi, etc. "There is no mistake about it," said one of our party, who was of a very sceptical turn of mind; "this is no sham—it is real distress." How much the lamentation concerns the present distress of exiled Polish and Russian Jews I was uncertain; but one woman, a German, was mourning in the spirit of the Captivity. She was alone (it was not on the lamentation day) rocking herself to and fro, moaning from a book in her hands, with only a little child or two playing with the mud beneath the wall. Our dragoman asked her the meaning of a Hebrew word on the wall; she answered in German, "I do not understand." I explained, and apologised for disturbing her. The sadness of her face was pitiful as she answered, her eyes full of tears, "It does not matter—nothing matters *here*. It is long, it is long, it is long!" and she returned to her book and her moans, while the babies laughed and rolled in the dust under the very walls of sorrow.

Our last day in Jerusalem was spent in visiting Bethesda, Hezekiah's Pool, and Siloam—all half-dry tanks and baths, overgrown with rank vegetation—the Dung-gate, with its little chamber in the wall, and the huge quarries in the bowels of the city, by the Damascus Gate, whence Solomon took his stones, and where they were prepared to be built up in silence, without sound of axe or hammer. Immense quarries they are, which might have suggested to

Southey his "Great Domdaniel caverns under the roots of the ocean."

I have almost ignored the purely legendary interests of Jerusalem, for interesting and in many instances beautiful as they are, the limits of a short account will not allow of any attempt to do more than sketch the principal features in this city of cities, the dethroned Jerusalem. To those who may object that there can be no certainty about any of the holy places, I would answer the Mount of Olives, with the Brook Kedron, and the Garden of Gethsemane, are absolutely certain, and this alone would warrant any fatigue and trouble incurred in the journey; and, after all, what does it matter if in the city the level is thirty feet higher than that of the old town? Or what matter if (as is more than likely) there may be considerable inaccuracy as to the identifications? It is enough that this is Jerusalem, where He taught and suffered, the city of His love. Our days in this dear city had come to an end, and we wandered regretfully through the picturesque streets, where wooden projecting windows mingle with Saracen arches, and, as everywhere in the east, dirt and ruin deck themselves in colours and greenery, and beguile the traveller into admiration. Buttresses and deep arches, and dark tunnelled streets, contribute to the picture; and, after all, the only drawbacks are those of many other cities in the enlightened West—nasty smells and round paving-stones, which make walking in the chief thoroughfares something of a penance. It was with great love, and very great regret, that we mounted our horses and left "Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth."

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "INTO A LARGER ROOM," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—THE DELAMAINEs.



HANDSOME, well-furnished drawing-room in a large house in the West End of London; not decorated with much taste, but redolent in all its appointments of wealth and luxury: an abundance of sofas and settees and lounging chairs, costly nick-nacks, rich hangings, fragrant flowers. In it are four ladies—one elderly, but comely still, and dressed after a fashion that goes well with the room: in a rich soft satin of a fashionable shade; the other three, also handsomely dressed, of ages varying from twenty to twenty-eight, or thereabouts.

One, the youngest, is seated at the grand piano, her fingers flying to and fro over the notes, as if they

were bound to make so many evolutions in a second. Another—a girl with bright, keen eyes and a fresh complexion—is near the window, turning over the pages of a fashion-book. The third is looking over her shoulder, and criticising the plates. "That would never suit you, Agnes," she says, as for a few moments the book remains open on the girl's lap.

"Which is that?" says the eldest lady, who has been sitting near the other window, and looking down the street.

"The Greek girl," is the answer. "A very pretty costume, isn't it?"

"Pretty, of course. But we must think first of what will suit our particular styles of beauty. What a crash! Do have a little pity on our ears, Julia!" This is addressed to the young lady at the piano, who pulls up short, rises from her seat, and joins them at

the window. "Egyptian darkness!" she exclaims. "When do you mean to have the lights, mamma?"

"Time enough, Julia; don't be impatient. I do wonder why they have not arrived yet!" says the elder lady plaintively. "Papa might go to his office first, but he would never take that poor child there. You have seen to her room, Adelaide?"

"Yes, mamma. I think that is the fifth time you have asked me."

"Well, well, my dear, if I am a little anxious, I do think it is nothing but natural. I can't have been a mother so many years without feeling for a motherless and fatherless girl. I hope you will all feel for her. Papa writes that she is quite broken down with grief. Only that he was afraid of the journey for me, I should have started off for Naples to meet them. But in that case they would have been obliged to come home by land. A fortnight at sea would have completely knocked me up. How that poor child can have borne it! After her terrible experience, too! I shall not be a bit surprised if she arrives ill. And, in that case, are you sure there is every comfort in her room?"

"Sure? Perfectly sure! It is the same as Julia's—only a little higher up. If she——"

"Hark! I hear wheels," said Mrs. Delamaine.

A hansom, driven furiously; behind it a four-wheeler; next a furniture van, then a tradesman's cart. "Wheels enough, mamma!" said Julia, with a laugh.

"But that is Kathleen, I'm sure," said Agnes. "I would know her trunk in a hundred! Yes, they are pulling up. Come along, Julia; we should go down to the hall to meet her."

"Go you," said Julia.

"Help me up, one of you," said Mrs. Delamaine.

She was very stout, poor lady! and to struggle to her feet was an affair of time.

In the meantime Agnes had run out.

She met her father in the hall, leading in a pale, bewildered-looking girl, dressed in the deepest black.

"Here we are, Agnes!" he said cheerfully. "Kept out in the river all day, as usual, by a fog. Your mother up-stairs? Take Miss Dacre to her, and order some tea. You would like a cup of tea, wouldn't you?" to Evelyn.

"Oh, thank you! Anything," said Evelyn, who felt inclined to sob her heart out. Everything was so strange to her.

"Won't you come with me?" said Agnes kindly.

By this time Mrs. Delamaine was out on the landing.

"Come up, my dear child!" she cried, from the head of the stairs. "The servants will see about your things. Dear! how pinched you look! I wish we had a fire. Adelaide, do see and have one put on in her room. Julia, ring for tea at once, and lamps. We can't see each other's faces. Sit down, sit down. Let me loosen your cloak for you. Oh, dear! I find it so difficult to move nowadays. Agnes, come here and help me."

"Thank you; you are very kind," murmured Evelyn. She wanted to entreat that they would not take so much trouble about her, but she could not. She had to press her hands to her throat to still the tyrannous inclination for tears.

"Don't bother her, mother," said Agnes. "I am sure she had far rather be let alone."

"Well, you look after her, then. Young people understand one another;" and Mrs. Delamaine retreated to her chair, while Evelyn felt as if she had begun her new life by being rude and ungrateful.

When the tea, which was weak and tasteless—as servants make it on a sudden emergency—had been brought in, and a cup had been pressed upon Evelyn, Agnes, who was the most sympathetic of the sisters, proposed to take her to her room. "I am sure you will like to be quiet," she said. "It is rather appalling to be introduced to a whole household of people at once. Not that we are very formidable." This was on the way up-stairs.

"Mother is a dear, good old soul, who lets us do pretty much what we please, and father is so busy that he is never in the way. Then there are the boys bringing in their friends, and making lots of fun and bustle. There is always something going on in this house. Our friends say that they never saw such a place. And we don't go in for anything fine, either. We like to have plenty of people coming and going, on an intimate sort of footing. Mind how you go," parenthetically. "Your room is pretty high. Here we are!" opening a door, and ushering Evelyn into a small, plainly furnished bed-room, where a bright little fire was burning. "This is to be your sanctum. We did not put any nick-nacks in, for we were sure you would bring plenty from Italy. I have lots of questions to ask you about Italy; but I will keep them for to-morrow. I want particularly to know how the people dress at Capri. Somebody told me it was a picturesque costume. By-the-by, have you an eye for that kind of thing?"

"An eye?" asked Evelyn, who had the sensation of one standing near a waterfall.

"For colour—form? Can you take in anything—a costume, for instance, and describe it? I know some people—— But you look tired. Yes, poor thing! It is a shame to go on chattering to you. Will you rest for an hour? and shall I come back for you?"

"Must I go down again this evening?" said Evelyn, her lip quivering.

"My dear, you may do exactly as you please. Nobody says 'must' to anyone in this house. Well, good-night! I'll tell mother you'd rather not come down again. Rose shall come to help you. She's our maid—a capital girl if her head wasn't so full of notions."

"She would be as pretty as an angel if she were not so melancholy," was Agnes's report to her people in the drawing-room.

"Oh, we will soon shake her out of that!" said Julia. "No one is melancholy long here."

"But what a pity!" sighed Agnes. "If she were only not in such deep mourning she might have helped us at the Brighton fancy fair next month. Dressed in that gauzy thing—don't you know?—as Morning, with silvery stars round her head, she would have been bewitching. Everyone would have crowded to our stall."

"We may possibly attract a little attention, as it

smile yet; and her figure is perfect; and she has been brought up abroad, and will have no end of accomplishments. My dear Julia," said Agnes, "you had better gather roses while you may. If you wait till next year you will be eclipsed, as sure as fate."

"Leave me to manage for myself," from Julia; and, "Really, child, how you do run on! It is too



"Is she forgetting, as well as losing?"—p. 621.

is," said Julia, the youngest, and the acknowledged beauty of the family.

"No doubt we shall have the usual set; but people have seen us so often," said Agnes mischievously. "Now, Evelyn, who is an orphan and an heiress——"

"Not so particularly rich, papa says," interposed Mrs. Delamaine. "Sir John Dacre's will seems to have surprised everyone."

"Well, she has some money, and of course she will be credited with more, and she is the heroine of a tragic history; and she has blue eyes and golden hair, and pretty features and dimples. I am sure she has dimples, though I haven't seen her

bad to tease your sister so!" from Mrs. Delamaine, rewarded Agnes for her brilliant description. She had to repeat it later. When the boys—Algernon and Clifford and Dundas—came in from town, and expressed themselves desirous to know something about the new inmate of the house, they were referred to her. Agnes spoke a little more deliberately now. She did not wish to excite the boys' imaginations. Two of them, indeed—the dark and good-looking Algernon and baby-faced Dundas—were already engaged to be married to intimate friends of their sisters; but Clifford was unattached, and Clifford was romantic. Agnes thought it not at all unlikely that he might take it into his head to

fall in love with Evelyn—a proceeding which their father would decidedly oppose. Clifford, who had literary tastes, and aspired to be an author, was the only one of the three boys who had not at this time managed to plant one foot firmly on the ladder that leads to success.

During dinner, which was a ceremonious and lengthy meal at the Delamaines'—this was Mr. Delamaine's one and only tyranny: he would have no feminine slurring of the grand processes of the table—Agnes, who was in correspondence with Mary Merrill, asked him about their cousin Edwin.

"What did you think of him?" she said; "has he improved?"

"I am afraid not much," was the answer. "In fact, I should have preferred not meeting him."

"Was he disagreeable, after all the kindness he has received here?" cried Mrs. Delamaine. "Why, when he was a boy—"

Mr. Delamaine held up his hand to arrest his wife's eloquence.

"He was agreeable—that is just it. I had rather he had been less agreeable, for I cannot really ask him here until I know how he means to go on. I had the worst account of him from one of the ladies on board."

"Perhaps he was more agreeable to you than to them," suggested Agnes.

"Edwin used to have a queer sort of a way with him. Funny little chap! Could be satirical," said Algernon.

"Oh, but papa must be careful! Consider his responsibilities," said Mrs. Delamaine. "I wonder where the poor boy has put up?"

"Mother would like to pay him a private visit," whispered Agnes to Clifford.

"Take him a bag of sugar-candy, and beg him to be a good boy," said Clifford.

"Have you his address, papa?" said Mrs. Delamaine.

"Well, no; I am sorry to say that I have not. He mentioned it, and I asked him to write it down; then at the last moment I forgot to remind him. Perhaps Evelyn will remember it. In any case, we shall be sure to hear of him."

"London is a large place, and he is my sister's child. I wish you had remembered. But you are right to be careful," said Mrs. Delamaine, with a troubled sigh.

CHAPTER XIII.—NEW EXPERIENCES.

EVELYN, meanwhile, in her quiet room at the top of the house, was going through a host of strange experiences. The day had been bewildering to her, and her body was as tired as her mind. Yet she could not rest. Again and again, like one in a dream, she went through it all—the first exciting glimpse of the English shores, the farewells, the bustle and agitation of landing, the clouded skies and chilly air, the strange faces, the long drive by

dark walls and gloomy houses, vehicles on this side of them, and vehicles on that, till she thought they would have been crushed; the noise, the constant awful sense of movement, as of a torrent rolling by her; and then the arrival, the large house, the lights, the many stairs, the new faces, even to Agnes's well-meant tattle, which had jarred so curiously upon her. This was London—this was her new home. When she was left alone, she tried to understand it, and she could not. Everything was new, everything alarming. She was like a bird thrust out of the nest—a child sent out alone to make its way in a strange country. Up to this she had not fully realised what had come to her. There was the stupor of her first grief, when she did not seem to understand anything, and the horror of awaking to find the world empty, and her life bare of all that had made its happiness; but the old scenes were still about her, and the old friends—the Countess Guicciola, who wept over and petted her, and the Countess's servants, many of whom had known her since her babyhood, and who would not let her be one moment alone. On shipboard it had been a little life to which she had soon become accustomed. Edwin Merrill, the children, the sea, dear delightful Pickles—she had come to care for them, and to bid them good-bye was like a renewal of her first grief.

She knelt down by the fire and held out her hands to the blaze. How desolate she felt—a stranger in a strange land! She had come into a place where no one wanted her. She did not weep; her misery was too dull for tears. She felt as if it would go on—on—just as it was, for ever. Dreamily there came to her, as she knelt by the fire, the memory of a story Edwin had told her. It was of a rudderless ship on a stormy sea. She was like that ship. She had lost everything—everything. No one wanted her; no one cared for her. What was she to do? How was she to guide herself in this strange land? Lower and lower bent the golden head. The large violet eyes that were fixed on the glowing coals had a look of despair pitiful to see in one so young. The lips moved, but no sounds came from them. She could not think; she could not even pray.

But the warmth on her face and hands brought a feeble sense of comfort. It made her think of the sunshine—the sunshine and the sweet blue skies of the land she loved. "I never knew—I never knew—how beautiful it was!" she said to herself, with a groan.

And then her thoughts became bewildered. She drew a chair to the fire, and rested her head against it. She is tired, so tired, and she cannot rest. She must think. She must know what is going on around her. She must adapt herself to the change in her life. Perhaps someone, some time, will want her again. Her father used to say—ah! What was it? She cannot remember. Is she forgetting, as well as missing? Will all the lovely life of the past be as if it had never been? Tears force their way from under her burning eyelids. But even this grief will not

last. Her eyelids drop; her limbs relax; her thoughts—she has lost all control over them: they go wandering lither and thither like birds in the sunshine. A blank follows, when she loses, for a moment, all sense of living; and then—life, full life! She is in her old home, standing on the loggia of the Villa Odyssey. The sun shines full upon her, the clear blue sky is over her head, the Southern Sea, still and lovely as it was wont to be, with the beautiful Faraglioni rocks in the foreground, and, to the right, Mount Solaro, all rosy and glistening in the sunlight, is spread out before her. Though her soul is full of happiness, there is a tremulous feeling of insecurity at her heart, as if a touch would make the sweet prospect vanish. She hears her mother's voice calling her, "Evelyn! Evelyn! where are you?" At the sound, she is seized with a trouble that she cannot define. "I am coming, mother. Let me go to you!" she cried. "Oh! I shall never bear it."

She turns. Her mother is not there. The couch under the canopy is empty. She is going into the house to search for her, when she feels a touch on her arm. It is Reginald, as he used to be—the exquisite little gentleman, in his holland suit, embroidered with blue.

"You must not go, Evy," he says; "I want you."

And her father's voice chimes in, "Yes, Regy wants you. Help him with his lessons till I come back."

Then, as she gazes, the landscape changes. She is on the ship, and it is Edwin who is speaking to her.

"Don't go yet," he says, in his curious, half-sorrowful, half-bantering way; "we can't spare you."

And who is this behind Edwin? Pickles, his merry eyes suffused with tears.

"Come back soon," he whimpers.

And behind Pickles is the anxious face of Pickles' mother, begging her not to mind him.

"'T would be a pleasure to see you, all the same," she says; and all the poor careworn people up at the bows seem to be echoing the words of Pickles and his mother, "Come back soon; 't would be a pleasure to see you."

A sob rises in Evelyn's throat as she opens her eyes slowly and turns round.

"Ah, then! are you awake, dear miss?" says a voice in her ear.

"Awake! Where am I?"

"You're in England, honey, at Mr. Delamaine's, number twenty-four—or twenty-six, is it? My head's that bewildered seeing you in your deep black, and beautiful as a picter, as says I to Jane. And a pleasure it would be, says I, to see her with her pretty eyes open. Who is it that I am? I'm Miss Delamaine's maid; and my name, it's Rose Maloney, at your service."

By this time Evelyn was wide awake.

"I remember Miss Delamaine promised to send you," she said. "Thank you very much for coming, but I don't think I shall do much unpacking to-night. Did you speak before I awoke?"

"'T was under my breath, dear miss. Such a beautiful sleep! I wouldn't for the life of me have disturbed you. But you'll sleep better in bed, honey."

And now the young maid, whose warm Irish heart had been deeply moved by the story of Evelyn's misfortunes, began to make herself busy about her. She loosened her dress, and took off the boots from her tired feet, and drew down her long, fair hair. The soft, caressing touches, and the sympathetic manner, sent a thrill of warmth and comfort to Evelyn's sorrowful heart. It was like the sight of a friend's face in a desert. She did not speak, but she smiled, and Rose, interpreting the smile after her own simple fashion, chattered on, giving little scraps of intelligence about the ways of the household, and pouring out ejaculations of pity and admiration.

With a sense of pleasure Evelyn watched her to and fro. A girl not much older than herself, with slim, graceful little figure, clad in pale grey gown pricked out with pink ribbons; a small, prettily featured face, soft, dark Irish eyes, and smiling lips as red as ripe cherries, Rose Maloney was a pleasant object to look upon.

Evelyn felt as if she would love her by-and-by. As for Rose, who had been touched to the heart by her first glimpse of Evelyn's sweet, sorrowful face, and had been further won by the gratitude with which her services were received, she was already in love with her young mistress.

Before Evelyn went to sleep that first night, she knew that she had made one friend in the great house.

Rose's was the last face she saw at night, and the first in the morning. When she awoke, a little startled—for it was full daylight, and she was afraid she had slept too long—there was a daintily laid teatray by her bedside, and the trim little figure that she had seen the night before was busying itself about her room, putting everything to rights. "But I mustn't keep you altogether, Rose," she said, when, in her pretty, gentle way, she had thanked her for her attention. "Does no one else want you?"

"Is it the young ladies? But they won't be up for another hour, and if you like to sleep a little longer, dear miss——"

"Oh, no," said Evelyn, smiling; "this is very late for me."

Then Rose helped her to dress; and, after further instructing her in the ways of the place, led her down to the breakfast-room, where Mrs. Delamaine, clad in a gorgeously coloured tea-gown, was hovering about the spread table, and Mr. Delamaine was reading his paper tranquilly.

"Good-morning, dear. How did you sleep? I hope you found everything comfortable," said the good-natured matron. "Yes? That's right. These are holiday times, and the young people lie a little later in the morning. But there's no reason why we should wait for them. Ring the bell, papa. We will have breakfast together."

Mr. Delamaine put down his paper, and greeted Evelyn kindly. "Yes," he said, when she had answered his inquiries, "this is holiday-time. I rather think of starting for Scotland to-morrow. The girls talk of Brighton. London is dreary this time of the year."

"The first time for I don't know how long that we have been at home at this season," commented Mrs. Delamaine. "I tell papa that he will have to set up a country house soon. The girls get so bored here when the season is over. We stayed a little longer this year on your account. Papa and I thought it would be much better to receive you first at home, and the dear girls were so nice about it. My dear child," parenthetically, "you are eating nothing."

"Oh, thank you," said Evelyn; "I am not very hungry."

"Let her alone; she will get up her appetite presently," said Mr. Delamaine. "We mustn't expect too much at first."

He returned to his paper, and Mrs. Delamaine to the little monologue, which went on, with more or less fluency, the whole day long. The day, in fact, was scarcely long enough for Mrs. Delamaine's observations. She had so many topics of enthralling interest—the girls and the servants, and the boys and the tradesmen, and her neighbours and the weather. During the hour of breakfast—it was more than an hour before the young people began to drop in—Evelyn received a perfectly bewildering amount of information about the family. Julia's beauty, and Adelaide's ability, and Agnes's unselfishness, were all touched upon. Then the boys had their turn. "They are such good, clever young fellows," she said. "Yes, papa, you may smile—fathers never properly appreciate their sons, Miss Dacre; but I am not the only person who praises them. Mrs. Smithson was saying yesterday that she never met such young men anywhere. Always at home! I am sure it is quite touching. Clifford? Papa is always bringing up Clifford when I speak about the boys. Now, I say that Clifford is the genius of the family."

So on, until the young people came dropping in, when the talk drifted off to the misdoings of servants and the difficulties of London housekeeping.

Evelyn noticed with surprise that when Mrs. Delamaine was speaking, no one paid any attention to her. The girls chatted one with the other, and laid out their plans for the day. The boys read their letters, and made detached remarks to their father and sisters. Mr. Delamaine remained absorbed in his paper. She paid all the more attention. The effect, however, was bewildering; and she felt relieved when Mr. Delamaine, having put down his paper, asked her if she would go with him to his library.

"I must start to-morrow," he said, when they were alone together; "and I think I should like you to know something about your business before I go. If

you would rather my wife talked to you, it will, of course, be just the same."

Evelyn thanked her guardian, and said that she was quite ready to hear whatever he thought it right she should know.

"Well, you see," he answered, "you are sure to hear others speak. The fact is," hesitatingly—he did not himself either approve of or understand his friend's will—"you are not left nearly so well off as it was thought you would have been. Your father's style of living must have led you to expect—"

"Oh!" she broke in impulsively, "I expected nothing. Have I nothing really? For if so, I can work, as others have done. I think I should like to work."

"Work! Oh, dear no!" said Mr. Delamaine, cheerfully. "Not for money, at least. You have a fair income—for a woman, a good income—only, as the daughter and heiress of Sir John Dacre, you ought to have been rich. People will tell you so, at least; and I want you to promise me to take no notice of what anyone says on this subject. Your father put the fullest confidence in me. I hope you will do the same."

"Indeed, indeed I will!" said Evelyn, her eyes filling with tears.

"Then," said Mr. Delamaine, hastily—he was a man who shrank from anything like a scene—"we can turn to other matters. I have arranged that you shall stay with us for the present, and I trust that you will be comfortable and happy; but if there is any other arrangement you would prefer—No? That is well. We are getting through our business swimmingly," said Mr. Delamaine. It had distressed him not to have been able, hitherto, to persuade Evelyn to talk about her business. "One thing more. My girls and boys would call it the most important of all. You have been accustomed, I suppose, to have a certain sum of money that you could do as you pleased with?"

"I had pocket-money," answered Evelyn, with a sad smile, "and so had Regy. We used to buy our presents with it."

"You will want to buy other things besides presents now. Your dress: I suppose you would like to see about that for yourself. My girls and their maid will help you. I give them thirty pounds a quarter. I can't say they always stick to it closely. Ladies' dress, they tell me, is expensive nowadays. Perhaps you will try how you get on with it for a time. But remember," said Mr. Delamaine, kindly, "I don't wish to restrict you in any way."

"Thank you," murmured Evelyn; "you are very good."

"Not at all. I am acting for your poor father, who was one of the best friends I ever had. By-the-by," after a brief pause, during which Evelyn, who had found out that her guardian did not like tears, was trying to control herself, "you spoke of Regy just now: Reginald Stirling, I suppose—the young fellow in whom your father took such a deep interest?"

"Yes; my father taught him. He and I were like brother and sister."

Again the sad eyes filled, and there were dangerous twitches about the sensitive mouth.

"So I understood from the Countess Guicciola," said Mr. Delamaine. "She is very anxious"—he smiled as he spoke—"that the friendship between you shall be kept up. You wish to keep it up yourself?"

Wish to be friends with Regy! Evelyn looked at her guardian in surprise. He nodded his head in a friendly, but exceedingly perplexing manner. "Quite right," he said, "quite right! I understand perfectly. Write and say that, whenever he likes to come here, we shall be delighted to see him. He is a young man of considerable promise, and his father is one of the most successful financiers in London. You don't know what that means yet, but you will some day. Well," rising from his chair, "I think we have arranged everything, so I will pass you over to the ladies."

Much of this was enigmatical to Evelyn: but she felt a little less timorous than she had done. Though her guardian was not one to whom she could pour out her troubles, he was kind and gentle, and he had known and loved her father, and her father had trusted in him. The prospect of seeing Reginald soon helped to encourage her. She could talk to him, oh! yes, she could talk to him all day long, and about everything. It would be like the dear old times, which already, to poor Evelyn, seemed so far away.

Agnes, whom she met in the hall, took her to the sitting-room which the three girls shared.

"Come in here," she said. "The others are out—Julia has gone to Signor Cherubini's—she is having her likeness taken. It is to be in the Academy next year—as St. Cecilia sitting at a harpsichord—don't you know? her hair down, and her eyes with a rapt look in them. I don't know how he will get the expression; I never saw Julia look rapt. But artists deal with the ideal. Adelaide has gone with her to play propriety. They wanted me to go too, but I thought you would be feeling a little lost this first morning."

"Thank you very much," said Evelyn.

"Oh! no, not at all. Now, what should you like to do? Write letters? That's a very dry occupation. But here you are: pens, ink, paper. Oh! by-the-by, before you begin I want you to tell me something. You know the Stirlings, don't you?—Mr. Stirling and his son? I hear he—the son—is extraordinarily handsome."

"You mean Reginald Stirling?"

"Oh! Is that his Christian name? I don't know him, you know. Julia met him the other day at a drawing-room meeting given by Lady Olive Cuninghame for the poor serving-women of London. Julia doesn't go in for that kind of thing. She went because she wanted to see Lady Olive's rooms. Young Stirling was there—quite at home—Lady Olive treating him like one of the family. He

spoke, too, so well and feelingly, that Julia had a fit of benevolence which lasted a week. I believe she has fallen in love with him, the little goose! Ridiculous, as I tell her, when, in a few months, he will have all the London world at his feet. Clever, and handsome, and rich. Why, he is a prize! Blushing, Evelyn? You don't mean to say that you are in love with him too!"

Evelyn turned away—tears of vexation in her eyes. The colour had flamed to her face; she could not tell why. This talk was different from any she had ever heard before.

"Well, don't blush; it would be only natural," said Agnes. "And I am keeping you from writing with my chatter. Go on with your letters. I will try to keep quiet for five minutes."

She turned to the window, and Evelyn took up her pen. The letter was to Reginald. A few moments ago she had known exactly what she wanted to say—to tell him that she had arrived, that she felt strange, homesick, solitary—that he must come and see her as soon as he could, so that they might have one of their long, delightful talks. But now, with Agnes in the room, and watching her, she found that she could not write what she would.

"My dearest Regy," she began—then broke off. He was not the exquisite little gentleman of the dear old days. He was the rich and handsome Mr. Stirling, with all the world at his feet.

She tore the sheet across, and tried again.

"My dear Reginald," she wrote, and came to a full stop. "My—dear—Reginald." How stiff the words looked upon paper! She had never written to him so; she could not begin now. He might be a fine gentleman ten times over, and yet it would be impossible. She would prefer not to write to him at all. But she must write. It was her only chance of seeing him.

"Dearest Regy" (that looked better), "I have arrived safely at my guardian's house, and he wishes me to say that if you can spare time to come and see me—" Again she broke off. Had she no wishes of her own?

"Yes, tear it up. Third sheet!" said Agnes.

"Oh! please—please—don't look at me," pleaded Evelyn.

Agnes retreated to the window, laughing.

"I love my love with an R," she murmured, "because he's—not rich, that would never do—right, rigid—no, what a tiresome letter R is!"

Meanwhile, Evelyn, in desperation, dashed off two or three words:—

"DEAREST REGY,—I am in London, and everything seems strange to me. Do come and see me as soon as ever you can.—Your affectionate friend,

"EVELYN DACRE."

She added her address, folded the sheet hastily, and put it into an envelope.

Agnes turned round. "What! is that all?" she said.



"Julia returned from the piano and appropriated him."—p. 627.

"All the letters I want to write to-day," answered Evelyn.

"Then, come and get dressed. I have ordered the carriage. We will take a little drive, and then call for the others at Signor Cherubini's."

CHAPTER XIV.—REGINALD'S ANSWER.

EVELYN received an answer to her note by return of post. It was written in Reginald's bold, rapid style of penmanship—

"MY DEAREST EVY.—Thank you for your letter. I was longing more than I can express to receive news of you. I am working hard—staying up out of term to read for my examinations. You know why and for whose sake I wish to distinguish myself; but I will take a holiday, and run up to London for a couple of days to see you. I wish I could be near you and see you every day; but this year it cannot be. Next year, if God will, I shall be freer. Do you remember, it will be just a year next April since we parted at Rome? I came here after Easter. It seems years—centuries ago. My father is with me now. He has taken a cottage by the river, and I spend with him all the time I can spare from my books. He has been very ill—overwork,

the doctors say, and constant excitement. My poor dear father! He has been working for me, that I may be wealthy and considered. I am trying to keep him from work now. What does it matter? I tell him; riches are a terrible burden and responsibility. I think I should be happier if we were not so rich. But he cannot see it so. He pores over the money article of the papers, and sends letters and telegrams to his agents in London, and cannot be satisfied unless he sees our fortune growing. His only peaceful hours are when I paddle him up and down the lovely reach of river in front of our garden—I wish you could see it, Evelyn!—and talk about Italy and you. He sends you the warmest remembrances. Since I received your letter he has done nothing but consider how he could be useful to you. He would have rushed up to London the moment your note came if I had not prevented him, and that, of course, would have meant returning to work, which the doctor here says would be fatal. In the meantime, he is making all sorts of arrangements that, if you should not be comfortable in your new home, he may be able to receive you without any delay. But more of all this when we meet. To-morrow afternoon, if all be well, I shall hope to call upon you.—Yours ever,

"REGINALD STIRLING."

The letter arrived in the morning early, and Rose Maloney brought it up to Evelyn's room with the cup of tea which she insisted on preparing for her before she dressed.

Rose, who had begun by feeling a strong sympathy for Evelyn, was so won upon by her gentleness and grace as to love her—fervently, as the children of her warm-hearted race can love when they think it worth their while to love at all. Already the Miss Delamaines complained that she neglected them to run after Evelyn, and Mrs. Delamaine, to whom the matter was referred, proposed to engage a Frenchwoman to wait upon them, and to give up Rose to Evelyn. It was in pursuance of the duties of her new position—Miss Dacre's own maid—that Rose had abstracted Reginald's letter from the little heap of letters on the breakfast-table, and carried it up with the tea-tray.

Evelyn, who had dreaded opening Reginald's answer to the poor little note which had given her so much trouble to write before the family, rewarded Rose for her thoughtfulness by a smile that set the girl's heart glowing for the day.

All these days she had been feeling as if Regy—the friend of her childhood—had gone. His frank, boyish letter gave him back to her.

She read it and looked back at the date.

"To-morrow!" she cried out. "Why, it is to-day! Make haste, dear Rosa. I should like to be down before any of the others."

They made as much haste as possible; but Evelyn was not first. When she went down Mrs. Delamaine was deep in the usual monologue, addressed to-day to the impassive figure of her second son, Clifford, who was surveying space from the hearthrug. Evelyn would have preferred to tell Mrs. Delamaine her great news alone; but Clifford was better than one of the girls. The languid expression of his face changed to lively interest when she came in.

"Good-morning, Miss Dacre," he said. "I am first this morning, you see."

"I am afraid I am late," said Evelyn.

"Oh, no! you are in plenty of time. What are you people to do if you are about so early?" answered Mrs. Delamaine. "But how bright you look this morning, dear!"

"I have had good news," said Evelyn, the colour springing to her face. "My guardian said I might ask Reg—Mr. Stirling—here. So I wrote to him, and he is coming this afternoon."

"Very well, dear—to afternoon tea, I suppose. Perhaps he will let us keep him to dinner."

"Stirling—is that the son of the financier? What a lucky beggar that young fellow is! Has everything—good looks, money, talent! Coming this afternoon, you say? I think I will be at home to meet him," said Clifford.

"We will all be at home," said Mrs. Delamaine tranquilly. "Papa wants us to be particularly attentive to him."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Evelyn; but she gave

an involuntary sigh. She was wondering if she and Regy would be allowed to have one quiet word together.

It was a bustling day at the Delamaines'; for that evening there was to be a little reception of country cousins, before whose easily dazzled eyes the variety of useful and useless articles that the Miss Delamaines had collected for the fancy fair to be held the following month at Brighton were to be displayed.

By the hour for afternoon-tea, however, all the bustle was over, and everyone was in the drawing-room, expecting Reginald's visit.

Evelyn, in her deep black, looked pretty and fragile—prettier, Julia Delamaine thought, than she had ever seen her. Julia herself had seldom looked so handsome. She was a dark beauty, with large brown eyes, clear olive complexion, regular features, and a figure admirable in its stateliness and grace. Clifford, who had kept his promise, was hovering about the room, doing nothing, and—his sisters said—very much in the way. Rosy and comfortable-looking Mrs. Delamaine, plunged in a deep arm-chair, surveyed the scene amiably. She was never tired of admiring her sons and daughters—talking, as usual, to whichever of the young people she could persuade to listen to her. Agnes, whose eyes were full of smiling malice, sat near the window to report what was passing outside. "A carriage? Now, whose can that be? I thought everyone was out of town. Keep yourselves calm, Evelyn and Julia. It is passing. Do I think he will come in a private carriage?"—this to Adelaide—"now, how can I tell? He might come in a carriage and six if he chose. But princes——" A pause.

"Well?" said Julia.

"Hush! I was just wondering. Yes; I am right. How clever of me! I shall think largely of my own powers of divination for the future. Prepare yourselves! The prince's foot is on the stairs."

"Oh, dear, Agnes!" cried Mrs. Delamaine. "I do wish you wouldn't be *quite* so silly. Evelyn, who does not know us yet, will think——"

The reproof was cut short by the entrance of the butler. "Mr. Stirling!" he announced.

The girls and Mrs. Delamaine rose. Evelyn stood in the background, her heart beating strangely. She had looked at Regy through her own eyes hitherto; now she looked at him through the eyes of others.

She heard Mrs. Delamaine's voice. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Stirling; pray come in. My daughters: my second son, Clifford. Evelyn, where are you?"

"I am here," said the young girl quietly. She came forward, holding out both her hands. For that one moment she had forgotten them all. He was himself—the Regy of the dear old days. "Evy!" he said in a shaken voice.

"I am so glad to see you!" she murmured. "How good of you to come!"

"I could not help coming. You wrote that you wanted to see me."

"Oh! I did—so much—so much. But——"

"But do sit down, Mr. Stirling," interposed the voice of Mrs. Delamaine. "Clifford, bring a chair here by me. We have heard of you, and we are so glad to make your acquaintance. Now the ice is broken, you know, you must come often. Mr. Delamaine is off to Scotland; but Clifford is here to represent him. Will you not dine with us this evening? We have a few friends coming—all intimate—to see——"

"Oh! that would scarcely interest Mr. Stirling," interrupted Julia.

"Why not?" objected Mrs. Delamaine. "The bazaar is for a charitable object. Papa says"—smiling—"that it is only a new way of picking people's pockets, and that it would be much better to give the money without so much fuss. But we know—don't we, Mr. Stirling?—that people want management—especially rich people. Will you come this evening?"

Reginald glanced at Evelyn. "I am very sorry," he said, "but I must go back to Oxford this evening. My father is not quite so well." He read the disappointment in her face, and he added, "But I shall hope to pay you another visit soon."

"We are leaving for Brighton this week," said Agnes.

"Then I might run down to Brighton," said Reginald, with a smile.

"Oh, do! and come to our bazaar," said Agnes. "We want young men. All our most profitable men are disappointing us."

"I wish you would," echoed Julia. "You can't think how pleasant it will be—all sorts of distinguished people taking stalls." She looked at him entreatingly out of her beautiful dark eyes. "Say you will come!" she pleaded.

"I am afraid I cannot promise," said Reginald. Agnes looked away, smiling maliciously. Was ever such an unimpressible young man heard of?

"Don't tease Mr. Stirling; he will come if he can," said Mrs. Delamaine.

"But why can't he promise?" asked Agnes.

"Because I might not be able to fulfil my promise, Miss Delamaine," he answered. "I am studying hard."

"Studying! I wonder what?" said Agnes, flip-pantly.

"All sorts of things. If I were to tell you about them, you might vote me a bore," said Reginald.

"Of course she would," said Mrs. Delamaine, hastily. "Ring the bell for tea, Agnes, and don't talk any more nonsense. And, Julia dear, I am sure Mr. Stirling would be glad of a little music. She is studying under Herr Schmiedler, Mr. Stirling, and he says her execution is quite remarkable. Yes, my dear," to Julia. "You know he does. Now go to the piano, like a good girl; you play fast enough when——"

"Mamma!" from Julia.

"Let me have the pleasure of taking you to the piano," said Reginald. Evelyn smiled. Ah! he

had not changed. He was the same exquisite gentleman that he used to be. Julia was gracious. Who could resist Reginald? She allowed herself to be led to the piano, sat down, and began to play. What she was playing, except that it was noisy, no one in the room knew; not Reginald, certainly, for, instead of staying near the piano, as Julia thought he would have done, he was making his way back to the circle near the window. To his disappointment, he found his place filled. Clifford had dropped into the chair beside Evelyn, and was speaking to her softly under the cover of the music. Hoping that the disposition of things would change presently, Reginald fell back upon Agnes, who talked to him pleasantly for a few minutes. Then Julia returned from the piano and appropriated him. He must help her at the tea-tray; Clifford was so awkward and lazy, she would not have him. Then, when everyone was served, he must talk to her; she wanted to hear about Oxford—that dear, delightful, learned old town. When the boys were at college she used to know it so well. It was charming to renew her old memories. Thus it went on until Reginald felt that he could prolong his visit no further.

He fancied—was it only fancy?—that, when their hands touched at parting, Evelyn looked at him sorrowfully; and he went away with a pang at his heart. If he could only see her alone—speak to her for five minutes! But how could he? And if the chance came, what was he to say? Was it possible to make her understand how he thought of her without doing what he felt himself bound by the most sacred of engagements not to do yet? His promise had been given to the dead. "Wait!" his best friend had said, "wait one year!" He had pleaded; but Sir John had been firm, and he had given his word. Everything had changed since then, and some would have said that the promise did not bind him now. But Reginald could not see it so, and he went away sadly.

"I must have patience," he said. "The spring will soon be here, and, in the meantime, I can see her—that is something."

He was on his way to his father's office in the City, in search of some papers that he wanted. In the corridor leading to the office a clerk met him. "Mr. Rook is inside, sir," he said. "He wants to see you."

"And who is Mr. Rook?" asked Reginald.

The man looked at him curiously. He Mr. Stirling's son, and not know who Mr. Rook was!

"Why he's the manager of the wholesale establishment," he said. "He wants to purchase, I believe. But Mr. Stirling being so ill, he thought he'd like to see you before concluding the arrangement."

CHAPTER XV.—2, LAMBETH COURT, LAMBETH.

BUT for the strange new feelings which the girls' banter had aroused in her mind, Evelyn would have written to Reginald after that unsatisfactory meeting.

She wished to say how grieved she had been to hear of his father's illness, and how fervently she longed to have one of their old talks again. But no sooner did she take up her pen to write than the memory of something Agnes or Julia had said would come to her, and her hand would seem to be paralysed. And so she waited, hoping that Reginald would write to her.

The days wore on, however, and no letter came, and her heart grew sick with waiting.

In the meantime the bustle of departure began. Evelyn was left pretty much to herself during those busy days. She offered her services to Mrs. Delamaine; but that bustling lady assured her that there was nothing she could do. Agnes and Adelaide, whom she wished to help, made her very much the same answer; and with Julia, who, since Reginald's visit, had been a little more stately than before, she did not venture to interfere.

During these lonely days her mind reverted perpetually to the incidents of her voyage from Naples; and one day she plucked up courage to ask Mrs. Delamaine about Edwin Merrill. The answer given to her was vague and tremulous, for this good, easy-going woman, who liked to be kind to everyone, so long as the process of bestowing kindnesses was not troublesome to herself, preferred not to think of her nephew.

"I don't know where he is, exactly," she said. "He will find us out, of course. But we think—that is, Mr. Delamaine thinks—well, you see, the poor fellow seems to have been a little wild, and we want to see if he means to settle down to work, before we encourage him. It is *such* a responsibility to have a number of boys and girls. You know, the interests of one's own must come first."

Perhaps Evelyn did not quite understand this line of reasoning. "I think Mr. Merrill is very good and very clever," she said, after a brief pause, and then, to Mrs. Delamaine's relief, Agnes came in, with questions about arrangements.

Evelyn was busy over a pair of socks for Pickles, and the day before their start for Brighton, when she was in her room with Rose, who had begun to pack up her things, she put the last stitch into the last sock. She was seized immediately with a strong desire to take them to Pickles herself. "Rose," she said suddenly, "do you know where Lambeth is?"

"Is it in London, miss?"

"Oh, yes, it is in London, and I think it must be a poor place. Here is the address—2, Lamb's Court, Lambeth. A little child, who travelled over with me from Italy, lives there. I should like very much to go and see him."

"I'll ask," said Rose; she disappeared, and returned quickly with the information that Lamb's Court, Lambeth, was within an easy drive.

"Oh! then, let us go—you and I together," cried Evelyn. "No one wants me, and we can finish all this to-night."

Rose, who would have sat up all night rather than deny her young mistress anything on which she had set her heart, agreed at once; and, no one stopping them, they started off for Lamb's Court, which they reached in a hansom that Evelyn hired in obedience to Rose's instructions.

The driver of the hansom, who had pulled up with a jerk, was crying down to them that this was Lamb's Court, "the only Lamb's Court he knew of," when the two young girls, looking out, found themselves in a blind alley, dustier and drearier than the streets they had just gone through.

"All right!" shouted back Rose. "We'll see. Wait you here!" She jumped down, helped out Evelyn, and knocked at the door of No. 2. There came sounds of pattering feet from inside. "Pickles, I do believe!" said Evelyn with a smile. The door opened slowly. It was Pickles—not so rosy a Pickles as the hero of Evelyn's voyage, but a sturdy, independent, very-much-astonished Pickles, who stood up squarely on his little fat legs, and greeted Evelyn with a long, fixed gaze. "Don't you know me, darling?" she said. He looked at her again, and then turned round swiftly, and rushed back into the house, screaming out, "Mother, mother!"

"Oh! Pickles, Pickles!" wailed a well-remembered voice from the inner room. "In mischief again?"

"Not in mischief this time, dear Mrs. Stevens."

At the sound of Evelyn's voice the poor woman sprang to her feet. "Why, it's the young lady from the ship!" she cried out, bursting into tears. "Oh! miss—miss! Sit down. I'm not in trouble; but that glad to see you—all in a flutter, like. And won't the other young lady sit down too? I'll clear the bed. Miss, it's such an unexpected pleasure! I'd been asking Mr. Merrill—only yesterday—as it might be—"

"Then Mr. Merrill has come to see you?" said Evelyn.

"Come to see me! Bless you, miss, he's come again and again. Helped me, too, when I didn't know which way to turn. He's been an untold friend to me, has Mr. Merrill; and he do it all in his laughing way, as if it weren't nothing at all; and haven't you seen him, miss, since you came ashore?"

"No; he hasn't been so kind to me as to you, Mrs. Stevens. Will you remember me very kindly to him when you see him again?"

"That I will, miss."

Pickles had, in the meantime, been lifted on to Evelyn's knee, and was gazing up at her in childish delight. The poor little fellow had met with rebuffs since he came to London, and was readier to accept petting than he had been on board the *Iberia*.

As for Mrs. Stevens, when the current of her speech began to flow, it was not easy to stop it.

She poured out the history of her troubles. When her husband died across the water, her friends had written to her to come home. Now she had come they could not help her much. Some of them had fallen

on hard times. Her sister, who lived in the same house, had her husband out of work. She had taken up plain sewing, and just managed, by working all day and half the night, to keep the wolf from the door.

She showed Evelyn her work, which was the button-holing. She worked, she said, for a contractor, who supplied a great firm in the City, and she had to work twelve holes before she earned a penny. It had been very hard at first; but she was beginning to get into the way of it. Some poor souls worked for less.

As she talked, Pickles was leaning his curly head against Evelyn, and begging her not to leave him. He fell asleep in this position presently, and they sat on together, Mrs. Stevens quite happy at being allowed to talk, until Rose became uneasy about the time; and then Evelyn woke up Pickles with a kiss, gave his mother the socks she had worked for him, and pressed into his own little hand something hard and bright, which Pickles thought a pretty plaything, but which was discovered by his mother to be a piece of gold.

Evelyn was later in returning than was customary, that afternoon, and, as this was the first time she had taken an excursion on her own account, Mrs. Delamaine and her daughters were curious to know where she had been.

She explained, and Mrs. Delamaine looked alarmed.

"My dear child," she said, "you must ask me before you do such things. London is not Capri."

"We are never allowed to go into the back-slums," said Julia, a look of disgust on her handsome face.

"But I assure you there was nothing unpleasant in Mrs. Stevens's room," pleaded Evelyn. "It is poor, of course; but——"

"My dear, it is the neighbourhood. One never knows what one may pick up. Fever, you know, and that kind of thing," cried Mrs. Delamaine. "With a large household like mine one has so many responsibilities. Think what it would be if small-pox got in amongst us!"

"Horrible!" said Julia, with a shudder.

Evelyn made no answer. She did not altogether understand this talk about responsibilities. But she knew she was inexperienced, and thought it quite possible that what she had done was foolish. For all this, she could not bring herself to be sorry that she and Rose had paid their visit to Lamb's Court.

That night, as she thought of the dull, wretched

district through which she had passed, there came to her a vague idea of living away somewhere by herself, or with only one other—Rose, perhaps—and going to and fro amongst the poor to help and comfort them.



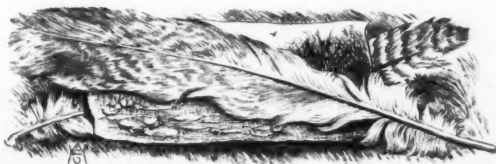
"Don't you know me, darling?" she said.—p. 628.

And then she would remember, with a curious sinking of heart, how young she was, and how long it would be before she had the command of herself and her money.

"I must obey for the present," she thought. "But I may be getting ready for the future, and some day, perhaps, someone will want me again."

Little could she have imagined, meanwhile, what an important effect upon the future her acquaintanceship and that of Edwin Merrill with Pickles and his mother would have.

(To be continued.)



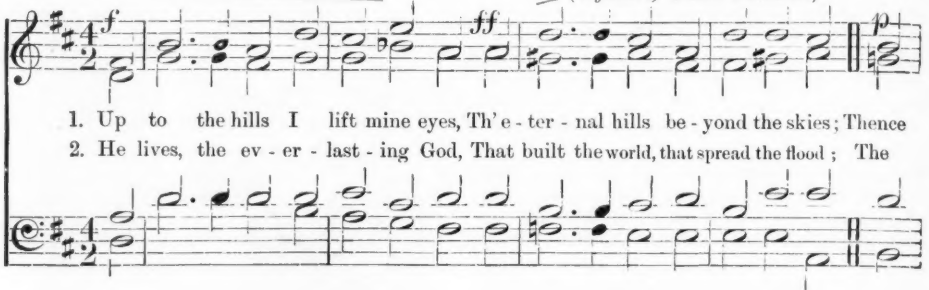
"Up to the Hills."

(Psalm cxxi.)

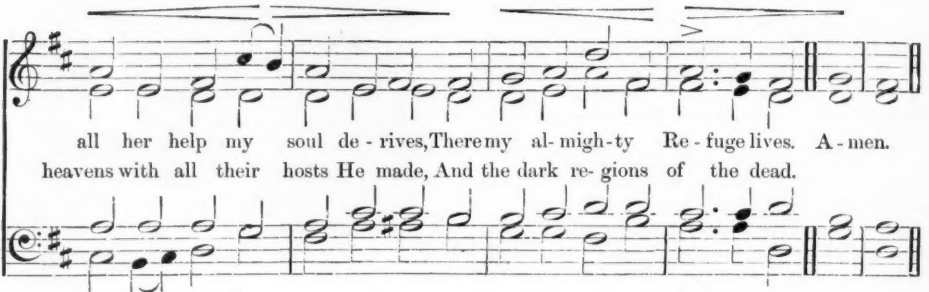
Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, M.A., Mus.D., Oxon.

(Organist of Chester Cathedral.)



1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th'e - ter - nal hills be - yond the skies; Thence
2. He lives, the ev - er - last - ing God, That built the world, that spread the flood; The



all her help my soul de - rives, There my al - migh - ty Re - fuge lives. A - men.
heavens with all their hosts He made, And the dark re - gions of the dead.

3.

He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4.

Israel, a name Divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

THE SHEWN WAY.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC.

"Shew me Thy way, O Lord; teach me Thy paths."—PSALM XXV. 4.

THESE words, which we have met in the Psalms, have no place in the real life of most men; very possibly they may have none in the lives of some of you. You may have said them, and yet they meant nothing for the future; even as you may have often said them, and they have meant nothing in the past. They are the realities of David, not of you.

If this be so, it will be nothing surprising; it will only accord with nature—i.e. poor fallen

nature, the nature which having burst away from obedience and law, from a "shewn way," and a "taught path" in Paradise, has now become practically lawless, wanting to be shewn nothing, to be taught nothing, but to be let alone, and, as we say, "go its own way."

We are now by nature so full of ourselves that *we* will do this, and *we* will do that; *we* will go here, and *we* will go there; and do not want God either as the End or the Director of our lives,

I do not say that men do not want Him as an object of worship for the religious instinct; perhaps the conscience requires that; but a God in daily life—a God in business, in the family, in spendings and determinings; a God in our yes-es and noes, an influence other than our own will, an adviser other than our own judgment, an end other than our own self in comfort, gratification, and gain—that we do not want.

I put it to you now, whether there are not some among you to whom it would really make no difference if God were entirely blotted out, except so far as what you call “saying your prayers” goes, morning and evening; and “going to church,” as you call it, on Sundays.

Now David could not do without God, and many men—it may be, far below David, but still of David’s heart—cannot do without God. If you took God away from them, it would be like taking the sun out of the heavens; if you removed Him from their life and thought, they would feel bewildered and lost. They may be very imperfect; sometimes they may so forget themselves as to “lean unto their own understandings;” but their heart’s desire is this: “Shew me Thy way, O Lord: teach me Thy paths.”

Now there are four practical purposes for which a man in whom there is the Spirit of God makes this humble petition. If I were to ask him now, before I tell them to you, what are these four objects which he has in view in saying to God, “Shew me Thy way, O Lord; teach me Thy paths,” he would probably be puzzled, and simply say, “I want God to shew me what I ought to do, and what I ought not to do;” and he could think of no more. But if I were to say to him, “Don’t you want to be shewn these ways, and taught these paths that you may have information about the doings of your God with you, and His will for you; and don’t you want to be shewn in order that you may subject your mind and will to Him; and don’t you want, too, because you feel that you are only foolish, and wish to be directed, and so to be put in a state of surety and peace; and don’t you want this for purposes of adoration, that you may adore Him whom you love, and who doeth all things well; in a word, don’t you want to be taught for information, and subjection, and direction, and adoration?” “Ah!” you would say, “yes; that’s just it. I could not put it into words, but that’s just it. You haven’t told me anything new. I *do* want Him to tell me about His ways and paths; I do want to know what is His will, that I may make mine, by the grace of His Holy Spirit, the same as His. I do want Him to direct me, for the older I grow the wiser I become—the more do I feel like Solomon, that I am only a little child, and need leading in and out. I do want to praise Thee more and more; and with all these wants in my being and life—felt, pressing—hungry, thirsty—all crying out for Thee, ‘my soul is athirst for God, for the Living God,’ how can I get

along unless I am shewn Thy ways and taught Thy paths?”

This prayer is something eminently practical; it means something definite. Elsewhere we are told that His “way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known;” “clouds and darkness,” too, we are told, “are round about His throne;” but our prayer does not want to enter into these secret places of the Most High. There are paths which God walks in, footsteps which He leaves in regions the bare existence of which we do not know, with which we have nothing to do. What we want to be shewn are the ways and paths of God for us, the ways in which He walks to us, and in which we are to walk to Him in daily life. We, like Peter, have not faith now to walk even upon a lake, but, like him, we can follow Jesus (who is God revealed) upon the shore.

Many sermons aim at nothing, and hit it. I do not want this paper, short as it is, to be one of these. I want you to take to heart without any shadow of doubt what you ought to do, what will be good for you to do, and how you are to do it.

You are to say this prayer, and to say it all round, without any reservation. You are to say it meaning something and expecting it to produce something. All that I have put into words for you is to be worked into it by your feelings and desires. You are not to be the same after you have said it as you were before. You are to be a man whom God has heard, and whom He will teach; a man who has bent his will to God. For surely none of you are wicked enough to say, “I will ask God to shew me His ways and paths just that I may not walk in them, but go in a contrary direction, or in my own way pure and simple, whatever that may be.” You are to expect to be a directed, a led man, and to have cause—anyhow, in the long run—to be an adoring man. Do not be afraid. “All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as fear Him.” They will every one—the most circuitous, the most thorny, the most lonely—be found at the last to have been full of unutterable mercy and truth to you.

Your path may be into the place which is desert, as Philip’s was; it may be an Emmaus path, in which, like the disciples, as we walk we are sad; but at the end of Philip’s path a soul is given him for his hire, and at the end of the Emmaus path is a revelation of the risen Lord.

First, then, say, “O Lord, Thou hast said, ‘I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way in which thou shouldest go; I will guide thee with Mine eye’—*do* teach me. I can know Thy will only by the Holy Ghost revealing it to me. Shew it to me. I humbly wait on Thee to reveal, so far as Thou art pleased, Thy designs, and motives, and plans, and ultimate results in telling me to walk in this path; but I am content to go on Thy way like Abraham, going out, and not knowing whither I go. Only make clear what is Thy way. That

much I may ask absolutely. 'Make plain Thy way before me;' and *in the way* direct me and strengthen me. Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not. I know that the mere knowledge of its being Thy way will not keep such a poor, weak, and inconstant heart and will as mine steady; therefore be with me in the shewn way, so that it may not only be a way *of* God, but a way *with* God.

"Teach me also and shew me for *subjection*, that I may not be wandering hither and thither under impulses of my own will. I want to know in order to obey; not to debate about a shewn way and a taught path, but to obey about it, to will Thy will concerning it, whether I am strong or weak; whether I can run in it, or only limp lamely along on it—still there to be.

"And I want to know it for *adoration*. I want to say, 'Righteous art Thou in all Thy ways, and holy in all Thy works.' I want to be a praising man—to say *in all*, and of *all*, 'My God hath done all things well;' 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good,' and it must be good."

The object of this paper is to get you to use this prayer—to use it with a purpose—to expect something to come out of it, to expect God to answer it, to establish between you and God confidences, with issues in daily life which have never existed up to now. And where that prayer is a little known, to make it much more known, and with issues much more real. Bring this prayer into your soul life, and your body life, and your home life, and your business life, and you shall know things about them all, the secrets of which are with God, and which you by yourself never could have found out.

It would take many sermons to tell you all that this text has to say, but this much I may add which must be helpful to all such as use this prayer: Do not make this prayer in *general* unless you wish it to be really, when answered, a life-pervading, a life-organising prayer.

Do not make it on any *particular* occasion, unless you desire and intend to walk in the path shewn *on* and *for* that occasion.

Be honestly practical in saying this prayer. God will not reveal Himself either to hypocrisy, unreality,

reservation, or curiosity. Remember that if God has shewn you a way, and you do your part in it, He is bound so to order all events in and on His own path, that it will prove itself in the end to have been the best of all possible paths.

Once having been established in a way of God's, let us try to *proceed* quietly, or to *stand still* quietly, or it may be even to sit down restingly, but observantly and expectingly, if such be the indication of His will, waiting for direction, if need be, *in the way*, but not rushing out of it as if it were not the way at all.

You are thinking, thinking, thinking; God will not leave you to think alone, but will reveal His way to your thoughts, or *through* them, and *out of* them, but always into His own way, which in some instances lies outside the beat of our own thoughts altogether. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul."

Remember that His way may not be our way at all; or if it be our way, it may go much farther than is intended, or not near so far.

Remember that God, the same God, may be in many entirely different ways: long, monotonous roads, crowded streets, lonely lanes, roads with quick curves and right angles, roads circuitous and straight, roads through wildernesses and gardens, roads bordered with the blossoming may, roads fringed with the stinging nettle, roads along which roll gaily the equipages of the rich, roads trodden wearily only by the dull tramp or shuffle of the poor. Whatever is appointed to us, that will all be safe to us, if only God shews us and teaches us that for *us* this or that is His way.

Yea, is not the path and way of death itself safe, for is it not *His* path and *His* way? Is not Christ the Son of God, is He not God, and did not the tomb receive Him before the cloud—did He not return to His Father's House, not by one spring of ascension, but by the dark and circuitous path of crucifixion? Therefore the shewing and the teaching concerning this path run thus: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

THE PAST.

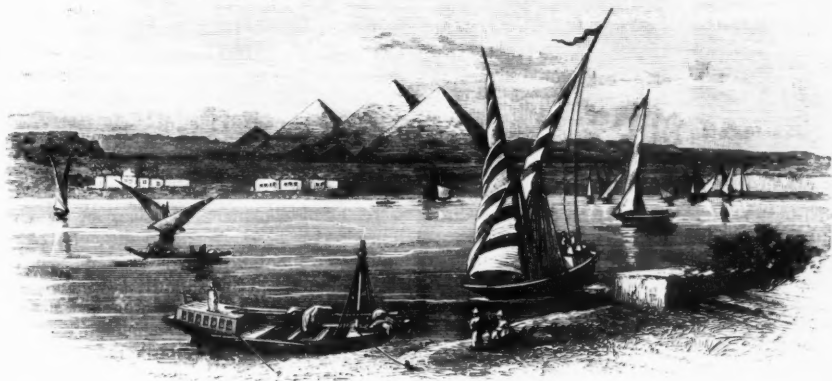
"God requireth that which is past."—ECCLES. iii. 15.

LEE from thee? yes! if from itself the soul
Can flee away, and be at rest again;
If, when unfathomable oceans roll
Between the parted, they can break the chain
Whose sweet and subtle links unite from far
Spirit to spirit, by a mightier law

Than that which subjects distant star to star;
Then we may flee away, and grief and awe,
And love's last looks, may from our lives depart,
And light return unto the darkened heart.
But no—for mortal this is not to be:
Thou never-dying Past! our God requireth thee!

E. M. HAMILTON.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE SCRIPTURES TO SEAMEN.



THE NILE NEAR CAIRO.

SOME of those readers who were interested in the account of the St. Andrew's Mission to the Seamen at Gravesend that recently appeared in the article "Lights along the Shore," may like to hear a few more details which have come to the writer's knowledge.

The Rev. A. Tien, who works for this mission to seamen, is by birth a Syrian, though for many years an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. He has a remarkable gift of languages, being able to speak *sixteen* different tongues with fluency. This gift, with all his others, he has consecrated to the service of God, and he devotes himself specially to visiting ships manned by sailors of many nations, and reading and explaining to them the Scriptures in their own tongue.

One day, while visiting one of these vessels, partly manned by Arab sailors, after reading and preaching to them, he was struck by hearing a voice on the deck repeating St. John iii. 16 in Arabic. He accosted the man, and asked him how he knew these words; in reply the other showed him a New Testament, which he said he had received at Jeddo from an Egyptian coalheaver he met there, who had been given the book by a lady on the banks of the Nile.

On his telling this to Miss M. Whately, who has been for so many years labouring in Egypt among the natives of the country, she remembered that she and her friend and helper, Mrs. Shakoor (a Syrian lady) had been—as was their wont whenever they went an excursion on the Nile—reading and talking to groups of peasants one day, on the way to Damietta; and that Mrs. Shakoor had been questioned by one of the coalheavers on the river, who was surprised at her reading to *women*. A conversation had

followed which ended by her giving the Testament she carried to the man. That book had then found its way to a port visited by no European, and fallen into the hands of one who evidently valued it.

This is not the only instance in which books given by Miss Whately and her helpers have been traced by Mr. Tien. On several other occasions he found Gospels and Testaments in the hands of sailors on board ships he visited, and always with evidence of their being read and prized; some of them told him they used to chant the verses they had learned in their berths at night before they slept.

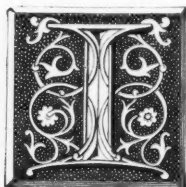
Every year these mission workers in Egypt make a short excursion among the villages on the Nile near Cairo. Both time and money being generally very limited, the excursion can only be for a few days; but in that short time the Word of God is widely distributed. If they land at a place where they are known, a crowd of peasants will come to the shore, saying, "Here are the people with the Book! I want one for my brother, or my father." In almost every village there is a certain number of men and boys who can read; books are never given without first ascertaining this, as otherwise they would be useless. The women never know how to read, unless they have been within reach of a mission school; but they are read to and talked to, and some seed is thus sown.

And these incidents of the effects produced by the Book among sailors may lead us to hope that much has been done which will never be fully known till the Great Day, and that the seed "cast on the waters" will yet bring an abundant harvest.

If any should be disposed to help this Nile Mission (which needs help sorely), the smallest contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Tien.

TAKING THE TIDE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. BY SARAH PITT, AUTHOR OF "THE WAY TO PARADISE," ETC.—PART I.



T was before the days of School Boards. Tom Fergusson, who had never heard of such an institution, and would certainly have congratulated himself that he did live in those unenlightened times if he had, was taking advantage of an interval of business to survey the gaudy-coloured posters that adorned a wooden hoarding on his beat, and speculate what they meant.

Some of them had been newly put up that morning, and reflected half the colours of the rainbow in their lettering, in addition to the Pre-Raphaelite sketches that headed some. One of them represented a railway train, every window crowded with delighted faces, *en route* for some Eldorado of palaces and pinnacles at the foot of the bill. He studied it and the mysterious characters between till somebody's elbow nudged him from behind.

"Are you counting up how many coppers you've got towards going there yourself?"

"Where's it going to?" queried Tom, wheeling round to the speaker, a lad a year or two older than himself, in a grey suit with a red badge—a telegraph boy, evidently.

"Going to? Why, London, of course; don't you see it?" pointing with his thumb to the lower picture.

"Is that London? It looks a fine place."

"I should think so! Why, I've been there myself," very loftily indeed.

Of course that settled the question of its magnitude. Tom pushed his broom out of sight behind him, and looked respectfully at his new acquaintance.

"I say, don't you belong to the station down there?"

"I work there, if that's what you mean," retorted the other, with a dignity that conveyed an impression that the station rather belonged to him instead.

"I wish I worked there!" cried Tom eagerly. "Do you think if I got a jacket and cap like yours, and went and asked them, they'd try me?"

"To sweep out the platforms, I suppose?" laughed the lad.

"I'd sweep them, or anything they told me," said Tom earnestly. "It's just to be beside the trains. I look over the bridge there, whenever one goes past, and wish I was on the engine."

The telegraph official looked down at him curiously: he himself had no enthusiasm on the

subject. He glanced at the gaudy bill again with a sudden suspicion. "I say, can you read and write?"

Tom shook his head.

"Then of course they wouldn't take you. What use would you be about a place where you have to read directions all day long? Where would I be if I couldn't, I'd like to know?"

Tom had no idea; he shouldered his broom abruptly, and went back to his crossing without another word. Read and write, indeed! They were accomplishments he had never troubled himself about hitherto, and had contrived to get on quite contentedly without. He brushed away thoughtfully at the muddy pavement, till the sound of a shrill whistle in the distance caught his ear. That involved an immediate expedition to the bridge: it was a signal he never disregarded.

Upon the broad stone parapet there was an unbroken view of a vast network of rails stretching away along the deep, broad cutting. Coal waggons and stray engines were lumbering hither and thither, and down yonder, out of the black tunnel mouth, flashed a fiery red spark—the London express. Tom watched it sweep along the curved line, threading its course among the heavy trucks almost like a living creature. Another minute, and it disappeared under the glass roof of the big station, and he got down from his perch with a sigh of profound admiration. "And that boy's inside, and can see it all, close to, whenever he likes, and if I went anywhere near, somebody would be safe to come and turn me out."

Tom brooded over the unequal divisions of fortune all the afternoon in a fashion quite unusual to him; generally, he had a faculty for forgetting his grievances as soon as they were out of sight, but this one affected him deeply.

There was one particular night mail that left just after seven every evening; he always waited to see that off before he set out for home. To-night he took up his position earlier than usual. It was bright September weather, and the busy gaslit streets and thronged station below, with the brilliant-coloured lamps flitting about like meteors in the darkening twilight, made up a more cheerful scene than the dreary attic that did duty for "home," and Tom was always open to any attraction that postponed his return thither. Curled up beside the big stone lion on the parapet, he looked down with quick, observant eyes, that missed very little.

"I say, what are you doing up there?"

Tom glanced round; on the pavement was his acquaintance of the morning. He vaulted down in a moment.

"Looking at the trains. I'm glad it's you; I've been thinking about you all day."

"What for?" demanded the youth, rather astonished; he was fully conscious of his own virtues, but, as a rule, he was not accustomed to find other people so speedily impressed with them.

"I wanted to ask you how you got to work at the station, and where you learnt to read and write."

"They advertised for somebody at the telegraph office, and I answered."

"And they took you?"

"Of course they took me. I've been there ever since."

"How long?" went on the catechist, who was bent upon getting to the root of the matter.

"Oh, about six weeks."

"Oh!" ejaculated Tom, rather surprised in his turn; why, he himself had been at his crossing months longer than that.

There was decidedly less respect and more familiarity in the tone of the next question.

"What's your name?"

"Barker."

"And who taught you to read and write?"

"Why, I learnt all that when I was a mere child."

"But you must have begun some time: how did you get to know it at first?" persisted Tom.

"What do you mean by asking such heaps of questions? I've almost forgotten, it's so long since—at some Sunday-school, I think."

"A Sunday-school?" echoed Tom; "there's one at every church, isn't there? Do they make you pay for teaching you?"

"Of course not; everybody knows that."

"Could I learn there, then?"

"You!" the emphasis was more plain than polite; "you! Stick to your broom: that's more in your way."

"But anybody can go to a Sunday school?"

"Yes."

"That'll do, Barker," cried Tom, vaulting up to his perch beside the lion again. "The day after to-morrow's Sunday, and I'm going to look up a school and learn to read in no time, and then the next time they advertise for a boy at the station I shall answer it. I'd have learnt long since if I'd known that was all they wanted. I'll be in the station by the end of this year, so look out for me."

"I can tell you, you won't find it quite so easy, my friend. I know a lad who's been learning this three years, and he can't write yet."

"What a duffer he must be!" was Tom's comment launched after Barker's retreating figure.

Several of the expresses passed unnoticed the next day. Tom was engaged all his leisure moments inspecting the outsides of the various churches in the neighbourhood, and debating in

his own mind which offered the best prospect of a finished education.

He decided upon one, finally, at the corner of the street, because it commanded a distant glimpse of the railway station. He walked round the building two or three times, studied the different doors and windows, and then, all the preliminaries arranged so far, he went back to his crossing, and proceeded to administer a vigorous brushing, to make up for shortcomings in the earlier part of the day.

"I wish I'd a hat to go in," he remarked to himself over it; "all the boys at that school wear them. I wonder if Bob Somers would lend me his for an hour or two? I'll borrow his blacking-brushes, too."

Bob Somers proved most obliging in the matter: both brushes and cap were placed at Tom's disposal. Bob was a shoeblack by profession, consequently his cap was decorated with a strap and badge, which added considerably to the effect.

Up the broad stone steps, into a hall with arched roof and pointed windows, went Tom the next afternoon, in the wake of the other boys, and planted himself on a form right in the centre of the room, where, as the classes formed, he presently found himself stranded alone. He was meditating an exodus to a more retired position, when a stout elderly gentleman came and sat down beside him.

"I think you are a new scholar?" he said.

"I have not seen your face here before."

"No, sir; I never was inside a school before; it's just like I thought it would be, though."

"Do you intend to come regularly?"

"Only till I've learnt to read. A boy told me I could get taught here. How long do you think it'll take me if I try hard, and come every Sunday?" he asked anxiously.

"Ah, that depends upon yourself. We will help you to read by all means, but there are many other things we should like you to learn as well; so I hope you will continue to come afterwards, too."

"Very well," agreed the new-comer, affably; "only I'd like to get to read quick. There's no hurry about the other things, and there is about that."

Tom was duly installed in a class at the end of the room. He was a little disquieted at the sight of his companions: they were mere babies in comparison with himself; but he speedily consoled himself with the reflection that the school was merely a temporary feature, and if he could only manage to learn to read, other things did not make any real difference.

He came away when the rest were dismissed, feeling that he had fairly taken the first step towards his goal. Sitting on the parapet that night, he gave Bob Somers a graphic description of his experience in the educational line.



"He tried sketching them from memory."

"And did they teach you a lot?" inquired his friend.

"Ye—es, I suppose so," was the rather hesitating reply; "at least, I had a book full of words; the worst of it is having to remember the shapes of the letters. They're all a bit different, and they get kind of mixed up like."

Tom discovered that they were considerably

more "mixed up like" by the next day, and the day after that they seemed to have vanished away altogether. Once or twice he tried sketching them from memory on a blank hoarding with a piece of chalk, but those "shapes" were too much for them. If he had only possessed one of the school books, he could have looked at it lots of times a day, but none of the other boys

had taken one home, and Tom had a certain amount of independence that kept him from asking for anything that to his mind took the form of charity, and he listened to his teacher's laughing remark the next Sunday, that it would be a work of time teaching him if he contrived to forget so completely, without attempting to excuse himself.

He propped open the book at the first page again, and ground away at the A's and B's with an energy that ought to have mastered the

whole science at a rush, and did—for the moment.

But two or three days after, Tom's spirits were back at a low ebb; it was all slipping away from him again, after the provoking fashion of last week, and he didn't know how to prevent it. He would have bought a book cheerfully, but for a very sufficient reason—want of money. The crossing had never been a very lucrative one, and his frequent absences at the bridge had made it still less so.

(To be continued.)

FLOWER TEACHINGS.

THE PERILS OF GREATNESS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.F.



GREAT statesman some years ago said: "It certainly is a marked advantage in the study of natural history that it leads you on by the hand; it inveigles you, if I may say so, into learning what is good and what is useful.

The analogies of natural history are invaluable; they have a most gracious effect in developing the finer faculties of the mind; they establish a connection between the different portions of creation." The flower-world is full of these analogies, which link the lower realms of nature with the higher sphere of human life, and there are features in almost every plant which may be taken as emblems of the virtues or the vices of mankind.

The moralist who essays to deal with such a subject as the perils of human greatness will, of course, have to seek for his most effective illustrations in the pages of history or the events of every-day life. In the ever-shifting scenes there exhibited may be observed many conspicuous examples of the way in which the contrasts of good and evil, happiness and misery, fame and ignominy, occur in close and curious combination. But the wondrous book of Nature, also, contains great lessons, intelligible enough to the thoughtful though written in hieroglyphics, which bear upon the dangers that beset the distinguished and highly endowed.

It is always a more agreeable task to dwell upon the excellences of men than to point out their defects; and yet it is admonitory to reflect now and then upon the weaker sides of human character. This may be done without undue severity or cynicism, and there is no better way of discovering moral safeguards. We shall, perhaps, not pursue such observations uncharitably if we bear in mind that absolute perfection of any kind is not to be expected in this world. It is by no means true that there can

be no great virtues without great vices, yet instances of the strange intermingling of weakness and strength, of folly and wisdom, in human nature are continually being forced on our attention.

I. Perhaps the chief peril to which greatness in any direction is exposed is that of being inordinately admired and flattered. The talented, the distinguished, the wealthy, rarely have a faithful mentor to remind them of their blemishes and faults. It seems harsh to object to the sun because of a few spots upon its disc, and men in general are wont to overlook grave defects when allied to splendid mental endowments, or associated with magnificence of position. The infamy of Bacon, "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," is almost forgotten in the lustre of his intellectual gifts. The cruel selfishness of Byron and the gross intemperance of Burns are less frequently thought of than their poetical genius.

Among the flowers, it is very easy to overlook serious evils where there is so much that wins admiration. On the leaf of the familiar coltsfoot are often seen orange-coloured spots which, under the microscope, are exquisitely beautiful objects. Each of these spots is like a delicate cup filled with sparkling gems. But, lovely as are these tiny things, they have the power to work grave mischief. They are, in fact, minute fungi, and the gem-like specks which fill the cups are the spores from which new hosts of the deadly parasite will be produced. When the spores have ripened they are carried by the wind to other flowers, on which they soon establish themselves, and, where circumstances are favourable, they cause the degradation and even the destruction of the plants on which they subsist. It is only by the utmost vigilance that such foes are detected, and only the severest measures can expel the intruder. It is a most unfortunate thing when the vices of a man are regarded as less repulsive because he is great. They ought, rather, to be considered the more detestable in proportion as they are out of

harmony with the other aspects of a man's character, and no available safeguard against them should be neglected.

II. It is not astonishing, when we remember what man is—how Titanic he appears in some respects, and how weak in other directions—that the possession of superior talents or extraordinary influence should engender pride and foster the love of display. There are not many successful men but manifest something of the spirit of Nebuchadnezzar, who, on contemplating the vast and beautiful palaces and gardens of his capital city, which owed their existence as much to his capacity of mind as to the wealth of his treasury, exclaimed: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" (Dan. iv. 30).

The inevitable result of excessive display is impoverishment and degeneration. Some plants which have blossomed beyond their strength grow weak and die. The pretty lady's-mantle, the violet with its retiring flowers, and many other familiar ornaments of the garden and field, present unmistakable evidences of retrogression. It is well known that bulbous plants, such as the lily or tulip, will not produce nearly such fine flowers if left to blossom year after year as they would were the flower-spike cut off for a year or two. Fruit trees which bear heavily one season are rarely so prolific the next, and plants of any kind that are permitted to put forth foliage and flowers with unchecked exuberance will sooner or later deteriorate.

On the other hand, flowers which abstain from undue display and husband their resources are enabled to hold their own, while conferring great benefits upon those creatures which know how to utilise them. Some of our most useful roots are obtained from plants that are scarcely ever admired for their beauty. The carrot, for example, in order to meet the demands of the flowering process, lays up beforehand a large quantity of nutritive material in the form of a taproot, on which the plant would feed were it left until the period for flowering and seeding arrives. Again, many valuable trees, such as the oak, hazel, and chestnut, which require a great deal of pollen in order to ensure fertilisation, do not lavish their strength on gaudy flowers. Such flowers as store up nutritive material for after use as well as present charms of colour and form while doing so, are obliged to curtail luxuriance in other directions, or they would soon perish in the great struggle for existence. Many of our most welcome spring blossoms are of this kind. The coltsfoot, blackthorn, jasmine, Daphne or mezereon, and the Japanese apple, now so often trained on the walls of English gardens, usually put forth their blossoms before the leaves appear. Their energies are thus economised, and they are able to produce, without exhaustion, flowers which, if not of extraordinary splendour, are yet universally admired, and that, too, at a time when the earth is grim and well-nigh bare.

Another point to be observed in this connection is that lavish display is sure to incite others to enter into competition with it. Hence arises a struggle for precedence which must result in anxiety and waste, while noble powers that might, by prudent exercise, have been productive of incalculable public benefits, are exhausted in foolish efforts after self-aggrandisement, or are perverted into a positive pest to society. Dr. Hugh Macmillan informs us that "when plants are struggling with each other for the possession of the soil, some species must be so crowded that they cannot develop themselves freely; and, therefore, owing to the exhaustion of the soil and the pressure around them, they must produce abortive branches or thorns." The vegetable tissues that might have become etherealised into the snowy, fragrant blossom, beautifying the landscape and delighting the beholder, are aborted into uncomely spores and hurtful prickles.

Thus are we taught by the silent ministry of the flowers that, in order to win the respect of our fellow-creatures, and to avoid provoking the jealous criticism and the hurtful rivalry of those who could not submit to be thought our inferiors, we must abstain from self-assertion, and throw upon our accomplishments and talents the delicate veil of modesty.

III. It is matter of common observation, too, that ascendancy over men acquired by the possession of great abilities or splendid gifts, often begets a rude independence, an intolerance of the opinions of others, and even a lawlessness of conduct towards those of humbler position.

No man can afford to despise others, however superior he may be to them in talent or power. Mankind is a great brotherhood, all the members of which have claims upon the rest. Then our minds are differently constituted, so that the same truth may present different aspects to different persons. Hence the most talented and influential should be tolerant and generous in their treatment of the lowly and obscure. Great men, after all, can only be sustained in their eminence by the confidence and sympathy of the community. Like those mighty chestnuts in the grounds of the Marquis of Ripon, at Nocton, each of which is held up by a hundred poles, they who occupy the topmost positions in society can only remain there as a rule by the suffrages of their generation. Useful work, it is true, can be done in obscurity, but not even the most insignificant toiler is wholly independent of the efforts and achievements of others. The gigantic sequoias, rearing their heads far above all other denizens of the primeval forest, are nourished by the decaying leaves of inferior shrubs. And so among men, the most distinguished have reached their position by striking their roots deep into the soil of other minds and by resting their growing dignity upon the support of those below them.

Where the fact of this mutual dependence upon one another is forgotten, there will be contempt for the opinions of others and tyrannical infringements

upon the rights of the timid and dependent. As soon as the dodder begins to realise that it has a position in the world, it seeks for some neighbour over which it may domineer. When it has selected its victim, it coils round it and penetrates into its tissues by means of a multitude of suckorial roots, and thus appropriates to itself the vital sap which the captured plant had obtained for its own necessities. The golden gorse, the fragrant heather, the luxuriant clover, and even fruitful trees, are thus preyed upon and destroyed by this artful and insinuating marauder.

Naturally, society enters into conflict with those who ignore the just claims of others, and most men avoid all who abuse their power. There are few things in the flower-world more curious than those plants which are called insectivorous. One of the best known of these is the Venus' fly-trap or *Dionaea*. The leaf is covered with short, stiff hairs and small purplish glands. When an insect alights upon the plant the irritation of the bristles causes the leaf to fold up so as to imprison the tiny creature, and the glands give out an acid fluid by which the body of the insect is digested. The sundew, which may easily be found in the bogs of Kent and Surrey, the butterwort, the bladderwort, and many others not so familiar, also trap and feed upon insects. But these lawless flowers have to pay a penalty for their voracity. Many insects avoid them, and so fertilisation becomes more difficult than it otherwise might be.

Some flowers, without actually destroying insects, exert upon them a baneful influence which has the effect of keeping away many visitors whose services in the transmission of pollen would be of great value. Practised bee-keepers understand that the dahlia, the crown-imperial, the oleander, and some other showy flowers, exercise an injurious effect upon the bees, and are consequently avoided in general by the insects. At the same time humbler flowers which boast of no gorgeous charms, but droop and hide their modest heads, are discovered by their sweet fragrance, and are valued for their unostentatious services.

Even the possession of extraordinary abilities and resources will not always serve to maintain influence or to command success. The most splendid gifts may be crippled by egotistic parade, and the intellectual Samson may be shorn and bound by those whom he despises. The thistle has a head that gives many advantages, but they are more than nullified by the hostility which it provokes. It could, if unchecked, drive almost every other plant from off the face of the earth, and yet it scarcely manages to keep a place among them. So numerous are its seeds, and so well are they equipped for the purpose of distribution, that one thistle in a few years would stock a whole country with its progeny; but, because of the pernicious use to which its powers and resources are put, this prolific plant is warred against by forces that threaten it with utter extinction. Thistles are of some utility, no doubt, as strong,

rugged, gifted men are; but let their strength be velveted by moderation, and if they prick, let it be only when the object of their attack deserves to be stung. Then will they be admired without being hated, as it was in the case of the celebrated Scotch Thistle which pierced the foot of the savage Dane, and thus prevented the threatened invasion, and which in consequence has been immortalised in the patriotic verse:—

"Proud thistle! emblem dear to Scotland's sons,
Begirt with threatening points, strong in defence,
Unwilling to assault."

IV. Another conspicuous evil which attends greatness of any kind is the social parasitism that it fosters.

It cannot be said that all parasitism is bad, for just as the formation of new soil for better plants is dependent to some extent upon the disintegrating operations of microscopic fungi on other vegetable organisms, so in human society, wealth and power, which might become dangerously vast, are circulated by means even of those who play the ignoble part of flatterers and beggars. In the main, however, parasitism is degrading to those who practise it and prejudicial to those whose affluence nourishes it. The gifts of the fawner and flatterer, which might have raised their owners to independence and honour had they been exercised in other channels, are degraded by the wretched use to which they are put, while too frequently the resources of those who are thus preyed upon are squandered and dissipated. We are all familiar with the spectacle of a creeper coiling around the stalwart trunk of a tree which has now been reduced to a mere skeleton by the ravages of the invader. Mr. Wallace, in his thrilling descriptions of the Amazon country, refers to the prevalence of such depredations. He says:—"Its striking characteristics were the great number and variety of the forest trees, their trunks rising frequently for sixty or eighty feet without a branch and perfectly straight; the huge creepers which climb about them, sometimes stretching obliquely from their summits like the stays of a mast, sometimes winding around their trunks like immense serpents waiting for their prey. Here two or three together, twisting spirally round each other, form a complete living cable, as if to bind securely these monarchs of the forest."

Less glaring than these, but even more destructive, are those minute fungi which prey upon the most beautiful flower and the most useful plant, and whose habits have been studied systematically only during the last few years. The smut, which blackens the ear of corn and brings dismay into the farmer's heart; the scab-like cluster-cups which discolour the lily, the celandine, or the graceful anemone; the golden rust of the groundsel; the black brand upon the wheatstalk and the familiar blackberry; the moulds and mildews which are found everywhere, and many other sorts of microscopic fungi, attach themselves to their hosts and live

at their expense. Now that the character and effects of these parasites are accurately known, their existence can be traced back through long ages, and their terrible powers of spoliation more fully comprehended. Those gigantic trees, akin to our club-mosses and horsetails, whose fossils so often excite the wonder of the coal-miner, are found riddled and perforated, as Dr. Taylor expresses it, "by the minute interpenetrations of a parasitical fungus not distantly related to our too well-known potato-disease germs."

It is so amongst men. There are many



about us whose one aim it is to make life as easy as possible, even though it may be at the expense of others. By arts and duplicity they manage to insinuate themselves into the good graces of those whose exalted position exposes them to such cajolery, and not infrequently they drift into crime and shame, in which, sometimes, their confiding patrons also are overwhelmed.

V. Finally, it may be well to draw attention to the fact that superior endowments and distinguished position are always in danger of being lost through neglect or abuse.

Those who are conscious of vast resources in themselves do not feel the same necessity for effort in order to excel as do they who are less favourably

circumstanced, or who have fewer native advantages. But without wise and diligent cultivation the most splendid talents will sooner or later become dim and puny. Life is full of reverses to such as repose unbounded trust in their own innate powers and surrounding conditions, without maintaining vigilance and industry. In those remote geological epochs known as the Devonian and the Carboniferous, whose luxuriant vegetation is fossilised in our sandstones and coal, there grew mighty trees which, through all the successive ages, have continued to retrograde, until now we have to look for their only representatives among the insignificant clubmosses and mare's tails of our ponds and ditches. They were bountifully provided for, and became monarchs among the plants, but when climatic and other conditions altered they were not equal to the efforts required to keep up their dignity, and so they were pushed from their throne by more vigorous competitors, and have dwindled down into the position of serfs.

Everyone has noticed how such flowers as violets, pansies, or hepaticas, will lose their richest hues and

take on unattractive colours where any advantage of environment is lost; and gardeners are well aware that the utmost watchfulness is required in order to preserve the glories of the dahlia, the chrysanthemum, and the rose. The truth is that this law of reversion or degradation through neglect obtains throughout all nature, and always has done. In human life and character there is no exception to it, although the majority of us observe it only in some of its more obvious and lamentable effects.

But, like all the great truths of nature as well as revealed religion, this one that we are considering has its bright and hopeful side. It is as true that "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance," as it is that "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." We now know upon Divine authority that the analogies of Nature are not illusory. All our gifts of wealth, power, influence, learning, may be improved and expanded by wise and diligent culture, and thus our service for God and man become worthier and our own life fuller of joy.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

89. What is the great fast day of the Jewish year?
90. What notable place formerly existed where Solomon built the Temple?
91. What does St. Paul say is sufficient proof even to the heathen of the existence of God?
92. What miracle of raising the dead was performed by St. Paul?
93. In olden time the Sanctuary was considered as a place of refuge to all fugitives. Mention two instances where this favour was not allowed.
94. What four witnesses did the Jews have of the truth of our Blessed Lord's mission?
95. What person in Thessalonica with whom St. Paul lodged afterwards became a fellow-worker with him?
96. What important Jewish rite was left unused during the journeyings of the Israelites in the wilderness?
97. To whom was the city of Hebron given as an inheritance?
98. Quote some words of our Blessed Lord which show that the little things of daily life mark the character of a person.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 577.

79. The parable of the ten virgins. (St. Matt. xxv. 1—13.)
80. At the age of fifty. (Num. viii. 24—26.)
81. "These men [St. Paul and others] are the servants of the Most High God, and show unto us the way of salvation." (Acts xvi. 17.)
82. St. John vii. 41, 42.
83. When Moses came down from the Mount of Sinai with the two tables of stone. (Ex. xxxiv. 29—33.)
84. "Remember Lot's wife." (St. Luke xvii. 32.)
85. Abraham planted a grove of tamarisk trees at Beersheba in remembrance of the covenant which he made with Abimelech, king of Gerar. (Gen. xxi. 33.)
86. Gog was a son of Reuben (the name signifying "a giant"), and Magog was a son of Japheth, the son of Noah—the names are used by the prophet Ezekiel to represent the giant power of the people who were descended from Japheth. (1 Chron. i. 5; v. 4; and Ezek. xxxviii. 1—3.)
87. The prophet Agabus. (Acts xxi. 11.)
88. Saul, King of Israel, by his treachery to the Gibeonites. (2 Sam. xxi. 6.)



ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

PATRON:

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN (PRINCESS HELENA).

VICE-PATRONS:

THE MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.
THE COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE.THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.
THE LADY JOHN MANNERS.THE LADY SOPHIA PALMER.
LADY WHITE COOPER.

REGISTRAR:

THE EDITOR OF "THE QUIVER."

IN accordance with our previous announcements, the Roll of the Order of Honourable Service is now closed to Ordinary Members, three thousand Members having been admitted. The Register remains open for a short time to Candidates for admission to the First Class and the Distinguished Members' Section, but no further Prizes can be awarded, not only the original Fund but also a supplemental grant having been exhausted. The Medal of the Order will, however, continue to be presented to Distinguished and First Class Members until further notice.

Up to the time of going to press, the Editor has received over 8,000 letters in connection with this subject. All the Members will be proud of the Distinguished List of the Order, which on May 14 numbered 76 names. The other First Class Members were 731 in number; Ordinary Members, 2,193.

Further Lists, containing the names of Distinguished and First Class Members, will be printed in THE QUIVER from time to time, as space may permit.

We take this opportunity of thanking numerous correspondents for their kind communications relative to the extension of the Order, to the augmentation of the Prize List, and other matters, which have had our best consideration. If any of these suggestions have not been carried out, we would ask our correspondents to rest assured that it is only because we have, for various reasons, been unable to adopt them. To all, however, we offer our grateful acknowledgments.

SIXTH LIST.

INCLUDING ALL NAMES ENROLLED FROM APRIL 21ST TO MAY 14TH, 1887, INCLUSIVE, AND COMPLETING THE ROLL OF THREE THOUSAND.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS. (Over 50 Years' Service.)			FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.			FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.		
Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.	Name.	Address.	Years.	Name.	Address.	Years.
* ABREY, SARAH	Salisbury.	55	* Carson, Margaret	Anchorage, Ireland.	46	* Jarman, Harriet	Tulse Hill S.W.	26
* BERNICK, ELIZ.	London, W.	54	* Cockerell, Mary	Haverfordwest.	51	* Jackson, Elizabeth	Colechester.	25
* BISHOP, LOUISA	Hornsey, N.	55	* Creer, Mary Ann	Ballaugh, I. of Man.	25	* King, Jessie	Cavers, N.B.	31
* BISHOP, AUGUSTA	London, S.W.	52	* Clark, Harriet	Great Munden.	41	* Knowles, Elizabeth	Bramford Speke.	27
* BONE, HELEN	Greenock, N.B.	52	* Cooper, Hannah	Burton Latimer.	25	* Kirkby, James	Spredlington.	37
* BAKER, SARAH	Clifton.	51	* Cosgrave, Robert	Portmuck, Co. Antrim.	37	* Kelson, Elizabeth	Canterbury.	29
* CAMERON, MARY	Cavers, N.B.	64	* Charity, Mary	Boston, Lines.	28	* King, Richard	New Romney.	25
* FISHER, ELIZA	London, N.	50	* Drury, Mary Ann	Greenwich, S.E.	41	* Lewis, Eliza	High Littleton.	45
* GILL, MARY	Clifton.	50	* Dunn, Maria	London, W.	29	* Ling, Mary Ann	Newmarket.	35
* HOLMAN, MARY	Spridlington.	50	* Dugmore, Eleanor	Wolverhampton.	37	* Le Page, Eliza Sophia	St. Aubins, Jersey.	25
* KIGHTLEY, FANNY	London, N.W.	55	* Deafons, Harriett	Brighton.	36	* Layton, Sarah	Marlow.	31
* KING, ESTHER	Harpenden, West Indies.	54	* Dennison, Elizabeth	Ripon.	51	* Long, Eliza Bishop	Kenton.	44
* MARTIN, MARY A.	Boughton Malherbe.	51	* Dawson, Amelia	Oaklands.	36	* Litchfield, Rose	Norwich.	29
* MACKLEDEN, JOHN	Hadley.	51	* Durrant, George	Croydon.	25	* Lyford, Sarah	Streatham, S.W.	25
* PATRICK, CAROLINE	Child's Ercall.	52	* Dinwiddie, Maria	Lympsham.	35	* Mann, Emma	London, N.	27
* PATERSON, BYRCE	Spottes, N.B.	37	* Ellis, William	St. Ignace, Herts.	27	* Marshall, Mary	Stirling, N.B.	27
* SHIBLEY, JAMES	Great Yarmouth.	66	* Edney, Ann	Halifax.	44	* Machin, Jane	Ashton-on-Mersey.	29
* TOWLER, RICHARD	London, W.	52	* Eggleston, Mary A.	Moorhill.	31	* Mardle, M. Vesey	Gr. Berkhamstead.	35
* WILKINS, SARAH	London, W.	52	* Emery, Martha	Bishops Waltham.	40	* Macready, M. Vesey	Pulhin.	35
* WHITTY, WILLIAM	Melbourn Bury.	65	* Emmison, Jane	Boston, Lines.	26	* Micklen, Eliza	Winchester.	30
			* Fairchild, Sarah A.	London, W.C.	28	* Oakley, Charlotte A.	Clapham, S.W.	29
			* Fry, John	Finglas, Co. Dublin.	37	* Owen, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	41
			* Fox, James	London, Malherbe.	41	* Pullin, Catherine	Bristol.	35
			* Flowers, John	Toxtro' Hall.	43	* Perkins, Ruth	Farnish.	36
			* Fleming, Euphemia	Montrose, N.B.	35	* Primell, Emma	Hitchin.	31
			* Folley, William	Downham.	28	* Patterson, Jane	Mount Aden, N.B.	37
			* Goodall, Agnes-Lyle	Peaschey, Marsh.	26	* Peachey, Maria	London, W.	30
			* Gorforth, Elizabeth	Mirfield.	46	* Paul, Clara	London, W.	27
			* Gosling, Hannah	Lavenham.	28	* Roberts, E. Meyrick	Clifton.	26
			* Haughton, Mary A.	London, S.W.	29	* Rich, Mary Heslett	Manchester.	35
			* Harris, Mary	Farnington.	29	* Rainbow, Ann	Banbury.	33
			* Heath, Mary	Lewes.	25	* Richards, Ann	Bromley, Kent.	32
			* Hornsby, Alice	Brulles.	32	* Robinson, Mary Ann	West Witton.	37
			* Henderson, Robina	Gardesfauld, N.B.	29	* Raker, Harriett	Stoke of Abernon.	35
			* Harford, Sarah	Collaton.	32	* Ridd, Martha	Barnstable.	25
			* Horsman, Elizabeth	Nottingham.	32	* Redhead, Mary Ann	Atherstone.	29
			* Hingray, George	St. Ignace, Herts.	29	* Steele, Fanny	Brighton.	40
			* Holson, Ann	Torquay.	30	* Stephens, Mary	Bolton.	42
			* Harkness, Jane	Burghfield.	34	* Smith, Maria	Manchester.	25
			* Haggart, Susan	Edinburgh.	44	* Smithwaite, John	Estella.	25
			* Hinds, Caroline	London, W.C.	29	* Stobbs, Esther	Manchester.	35
			* Hilton, Betsy	Heywood.	25	* Smith, Augusta	Wotton-under-Edge.	36
			* Hornbrook, Jane	Stoke Damerel.	29	* Selvey, Sarah Ann	Bristol.	29
			* Hatch, Maria Eliza	Anerley, S.E.	35	* Snoker, Mary Ann	Southampton.	35
			* Hibbert, E. Smith	Stredham, S.W.	25	* Southcombe, Mary A.	Taxistock.	36
			* Harvey, Harriet	Brentwood.	27	* Treweek, Emily A.	London, E.	35
			* Hunt, Maria	Bishops Waltham.	40	* Turner, Joseph	Edmonton.	30
			* Ineson, Robert	Thrapston.	54	* Turner, Rebecca	London, N.	28

FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.

Name.	Address.	Years.
† Winfield, Elizabeth	Swinton Park.	30
† Wright, William	Swinton Park.	30
† Wedder, Thomas	Boughton Malherbe.	40
† Webber, Elizabeth	Clifton.	30
† Walker, Mary	Montrose, N.B.	20
† Withers, Benjamin	Bishops Waltham.	30
† York, Elizabeth	London, S.E.	30

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Between 7 and 25 Years' Service.

[illegible]

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

	Name.	Address.	Y.
	Edwards, Kate	Ramsgate.	
	Ellis, Mary Jane	South Croydon.	
	Ellis, Henry	London, W.	
	Ellis, Elizabeth	Plaistow, Essex.	
	Edwards, Sarah	Brierfield.	
	Evans, Sarah	London, W.	
	Elliot, Augusta	London, W.	
	Fry, Mary Anne	Bath.	
	Fry, Sarah	Tunbridge Wells.	
	Fox, John	W.	
	Fox, Elizabeth	Ventnor, I. of Wigh.	
	Foxes, Annie	Bury St. Edmunds.	
	Frazer, Ellen Ann	Bury St. Edmunds.	
	Frazer, Annie	London, W.	
	Francis, Mary Jane	Brighton.	
	Fletcher, Henry	Wimslow.	
	Fairclough, Ediz.	London, W.	
	Farly, y. & Harriet	Graveend.	
	Fulton, Elizabeth	Rock Ferry.	
	Fenney, Jane	Southport.	
	Frost, Estlin	London, W.	
	Fen, Ann	London, E.	
	Fowler, Mary Ann	London, E.	
	Francis, James	Tunbridge Wells.	
	Gentle, Sarah Ediza	Stretton.	
	Giblett, Alice	London, W.	
	Gough, Jane	Wimborne.	
	Garrard, John	London, E.	
	Green, S. & N	Eastlea.	
	Green, Emma	West Thorney.	
	Gwynne, Elizabeth	London, W.	
	Gardner, Jane	London, W.	
	Greory, Jane Eliz.	Fishpools.	
	Griffith, Laura	Grassendale.	
	Gray, William	Bradford-on-Avon.	
	Gardner, Mary	Denton.	
	Giles, Edith	London, S.E.	
	Grist, Madeline	London, N.W.	
	Goodwin, Annie	Tittensor.	
	Grant, Ann	Forest Row.	
	Garnett, Annie	Old Trafford.	
	Garnier, Harriet	London, W.	
	Hazell, Sophia	Upper Norwood, S.	
	Hickmott, Eliza	Norugham.	
	Hickmott, John	Eltham.	
	Haywood, Louisa E.	Westhoughton.	
	Hobbs, Charles	Tenbury.	
	Hodnett, Sarah	Brighton, N.W.	
	Hodgett, Fred	Reading.	
	Hughes, Horatia E.	Hamgate.	
	Had, Ernestine	London, W.	
	Hiscock, Emily Mary	St. Berkhamstead.	
	Horton, Maria Jane	London, W.	
	Hubbard, Susan	Hereford.	
	Haucorn, Catherine	London, W.	
	Hodges, Roda Jane	Bradford-on-Avon.	
	Howell, Mary	Wallingford.	
	Humphries, John R.	Baldock.	
	Hurrey, Sarah	Southport.	
	Halsall, Alice	Child's Ercall.	
	Halfpenny, Alice	Wimborne.	
	Hawkins, Jane	London, W.	
	Humphreys, Anne E.	Beverley.	
	Hutchcroft, Sarah A.	Finglas, Co. Dublin.	
	Ingram, John	Brierley Hill.	
	Johnston, Mary	Bedford.	
	Jones, Lizzie	Great Yarmouth.	
	Jay, Susannah	London, E. Staffs.	
	James, Prudence J.	Lee, Kent.	
	Jones, Margaret	Woodley.	
	John, Martha	Hurstpierpoint.	
	Jones, E.	Southport.	
	Joyce, Emma Lucy	Frome.	
	Jones, Mary	Hamstead, N.W.	
	Jack, Anne	London, W.	
	Jones, Mary	Southport.	
	Kent, Charles	Woodberry Down, N.	
	Kishinbury, Eliza	London, W.	
	Kee, Arthur	London, W.	
	Knowles Elizabeth	Cloughton.	
	King, Esther	London, W.	
	Keech, Fanny	Richmond, Surrey.	
	Knight, Ellen	London, N.	
	Lewis, Grace	Bath.	
	Johnson, Georgina	Thir. Thorn.	
	Lee, John	Bromley Cross.	
	Launcester, Sarah J.	Nottingham.	
	Lamb, Susan Ann	London, W.	
	Loring, Emma	London, S.W.	
	Lane, Mary	Tulse Hill, S.W.	
	Lane, Alice Eliz.	Clapham, S.W.	
	Lewinshaw, A.	Huntly, N.B.	
	Lane, Jane	Whitney Wood.	
	Lewis, Emma	London, W.	
	Leach, Elizabeth	London, W.	
	Lewry, Anne	Eastleigh.	
	Lovell, Elizabeth	Brighton.	
	Laurence, Susan, S.	London, W.	
	McCarthy, Ellen T.	London, W.	
	Mackley, Pen. ope	Brixton, S.W.	
	Morgans, Eleanor	Llanelli.	
	Morrison, Ann	London, S.W.	
	Marrington, Barford	Devonport.	
	Mier, Susanna	London, N.	
	Mudge, Richard	Collaton.	
	Murray, Elizabeth	London, W.	
	Nea Arthur, Nancy	London, W.	
	Muir, Agnes	Blackheath.	
	McHenry, Sarah	Bury, Edmunds.	
	Manning, Hannah	Bury, Edmunds.	

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

	Name.	Address.	Years.
17	Morton, John	Cheade, nr. Stoke-on-Trent.	16
15	Manners, George	Burghfield.	16
16	Mason, Ellen	Ely.	16
14	Morris, Catharine S.	Killy.	16
13	Martin, Louise	S. Idury.	16
12	McIn, Mary Ann	Clackmarr, S.W.	16
11	Mills, Matilda	Emsworth.	16
10	Noble, Annie	Wimboldon.	16
9	Nesbitt, Sarah Ellen	Widley, S.W.	16
8	Nicholson, Ellen	Driffield.	16
7	North, Jane	Tiverton.	23
6	Owen, Caroline	Brinley Cross.	16
5	Oxley, Anna	Clackmarr, S.E.	16
4	Osborne, John	Sudbury.	17
3	Orger, Rhoda	Hereford.	16
2	Peasant, Matilda E.	Hereford.	16
1	Pye, Jane	Ho. of Commons, S.W.	23
18	Pennland, Mary A.	Redruth.	16
17	Pedley, Ellen	Hume.	16
16	Pennant, Mary C.	Edinburgh.	16
15	Putland, Martha S.	Clapham, S.W.	16
14	Philpott, Caroline	Asburyland.	16
13	Porkins, James	Tisbury.	16
12	Piper, Louisa	Brighton.	16
11	Pugh, Margaret	Kidsgrove, Staffs.	16
10	Petty, Sarah	Streatham, S.W.	21
9	Pellett, Elizabeth	St. Leonards.	16
8	Patterson, Eliza	Dumfries, N.B.	16
7	Phillip, Isabella	Porfir, N.B.	16
6	Phillips, Alfred	Clackmarr.	16
5	Rider, Laura	Building Waltham.	7
4	Rathbone, James	Alderley Edge.	16
3	R-gers, Sarah Eliza	Ealing, W.	16
2	Ray, Ann	London, W.C.	16
1	Renton, Elizabeth	London, W.C.	16
18	Reid, Annie	Hampstead, N.W.	16
17	Rees, Mary	Plymouth.	16
16	Richards, Emma	Old Chatham.	16
15	Robinson, Mary J.	Harrow.	16
14	Robinson, Mary	Blackheath.	16
13	Robinson, Emily A.	Richmond, Surrey.	16
12	Roden, Elizabeth	Chester.	16
11	Ryan, Ann	Clifton.	16
10	Shanks, Margaret	Glasgow.	16
9	Shaw, Elizabeth	Edinburgh.	16
8	Shard, Mary	Brighton.	16
7	Sharnard, Elizabeth	Ho. of Commons, S.W.	16
6	Shaw, Mary	St. Leonards.	16
5	Snowball, Mary	Brookley, S.E.	16
4	Smith, Lillie	London, N.W.	16
3	Swinton, Catherine	Leven, N.B.	16
2	Sidney, Margaret	Edinburgh.	16
1	Stevens, Henry	Asburyland.	16
18	Swint, Mary Ann	East Marwick.	16
17	Swain, Sarah	W.C. Calver.	16
16	Swail, Ellen	Clifton.	16
15	Smith, Emily Jane	London, S.W.	16
14	Speller, Sarah	Luton.	16
13	Thomas, Mary	Farngton.	16
12	Taylor, Alfred	Penricken.	16
11	Torode, Sophie	Newcastle.	16
10	Townsend, F.W.	Finglas, Co. Dubin.	16
9	Taylor, Richard	London, N.	16
8	Townley, Sarah Ann	London, S.W.	16
7	Thames, Elizabeth	London, S.W.	16
6	Taylor, Martha	London, N.W.	16
5	Tucker, Sarah Jane	Chester, near Stoke-on-Trent.	16
4	Thomas, Eliza	Buxton.	16
3	Thibbitts, E. Hannah	London, W.	16
2	Townsend, Hannah	Plymouth.	16
1	Trewin, Joe Mand	Plymouth.	16
18	Trewin, Bessie	Mazon.	16
17	Thomas, Amaranth	Twycath.	16
16	Twycath, Mary	Hampstead, N.W.	16
15	Vowles, Mary Ann	Tebury.	16
14	Venmore, Mary E.	Nickers.	16
13	Vowles, Annie	Polkstone.	16
12	Vowles, Martha	Clackmarr.	16
11	Waite, Jane	Ventnor, I. of Wight.	16
10	Wall, Mary	Hampstead, N.W.	16
9	Wright, Sarah	Shefford.	16
8	Warren, Eliza	London, I. of Wight.	16
7	Watkinson, John	Edinburgh.	16
6	West, Charlotte	Hitchin.	16
5	Wood, Isabella	Arlebury.	16
4	Wells, Esther	Marsden.	16
3	Williams, Cath.	Brighton.	16
2	Welsh, Mary	London, W.	16
1	Westlake, Emily	Asburyland.	16
18	West, Ellen	Asburyland.	16
17	Wilson, Fanny E.	Asburyland.	16
16	Wright, George	Asburyland.	16
15	Ward, Emily M.	Hayward's Heath.	16
14	Welling, Eliza	Clifton.	16
13	Webber, Frances A.	London, W.	16
12	West, Mary Ann	E. Stonehouse.	16
11	West, Mary Ann	Edinburgh.	16
10	Ward, Ellen	Tittensor.	16
9	Webster, Sarah	Brierley Hill.	16
8	Williams, Mary Ann	Clackmarr.	16
7	Walker, John-on	Brierfield.	16
6	Walker, William	Brierfield.	16
5	Ward, Fanny Eliza	Southlands.	16
4	Weller, Charles	Clackmarr.	16
3	Walters, Mary	Harborne.	16
2	Wright, Emma	Salisbury.	16
1	Wright, Harriet	Clackmarr.	16
18	Yonkers, Mary	Linfield.	16

Those marked * have received Bibles ranging in value from Six Shillings to £2 10s.; besides Medals and Certificates.
Those marked † have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.
All the rest have received Certificates of Membership.

No correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the awards, which have been made upon a careful consideration of each case, in accordance with regulations which have been duly supplied to the Members concerned.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

ONE OF OUR BOATS.



THE secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has sent us an account of a notable service performed on May 1st last by THE QUIVER No. 2 lifeboat, stationed at Southwold. On the morning of that date the barque *Norden Havat*, laden with coal, was towed ashore at Southwold in a sinking state. Part of the crew were landed at once, but the captain and two mates remained on board. At midnight they burned a tar-barrel to show their want of assistance. The wind was blowing hard from the east, and a heavy sea breaking over the shoal where the barque lay, but the coxswain of the lifeboat mustered the crew of THE QUIVER No. 2 boat, and proceeded to the ship, which they found on her broadside. With great difficulty and at considerable risk they managed to take off the three men, and safely transport them to the shore. This gallant service on the part of the crew of one of THE QUIVER boats must be very gratifying to our readers, and they will, we are sure, join with us in expressing thankfulness that such successful use has been made of our boat.

"ALL NATIONS SHALL SERVE HIM."

When William Carey pleaded long ago with a

pastoral meeting at Northampton to send the Gospel to the heathen, the president arose and said, "Young man, sit down; when God is pleased to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." By God's grace, William Carey's zeal was *not* extinguished by the presidential rebuke, and the Baptist Missionary Society, that delights to honour his name and work, is striving with ever-increasing efforts to carry out the Lord's command and preach the Gospel to every nation. "Sixty years ago," said the late Mr. Rice, of the London Missionary Society, "the Indian Government ordered that missionaries must not preach to natives. *Now* Hindu children flock by thousands to Christian schools, natives buy Christian books in great numbers, and the education of the *girls* of India receives more attention than did that of the boys forty years since." This year the Church Missionary Society is eighty-eight years old; some of the honoured men who called it into being were John Venn, Henry Thornton, Scott the commentator, and William Wilberforce. In the society's Fuhkien Mission *eleven years* passed without the apparent result of one convert; after fourteen years of labour, that branch reported 3,000 adult converts and seventy preaching places. "Ye shall reap," says the Master, "if ye faint not." A workhouse chaplain tells of two poor women inmates who came to him after a service, and brought him a contribution "for the missionaries." He found three six-pences and two pennies in the paper. "One of the old women," says he, "is blind, and the other nearly so; this must be the savings of some time, and the denial of a little tea and sugar for some time to come."

"DOES RAGGED-SCHOOL WORK PAY?"

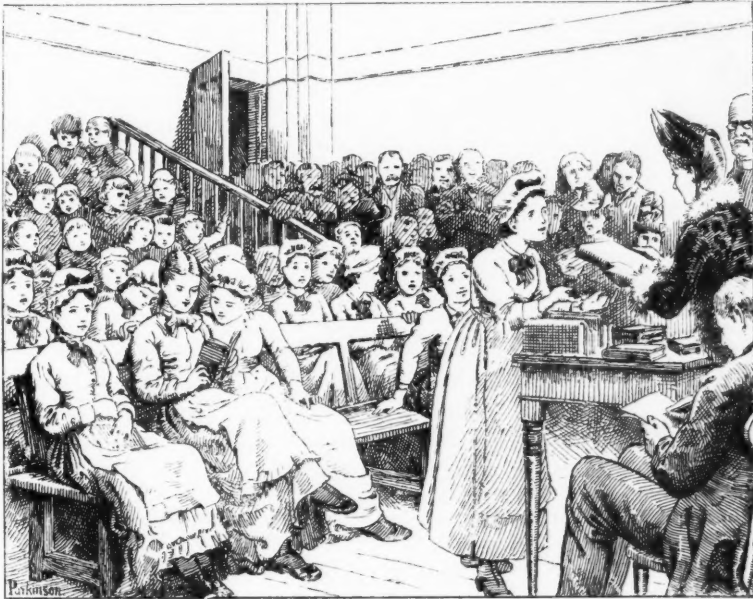


LIBRARY IN ST. ANNE'S RECTORY, BLACKFRIARS, WHERE THE FIRST COMMITTEE MEETING OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY WAS HELD.

It is given to earnest workers again and again, even on *this* side of eternity, to behold and see that their efforts have not been vain. "Every child educated to labour and good behaviour is worth to the State thousands of pounds," says Professor Leone Levi; but what is the worth of the child's immortal *soul* that shall shine as the stars for ever when the King of kings shall make up His jewels? This year Her Majesty has become patroness of the Ragged School Union, which has lifted, and is lifting still, so many young lives out of the gutter, and trained them for honour and usefulness. One of the workers says of her class: "I have shed tears over them,

thinking I should never see them saved. Praise God! they are coming now, one after another." A superintendent some time ago received a letter asking him to call at one of our large hotels, for there was a visitor who wished to see his kind face again. The well-dressed, hospitable gentleman who received him was an old ragged-school boy, who had been sent to a distant colony. Gratitude for past help and kindness was shown by the colonoist in the form

also may obtain mercy?" Remembering the tears once shed over Jerusalem, surely those who name the name of Christ will pray for the peace of the chosen race, and intercede at the Mercy-seat till the Lord has made Jerusalem a praise in the earth. A blind Bible-reader was reading aloud of "Abraham, the father of the faithful," when a Jew came up to him and said that through reading the New Testament, he had found the Messiah, and was trusting



PRIZE DAY AT THE "ONE TUN" RAGGED SCHOOL.

of a cheque to pay the passage of three promising boys from the old school, and the former scholar undertook to find them work, and forward their prospects abroad.

"GOD IS ABLE TO GRAFT THEM IN AGAIN."

On the eighty-fifth birthday of the lamented Earl of Shaftesbury, his lordship told with emotion that a little bag had been given him that day, containing farthings and halfpence from nearly two hundred children of the "One Tun" Ragged School, and sent by these little ones for the "poor Jews." Lord Shaftesbury took an earnest interest in the condition of God's ancient people, and was president of the Syrian Colonisation Fund. A writer to the *Jewish Herald* asks this solemn question: "Has the Christian Church been faithful to her great mission in relation to the work of regeneration among the Jews? has our stewardship been realised and acted upon?" Does not the Word of God say, "*Through your mercy they*

wholly in Him. He bought six Testaments, and gave them with words of counsel to the people at hand. Deeply rooted is the Jewish prejudice in many cases against Gentile teaching, but, since the oracles of God are committed to us, may we all, as never before, realise our personal responsibility in seeking out the people of Israel, and leading them to look on Him whom they have pierced.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE CROSS.

"Crosses there are in abundance," said Henry Martyn of a certain city: "but when shall the doctrines of the Cross be held up?" From many sides resounds the lament that Papacy is on the increase, and some believe the kingdoms of the world will yet own its power supreme. We must not forget that while we hear of converts to Roman Catholicism, there are also many cases of souls that come out thence to the knowledge of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ alone. Pastor Chiniquy,



PASTOR CHINIQUY.
(From a Pen and Ink Sketch.)

labouring amongst French-speaking Canadians, can tell of remarkable conversions among learned and influential Catholics. Thanking the Bible Society for a grant of 500 Bibles and 500 Gospels, he says, "Another remarkable priest has been received by me into the Church of Christ; his capacity and piety were such that the Bishops of Canada twice chose him for their secretary and confessor. Let our friends in England help me to bless the Lord for his sincere conversion." Pastor Chiniquy says this is the *twenty-sixth* priest of Rome thus helped by his instrumentality, and he adds, "Pray that instead of twenty-six I may have the joy to help a hundred of them to come to Christ."

"WHEN YOU ARE IN PARIS."

"When you are in Paris, find your way to Belleville." So says Miss de Broen. Try to spare time to refresh your heart by a sympathising visit to this Mission, and, by the way, you can greatly help the work going on there, by obtaining some of the monthly letters from Miss Mary Douglas, 1, Rosebery Crescent, Edinburgh, and circulating them in trains, hotels, railway stations, etc. In addition to the important work of the Medical Mission, there are services, temperance meetings, sewing-classes, etc.; there is also a night-school for English, of which male and female shop-assistants avail themselves. Some of our readers, perchance, are invalids, and cannot travel beyond their own homes, save in thought and heart; such, too, could greatly help Miss de Broen by preparing patchwork for the sewing-classes, making garments for the poor, or knitting stockings for the girls in the orphanage.

HOW TO KEEP OUT THE MOTH.

The soul of the housewife is grieved when she finds that the garments laid by have suffered from

the ravages of the destructive moth. Domestic manuals suggest many remedies and preventives as regards such a calamity, but some time since a very good recipe for keeping moths out of our old garments appeared in a contemporary. "Give them away to the poor." Decent clothes have a great deal to do with the improvement of habits and character; a respectable appearance is often the starting point of hopefulness and self-respect. "Keep a thing seven years," say many, and doubtless with truth, "and you are sure to find a use for it." But, while it waits seven years in the lumber-room, we have brethren and sisters who could thankfully use it now. Ministers and district-visitors, ragged-school workers and Sunday-school teachers, will all be ready to point out a channel of blessing for the contents of our lumber cupboards; thus the needy will be cheered and newly clad, we shall get more space in our houses, and there will be no danger of inroads of moth.

"FOR SEAMEN OF ALL NATIONS."

The Strangers' Rest, 163, St. George's Street, E., was started, prayerfully and trustfully, by lighting up a small shop, and posting up invitations in English, French, German, Italian, and Scandinavian, addressed to the wayfarers who drift along Ratcliffe Highway. Now, in the course of a year, between 1,500 and 2,000 meetings are held at the "Rest," and a constant relay of workers is needed here. Night after night seamen are gathered together for the study of God's Word, and for prayer and praise; and from the starting-point of the "Rest," visitors go forth to invade the lodging-houses with the message of heavenly peace, to carry on open-air services, and to distribute tracts and Christian literature to the labourers pouring out from the dock



A MEETING AT THE STRANGERS' REST.

gates. One of the helpers at this institution relates that a boy one day came up to her, saying, "Be you

one of the ladies as comes here? 'cos father told me to give you this." He handed her a note from a



A WORD OF ADVICE.

man, once very dissipated, who had attended some of the meetings. He was too ill to get to the services, but asked the lady to go and pray with him. She did so, and read several passages from the Bible. A week later "Jim" told her his father was gone, and had bidden the boy tell the lady that "all was well."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DIFFICULTY.

"When philosophy has gone as far as she is able," says Feltham, "she arrives at Almightiness." In some circles it seems to be considered clever, intellectual, and fashionable nowadays, especially amongst the young, to bring everything before the light of reason, and to reject whatever cannot be weighed, fathomed, and understood: may all such minds at last come to realise that our Lord is not to be criticised and judged, but to be *obeyed!*

"For what could fathom God were *more* than HE."

Man cannot grow by philosophy alone; only the living God can save the world. "Why is my system a failure?" asked a discouraged philosopher, who had invented a system of religion which he hoped to see universal.—"You have not done enough yet for your fellow-men," said one.—"What can I do more?" asked the man of learning.—"*Die* for them," was the answer, "and then conquer the tomb, and live to bless them for evermore. All other systems shall fade one by one, but He Who was crucified must increase till He is Lord over all, world without end."

"THE DOOR AJAR."

"The door of our hospital is now ajar; in presence of the urgent need, are there not many who

will help to open it wide, so that the building may be filled?" So says the secretary and general director of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, 23, Queen Square, W.C. The chief portion of this institution forms a memorial to the late Duke of Albany, who inaugurated the rebuilding of the premises: many sufferers have been taken in, from far and near, and applications for admission have poured in, showing the vast need for treatment of maladies so painful and mysterious. No hospital can be more needed, more valuable than this, which offers to allot beds to particular *districts* on receiving suitable annual support, or to name beds *in memoriam* as desired by individual donors. As we write, we think of a fine, soldierly man stricken down like a child by paralysis, tongue-tied and feeble, yet with a sort of dignity in his attempt at a military salute; we think of womanly hands, ever active in tireless ministrations, stilled for years by the same mysterious seizure; for cases like these the door of this hospital stands opened by the hand of benevolence. It is homelike and *bright*; there are wheel-chairs and hydraulic lifts; every dormitory has its day-room, with book-case and often piano and musical-box, and entertainments to the patients are given by kind friends and helpers.

THE LIBRARY.

Canon Wynne of Dublin has gathered together into a little volume that he calls "Fragmentary Records of Jesus of Nazareth" (Hodder and Stoughton), the frequent passages in St. Paul's Epistles that bear undesigned testimony to the truth of the Gospel narrative. This is an important branch of Christian Evidences, and treated as it is by Canon Wynne is sure to be useful. From the same publishers we have received a new edition of Bunyan's "Holy War," with notes by the Rev. J. Brown, of Bedford. This is an unillustrated edition of Bunyan's great work, and well suited for use by a minister or student. Her Majesty's Jubilee has called forth a handy biography, under the title of "Our Sovereign Lady," from the pen of the author of "English Hearts and English Hands": Messrs. Nisbet are the publishers of this work, and also of "Our Angel Children," a carefully prepared work intended to carry comfort to the hearts of parents who are sorrowing for the loss of little ones. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., of Lincoln, has just published, through Messrs. Morgan and Scott, a thoughtful little volume on the life of Jacob, under the title of "Israel: a Prince with God," that we commend heartily to our readers.

MAKING MELODY UNTO THE LORD.

Martin Luther said that music was one of God's best gifts, and an enemy to Satan. It is not easy to be churlish, irritable, or despairing when we are surrounded by echoing hymns of praise, or listening to the refrain even of children's voices sounding the glory of God. Sacred music seems to purify and

ennoble us, whether in the silvery notes of some clear-voiced chorister, or the burst of adoration from the assembled throng. It seems fitting, indeed, that we should associate the voice of praise with the Sinless Land, seeing that even here the hymns we love have so holy an influence upon us. "I know now what I have been lacking all my life," said a man of facts and figures, listening to the appealing strains of music; but, even in those glorious strains where music seems to have reached its highest, we are conscious it is only leading us upward, onward. What will it be to listen to the music of the spheres, and take

schools water is brought round in the summer; this, when accomplished with order and regularity, is preferable to the continual desertion of scholars in quest of refreshment, and the disturbance of their return. We cannot wonder that the thermometer should greatly influence the behaviour of our class; teachers must now strive and pray for increased ardour, energy, and interest in their work, else the prevailing languor will inevitably affect themselves. Teachers and scholars alike are but human, but we have found it a mutual help to say on such occasions, "The heat is very trying, and we all of us feel a little tired and



"Let us not forget the Sunday-school flower show."

part in the Hallelujah of worlds? A minister related how Sunday by Sunday a wicked man, notorious in the neighbourhood, used to climb with difficulty over the back fence of a Wesleyan chapel, to hear the hymns sung by those he affected to despise. The Master has often used hymn-singing to bring the wanderer home, where a tract is refused or the appealing word resisted. Shall we not try His gift of music, and thus dissolve hard, unhappy hearts with the knowledge, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds"?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL FLOWER SHOWS.

There can be no doubt that Sunday afternoons in the summer are trying alike to teacher and scholar sometimes, especially if, as is too often the case, the important matter of ventilation has not received sufficient care. Divine and moral lessons do not readily find a place in juvenile natures uncomfortably crowded and longing in vain for a drink of water. In some

drowsy, but, after all, it is a small matter to behave ourselves properly for the sake of Christ, in Whose name we have met!" Appealed to in some such fashion, the juveniles seem to forget their languor, especially if the adaptive teacher has selected for subject "A river," "A fountain," "Green pastures," or "Spreading trees," or some similar idea, which he can picture out to the class in such a way that they seem, while following his discourse, to rest by the stream or beneath the covert from the heat. And let us not, at this time of the year, forget the Sunday-school Flower Show. Perhaps we gave out seeds and cuttings in the spring, and the prize-winners, besides the public reward, will ere this have learnt some sweet secrets of nature, and have gained a meed of industry, gentleness, and patience. Let us encourage gardening among our scholars, and let us send them out to field and hedge, and bid them make garlands for the show, or suitable texts, or the blest word of "Love" from the wild-flowers smiling all around.



"Enter now with reverent feet;
Bring your gifts of flowers and wheat."

THE CHILDREN'S HARVEST FESTIVAL.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.



MOTHERS' pets of baby size,
 Toddling feet and wondering eyes,
 Round-faced lads and lasses good,
 Budding slips of womanhood—
 Through the old lych-gate they press,
 Glad yet grave, a goolly band,
 Garbed in decent Sabbath dress,
 Harvest gifts in every hand.

Once again beneath the eye
 Shorn and bare the cornfields lie;
 Once again o'er all the land
 Fairly domed the cornricks stand:

New-year rains, and March's blast,
 August suns of golden cheer,
 Plumped the russet spikes at last—
 Lo! His goodness crowns the year.

Enter now with reverent feet,
 Bring your gifts of flowers and wheat,
 Yes, and where your gifts ye lay,
 Children, give yourselves away.
 So shall He Who guides the year
 All your lives to blessing guide,
 Ripening you with smile and tear
 For the happy Harvest-tide.

THE GROWTH OF A CHARACTER.

BY THE VERY REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., DEAN OF ARMAGH.

"The king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid."—NEHEMIAH ii. 2

"Should such a man as I flee? and who is there, that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life?"—NEHEMIAH vi. 11.



WE have here a surprising and interesting contrast of temper and reversal of character. First we find Nehemiah in exile, cup-bearer to the great king, and a favourite. He is full of trouble, because the handful of Jews who had already returned from captivity have stood still, and the Temple is not being rebuilt. With prayer to God, he resolves to

entreat the king that he may return to Jerusalem, for a while at least, and bring encouragement and solid help. And now the opportunity presents itself; his master sees grief upon his face, questions him in all kindness, and in fact will readily grant his petition. But the court favourite, aware that he may give offence, is "very sore afraid."

Again, we see him in Jerusalem; its enemies are closing around him stormfully; Sanballat and Tobiah are very unlike his indulgent master; and his friends,

who use the Temple as a fortress against surprise at night, urge him to do the same. But he who lately cowered before the frown of a master now scorns the hostile steel. "Who is there that, being such as I, would go into the Temple to save his life?"

Clearly the man has grown strong and noble. And what invites our attention and study is the contrast between his timidity in the Persian court, and his boldness when beset by Gebal and Ammon and Amalek.

What made the difference? What but the change from a courtier into a leader of men, the sense of a high vocation, the experience that God was with him to prosper him?

We need not blame his former calling. It was respectable and useful in its way; he was the butler, the cupbearer of a king, part of the splendid machinery of a court, like the horses yoked in the royal chariot or the diamonds sparkling on his patron's brow. Many a poor man, tilling the soil or working in the mines, would have looked at him with reverence, and even awe.

Yet it was not a calling that nourished his independence and self-respect, because he was only a puppet and a slave: the man, the mysterious something within each of us, which distinguishes every human soul from every other—this was not at work; it was less active than the supple back which bowed, and the fingers which crowned the cup with roses, and the smile which played upon his courtly visage. Because this true man within him lay half-paralysed and inert, therefore, at the risk of offending his master, he was very sore afraid.

But call out the nobler faculties of this reed shaking in the wind; let the patriotism of his countrymen respond to his appeals; let him experience the gladness of finding that the pleasure of the Lord prospers in his hand, and scorn will fill him at the notion of taking mean precautions against a braggart foe. The cupbearer will become a hero.

We learn that the reality of life is very different from its show. Which is the greater Nehemiah? the man in rich robes, sharing royal feasts, dwelling in a royal palace, amidst splendour and song, enjoying the smiles of a king, and set in the blaze of the prosperity of the world's conquering race? or he who dared not undress at night, worn with sleepless toil, despised by enemies, and building so feeble a work that the mocker said, "If so much as a fox go up he shall break down their stone wall?" You feel that he has grown, he has developed. "Should such a man as I flee?" That is the question of one who is not only stronger, but also happier, in the best and truest sense. He is not so much amused. Heavy cares press him down, and make him anxious, but he has found his place in life, his calling and his dignity, and so he has won self-respect; and the puppet of the Persian court is transformed into the wise and brave builder of the wall of the city of God. Can you imagine him pining for his share in a pagan revel? How dull and insipid the old life must have seemed

to one who was capable of the new! Nay, the very sigh for this, the very thought of a languishing Church and nation far away, the self-reproach, the sense of that higher life which awaited him at home, if only he could break the entanglements which held him back: this explains his timidity at first. You may be sure that a life which feels itself mean and worthless is the one which easily believes that it may be crushed and spoiled by any random chance, by any tyrannical caprice. Duty, helpfulness, is the salt of all true life, and the way to be greatest is to become least of all, the servant of all, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

Let us try by this test our lives, our aims, and our desires.

Are they selfish, and personal, and worldly? That is just as possible in our country towns and hamlets as in the court and capital of an Eastern monarch. To prosper in trade, to make money, to get into better society, to win advantageous friendships, what better goal could it reach than to become the cupbearer of a king? And with what mean anxieties all such ambitions are able to fill a human soul: what fear for trade, fear of giving offence, fear of taking the unpopular side in any disputed question, the base observance of a mortal's smile, the absence of all that noble composure and security which are inspired when the house of life is built upon a rock!

Try it on a large scale; remove your mind far away from our own small concerns, and think of some great statesman, eloquent, popular, borne upwards on the rising tide of power and influence. Do you call him happy? Do you envy him?

But if he is living for office and popularity, he must feel himself a very dependent and a very abject creature, "sore afraid" whenever the public favour grows cold, when the newspapers attack him, when votes are lost.

Let us learn and remember clearly that mere prosperity cannot uplift the character nor dignify the life. And surely no man is happy who feels himself base and cowardly, or dependent upon circumstances, upon chances, upon the stupid world around him.

Let us learn to find self-respect and nobility where Nehemiah found them: in being workers together with God. This is the grand calling wherewith Christ calls each of us. In the great city of God every soul should be at once a living stone, and also a builder and a defender. Only let no man think that he can work until first he surrenders himself and is accepted, for unto the wicked God saith, "What hast thou to do to declare My statutes, and that thou hast taken My covenant into thy mouth?"

But no man who does trust in his Redeemer is called to a life of sluggish self-satisfaction and self-culture: it is not enough to say, "I have been made happy . . . I am saved;" we must go forward to say, "Here am I, send me;" "Speak, Lord, for Thy

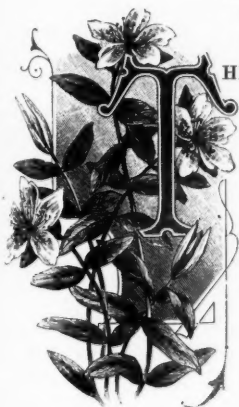
servant heareth;" "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" None liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself: in a world where sin abounds, and Satan is at work; in this little life, which is the entrance chamber of eternity; in the soil which Christ has trodden, and which has drunk His tears and His blood; in the Church of Christ, where each is knit with all the rest in sacred communion, where the weakest may take to himself the whole armour of God, and be strengthened with might by God's holy Spirit, and make proof of the boundless strength of prayer.

And if Christians are fearful and dejected, doubtful of their own acceptance, trembling before the enemy, is not the reason likely to be this: that they are not doing their appointed work for Christ? Surely if they felt His pleasure prospering in their hands, then with all humility, but yet with all courage, they would dare to defy the accusing angel and the tempter, and to say, "Shall such an one as I am flee?—I with whom Christ is working, and in whom the strength of Christ is manifested?"

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "INTO A LARGER ROOM," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—PASSING ON THE LIGHT OF CONSOLA- TION.



THE change to Brighton was a bewildering one to Evelyn, and after her first feeling of pleasure at being once more near the sea she wished herself back in London again. They were in much closer quarters here, and the bustle was greater.

There was always someone coming, someone going. From the window a long and ceaseless procession of

carriages and horses and promenaders. In the little drawing-room practising on the piano or with the voice, which mingled, not harmoniously, with the band-music and street-cries outside. One morning the rehearsal of a charade; another an informal meeting to discuss the latest arrangements for the bazaar; a third, dressmakers and milliners, and long and earnest consultations, into which Evelyn was pressed by the energetic Agnes, about stuffs and colours for new costumes. In the afternoon driving up and down the fashionable street; introductions to this person and that; afternoon teas here and afternoon teas there; a little music at one place; talk that made Evelyn ask herself with bewilderment if everyone was always doing stupid and wrong things, in another; and in a third complimentary speeches that caused her to feel curiously ashamed.

Then all her old standards were being reversed.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," was her parents' motto.

"Seek first to please and secondly to enjoy yourself," was the rule of life of her new friends.

"Think of others rather than yourself. The truest Christianity includes the noblest courtesy," Sir John would say.

"Others! Stuff and nonsense! What do others care for you? Take your own way and let them take theirs," the Delamaine girls would exclaim.

The young men's theory was the same. "A man must look after himself if ever he hopes to get on in the world," they said.

As each member of the family acted on this theory, it came about that they often pulled different ways. Dissensions of a tolerably fierce description would arise in consequence, and that one of the family who had the least power of influencing the others would go to the wall.

Julia, as the beauty of the family, and the person with the strongest will, generally succeeded in getting her own way. The prettiest costumes, the second place in the carriage, the pick of the invitations—when only Mrs. Delamaine and one of her daughters were asked—generally fell to her lot. For the most part her sisters submitted with a good grace. They knew from experience the strength of Julia's will, and they were well aware that neither their mother nor their brothers would support them in opposing her. But Agnes, who was almost as handsome as Julia, and far cleverer, often smarted under her sister's tyranny; and she was not sorry to find in Evelyn an occasion for thwarting her. Hence arose tea-cup storms, which Evelyn—who was as yet very far from understanding the family politics—found it hard to explain. In consideration of her deep mourning she was allowed to leave the drawing-room immediately after dinner when guests were expected.

One evening, when she was about to retire as usual, Julia stopped her in the ante-room. "If you are going on account of me——" she began.

"Of you!" said Evelyn, gazing at her.

"Yes, of me. Don't look at me so. I know you hate me; and why my father brought you here to sow dissension amongst us I don't know. But I won't have people say that I intrigue to keep you out of sight."

White and trembling, Evelyn sank into the nearest chair. "I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I don't think I understand."

"You understand perfectly well. Cry! yes, you are a perfect baby! Make everyone pity you!"

"For shame, Julia! How dare you?" said a voice behind. It was Agnes. "If you must fight," she went on, "fight with someone of your own size and strength."

"With you, you mean!" said Julia. "I am quite ready, my dear."

"Oh! no, no; not on my account," cried Evelyn piteously. "I can go away. I had rather not stay to annoy you. Indeed, indeed, I would not make any of you unhappy for the world. I will write to my guardian and ask him to make some other arrangement. I am afraid," her gentle voice breaking, "I am very dull and stupid; but, you see, it was such a short time ago, and—and— But it is not fair that I should worry you about my troubles."

"You don't trouble anyone!" cried Agnes impatiently. "And as to going away, if you go I will go too. Julia is a heartless——"

"Hush! hush!" murmured Evelyn; while Julia, who was already ashamed of her own violence, which, if Evelyn did write to her guardian, might have serious consequences, turned upon Agnes. "Whose fault was it?" she said. "What did you say only this evening? I am sorry I vexed Evelyn, for I might have known it was only your mischief-making; but the next time——"

"Julia! Julia!" in Mrs. Delamaine's voice, "we are waiting for the music."

"Coming in a moment!" she answered. "Mamma will be here if we wait any longer. Good-night, Evelyn."

"Good-night," said the young girl, who was still much perplexed. "I am sorry if I vexed you."

"I am sorry—more than sorry!" said Julia impulsively. "There! You are the first person I have ever apologised to in all my life." And she vanished, leaving Agnes to make the best explanations she could to Evelyn. They did not help much—that Julia was jealous, and that she—Agnes—could not resist the temptation of teasing her; but that if she could have had any idea that she would have flashed out in such a way she would have been more careful. All this only added to Evelyn's bewilderment.

The days, as they passed slowly by, brought other mysteries. She shut them all up in her own heart. Already she had learnt that in this family it was a dangerous thing to bestow confidence upon anybody. It was only to Rose she could talk freely, and Rose could not have explained what was passing around

her, or helped her to understand the differences between her new life and her old.

Her talk to Rose was of the dear Capri days—of her father and mother—of how they had lived—of what they had said—of her own earnest desire to live as they would have had her live. Sometimes she would break off from these serious topics to speak of the beauty of their dear island—of the limestone precipices—of the deep sea caves—of the vineyards and olive groves, and lovely terraces overhanging the blue sea. And how was it possible to speak of all these without speaking of her playmate and friend? The beaming interest in Rose's face led her on, and she would go over their childish games, telling about the exquisite little gentleman in embroidered holland and blue, and Giuseppe, his devoted attendant, and the pony that could go up and down stairs as comfortably as any of them.

"I suppose Giuseppe is in England," she said one day, when she had been talking about these things. "I do so wish I could see him!"

So did Rose, and she proceeded to inquire if he and his master might come if they were written to. But Evelyn shook her head.

"I am afraid England changes people, Rose," she said, very sadly.

For all this time had gone by, and she had received no letter from Reginald. The girls asked, day after day, if she had heard from the Prince. She put off their questions as well as she could. She was learning slowly to live in this strange country. But they knew that she understood them, and she had to meet many jesting remarks about the Prince's faithlessness.

"It is the fancy fair," Agnes suggested one day. "He is afraid of being made to come."

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Julia. "If he were poor that might be. But a young man with his advantages! Besides, Lady Olive Cunninghame is in the thick of it. You may depend upon it he has some other reason for keeping away."

"Perhaps he is afraid of us," said Adelaide.

"Well! that would not be so wonderful," said Agnes. "If he does come, Evy, you and I will keep him to ourselves."

"He may like to have a voice as to that," said Julia, with a little toss of the head. "But I assure you it doesn't make any difference to me."

The girls laughed, and began to banter Julia about a certain good-looking foreign count whom they had met several times at Brighton, and who had been invited to one of their parties, and, to Evelyn's relief, Reginald was dropped.

It was all very strange to her. Brought up as she had been in an atmosphere of high culture and perfect refinement, she felt her taste offended by what she heard and saw. Sometimes when the girls and their friends were talking she longed to hide herself. She felt ashamed on her own account, ashamed on theirs. Another and still more painful effect followed. She was not at her ease in society.

The beautiful childlike freedom that her friends in Rome had admired deserted her. She was timid in a new and uncomfortable way that caused her acute pain. The least word made the colour flame to her face. She who had been so frank and fearless found herself curiously bewildered in the company of strangers. Often at night she would weep when

She was alone—like the Israelitish exile, wandering sadly on alien shores, weeping, weeping bitterly—while the waters of Babylon flowed sparkling at her feet. What she wanted was love and to feel herself of service. What she was offered was comfort and luxury and amusement.

One day—they had been three weeks at Brighton,



"Tea which her young mistress would insist upon her sharing."—p. 655.

she remembered what she had said and done in the daytime. "I am always thinking of myself," she would cry out, "and that is what they told me never to do. Oh! if I could get away, if I could hide in some quiet place, or if there were someone wise and good who would tell me what to do!"

Her hopes had been fixed upon Regy, but every day they grew fainter. He had come once, indeed, in obedience to her desire, but if he really cared, would he not have come again?

Sometimes she thought of Edwin Merrill. In all her sad new life he was the only one who had seemed to understand how she felt. "I think I could ask him about things," she said to herself. But Edwin was as much out of her reach as Regy.

and the fancy fair was well over—she received a letter in the well-known handwriting. She was alone. The letter had come by the last post. And the girls and Mrs. Delamaine were at an evening entertainment. She opened it with a throbbing heart.

"MY DEAR EVELYN" (ah! he had left off calling her by the old familiar name)—"I have a sad piece of news to tell you. My poor father is dead." (Dead! the letter dropped from Evelyn's fingers, and her eyes were blinded with tears. Dead! His father! And she had been blaming him in her heart for neglect and thoughtlessness! She took it up again.) "But for his illness, which was very painful, I should have tried to see you before this. Now I cannot tell when we

shall meet. Changes which it is impossible for me to explain have come into my life. I must leave Oxford, and give up all thoughts of a university career. You know what a sacrifice this will be to me. My friends here try to dissuade me from taking this step, and sometimes I have been weak enough to listen to them. But I know how your father would have chosen in my position, and God has helped me to stand firm. Dearest Evy, think of me, pray for me. We may never meet again. It is more than likely." Again the letter dropped from her nerveless fingers. She pressed her hand to her heart to still its frenzied beating. Was he poor? Oh, if she could only help him! And was it a fantastic sense of honour that made him keep away from her? And if it was, how was she to tell him that he was wrong? "Father! mother!" cried the poor child, tears raining down her face, "why did you leave us so soon? Oh, we want you, we want you!"

The words were spoken half-aloud. She stopped suddenly. In the silence the sound of her own voice had frightened her. What did it all mean? Were her senses deserting her? "We—may—never—meet—again." The words repeated themselves in her brain, "Never again—never again."

She wished to think them out—to reason—to understand, but she could not. Never again! never again! "Who said so? Regy? No, no; she was dreaming. It was only death that said 'Never again.'"

Crying out piteously, as if she had been hurt, she fell upon her knees and covered her face with her hands. She could not pray. The pain at her heart was too great; but the very passion brought rest. "Never! never!" Who was it said that there was no "never" with the Lord?

Her father—her earthly father! Ah! He was with his Father—the Father of Spirits—the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. She drew back her breath with a sobbing sigh—while gently, like the falling of oil upon stormy waters, came word after word—thought after thought—out of the silent treasury of the past. Long—long—she knelt, not so much praying as thinking, remembering. Her dear letter lay at her feet. Her lamp died down, flamed out, and then left her in darkness. Her blind was up. She could see the dim outline of the shore and the sky, with its innumerable shining worlds, and the dark, dark sea moving restlessly far below. She felt happy, thankful, at rest. All her trouble had gone. She was not alone. She was cared for.

Suddenly—ever afterwards she thought of it as a strange thing that it should happen at this time—her door was thrown violently open, and, almost before she could spring to her feet she saw a figure in a light apron rushing across her room.

"It is me. Don't be frightened, dear Miss Evy!" cried a voice she knew.

"You! What is it, Rose?"

The girl seized her by the arm. Through the darkness she could see her white, terrified face. "Let me stay with you," she pleaded.

"Stay! Of course you shall stay—as long as you like, dear Rose. I was feeling lonely," said Evelyn quietly. "Light the candles, and sit down. What is the matter with you?"

"I will sit in the dark, Miss Evy. Give me your hand that I may feel it. Thank the Lord, who brought you here!" cried poor little Rose, bursting into hysterical weeping.

"But what is it? Tell me your trouble. I might help you," said Evelyn gently. She was sitting now, and Rose was crouching at her feet and grasping her dress. "Are you afraid?"

"Of myself, Miss Evy, only myself. Oh! I was near going away from you to-night."

"Going away? Why? What do you mean, Rose?"

"Miss Evy, darling, he asked me. He's been asking me days upon days. 'I'll marry you,' he said—'I'll marry you in an English church, and you'll be a lady and a countess. Only trust me,' he said, 'and come away.' And, Miss Evy, it sounded all reasonable like at first, for why shouldn't I trust him? And then—then—oh! I found out he wasn't speaking true, and still—Miss Evy, darling, hide me, I'm safe here—nowhere else—nowhere else in all the wide world!" cried poor Rose.

"Hush, Rose! hush! you *are* safe, dear—safe everywhere," said Evelyn softly. She did not quite understand her poor little maid's incoherent ravings; but it came to her all at once that it was for this she herself had suffered, for this she had been comforted—that she might enter into the sufferings of another and pass on the light of consolation. "I have been in trouble too," she said. "I was praying about it when you came in. And I have had such happy thoughts. Shall I tell you what they were?"

"Tell me! Tell me! Speak to me. Let me hear your voice," cried the girl. And Evelyn spoke—told her of the one Father of heaven and earth, and of the Saviour who loves us to the end. Told how the solitary and forsaken are His, how He seeks the wanderer, how He tenderly comforts those who are stricken. "You are not alone, Rose. You are not helpless," she cried. "I thought I was just now. But I was wrong. He will give us the strength we need."

"Are you sure—are you sure, Miss Evy? But you are not like me," cried poor Rose. "And they wouldn't speak to you so. I'm only a poor servant-girl."

"It was the poor He came to—have you forgotten, Rose?—those whom everyone else despised. And He was despised. He, the Lord of all the world, because He might be like them," said Evelyn, in a broken voice. "Have we any right to be afraid? I have been afraid, and I am ashamed of myself for it."

"You afraid!" murmured Rose. "Why, Miss Evy?"

"I don't know, Rose. But I shall try to put my fears away. You must try too."

"I will, I will, if you will help me, Miss Evy."

But here I am, keeping you up and exciting you, and you so delicate," cried Rose, springing to her feet. "And what should we all do if you were ill?"

Therewith, forgetting her troubles, she began to bustle cheerfully about the room. She made tea for Evelyn, out of her own little tea-kettle—tea which her young mistress would insist upon her sharing as she brushed out her beautiful long hair and helped her to undress. When all her service was over and she still lingered, putting finishing touches to this and that in the room, Evelyn, who knew that Rose and one or two other of the servants had to sleep out while they were in Brighton, Mrs. Delamaine not having rooms enough for them, begged that she would make up a bed on the sofa, and remain with her for the night. "I am a little nervous," she said, smiling; "I shall sleep better with someone near me."

And so they slept together, the young mistress and the young maid—slept the sleep of peace and innocence.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A TRAVELLER was wandering through a distant country. The way was strange to him: he lost it; and when night came he found himself by the brink of a torrent, that lay between him and the light and shelter he wished to reach. How was he to face it? He could not. He trembled and sickened and his limbs gave way under him. Then through the darkness there came to him a voice of mourning. One weaker than himself was near him and imploring for his help. And, lo and behold! a strange thing happened; for strength was poured into his limbs, and his heart became firm as adamant, and he who had shrunk from going forward alone bore the burden of another on his arms.

Is it a parable? Nay, not a parable only, but a truth, whose beauty and power have been confessed by hundreds.

Our little Evelyn was going through the traveller's experience. The burden thrown upon her, of loneliness, sorrow, perplexity, wonder, had seemed more than she could bear. When her last hope failed her: when Regy, her one friend of the past, wrote to her mysteriously that his life was changing, and that they might never meet again, she had felt as if she could go on no longer in the strange country. And then, all at once, the voice of One sore-bested sounded in her ears, and she found that she was able, in the strength of her Lord, not only to go forward herself, but to help and support another. In after days she was wont to say that, from the night of Regy's letter and Rose's trouble a new life began for her. It was not free from pain, nor even from bewilderment. She was learning something about the great Babylon in which she found herself, and the knowledge would sometimes make her dizzy and faint. Poor, pretty Rose, who, by reason of her sweet face and charming Irish manners, was dangerously attractive, and who knew

others of her unprotected class no less attractive than herself, would on these long autumn evenings, which they spent together (for Evelyn would not hear of her sleeping out any more) tell more stories than her own; and the stories, which, though coloured as to their details by Rose's lively Irish fancy, bore the stamp of truth, brought the warm blood of indignation to Evelyn's heart, and bitter tears to her eyes.

She was learning, too, on her own account. Her eyes being opened, partly by the girls' half-bantering, half-cynical remarks, and partly by Rose's revelations, she began to see further than before—below the surface of society; and there were moments when she could not endure the thoughts that crowded upon her. It is a bitter moment to a sensitive soul when it first faces as a fact what has been to it but a dogma with very little meaning—that there *is* the plague-spot of evil in the world. Through such a moment Evelyn was passing, and but for the faith implanted in her from her infancy, the firm, not-to-be-shaken confidence in a Divine love overshadowing all, her heart and brain might have broken down under the terrible strain that was put upon them. Happily, too, with her mother's gentleness and refinement, she had inherited a portion of her father's determination. Nothing in her former life having developed this quality, it had lain dormant in her character; and even now it might never, but for the strong need of another, have sprung to light. When, indeed, the Miss Delamaines discovered that the "baby" Evelyn had an opinion and a will of her own, they were so much surprised as scarcely to be able to oppose her with vigour.

It was on Rose's behalf that she first asserted herself. An admirer of Julia's had presumed to look admiringly at the graceful young Irish girl. Julia, righteously indignant, demanded that Rose should at once be dismissed and sent back to London, and Mrs. Delamaine, though plaintively afraid of what the consequences might be of sending her adrift, gave way, as was common with her to well-sustained importunity.

To the surprise of everyone, Evelyn interfered.

"Rose is my maid," she said, "and I like her. If she leaves, I must leave too."

"Nonsense!" they all said; but she stood firm.

"I am sorry to annoy you," she said, "and I will give you any engagement you like about Rose's good conduct; but I cannot allow her to leave me."

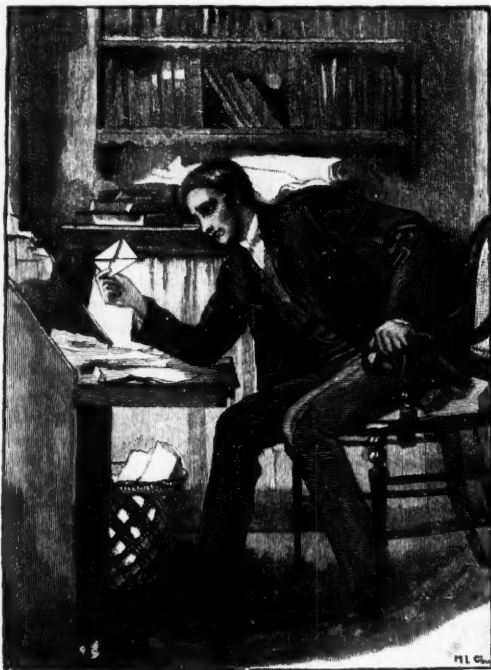
And so the matter rested. Julia, meeting for once a steadier, if not stronger, will than her own, was obliged to give in; Rose, dreading separation from Evelyn more than anything else in the world, was wise enough to keep in the background; and Agnes, glad to see Julia foiled for once, was more friendly than ever towards her father's ward. They stayed in Brighton during the month of November; Mr. Delamaine, who had returned from his visit to the Scotch moors, going backwards and forwards between London and Brighton by train.

Algernon and Dundas spent the principal part

of their time in London. "The railway journey," they said, "took too much out of them."

Clifford was more domestic. He had been successful in getting a little work for the press—on magazines and journals—and he could write as well in Brighton, he said, as anywhere else—an idea in which Mr. Delamaine encouraged him.

but he, like the rest of the family, was surprised to find that it was not so easy to manage her as they fancied. Sentimental speeches made her smile, not weep. And she had curiously dexterous ways of turning the conversation when it verged upon topics which she thought too intimate to be discussed by mere acquaintances. Clifford told his sisters that



"A letter that he had not seen."—p 660.

Clifford was what our French neighbours would call a *poseur*, a word for which we have no exact equivalent. He was always striking an attitude, or coming out in a new character. Lately he had appeared as a man of feeling. He spoke low, looked melancholy, told sad stories, ate little and with small appetite, attended service at churches where the music was the sweetest. "I must have fine sensations," he said. He took at the same time to directing his conversation towards Evelyn, and seeking her sympathy for what he called his views. Generally he met her in the society of others, and their talk was subject to interruptions, but he believed, from her way of listening to him—Evelyn had the truly womanly art of listening well—that he was making a favourable impression upon her.

He tried speaking to her sentimentally when, either in society or alone, they were thrown together;

their father's ward was not so much of a baby as they thought.

In London, whither they returned in the month of December, she ventured to assert herself still more. Supported by her guardian, who was always on her side in any difficulty, she formed her own little plan of life. He gave it out that her fortune was not what it had been expected to be, and yet he never allowed the want of money to stand in the way of any of her wishes. A pretty little victoria had been put at her disposal, and in it—here, too, Mr. Delamaine had come to her assistance—she drove out to visit Mrs. Stevens and Pickles, and some of their neighbours in whom she had begun to take an interest. She took lessons, too, in painting and music and art-needlework, and she did not neglect the one or two severer studies upon which she had entered with her father. Her quiet, consistent life

won for her the respect of the household. The girls ceased to banter her. She took their jests so well. Besides, this was Julia's observation, "One always felt sorry for it afterwards." They did not even banter one another so much as they had done. Evelyn never preached, never put herself forward in the least, but the conversation took a higher tone in her presence. The boys, who liked, they said, to see her face light up when any large or serious topic was discussed before her, brought her in the news of the outside world. Clifford, finding that his attitudes and views were thrown away upon her simplicity, fell back upon his natural manner, which was not displeasing. He was very much of a wag, this poor *poseur*. Evelyn, however, liked wags. When Clifford had succeeded in making her laugh heartily once or twice over some very simple jest, he was ten times more in love with her than ever. He was also in far less of a hurry to pour out his feelings.

So the weeks wore on. The spring came, and with it a general gathering itself together of the great house. There was talk of new dresses, and *soirées*, and private views, and *fêtes* and concerts, and this and that great lady—papa's clients—who were very kind to them, as well they might be, for what had papa not done for them?—were coming up to town, and there would be invitations in plenty by-and-by.

Such a rustling of silks and satins and laces—such shopping—such smiting of the long-suffering piano—such cleaning and burnishing and re-arranging and re-decorating! The poor men were hunted from one favourite corner to another, and Evelyn, who had not been feeling well for some days, spent much of her time in her own room. Headache—heartache—lassitude! She struggled against them bravely; but in vain. She was suffering from the climate of London in spring—the fierce winds, the hard, dull, metallic atmosphere—and her wisest plan would have been to have given way for a time to the sense of tiredness that had crept over her. But she had no one to advise her excepting Rose, and poor Rose, being in continual dread that the angels, who must be, she thought, her young mistress's sisters and brothers, would come in search of her, was all for her rousing herself. Evelyn did what she could; but the effort did not help much. She grew paler and weaker; her eyes became so deep and large that it terrified Rose to look into them, and an expression of patient sadness settled down upon her face. There was real danger in those days that the delicate nature, submitted to so long and terrible a strain, might break down altogether. But a change, destined to have great significance for her future, came into her life at this time.

One day—it was in the month of April, and the skies were softer and the air was balmy than they had been—she went out early in the afternoon for one of her music lessons. The house in which her teacher lived was on the further side of the Park. She walked across it, accompanied by Rose, and the victoria was to call for her at the end of the lesson.

Evelyn was feeling even more listless than usual that day. The walk, followed by the music-lesson, had tired her, and she was glad, when the carriage came, to lie back amongst the cushions, and enjoy to the full the sensation of rest. She was in this position, her eyes half-closed, and her little white face looking almost death-like amongst her dark draperies, when the carriage came to a sudden standstill, and she looked up to see if anything was wrong. It was a block—they were in the Park and close to Prince's Gate—caused by the passage of one of the royal carriages, and Evelyn was about to settle herself back amongst the cushions when she saw close to the railings a face she knew.

The man to whom it belonged wore a shabby coat, and had about him an air of neglect such as is seldom seen except in those who, as the expressive phrase goes, have "let themselves down." Before Evelyn saw him he had been looking at her—looking with a pain such as she could hardly have imagined. But when she glanced towards him he turned away. He could not, he dared not, let it be supposed that he knew her.

He had not taken her simplicity into account. "Stop! stop!" Distinctly the sweet voice came towards him. The carriage, which had begun to move on, pulled up. "Mr. Merrill!" The other loiterers looked at him. A pretty sort of man he, to be the friend of a fashionable lady! He hesitated. Should he take advantage of her simplicity? In that flash of time—it was merely the fraction of a second—he saw, or thought he saw, a look of trouble in her face, and, obeying his impulse, he sprang to the side of the carriage. In an instant her two little hands were extended and her eyes were *beaming* with pleasure.

"Oh, Mr. Merrill, I am so glad to see you!" she cried out breathlessly. "I thought I was never to see you again. I thought you had forgotten us. And won't you come with me to Mr. Delamaine's? They are all so anxious to see you!"

Poor Edwin! What was he to say? what was he to do? He was not coxcomb enough to make any mistake about her. But how if he made a mistake about himself? "I missed our talks on board the ship so much," went on the young girl.

He managed to smile. It was the old smile. Evelyn had seen it in her dreams—half mournful, half cynical. "You are very kind to remember them," he said. "But I am afraid you would be disappointed if I came to see you. I don't talk in that way now."

"Oh! why not?"

"Life in London is so serious."

Her face fell. "Yes; I have been finding that out too. It is one reason why I wanted to talk to you."

"Talk to me?" and then—he had not had the least intention, when she made him speak to her, of saying anything of the sort—"I am not fit to be anybody's friend," he burst out.

"You! not fit! what do you mean?" cried Evelyn.

She looked into his face, and noticed for the first time how haggard it was, and then it flashed upon her that his coat was shabby, and that he had not the well-cared-for look of those whom she was accustomed to meet in London. She had more experience now than when Edwin first met her on board the ship, and it was impossible that the hints which had been thrown out before her should not return to her mind. For an instant they came; but she thrust them away. She looked at her friend with dilating eyes. He was ill; he was poor; he was suffering. She did not—she could not believe that he was anything but good.

And meanwhile—it all passed in a second—Edwin was answering her. "I mean what I said to you before, dear Miss Dacre," he said sadly; "I do not belong to your world."

"But you might," said Evelyn.

"Ah! if we all did what we might."

"You will," she said firmly.

He paused for a moment; then, in a curiously shaken voice, "You think I will?"

"I am sure you will!" Her face was bright with colour, and her sweet violet eyes shone out like stars.

"Ah! if you think so!" said Edwin.

He dared not trust himself any longer. "I must not keep you," he said, raising his hat. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Evelyn. "We shall meet again."

CHAPTER XVIII.—NIGHT AND MORNING.

EDWIN MERRILL spent the hours that followed that brief interview in restless wandering through the quiet streets and squares that lie westward of the Park. The evening came; he wandered on still. Darkness fell. By the light of one of the scattered street-lamps he looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. He had not dined. That was nothing, for he had no appetite. But it was the hour when he had intended to meet the friends whom he had lately made. They were not very creditable friends. Two of them he had met on board ship; to the others those two had introduced him. Last night they had won almost all his money. To-night he had promised himself his revenge. He put his thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a gold coin. It was his last. He fingered it for a few moments, and then put it back again and turned his uncertain steps westwards.

"This one time more. It shall be the last," he said to himself. "After all, I can't lose much, and I may win; and if I do win, it will set me on my feet again. In any case I will stop."

For a few yards he went on westwards. His steps were curiously undecided. Then he pulled up. An uncontrollable force seemed to be drawing him back. "The last time!" a voice within him cried out. "You know it will not be the last time. If you go to-night, you will go to-morrow; and if you go to-morrow——" He stood like one rooted to the spot.

He could not move. His sight grew dim; his breath was hurried; the beads of agony stood on his brow. Ah! sweet eyes! sad eyes! Have you seen the last of them for ever? "I have been finding that out, too," the gentle, mournful voice came back to him. "I was wanting to talk to you." Alone! bewildered! sorrowful! living in a world where no one understood her! Asking for a friend! And he, who could be her friend, and who would not! Would not! Why? Because he had other friends and other tastes than hers. Because they were too dear—Edwin's lip curled scornfully—too precious to be relinquished, because he could not trust himself to act as a gentleman and a man of honour.

His face was still westward. He turned as if he had been stung. "Not to-night," he said to himself; "not to-night." Rapidly he walked away. No indecision in his steps now. His walk quickened—it was almost a run. On! on! never trusting himself to look back; on, as if the avenger of death were at his heels. Through quiet streets and squares into brilliantly lighted thoroughfares; plunging again into silent quarters—through dull, narrow lanes, each with its flaming gin-palace in a conspicuous corner. On! on! Ten o'clock—eleven o'clock. He was walking still. The town spread out; the streets were wider, the shops more scattered. The few there were had closed their shutters. Twelve o'clock. His feet were tired, and his legs were trembling under him. But he held on still. He was an escaped prisoner—he was flying for life, dear life!

One o'clock. The air blew fresh upon his face, and he knew it was a changed air. He pulled up, and looked round him. Absolute solitude; not a sound, not a stir. The moon, which was near its full, rose slowly. He could see it gilding the roofs of the houses he had left behind him, and changing the dull vapours that floated over the city into a golden tabernacle. He was in an open road, bordered on either side with what in this light looked like common land. Had he shaken himself free of the town at last? Was he safe?

As he asked himself the question, he heard heavy footsteps behind him, and facing round, saw the flash of a policeman's lantern turned upon him. From the unsteadiness of his gait the man took him to be the worse for liquor.

"Going much further?" he said.

"I don't know. I think I have lost my way."

The man gave a little laugh. "So it seems," he said.

"But is there an inn near here?"

"What! Ain't you had enough yet?" asked the policeman with a chuckle.

"I want a bed for the night," said Edwin gravely.

Something in his accent and manner struck the policeman, and he answered, "Well, sir, if so be you could pay for it——"

"I have money in my pocket." Edwin pulled out his sovereign. "But it is so late. I am afraid I shall find no one up."

"Then come along with me," said the policeman. "My mate 'll be coming on just now; and my missus, she have a room to spare."

When Edwin opened his eyes the next morning he found himself in a little barely furnished room, with whitewashed walls and a tiny latticed window. The sunlight poured in brilliantly. A multitude of birds—thrushes and larks and linnets—were singing. He could see from where he lay what looked like the flash of blue waters through trees.

He lifted himself up on his elbow and looked out, wondering what had come to him. Was fancy playing him a trick, or was he asleep still? For this little room, with its white walls and bricked floor, was strangely familiar to him. He shut his eyes and slept for another hour. His sleep was haunted with curious visions, and when he awoke and looked out again on still the same scene—the room with its clean but scanty furniture, its white walls and small latticed windows—it seemed like a dream within a dream. Long, long ago, when he first came to England as a boy, he had lived through one delightful summer holiday in just such a room as this. It was the home of— "Ah! what nonsense! One cottage room in England is very much like another," he said to himself.

He remained perfectly still for a few minutes. The birds had left off singing; but other sounds came to him—voices and the passage of feet under his windows. Children laughing, and crying, and chattering, and then, after an interval, the clashing of church bells.

"Ah!" said Edwin to himself. "It is Sunday. Dear! dear! There was a church close to that other cottage. I think I must go and have a look at this one."

He got up with difficulty, for his limbs were full of pain, and struggled through his dressing. He was only just ready when there came a knock at the door of his room. He cried out, "Come in!" And a quiet-looking elderly woman, with snow-white hair, appeared on the threshold.

"Please, sir," she began, and then broke short, and stood gazing at him.

"Why!" said Edwin, holding out his hand, and smiling, "how did you come here, Mrs. Carpenter?"

"How did I come, Mr. Edwin? It's my own home, for this many years, ever since I came across the water with my son. And didn't I ask you to come and see me whenever— God help you, my lad!" breaking down as she caught a full sight of his face, "but you've fallen away! What have they been doing to you?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered Edwin, with a little laugh. "And so chance brought me to *your* door last night, Sally. How strange! If I were superstitious, I should call it a good omen."

"Ay! but was it all chance?" said the old woman, weeping. "Did you not think of old Sally?

Did you not mean to give her a sight of your countenance?"

"Ah! dear old Sally!" said Edwin, smiling. "Yes; I did mean. But you know what my good intentions always were. The sort of thing roads are paved with. I mustn't say such things, must I? Well, I will be good. You shall do exactly as you please with me, just as you used to do. You always had a strong will, Sally. Do you know, I think it must have been your will that dragged me here last night? I was rushing away from Babylon—just running as hard as I could tear—didn't know where I was going, and your son—by-the-by, was the fine fellow who picked me up last night really and truly 'my son John'?"

"Mr. Edwin! Mr. Edwin!"

"And am I in Thames Ditton, the sweet little village where the shining river flows down to the sea? Well! well! How strangely things come about!"

"Strangely! You may say that, Mr. Edwin! That the Lord should bring you to my door!" said Sally in a broken voice. "My bairn that I nursed years ago in the strange land across the water! And you'll stay a bit now you've come?"

"Yes, Sally dear. I'll stay a bit. Give me a glass of milk, if you have one, and then take me to church. There! The bells have left off ringing."

"Never mind, Mr. Edwin. For this once we'll creep in late. It's but a stone's throw from the door. My daughter—she's gone on with the children. They sing in the choir. Ah! Mr. Edwin dear, do you mind the days when you and me used to sing together?"

"Jerusalem the golden,
Where loftily they sing.
O'er pain and sorrow olden
For ever triumphing!"

murmured Edwin. "Yes, yes; I remember. I've not triumphed yet, Sally. Don't cry, dear! I may. And now, come along! Too weak to go? Nonsense! Give me your arm. Now then, quick march! Ah! how delicious this air is! I feel inclined to live here always, Sally."

"If you would, Mr. Edwin, if you would!"

"Sally, you are much too excitable. Keep quiet, like a good old soul. I will stay with you for two or three days—as long as my resources hold out. And then I must hie me back to Babylon, and put my neck into the yoke. With your prayers, my dear good old soul, and somebody else's good wishes, and—"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Edwin."

"Hush, Sally! Thoughts are falling thick upon me. With God's help." They were close to the porch of the little ivy-covered church, and the voices of prayer and response came floating out into the sunshine. Edwin uncovered his head. "Go on, Sally," he said. "Yes; I wish it. Perhaps I will come in by-and-by."

She hesitated, looked into his face pleadingly, read

something there which made speech impossible, and without another word passed on to her place under the gallery where the children sang.

When Edwin left his old nurse and returned to Babylon he had spent about a week in the cottage of "my son John," and had been treated, he said laughingly, like a prince. He took away with him a memorial of his visit, in the shape of a few sheets of manuscript, with which he hoped to make a fresh start. He was in debt to his landlady, and several others, who provided him with the necessaries of life, and the next instalment of his allowance would not be due for some time. Deeply anxious to lead a life of industry and peace, he was in sore perplexity as to how to live until his work became productive. This was the problem he was trying to face on the morning after his return to his old lodgings.

He had not been altogether idle in London, and fugitive pieces of work of a desultory character had been sent off to various editors during the past few weeks. For the most part these had been merely "declined with thanks." In one or two cases the rejections were accompanied by brief notices of encouragement and warning. His verses showed considerable talent but little judgment. The conception of a certain story was good; but it had been worked out with too little care. A political article was trenchant, but startlingly inaccurate. Such letters were on his desk that day. He read them with care, and put them down sadly. Every one of his late efforts had missed fire. It was true that he did not think much of them himself. In more instances than one they had been thrown off when his brain was hot with wine. If he had seen them in print he would probably have been the first to shudder. And yet that they should all have met with the same fate seemed ominous. What was he to do? Give up the thought of higher things—try something humble—look out for a situation as clerk or book-keeper? But he had heard that even for such employments as these a host of men were struggling.

He was sitting before his desk, the manuscript he had just finished on one side of him, his letters and the sheaf of rejected contributions which he was turning over idly on the other. Ah! what was this? A letter that he had not seen. He took it up and looked at it. It was addressed in a light, delicate, feminine handwriting. It was not his sister's nor his mother's. Of that he was certain. What other lady would be writing to him? Moved by a curious fancy—a fancy that made him smile and bite his lip—he tore the letter open.

An enclosure dropped out upon the desk. He saw what it was at once, and sat gazing at it for a few moments like one paralysed. He pressed his hand to his burning eyeballs. He was dreaming. This was a curious mistake—an illusion!

No mistake. He looked at it again. There it was staring him in the face. A clean, crisp Bank of England note, of sufficient value—if he would take

it and use it—to free him from his present difficulties. But could he? Dared he?

When he turned to the letter in his hand for explanation his limbs were trembling and his veins stood out like knotted cords from his forehead. What was in that letter no one but Edwin and one other ever knew; but before he had read it through he was on his knees, his hand pressed to his heart to still its throbbing, and his blood coursing like liquid fire through his veins. Moments that seemed like hours passed over him. He knelt on still. His lips moved—moved as if he were in prayer; but only two small words passed out into the silence—"I will! I will!" over and over again, as if it were a charm, the same words. So on till he grew calmer. Then, white and spent, like one who had passed through a death-agony, but with a look of determination in his strangely set face, he rose from his knees and sat down before his desk.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE DAWN OF A NEW REPUTATION.

ALL the Delamaines' friends were interested in Evelyn, and some of the fine ladies—papa's clients—who had come up to town and sent the usual invitations to the family, discovered that they had been intimate with Sir John and Lady Dacre, and requested to be specially introduced to their daughter. Lady Olive Cunninghame, who was well known at that time in society as an enlightened patroness of the fine arts and a gracious Lady Bountiful, was one of these. At one of the Delamaines' afternoon at-homes she made a particular point of becoming acquainted with Evelyn.

Lady Olive had more experience than Reginald, and she would not be cheated of her intention to talk quietly with the pretty, fragile girl, whose mother had been the most intimate friend of her own youth.

"Don't let us be disturbed until it is quite necessary," she said to Agnes; "I rely upon you."

Agnes passed on the great lady's request to her sisters and mother, and while tea was going round and the piano was being taken by storm, Evelyn and her new friend sat together talking in a recess near one of the windows.

"And so you know my friend Reginald Stirling," said the great lady, when, at her request, Evelyn had told her something about her life at Capri. "I wonder, now, if you can tell me what has come to him? Before his father's death he used to go everywhere. Now one never sees him at all."

Evelyn said that she had only heard from him once or twice—that she was perplexed—that she wished very much to know. "Do you think," she said, faltering, "that he can be poor?"

"No, no. I saw what his father's will was proved under—an immense sum in personality alone. It is certainly not poverty that has made him disappear. It must be something else. There are curious rumours about. Some say he has taken up with singular ideas—has turned socialist, or something as



"And so you knew my friend Reginald Stirling!"—p. 660.

foolish. But I should not believe that of my friend Reginald unless I heard it from his own lips. I believe he lives entirely amongst the poor."

"Oh! that is so like him!" cried Evelyn. "But why should he give up everyone else?"

"That is just it; and his university career too, which promised, they say, to be brilliant. There is just one other theory. But I scarcely like to mention it."

"Oh, do! Pray do. I could not think differently of him."

"Nor could I," said Lady Olive, with a reassuring smile. "But this is not derogatory to him—in my eyes, that is to say. They hint that his father made his money, in the beginnings of his fortune, in some curious way—took a small business from somebody else—a brother or a cousin—and made it pay—changed his name that no one might know how the money came. Oh! it is a long story, with a great many ins and outs, and, of course, I may have the wrong end of it altogether. They say the money was made out of the necessities of the poor, and now, if you please, what must this headstrong, quixotic youth do but take up the old name—Crook, or Crook, or something of the sort: these English names, my dear, are enough to make one despair of the race. The story makes one wish," cried the indignant lady, "that there were some benevolent institution where enthusiastic young people could be honourably detained until they had cut their wisdom-teeth."

This was the substance of Evelyn's memorable conversation with Lady Olive Cunningham. It came

at a good time, preventing her from thinking so much as she might otherwise have done of her meeting with Edwin Merrill in the Park, and of the letter written on the evening of that day, with tears and prayers, the remembrance of which was sometimes positively alarming to her.

Three or four weeks had gone by since she sent that letter, when one evening, at the dinner-table, Mr. Delamaine made an announcement that called the warm blood to her cheeks.

"By-the-by, Evelyn," he said, "do you remember our travelling companion, Edwin Merrill? He is coming to see us this evening."

"This evening!" cried Mrs. Delamaine. (Evelyn was thankful she was not called upon to speak.)

"Then you have seen him?"

"Yes; I saw him to-day. Looking a little worn; but one can understand that. He says he has been working very hard lately. He has written a little book, which is to be brought out shortly by one of the first publishing firms in London, and he has been taken on to the staff of the *Pioneer*. That reminds me, Agnes. Those articles that you and I were puzzling our brains over—do you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the clever Miss Delamaine. "I wanted to find out the author. They are very picturesque."

"Picturesque! They are splendidly written," cried Clifford. "There has not been anything like them in the periodical press for years. They are making the fortune of the *Pioneer*."

"So I told the editor," said Mr. Delamaine. "He is an old client of mine. Curiously enough, he looked in to-day, just after Edwin left me. What do you think, turning to his wife, 'of your nephew being the author?'"

"Edwin?" said good Mrs. Delamaine. "Oh, dear! how glad I am. And I was just wondering what I should say about him to my poor sister, who has written me *such* a letter. I was going to ask papa to risk it, and take him up once more. Poor dear boy! to think of our misjudging him so! For he must have been working hard all this time; and papa heard— Well, never mind. If people would only leave off talking—but I suppose they never will, as long as the world lasts," sighed the loquacious lady. "Why didn't you ask him to dinner, papa?"

"I did, my dear, but he declined. Too busy, he said."

"He mustn't be allowed to work too hard. Saturday is always a holiday. Let us ask him to spend from Friday evening till Monday with us. Shall we, papa?" said Mrs. Delamaine.

"As you all like. I leave him in your hands," answered Mr. Delamaine.

The ladies retired to the drawing-room, where the returning prodigal was further discussed. But Evelyn was not present at the discussion. Finding it impossible to keep calm, she had slipped away to her own room. She sat down there, and tried to think over what she had heard.

Her pulses were beating a triumphant march, but there was an undercurrent of nervous feeling at her heart. Had she been right, after all? Was he really, when she met him that day, sad, solitary, hungry—verging on ruin and despair? And did her impulsive

action help him, or had she been deceived by her excited fancy? In a few moments she would know. "I shall only have to look in his face," she said to herself. But how, with this consciousness at her heart, she would be able to meet him, Evelyn did not know.

She was sitting in the dark, for the darkness, she always said, helped her to think. The visitors' bell rang, and she heard steps and voices. An interval, and then it rang again. She remembered that other visitors besides Edwin Merrill were expected that evening. That would make it easier. But still she sat on. She would let him talk to the others before she went down. The door of her room opened, and she started up. "Oh! Miss Evy dear, I beg pardon. I didn't know," said little Rose. "I was only thinking of straightening the room."

"Come in, Rose," said Evelyn. "I am glad you disturbed me. I *must* go down-stairs."

"I wouldn't if I was tired, Miss Evy." Rose lighted the wax candles on the toilet-table, and the light shone on Evelyn's glowing face and sparkling eyes. "You're feeling better this evening, dear miss?" said the young girl softly.

"Yes, Rose, I think so. I have had a pain at my heart all these days, and the pain has gone. But I am a little afraid still."

"Afraid, Miss Evy?"

"I can't tell you why. Good-night, Rose. Don't sit up for me; we may be late."

And Evelyn went out.

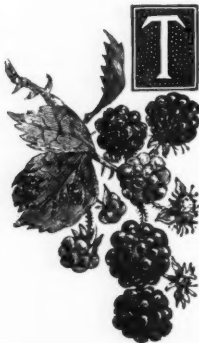
"Now I'd just like to know all about it," said Rose to herself. "But, whoever it is, God bless her and him too!"

(To be concluded.)

✱

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN IN CHRISTIAN EARS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



THERE is a twofold voice in autumn, one sombre and the other cheerful. The sombre voice is the voice of decay; of withered leaves and faded flowers, of growth arrested and beauty vanished. The cheerful voice is the voice of harvest, telling of fruit ripened and stored, solid results of labour realised, expectations in some degree fulfilled, hope turned into enjoyment. Yet the two voices are not necessarily discordant; a fine harmony may come from blending

them; for, after harvest, decay assumes a different character; after a life of labour, crowned with happy

results, it may come without a sting; for the life that is passing away has fulfilled its purpose, and like the fabled phoenix, it decays to renew its youth on a future day.

When autumn has fairly arrived, when the nip has come into the evening air, when the day visibly shortens, and the sun takes a lower circle in the sky, the change from summer is very marked. The flowers lie bruised and half withered, the trees are fast getting leafless, the very grass turns grey or brown, and the traces of fresh life and growth disappear. With the fall of the leaf come sickness and infirmity; and the aches and agues that prevail at this season are but too well known. The birds of song are silent, the birds of passage are gone, the plough makes havoc of what remains of vegetation in the fields, and the gardener hastens to remove to the conservatory many of the bright but delicate

plants that have made the garden so beautiful during the brief reign of summer.

How to point this moral everyone knows, but very few lay it to heart. This world is a fading world: not a home that can satisfy us, but a passing scene. It is wise to look beyond it, and fasten our anchor in a firmer soil. Whatever is bright and attractive in nature blooms only to decay. Few things are more beautiful than flowers, but how soon their beauty goes; even in summer it is only by successions of them, according to their times of blooming, that we get a permanent supply; and where are they in winter? It is delightful in early spring to watch a fine tree coming into leaf; first the purple buds, then the half-open leaflets, hanging like bunches of emeralds on the branches, and last of all the rich round canopy of leaf when the foliage is fully out. But for how short a time does the tree preserve its beauty! Autumn comes, with its drenching rains, and frosty breath, and blustering winds, and what becomes of our magnificent tree? Are these crumpled, crumbling, shattered leaves, bedraggled with mire, which the wind is driving hither and thither as if in very derision, the only remains of the magnificent foliage that so delighted us in summer?

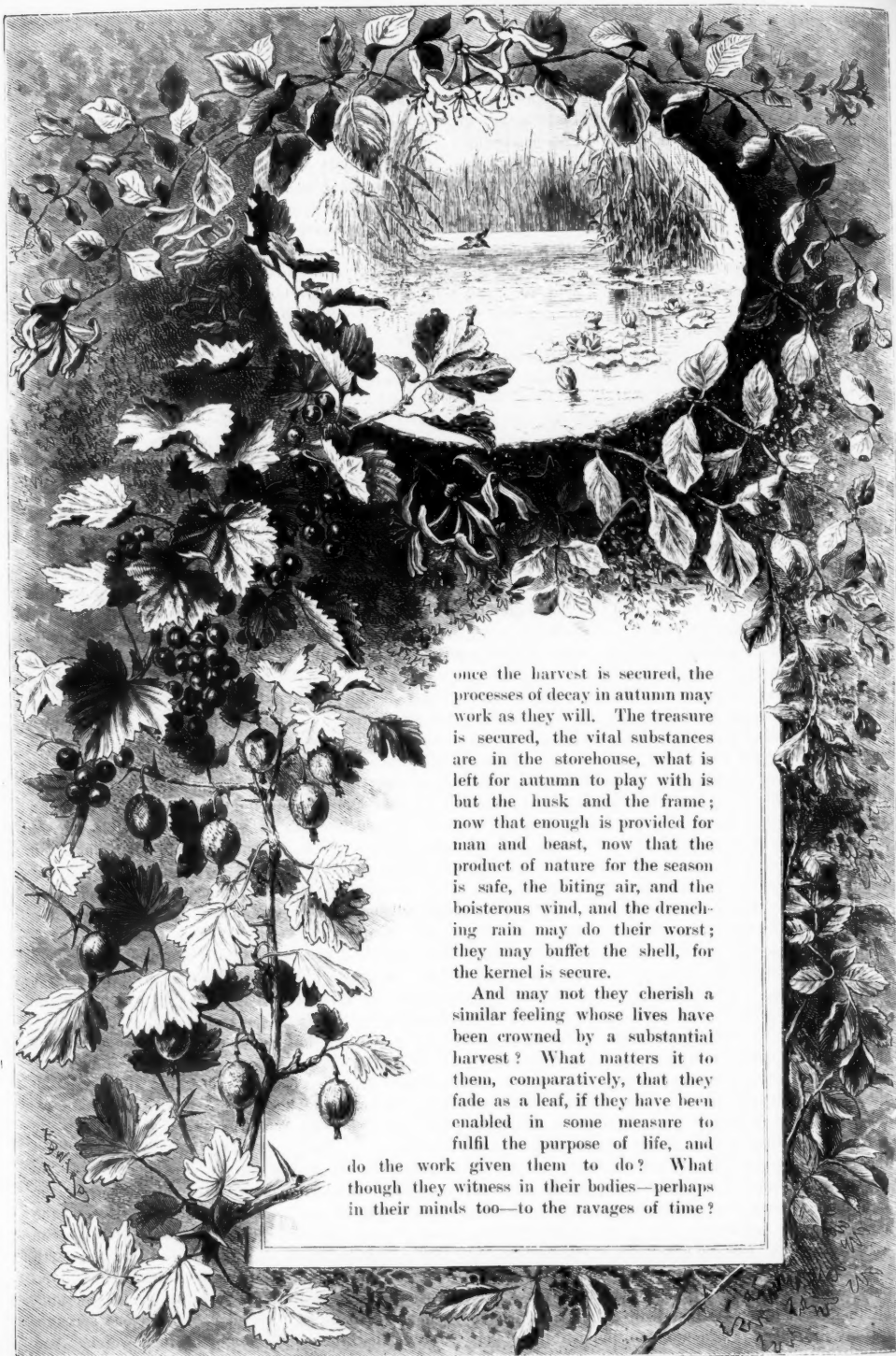
And is not this the emblem of the instability of even the best of earthly things? Do they not all pass away, and some of them so quickly that we seem hardly to have known them at all? Think of the numberless children whose life is ended before their first birthday comes round. Think of the young widows and widowers who have hardly tasted the joys of wedded life when they are over. Think of the blooming families, the joy of happy parents, in whose ranks fever, and consumption, and diphtheria make such ravages. But take even a life which has not been invaded by premature sorrow: does it not seem to flit past before it has well begun? These truths are so commonplace that one is almost ashamed to repeat them. But though they are commonplace to the ear, they are not commonplace to the heart. Who of all that are weary of hearing them, are as yet under the real influence of them? Have *you* really ceased to treat the world as your home? Has the world to come become yours, so that you are habitually under the influence of it, and are trying day by day to realise it, and live for it? Have you set your affection on the things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God? As you see the withered leaves tossed about by the wind, do you realise that those objects which fill the natural heart are not a whit more substantial? And have you truly entered into that covenant which secures for you treasures that cannot be shaken, treasures that scorn the ravages of time, and survive the decay of worlds?

But it is not the outer world only that decays; we ourselves decay as well. As the prophet says, "We all do fade as a leaf." The truth is not a welcome one at any age. It is next to impossible to get

the child to admit into his mind that he is a dying creature and may die at any time. He die? the thing is out of the question. The world is all before him—life with its thousand paths to tread, all the dreams of his fancy yet to be realised; it looks like indefinite ages before he can be old, before it can be time for him to think of dying. Nor is the thought much more welcome in middle life. Enter into conversation with a man of forty, and inquire whether he thinks seriously of the future life. The chances are he will turn on you and ask, "Are you mistaking me for a man of seventy? Let him think of these things, but why should I be called on to trouble myself about them?" And even men and women of seventy—how prone they are to put off the evil day. Just because they have lived so long they have got familiar with the idea of living, and anything else seems strange and unnatural. There is something in the heart that resists the idea that we have but a short and uncertain time on earth. No wonder that God often takes strong measures to lodge a living conviction of this truth in our hearts.

It seems almost vain to expect that the sight of the decaying world around us in autumn will avail in any case to originate a right sense of our frailty. But it may be the means of recalling and deepening impressions that have been made by more powerful influences. Would to God that we were only more teachable! Then we should not need those terrible lessons from appalling bereavements or sudden reverses of fortune by which we are taught the reality of autumn. We should not need to have our dearest friends torn from our embrace, we should not need to have the members of our family circle struck down one after another, to make us familiar with the thought—Die you must one day: possibly to-night. We should not be so stupidly insensible to the thought that life is not all before us—that much of it is already past and gone; we should be more ready to see how baseless are many of our dreams of worldly ease, and we should be more earnest in asking grace to make us like the musk or the sandal-wood, that emit fragrance when they are bruised and broken. But we neglect the little lessons, and hence the terrible things in righteousness by which we are taught that this is not our rest.

So much for what we have called the more sombre of the two voices of autumn. But, as we have said, autumn has a cheerful voice likewise. In all ages the season of harvest has been a season of rejoicing; "they joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest." And the joy of harvest is such that it seems to set at defiance the decaying processes of autumn. We are reminded of that scene in the Apocalypse, where "the angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God, cried to the four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." Once God's servants were sealed, the angels might do their worst. And



once the harvest is secured, the processes of decay in autumn may work as they will. The treasure is secured, the vital substances are in the storehouse, what is left for autumn to play with is but the husk and the frame; now that enough is provided for man and beast, now that the product of nature for the season is safe, the biting air, and the boisterous wind, and the drenching rain may do their worst; they may buffet the shell, for the kernel is secure.

And may not they cherish a similar feeling whose lives have been crowned by a substantial harvest? What matters it to them, comparatively, that they fade as a leaf, if they have been enabled in some measure to fulfil the purpose of life, and do the work given them to do? What though they witness in their bodies—perhaps in their minds too—to the ravages of time?

What though the bodily organs are fast decaying, and the symptoms of decrepitude coming on apace? The rich voice that used to charm the company of admiring listeners has become thin and cracked. The athletic arm that used to astonish the on-lookers with its feats of gigantic strength is now shrunken and feeble. The sport that was looked forward to with such eagerness and followed with such delight, has no charm now. It is said of one of our greatest writers, that when, after being struck with paralysis, he tried to guide the pen that had charmed the world, and found that he could not write a single word, he burst into tears. The philosophy of the world does not rise higher in the view of the inevitable law of decay, than bid you "grin and bear it." No, says the Christian, there is no need to grin, and I can do something better than bear it. I am thankful that in my youth I was enabled to commit myself to Jesus Christ, and that, amid faults and failures innumerable, I have been able in some degree to follow Him. I am thankful that I have in some measure fulfilled the purpose of my life. I have done my day's work, and I don't need to grumble because my strength is exhausted. God knows I have nothing to boast of—I have every thing to be humble for; I know that no service of mine is worthy of acceptance on its own account, and that all needs to be sprinkled with atoning blood. But I have tried to do the work given me to do, and so far as I have succeeded, I have secured my harvest. If I have spent my strength, I have not spent it in vain. If I have come to the end of my life, I have come also to the end of my work. Why should I moan because I am not now what I was? Through the grace of God I can look forward to a better life, sure to dawn on me when this life is ended. Do not the tokens of decay tell me that I am drawing nearer to heaven? When the outward man perishes, is not the inner man renewed day by day?

Who can measure the satisfaction of having thus secured a harvest as the result of one's life? It is the want of any harvest that makes many an old age miserable. Even men who have succeeded in life, as the phrase is, are not exempt from this misery. There is nothing in the retrospect they can

dwell on with satisfaction. They leave nothing behind them to work for good results after they are gone. What they have got has perished in the using. They see all that is bright and joyous in life passing away, and faith gives them no glimpse of anything better to come.

Surely there is a striking lesson here for those beginning life. Take care lest you come at last to the desolation of those who have secured no harvest. Take care lest you have to look back on a life wasted, or even worse than wasted. Think seriously for what purpose God has given you your life. Make sure that you spend it as He designed—not for your own gratification merely, and not solely for the temporal benefit of your family, but in such a way as shall show a real harvest: fruit gathered and garnered as the years roll by. And in what way may you secure this end so effectually as by taking Jesus Christ for your Master and your Leader? Who can be your guide to so noble a life as His? Who can so effectually keep you from yielding yourselves to false and deceitful methods of life, and so surely and yet so kindly guide you in the ways of prosperity and peace?

We would never make light of the trials and sorrows of this life, or say that, even to the most godly, they are insignificant. And yet it is true that they are wonderfully transfigured by the power of faith. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory." And the very process of decay is transfigured when it is viewed as the token of approaching glory. In some climates the very decay of autumn is attended with rare beauty. No one who has seen it can ever forget the glory of the American fall. The whole forest becomes, for the time, a blaze of beauty. From the brightest crimson to the palest green, all the colours of nature are blended with that apparent carelessness which often brings the richest and most finished effect. It is a wonderful transfiguration of the process of decay. So may Divine grace transfigure to us even the decay of our life, making the very failure of nature bright with the touch of grace and the hope of glory.

PEACE THROUGH SUFFERING AND CONFLICT.

(ST. JOHN XX. 19, 20.)

BY THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.

CHRIST was the most natural Teacher that the world has ever seen. Even when His words are of the most startling character, and when they seemed to contradict the conventional and natural modes of thought, they are startling only because He was right and the conventional was

wrong. The fact was, His was the profounder and truer view of human life, and in all He taught He was but leading men away from the pseudo-natural to the true natural conditions of humanity. He knew what was in man. He knew what man is capable of, and for what end God had created him. It is this

which causes the study of His words to so amply repay us. We penetrate under His guidance to those eternal laws of man's life which are the conditions of his real and truer being. And only as the world comes round to His way of thinking, accepts the great precepts and principles which He enunciated, and takes these not as mere pretty theories, but as the practical guides of life, will society realise its full development, its freedom, and its happiness.

We must not, therefore, be surprised if at first sight His words *seem* unnatural, and if at times He presents what appear to be striking and marked contrasts to what appears to us to be consistent and wise. Only let us listen, only let us study, only patiently follow out all He suggests, and the light of a higher life, a nobler consistency, will begin to dawn upon us, revealing to us the fact that we are in the presence of the great Master of human life.

Take, for instance, these verses, and see what they contain. Here are certain words, "Peace be unto you;" and yet accompanying these words are certain acts. He showed unto them His hands and His side. Those hands which still bore the impress of the nails, and that side where the cruel spear had entered, leaving its terrible wound, were displayed before the disciples while He spake to them of peace. Could there be a more striking, a more startling contrast than that between what the disciples saw and what they heard? Surely those scars, glorious as the world has long since learned to regard them, spoke of anything but peace. All that the Cross and Passion signified, of rejection, suffering, death, was expressed by that sight to the hearts and minds of the disciples, suggesting to them anything but the message of peace. And the contrast between these words and the signs of suffering was repeated in the experiences of those very disciples. "Peace!" Was that peace which fell upon St. James, whom Herod killed with the sword? "Peace!" Was that peace which accompanied St. Peter and his companions when they were brought before the Sanhedrin and beaten? "Peace!" Was that peace which was the lot of the infant Church when, after the martyrdom of Stephen, they were scattered abroad? Was it peace which surrounded the life of the beloved disciple at Patmos and elsewhere? And if we look a little further on, and take into account the experiences of those who came after, do we find that it was peace with them? Was it peace that St. Paul found in perils and labours? Was it peace which awaited the early martyrs, who for their faith were persecuted unto death? The wounded side and the pierced and bleeding hands, these marks of the Lord Jesus are repeated upon the followers; but where was the peace? And yet we shall find that the contrast is only on the surface, and that it points to a truth that harmonises these apparent contradictions. For the peace of Christ is no merely transitory feeling of relief. It is based upon something deep and abiding. It comes in obedience to the laws of our being, and in satisfaction of our noblest cravings.

I. Let us see what peace is.

1. Peace is, first, one of those things which it is hardest, nay impossible, adequately to define. It is not so much anything definite, as a quality, an atmosphere, a subtle something that is found as an accompaniment of other things that are found in its presence and under its influence. We may try to grasp it in the abstract, but it escapes our hands, even as the spirit of beauty refuses to be caught and extracted from those things which it clothes and whereby it manifests itself. We look upon the quiet lake, shielded by hills, mirroring on its margin the tall, motionless trees, and upon whose bosom scarce a ripple breaks to disturb the stillness of the scene, and we say, How peaceful! The spirit of peace seems to hold all in its embrace and to reign supreme. We look upon the old ruin, upon which the ivy has grown, half covering it from view, while all about it the grasses have crept up to its walls, and from interlacing boughs slant beams of mellowed light, falling in gentle blessing upon its flowers, and sward, and leaves, and grey immemorial stone, and peace seems to be the presiding genius before whose presence we feel our hearts sink into quiet. Or, again, the smiling landscape stretches before us, woods and meadow, and distant sea, and happy homesteads nestling in a leafy covering, and we have a picture of peace. But who would ever think of associating peace with stagnant pool, or barren waste of land and piles of fragmentary stone?

For there seem to be, then, three elements involved in this idea of peace:—1. Quiet; 2. Beauty; 3. Life, or something that is, or at least seems to be, the subject of the peaceful influence.

2. The necessary elements of peace, then, are these:—

(a) Negatively, there must be freedom from all disturbing elements. All that disturbs or thwarts the true character in its realisation must be removed. For this disturbing factor is often a hindering one. The brook flows quietly on, singing its song of peace; but let some jutting ridge of rock cross its path, and in a moment it frets and fumes and boils in impatience, and war has taken the place of peace. The disturbing factor disturbs because it thwarts the natural flow of its course. And till this is removed there is no peace.

(b) Life. Mere quiet is stagnation, and there is no peace in stagnation. There can be no association of peace with that which appears indifferent to it. The dead seem at peace because we associate the rest of death with the spirit that has escaped from the troubles of earth.

(c) Life realising its ideal. It is not only life, but life free to act in intensity according to its kind, and that in its natural form and shape is expressive of beauty.

As far, then, as human peace is concerned, these are the three great elements which compose it: Freedom; Life; Life realising its true destiny.

3. The order of these necessary conditions as elements of peace.

When there is a disturbing element, then there can be no peace until it has been removed. There is, therefore, contest before peace. And thus it happens that much that seems to breathe of the very spirit of peace is the result, not, in the first instance, of peace, but of conflict. Ere the peaceful landscape could be made such it had to be rescued from its primeval disorders, and the wild confusions of nature had by hard labour to be reduced to the order and quiet beauty that has now become the abode of peace. So, too, with the best part of what we call civilisation, the recognition of mutual rights and duties, the harmonious interchange of gifts and services, the sense of safety and protection under which all live, and the recognition of law and order, and the full play of freedom: these have not come without effort, many a conflict, many an interruption, until the disturbing, hindering elements have been brought into subjection to right and liberty, and then out of the victory has the presence of peace been born.

II. The obtaining of peace.

Peace, then, is the result of conflict, where there is anything to oppose. Hence, we have conflict first.

1. Now, this is specially the case in the life of man. In him and in his life there are so many disturbing elements: elements that not only disturb, but threaten to thwart his growth in true manhood, and to subject him to the lower powers of the world. For man, therefore, to attain that peace there must be victory over these, not only in himself individually, but in the world of his fellow-men, and circumstances and influences whereby he is surrounded. And when we remember that man's true nature, his real dignity, is in his spiritual life, then we are brought face to face with this great fact: that there can be no true peace, no worthy peace, no abiding peace until his spirit has obtained victory over all that would disturb, hinder, and enslave it. And thus, the peace to be sought is no mere external ease, but an inward peace: one which reaches to and affects his spiritual nature. Hence, for such a peace man must be prepared to engage in an uncompromising war with not only the base within himself, but also the base that is in the world about him. And so he must be prepared to war sometimes against himself: sometimes against the world: sometimes even against the opposing influences which come to him from his fellow-men.

2. And these are some of those foes against which man must contend if he would earn a true peace: "a peace with honour":—

(a) There are the lower passions and impurities that war against the soul, and there can be no peace until these are brought into subjection to his reason, his conscience, and his higher nature. There can be no peace to conscience, there can be no freedom of soul, there can be no unfettered growth and realisation of his true destiny as man, until the animal nature has been conquered. And what does that mean but the

crucifixion of the flesh, with its sinful desires? In other words, the cross of Christ is the road to this victory over what stands in the way of the things that belong unto his peace. Well, then, may Christ show His hands and His side when He speaks to His disciples of peace.

(b) Self. Next, there is that great factor of selfishness, which is so great a disturber of mankind. It disturbs the inner life of each. It turns society into so many warring units. It would narrow in and down the best qualities we possess, so that there can be no greatness of soul so long as it holds sway. It is essential to the realisation of our higher life in its harmony, its beauty, its power, that this self should be conquered. "For he that seeks to save himself shall lose himself; but he that loses himself for My sake shall find himself." And what is this but self-crucifixion: the death unto self that we may live unto God? Can we wonder, then, that Christ, the utterly unselfish One, who laid down His life for the world, should come to us showing His pierced hands and wounded side when He speaks to us of peace?

(c) Idleness. Here is a third great hindrance to man's realisation of his true destiny. There can be no success, no victory, where there is not earnest effort, the putting forth in resolute and persistent action all the powers which he possesses. For there is no royal road to peace. The hindrances must be conquered, and there is no victory for the idler. Effort, resolute effort, persistent effort, self-sacrificing effort: these are absolutely necessary conditions of obtaining that peace which can only be reached through conflict, and the beating down of every foe which would disturb or impair the strength, the freedom, and the harmony of our souls. Is it to be wondered at, then, that when Christ spake of peace He showed to His disciples those pierced hands and that wounded side, which are not only the expression but the proof of that earnestness of purpose and diligent activity which have never yet been equalled in any other of the sons of men?

III. The peace that Christ speaks of.

What, then, are the elements which are necessary to that peace to which Christ calls us?

(a) Purity. This is the first element: a purity in all we are, in all we say, and in all we do: a purity which touches, penetrates, influences, gives hue and character to every faculty, quality, and attribute; and is the personal realisation of each in his individual life and its spiritual attainments.

(b) Unselfishness: which is the expansion of each life, and its fulfilment of that social life that it owes to its fellow-man.

(c) Obedience: which is the recognition of the higher laws of life, in living up to and reaching out towards which the soul fulfils its duty towards God.

And when these three are realised, or in proportion as they are realised, will there be peace: peace with self; peace with our fellow-men; peace with God. And this is the peace to which Christ calls us: the peace of intense uninterrupted life, when the real life

of our being and the world has free course to work, and develop, and bring forth fruit according to its kind.

Hence Christ, who calls to peace, calls first to war. That is truly the meaning, surely, of the wounded hands and side.

The Prince of Peace calls to war, but not the war of brute force; not the war of legion hurled against legion in the savagery of physical conflict; but the war that leads to peace; the war of right

against wrong; of purity against impurity; of unselfishness against selfishness; of the Cross against Caesar and the world, the flesh, and the devil; that war that is fought out in our own hearts and lives until we are crucified with Christ, our baser natures subdued to Him. Then rises in us that life of purity, and love, and freedom which means the peace not of earth, but of heaven, that the world gave not and cannot take away: one that "hath her victories no less renowned than war."

THE TIME OF HARVEST.

BY MRS. EMMA E. HORNIBROOK, AUTHOR OF "BORNE BACK," "MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES," "IN TRUST," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.—EARTH'S HARVEST.



VER the mown meadows and through the corn-fields comes the Honourable May Haworth; "young, beautiful, and high-born," yet not happy. The sunlight is declining, the golden

haze of the summer's day has been wrapped together like a soft veil, and rolled away. There is nothing oppressive in the stillness, and nature seems to revive. Yet the lady's heart is ill at ease.

"Oh, all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord! praise Him, and magnify Him for ever!"

Like a long forgotten chime, the words which she had heard chanted by trained voices in a harvest thanksgiving service long ago, came back to her. All through her ramble, earth and heaven seemed to be keeping up a jubilant chorus, but her heart had no song. The Honourable May Haworth, in her early womanhood, fairest and apparently most blessed of created things around, turned from the bending corn, which seemed to salute her as she passed and own her queen, in selfish discontent.

The country was not May Haworth's home, and she had not yet learned to love it. She was in it against her will. The flowers she had gathered hung idly from her hand. At first the fragrance of woodbine and meadow-sweet, the beauty of the harebell and marguerite, the Ceres-like arrangement of blue and scarlet poppy with golden ears, had charmed her. She had sucked the honey from the modest cowslip. It was so different from the country in town: the Parks in their season. But the momentary feeling of novelty and pleasure, the sense of

freedom and joy in existence, passed away, and gave place to sad thought once more.

She had enjoyed one season in town; a few months of excitement, which flashed over her life with a strange meteor brightness that suddenly went out. Only its remembrance was left as a faint trail of light, to render the present "darkness visible."

The daughter of Lord Haworth, the child of a noble house, though her family were poor for their position, and her dowry would be nil, had many suitors. She tasted the intoxication of power; she revelled in admiration and pleasure. From her still thirsty lips the cup of joy was ruthlessly snatched away.

"My daughter," said Lady Haworth, May's mother, "Lord Liscombe appears your slave."

"Then I never shall be his," was the proud reply.

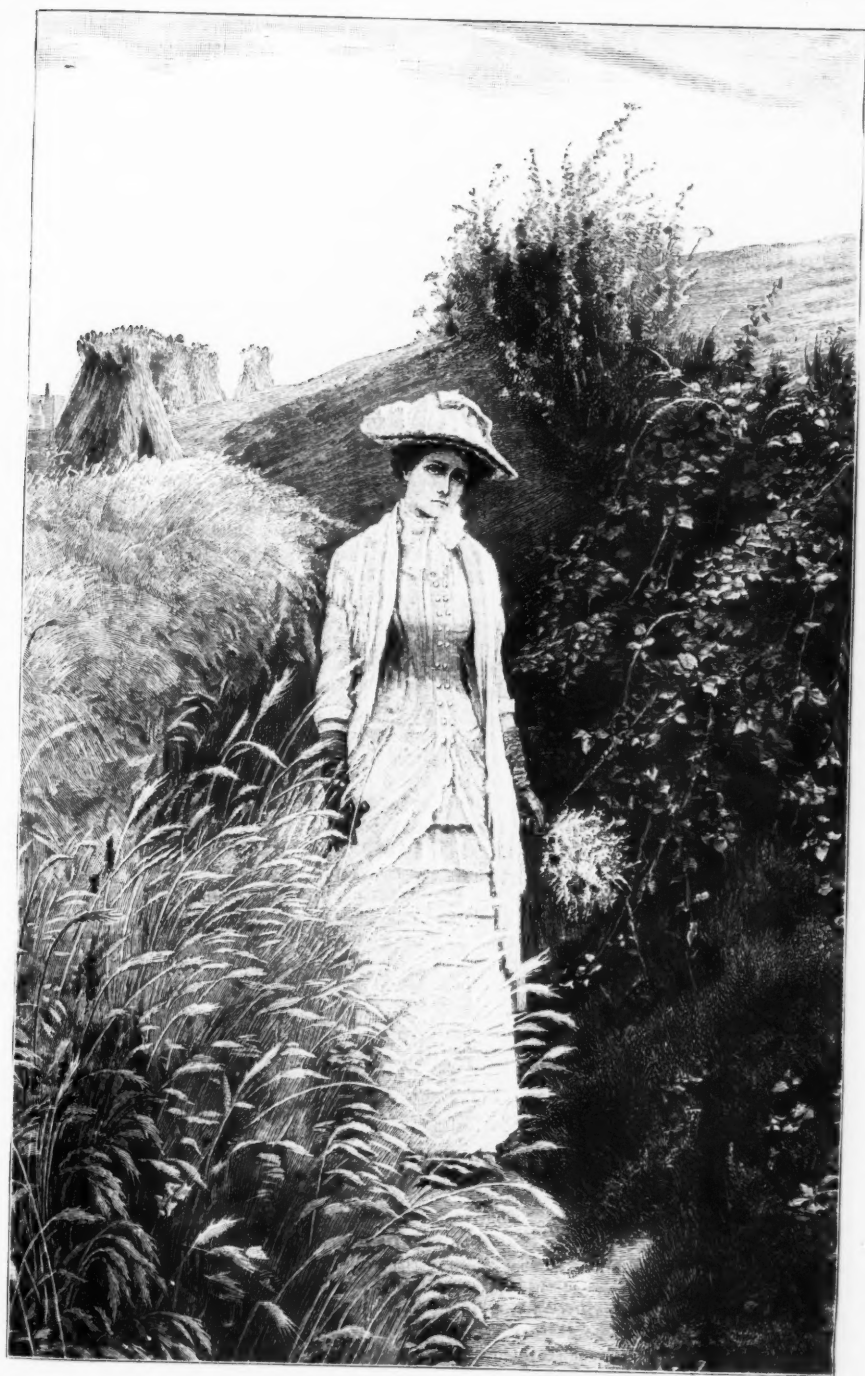
"My child, how *gauche* you are! Of course not. You may rule him, if you please."

"Yes, after he has bought me! Mother, I am not to be disposed of like a horse or dog, to a man I detest, because he has more thousands than we have. It is barely possible that I may have a heart."

Now, Lady Haworth had not taken this into consideration. A heart—a young, warm, undisciplined heart—might certainly prove an obstacle. It was an inconvenient, not to say a dangerous possession. The next thing might be getting rid of it by bestowing it upon some good-looking boy without money or title.

Lord Haworth was called upon to interfere. He had very little voice in his own house, poor man; nevertheless, his wife contrived to put him upon his mettle in this matter. Then his daughter's spirit rose, and she gave Lord Liscombe plainly to understand that she herself had to be won, and no one had a right to dispose of her without her entire consent.

The consequence was that she was banished, fairly banished, to the country seat of her maternal uncle, old General Durant. There, in loneliness and



"She could not bid it go."—p. 679

solitude, with no companionship but that of a maiden aunt, it was hoped that the Honourable May would come to her senses.

And so she did ; but in a different way from what her parents expected.

Her uncle was indulgent to a certain extent, but there were a few good old-fashioned rules which no one thought of infringing. She did not venture to absent herself from morning and evening prayers, and had to walk to the village church on Sundays, as the carriage was never taken out on that day.

In her uncle's high-backed pew in the village church May felt inclined to nod. Dream she certainly did, though not of "Ruth the beautiful." The gleaners were not at work to-day among the barley. A Sabbath stillness was in the air.

"Put ye in the sickle; for the harvest is ripe." The text roused her a little. Then she heard of a mighty ingathering, with the thought of which she was not familiar—heard of it with a momentary vague wonder, which did not deepen into alarm.

Not in the village church, not in her quiet chamber, not at the solemn nightfall, did the remembrance force itself upon her, but returning from her ramble, through a narrow pathway, where the corn, as we have said, bent towards her, while many clambering and trailing plants tried to catch her garments and detain her on the other hand.

As the thought grew she shivered—shivered as with cold, in spite of the warm air. Some would be gathered into happiness and home hereafter ; others would be left out—out in the cold and darkness : unloved, unloving. Worse than isolation was the idea of evil companionship. How could it have entered her mind ? She would put it from her.

But she could not bid it go. It all came of her being sent to this dull place, she told herself. No wonder she was in the blues. Ah ! if she only could get back to town. She would even smile on Lord Liscombe to purchase release.

"The harvest of the earth is ripe." The voice that *was* to sound was sounding even now in her soul, in secret and in silence.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW SERVICE.

"IZSET," said General Durant to his sister on the following morning, as he folded up a letter he had just been reading, and placed it on the breakfast-table, "Alan has arrived in England ; he will be here to-day."

May Haworth knew who was meant. The expected visitor was General Durant's brother's son, therefore her own second cousin. She had not seen him since she was a child, but heard that he had distinguished himself in the late war, and felt a little afraid of him. His coming would cause a diversion, however—vary the monotony of existence, and save her from thought. Upon the whole, she was glad.

When she descended to dinner that day a gentle-

man stood beside her uncle's chair. He turned, and she was introduced to her cousin, Major Durant.

He was over thirty, with bronzed complexion, well-cut features, and a strong soldierly bearing. May felt at once she had found her ideal.

After dinner he sat down beside her at a little table apart, and began turning over some family photographs.

"Do you love the country ?" he asked ; then added, a little awkwardly, "You are a cousin, you know : I suppose I may call you by your name ?"

"It is lonely," answered the young lady evasively, not inclined to accord too much privilege at this early stage.

"It is lovely !" he said. "I thought how grand it looked in its harvest glory as I came along last evening."

"Last evening ?"

"Yes, I came last night ; but don't tell my uncle. You see, I am trusting you with a secret already in right cousinly confidence. I put up at the village inn. I did not want to burst in upon my uncle before the letter had announced me. Besides, I had another reason."

He did not say what it was, and May did not ask. She was wondering how it was they had not seen him on his arrival, when he went on, with a little amused smile—

"I saw you before you saw me, 'comin' through the rye,' or rather the barley. I knew by intuition you were something to me, and took a good look at you as you came on towards a rustic bridge which crosses a stream near the road."

"And you were there ?"

It was all the self-possessed lady of *ton* could get out. She felt herself colouring as a recollection of the soul-trouble of the day before came back. Then it would have a voice, and she said in a hushed tone—

"I was thinking of another harvest."

"And you were frightened. Poor child !"

There was a great deal in the tone that answered her. It was appreciation—gentle, almost tender. May bent her head as before some new power.

He often talked to her after that, sometimes in a language which she could with difficulty understand. She liked to hear him—ah, that is too cold a word !—she *loved* to hear him speak. But little response she made. She was honest, and would not go beyond herself ; moreover, she doubted her motives. So she gave herself up, as well she might, to the pleasure of riding and walking with her new companion, and the country was no longer dull.

At last there came a day when she had to say to him, "I must go back to town."

"To what ?" he inquired ; "to the old life ?"

She longed to tell him that the old life had lost its charm : that she had learned of something better far—a higher service, a nobler aim. But what would he think of such a confession ? Might it not seem as if she wanted to win him ? Dare she seek to win

him, knowing what her mother would feel and *do*? All this flashed through her mind in an instant.

Masking the feeling, she answered lightly, in true womanlike fashion, "It may be so."

He looked at her for a moment, then turned abruptly away. His eye roved over the stubbly fields beneath them, for they stood on a bend of the road above.

"The harvest is being gathered in," he said, as if speaking to himself, "and I 'stand here all the day idle.' 'The labourers are few,' and I, dreaming the old dream, profess to serve 'the Lord of the harvest.' A soldier of the Cross must obey his Captain's command, and not be turned aside out of the line. God bless you, May, and good-bye."

Not another word.

CHAPTER III.—GATHERED IN.

MAY HAWORTH went back to town to find her father ill—dying. The shock at first was dreadful, as she was so wholly unprepared. He received her kindly, and showed almost childish pleasure in her presence, but spoke little. She read to him, and tried to pray. The effort did her good: she could only hope it did him good also. He left no parting injunction which she might find it hard to disregard. She was free to choose her own path in life.

Lord Haworth was in debt, and the creditors took a great deal of what he left. That troubled his daughter but little. She could even bear her mother's complaints, and, later on, reproaches, for beside her father's death-bed she had found a Friend to Whom she might bring all her troubles. Looking back, she could thank Him for His guiding to that quiet rural scene where her slumbering conscience was awakened.

She saw Major Durant more than once. He had been frequent in his inquiries during Lord Haworth's illness, and made one of the mourners at the funeral. Then followed a visit or two of condolence, and he seemed to pass out of her life.

But she heard of him often. He had left the army, and was acknowledged as his uncle's heir. Now Miss Durant wrote that he was in the country; again, his name appeared in the religious papers as the leader of good movements in town. Social reforms and religious revivals alike appeared to be ascribed to his influence. His time, energy, and money were freely given to every righteous cause. On committees, the Chairman of young men's associations, president of mechanics' institutes, he seemed to be everywhere, and equal to anything.

May watched his public career with profound admiration, wonder, and—envy. He was a labourer in the great harvest-field indeed. But did he ever "dream the old dream?" she wondered. No; his life was too well filled: his heart must be satisfied.

It is a poor room in an old tenement house, and beside a low bed, on which lies the wasted form of a boy, kneels May Haworth.

"You are going home, Willie," she is saying; "you will soon be gathered in. The Good Shepherd will 'gather the lambs with His arm'—His own arm, dear Willie, which was once stretched out upon the cross—'and carry them in His bosom.' Heaven is better than earth."

"He told me so," murmured the boy. "He told me them very good words when he took me away from the man that beat me, when we was down among the hay, and the sun was shinin'—oh, so bright!"

A step was at the door, but May did not raise her head. Her young *protégé* had often raved thus of an unknown friend, whom he had apparently seen but once, somewhere down in the country.

"My boy, is it so I have found you? Do you know me?"

A light flashes over the dying face; May's head droops lower.

"It is him!" exclaims the boy, as a tall figure advances from the gloom and stands beside the bed. "I told ye he'd come: I asked God to send him. Give over the light; I can't just see him."

"But you can see the Lord?"

"Yes, oh yes! He is standing with His arm out—to gather—"

Before he could finish the sentence he was gathered in.

Then May felt herself lifted up very tenderly, and placed in a chair, while the strange gentleman gave directions to the poor pale mother, placing money on the table. After this a neighbour came in, a few solemn words were spoken, a prayer offered, and May was free to go.

She turned away with an aching heart, awed and overcome. She tottered as she walked, but her hand was placed upon a strong arm.

"Did you know the boy?" she forced herself to ask, as they found themselves in the street.

"I met him but once—the evening I first saw you, in the country," Major Durant replied. "It was to save him I stayed at the village inn. But he was stolen away by a cruel master, and I have been unable to trace him until to-day."

There was a long silence after that. May began to think he would not speak again, when he softly said—

"May, have I not found with the boy who has gone to heaven the crowning blessing of my life?"

"What?" she whispered.

"My wife. Dearer a thousand times than when I loved, yet left her in her country home, lest she should draw away my heart from God."

"But you had no thought for me?"

"Dear, you were in all my thoughts. I knew it was best for you too—best that you should learn, uninfluenced by mere earthly affection, to choose aright. May, let nothing divide us now."

And nothing did. Lady Haworth's consent to a marriage with her brother's heir was easily won. As for Lord Liscombe, he had vanished from the scene long before.

"O Love Divine."

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus.
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)

1. O Love Di-vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart All
tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The
great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me!

2. God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3. For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet :
Be this my happy choice—
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth—be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

REMINISCENCES OF DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

THE Revision movement owed much in its early stages to the energy and eloquence of the celebrated Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester. It was he who, on the 10th of February, 1870, moved the following resolution in the Upper House of the

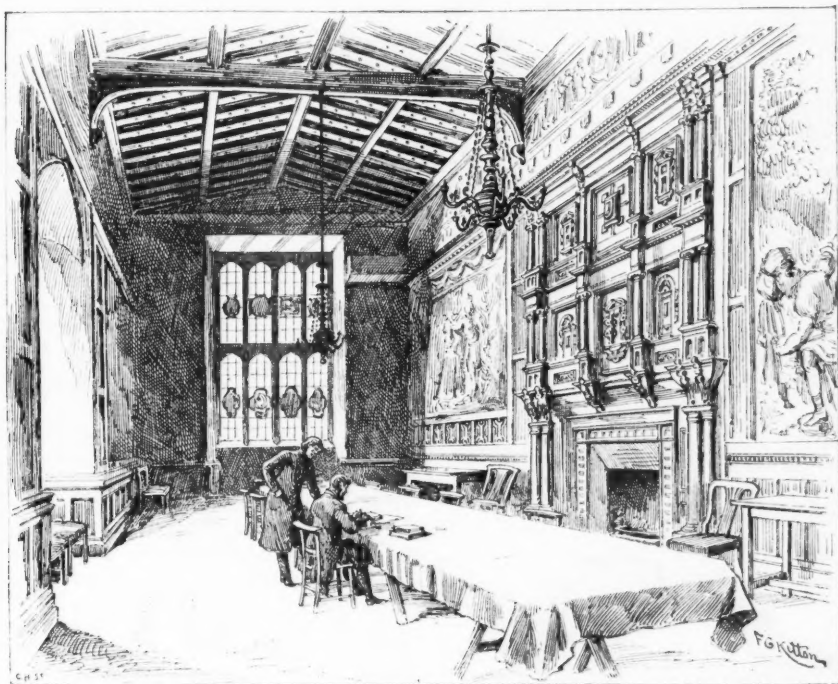
Convocation of Canterbury :—"That a Committee of both Houses be appointed to report on the desirableness of a revision of the Authorised Version of the Old and New Testaments, whether by marginal notes or otherwise, in those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Hebrew or Greek text originally adapted by the translators, or in the

translations made from the same, shall, on due investigation, be found to exist." This resolution the Bishop supported by a long and powerful speech.

Having been for many years (indeed, since 1857) deeply interested in the question of Revision, and having just contributed an article on the subject to the *British Quarterly Review* (January, 1870), I read the argument of the eloquent Bishop with

stands in the Revised New Testament with the following very important modification of meaning :—
"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh ; for these are contrary the one to the other ; *that ye may not do the things that ye would.*"

Bishop Wilberforce was appointed by Convocation Chairman of the New Testament Revision Company.



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(Most us place of the New Testament Revision Company.)

absorbed attention. Among other "plain and clear errors" which he mentioned as calling for correction, I remember being especially struck with his remarks on Gal. v. 17. That verse stands in the Authorised Version as follows :—"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh : and these are contrary the one to the other : so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." It is obvious that, as the last clause of the verse thus stands, the "flesh" is represented as successfully conflicting with the "Spirit." But the Bishop argued that the very reverse was the meaning of the Greek. And in this view he was unanimously followed by the Revisers. They concurred with him in regarding St. Paul as setting forth the "Spirit" not as the *conquered*, but the *conquering* principle ; and accordingly the verse

His never-ending public engagements, however, prevented him from very often being present.

Rarely, therefore, was our nominal chairman able to be with us, and the practical duties of the chair were left to be most assiduously discharged by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Once or twice, however, Dr. Wilberforce did visit us ; and for a brief half-hour or so he occupied the chair on these occasions. I can recall the impetus which his presence among us imparted to the company. Truth to tell, we generally moved forward at a very jog-trot pace, and such gentle progress was not without its advantages. But, with Bishop Wilberforce in the chair, the state of things was completely altered. Full of vitality himself, he roused the energies of all around him ; and, even after he had left, we still

seemed, for a time, to feel the impulse which his appearance among us had so strikingly communicated.

But my most vivid remembrances of the Bishop of Winchester are not connected with the work of Revision. They are rather associated with two occasions on which I heard him preach, and a meeting at which I listened to a great missionary speech from his lips.

The first sermon which I recall was delivered on a Sunday evening in Westminster Abbey. The nave of the vast edifice was crowded with thousands of hearers. From the beginning of the service a feeling of deep solemnity seemed to pervade the multitude, but this was greatly intensified when the Bishop began his discourse. He chose for his text these words in St. Matt. viii. 2: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," and delivered from them one of the most impressive evangelical addresses it was ever my privilege to hear. But the most awe-inspiring part of the service was when the preacher suddenly stopped the torrent of his eloquence, and asked his audience to engage for five minutes in silent prayer. Every head was bowed in deep solemnity, and many faces indicated the powerful emotions which were struggling in the heart. Never, surely, could that scene be forgotten by any who took part in it; and only the Great Day will reveal how many then made, with lasting effect, a personal appeal to the Saviour whose power and willingness to help had just been so impressively set before them.

The other sermon which I remember was preached



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Waller, Regent Street, W.)

in the Isle of Wight. That island, I believe, is in the diocese of Winchester, and the Bishop was in Ventnor on one of his customary visitations. His text was taken from St. Luke xxiv. 36, "And as

they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." The discourse was entirely extempore: at least, no word of it was read. It was a remarkably quiet, winning, and encouraging address. Some parts of it were striking and imaginative in the extreme, as when the preacher spoke of "the viewless air" assuming the appearance of Christ, and said that where nothing had been perceived the moment before, His lips were now seen parting with the blessed salutation, "Peace be unto you."

It was so long ago as 1860 that I heard from Bishop Wilberforce's lips the great missionary speech to which allusion has been made. The place was the little town of Worthing, in Sussex. The object of the meeting was to stir up an interest in the Universities Mission then about to be founded in Africa under Bishop McKenzie. Dr. Gilbert, at that time Bishop of Chichester, occupied the chair, and uttered a few earnest words very much to the point, as did also some other speakers who followed him. But the whole interest of the meeting gathered round the speech of Bishop Wilberforce.

He began with a glowing eulogium on Dr. Livingstone. He spoke of the impression which had just been made by the missionary's simple and unstudied eloquence at Oxford, "although," said the Bishop, "he was a Dissenter, and in spite of the prejudices of the place." He extolled the patient endurance and the single-hearted devotion to duty which the humble Scotchman had displayed; and he ended this part of his speech by declaring that, if Livingstone "had lived in the heroic ages, men would have worshipped him as a god." The Bishop then went on to speak of the great purposes aimed at by Christian missions, and of the claims which these had to be generously supported, while he closed with a peroration more thrilling than I ever heard from the lips of any other speaker. Having painted the glories of the missionary cause in the most vivid colours, he addressed his audience in substance as follows:—"If you have money to spare, give a part of it to this sacred cause; and if you have no money, at least breathe a prayer of sincerity and faith, that God's Kingdom may be established upon earth: drop a tear of sympathy over the benighted condition of so many of your fellow-creatures in the world; and if you do nothing more than offer that earnest prayer, yea, if you do nothing more than drop that sympathetic tear, God will turn *even that* into a pearl of great price."

DR. LEE, ARCHDEACON OF DUBLIN.

I HAD the happiness of being on very intimate and friendly terms with Dr. Lee, late Archdeacon of Dublin. This was entirely the result of our meeting together as joint members of the New Testament Revision Company. Previously to that event, we had had some literary controversy, and, with the dogmatism and impetuosity too often characteristic

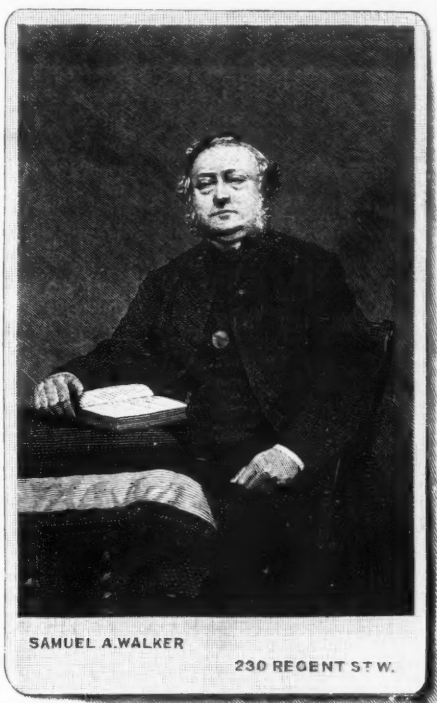
of youth, I had allowed myself to make use of some language which I have long ago seen to have been irritating and unbecoming. The subject of difference between us was the original language of St. Matthew's Gospel. As is well known to all who are interested in Biblical questions, three opinions have prevailed in the Church with respect to that point. There is, first, the belief of those who, resting on ancient tradition, maintain that St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew only. There is, secondly, the opinion of those who, trusting mainly to the character of the Gospel itself, hold that it is an original work, and therefore affirm that St. Matthew wrote only in Greek. And there is, thirdly, the hypothesis of some who, feeling alike the force of early tradition to the effect that St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew, and the conclusiveness of the evidence borne by the internal phenomena of the Gospel to its being an original work, think that St. Matthew was the author of two Gospels, the one composed in Hebrew, and the other in Greek.

Dr. Lee had expressed himself in favour of this third opinion. I, on the contrary, had, with De Wette, Tregelles, and other scholars, pronounced it "baseless," and had maintained the exclusive Apostolic authorship of the Gospel of St. Matthew, as it now exists, and has always existed, in Greek. Such was the point on which we had differed, and exchanged some needlessly sharp words. But when we met in the Jerusalem Chamber, and had an opportunity of really becoming acquainted with each other, all former irritation was forgotten, and we enjoyed, for many years, the most friendly and delightful intercourse.

Without contributing much that was original, Dr. Lee was an exceedingly industrious and useful member of the Revision Company. He prepared most carefully for its meetings, and, considering the distance he had to travel, was, unlike myself, most exemplary in his attendance.

I had several times the pleasure of meeting Dr. Lee in private, and I always found him most amiable and agreeable. On one occasion we were fellow-guests at the Deanery, Westminster, and I well remember the great courtesy and kindness then displayed by the Archdeacon. He never sought in any way to obtrude himself, but did his utmost to suggest topics which were likely to lead some who might otherwise have been silent to take part in the conversation.

On another occasion I spent some days with Dr. Lee under the hospitable roof of the Bishop of St. Andrews, then resident at Perth. It need not be said that, with such a host, there was much scholarly and instructive talk. But what I chiefly remember in connection with the Archdeacon was the interest he took in a salmon-fishing expedition which was one day got up by some of the members of our party. As for himself, he never dreamed of joining it. He seemed perfectly ignorant of what it implied, and



ARCHDEACON LEE.

looked with amazement at our preparations. Rods, lines, and flies were all new to him, and objects of his eager curiosity. And when, with our apparatus complete, we set off for Dunkeld, he expressed the most sanguine hopes of our success. But, alas! the lovely summer morning soon changed into a day of drenching rain, and by the time we reached the scene of our operations the beautiful Tay was considerably flooded, and rising every moment. In such circumstances all anglers know what to expect, and though we got our boat out, and did our best, we had nothing but a thorough wetting for our pains. Great was the disappointment of the Archdeacon when we returned in the evening without a fish, and not having got even a nibble; and much was he surprised that we did not grumble over the day's experiences. He never forgot that expedition. As often as we afterwards met, his question was—"Have you caught any salmon yet?" and he chuckled over his remembrances of Dunkeld and the Tay. It was with a sincere pang of regret that in May, 1883, I saw the announcement of his unexpected death, and I look back with heartfelt pleasure on the happy hours I spent in his society during the many years of our acquaintance.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

NO. 42. PARABLE OF SHEEP AND GOATS.

To read—*St. Matthew xxv.*
31—46.



THE JUDGE. (31—33.) *Son of Man*—name used by Christ of Himself—name usually of humiliation—now refers to His glory. Comes as Judge once more to earth. Sits on throne of glory.

Angels present at Christ's birth—praised.

Angels after His temptation—ministered.

Angels in Garden of Gethsemane—succoured.

Angels at the judgment—share His glory.

Throne of Glory.—Christ sat down at well—weary. (St. John iv. 6.)

Christ on mountain—teaching. (St. Matt. v. 1.)

Christ on Mount of Olives—prophesying. (xxiv. 3.)

Christ on throne of glory—judging.

Nations gathered before Him. Many races from whole world—many complexions—many languages. Now a separation into two great classes.

Judge knows lives, characters, motives, thoughts—pronounces sentence accordingly.

II. THE SENTENCE. (34—46.) Contrast blessing and curse—

Blessed of the Father. Cursed from themselves.
Kingdom prepared for them. Fire prepared for devil.

Did what they could. Did nothing for others.
Life eternal. Everlasting punishment.

Examples of those who have ministered—

Hungry fed—Elijah by widow. (1 Kings xvii. 12.)

Drink given to thirsty—Jacob by Rachel. (Gen. xxx. 10.)

Strangers taken in—Angels by Abraham. (Gen. xviii. 3.)

Naked clothed—Widows by Dorcas. (Acts ix. 39.)

Sick visited—Aeneas by St. Peter. (Acts ix. 34.)

Prisoners cheered—St. Paul by St. Luke. (Col. iv. 14.)

Examples of ministrations refused—

Beggar not relieved by rich man. (St. Luke xvi. 21.)

David churlishly treated by Nabal. (1 Sam. xxv. 10.)

St. Paul forsaken by Demas. (2 Tim. iv. 10.)

These works done or not done for Christ.

Examples of ministration to Christ—

Soldier, in pity, gave Him wine on the Cross.

Martha received Him into her house.

Mary anointed His feet. (St. John xii. 3.)

Women of Galilee ministered unto Him.

LESSONS. 1. Certainty of coming separation.

2. Its equity and perfect fairness.

3. Its finality; no escape.

NO. 43. FOES AND FRIENDS.

To read—*St. Matthew xxvi. 1—16.*

I. GATHERING OF ENEMIES. (1—5.) *Passover* drawing very close. Remind of institution—night Israelites left Egypt. Object—remind of past deliverance from bondage—show future deliverance from sin.

Lamb slain—blood sprinkled on door.

Christ slain—blood poured out on Cross.

Jerusalem crowded—Christ been welcomed by multitudes—enemies plot His death. Assembly of great council called Sanhedrim.

Origin—Moses, assisted by seventy Elders.

Members—Chief Priests—Scribes—Elders.

Duties—Enquire into matters of Jewish law and religion. Formerly had power of life and death.

President—Caiaphas—high priest—office no longer hereditary—appointed by Romans.

Decision that Christ must be taken by subtlety.

Afraid to employ force, because of the people.

Unable to entrap Him by words—Christ had hopelessly defeated them.

II. GATHERING OF FRIENDS. (6—13.) Little company of friends meet. (See St. John xii. 3, etc.)

Simon—once a leper—gives feast.

Lazarus—lately raised to life—an invited guest.

Martha—serving—helps to minister to Christ.

Mary—anoints with precious ointment.

Disciples—headed by Judas—grudged the gift.

Why did Mary do this? Conduct showed—

(a) Great faith—realised Christ as king.

(b) Great love to Him who raised her brother.

(c) Great sorrow at Christ's approaching death.

(d) Great self-denial in giving Christ her best.

Christ accepted the gift as done to Him. Saw in it the working of faith, love, gratitude. Prophesied how the story should be told in all lands.

III. TREACHERY OF DISCIPLE. (14—16.) Evident connection between Mary's devotion and Judas' betrayal. Christ spoke of His death and burial. Judas' hopes fell. Had joined Christ for what he could get—ambition being disappointed, hopes to raise himself by Christ's fall. Covenant with chief priests to sell Christ for price of a slave. (Ex. xxi. 32.)

Contrast—Judas' hate with Mary's love.

„ meanness with Mary's generosity.

„ avarice with Mary's self-denial.

„ ingratitude with Mary's gratitude.

Mary seeking how may minister to Christ. Judas how to betray Him.

LESSON. *The love of money is the root of all evil.*

NO. 44. THE LAST DAY.

To read—*St. Matt. xxvi. 17—35.*

I. THE LAST SUPPER. (17—19.) Sunset of Thursday evening. Two disciples sent to Jerusalem to prepare the Passover. Told to go to a certain man—

probably a disciple of Christ—to prepare the Passover feast. Christ comes later. He *sat down*, i.e. reclined, with St. John leaning on His bosom.

Ceremonies at the Passover—

1. Cup of red wine mixed with water. The first cup. (St. Luke xxii. 17.)
2. Guests washed their hands. Christ washed disciples' feet.
3. Bitter herbs and unleavened cakes with sauce.
4. Cakes dipped into the sauce. (St. John xiii. 26, "sop.")
5. Second cup mixed and blessed.
6. Psalms cxiii., cxiv. chanted by all present.
7. Father of family explained the rite. (Ex. xiii. 8.)
8. The Paschal Lamb brought in and eaten.
9. The third cup, or cup of blessing.
10. Psalms cxv.—cxviii. chanted—completing the "Hallel" (30).

Christ, as a Jew, with Jews kept the Passover now.

Tells that one of His disciples shall betray Him.

Denounces woe against Judas.

Next institutes new feast for all Christians.

Notice—

Bread used as typical of Christ's body before. (St. John vi. 51, etc.)

Bread sustains life—is pleasant, suitable to all, none ever tire of it.

Wine refreshes, makes glad man's heart.

So in feeding upon Christ by faith the soul is strengthened and refreshed.

Notice—1. Christ's *Command*—Take, eat, drink.

2. *Command to all*—none may turn away.

Christ *blessed* the bread as at miracle of feeding multitudes.

This is My Body—cannot explain—simply believe.

Is shed—rather "is being shed"—sacrifice begun to be offered.

New Testament—or covenant. Blood the seal of the old covenant, wine of the new.

II. THE LAST DISCOURSE. (31–35.) Told at length by St. John (xiv.—xvi.).

Christ had been as Shepherd guiding disciples.

Now He will be smitten and they scattered.

St. Peter, foremost to speak, as always, protests that he will be faithful.

Remind of similar instances in his life—

(a) Bold to profess Christ (xvi. 17), then rebuked by Christ (xvi. 23).

(b) Bold to walk on sea—then faith failed. (xiv. 29.)

(c) Now bold to promise—first to deny.

After Christ's ascension foremost in preaching and bearing witness for Christ. (Acts iv. 13.)

LESSON. *Be not high-minded, but fear.*

NO. 45. GETHSEMANE.

To read—St. Matthew xxvi. 36–56.

I. CHRIST'S PRAYER. (36–46.) Passover—Lord's Supper—long discourse (St. John xiv.—xvi.)—all over, whole party leave Jerusalem at night. Paschal

moon shining. Cross brook Cedron to Garden of Gethsemane—often been there before for retirement and prayer. Now eight disciples left in one place—three taken further on—Christ goes further still.

St. Peter, St. James, and St. John often specially taken. With Christ at raising of Jairus's daughter.

At His Transfiguration—communion with God.

Now in His agony and prayer.

Why thus specially favoured?

Saw secret of His strength—prayer.

Saw secret of His life—communion with God.

Saw manner of His work—sympathy, gentleness, etc.

Afterwards St. James—first apostle martyred. (Acts xii. 1.)

St. Peter—foremost in activity.

St. John—Evangelist—taught Christ's divinity.

Christ had prayed for St. Peter, that his faith might not fail.

Christ had prayed for His Church, that it might be one. (St. John xvii.)

Now prays for Himself. Notice—

1. *The reality* of His prayer—feeling sense of need.

2. *The earnestness*—three times the same words.

3. *The submission* to God's will.

Notice about the Apostles—

Their *willingness* to follow Christ even into danger.

Their *language* in watching and prayer.

Their *failure* to help Christ. What did He do?

How did He deal with them?

He charged them—Watch and pray.

He rebuked them—Could ye not watch one hour?

He excused them—The spirit is willing, the flesh weak.

Mark His care, gentleness, and self-forgetfulness, even in this dark hour.

II. CHRIST'S CAPTURE. (47–56.) Now the moment has come. Judas and a multitude are seen. Who are they?

(a) Officers from the chief priest. (St. John xviii. 3.)

(b) Captains of the Temple. (St. Luke xxii. 52.)

(c) A rabble attracted by the party of soldiers.

All with swords, spears, lanterns, torches, etc.

Picture the different actors—

(a) Judas, the traitor, betrays with a kiss—treachery.

(b) St. Peter, indignant, draws sword—zeal.

(c) Christ, the prisoner, heals the ear (St. Luke xxii. 51)—mercy.

(d) Disciples forsake Christ and flee—cowardice.

(e) Officers take Christ prisoner.

Notice Christ's calm and dignified words—

To Judas—indignant rebuke.

To Peter—warning; the servant of the Lord must not strive.

To the multitude—reproach. Why this to Me?

Result—Scriptures fulfilled, and Christ led away to die.

LESSON. *Christ also suffered for us.*

THE EXHAUSTIVENESS OF CITY LIFE.



BETHANY, shaded by olive trees, and gleaming whitely on the hill slope, is still a pretty spot. It was probably much more beautiful than at present when Christ, being within reach, came to it to escape from the city and its exhaustiveness. His central

work was in Jerusalem. It was the scene of His chief labours, His teachings, protestings, and purifyings. It was to be the place where the finishing touch was to be given, the final victory gained. One would have imagined that Christ would have remained in Jerusalem at night as well as by day, but it cannot be proved that He ever slept in Jerusalem. At least five evenings of his last week of life were spent at Bethany.

It seems that Christ could not bear to remain in Jerusalem. Jesus could have remained there. He had friends like the one who loaned to Him the ass with its foal, and who acknowledged Him "Master." Or He could have gone to John's house, or to that of John Mark, or to that of Nicodemus, or to that of Joseph. Evidently He preferred the country. He loved nature. This does not detract from His dignity as divine, but it shows His humanity. The greater part of Christ's life was spent in the country, in fields, on roads, among mountains, or in the villages of Judea, Samaria, or Galilee. City life was evidently not the most attractive to Him, and He escaped from it directly it was possible.

Possibly men would never have crowded in towns but for certain reasons, such as association for defence, facility for gaining knowledge, amusement, or convenience of trade. Man's normal condition is to be a husbandman. Only as He grows artificial does He care for town life. It was Cain, not Abel, who first "builded a city."

There are advantages in city life, but there are results that lessen the gains. It is not merely that there are risks from sewage gas and from crowded rooms, but from numbers that hinder interest. City life brings out the ingenuity of man, but there is a great exhaustion of vital power. There is constant wear and tear of the system by the multiplicity of things claiming attention. Think of the committee meetings to be attended, of the multiplied agencies demanding attention; of the fierce competition for existence; of the strain put upon men of small capital by the existence and advertising power of large houses; of the many sights compelling thought; of the paralysis sometimes produced by the mightier work to be overtaken; and the difficulty of making oneself felt amid the moving crowds of the city. Then add the lateness of the hours the shops remain open; the amount of gas used and bad air breathed; the rapidity with which every customer has to be

attended to; the distances it is necessary to travel, on trivial business frequently, in a city; the hurrying to catch trains; the complex engagements to be met, and it must be confessed that city life is most exhaustive. The drafts on nervous energy are constant. There is great excitement, and the loss caused is not so readily repaired as in the country. The air is not so pure. It has been vitiated by bad odours from every source breathed and rebreathed; there is no ozone in it. This accounts for the sense of lassitude so many experience. The superintendence of country toil or actual work has a more restorative influence than city work. Agriculture has been thought beneath many, and it has thus been left to lower minds, as though the best cultivator of the land would be one who had least cultivation of brain. To what, however, do men of leisure and competency so readily turn as to farming? It is evidently the normal state in which pleasure and profit are best combined. Man was not intended to be a mere machine to get money. The growth of cities means that men live rather to gain wealth than to produce it. Men may make money there, but at what a cost it is! How much is lost! Some say, "No. There are these advantages in towns: that lectures, services, and amusements can be more readily reached." Nearly all could be gained in the country under better management.

In towns we are surrounded by man's work merely. "God made the country, man made the town," says Cowper. Man glories in his own works, and this drives out much thought of God. How can we expect much thought of God where there is a constant din and rattle, where there is grinding of wheels and the tramp of many horses, the clatter of the wayfarers, the hum of voices, the buzz of machinery, the shouts of vendors of small wares, and the incessant shrieks of whistles from trains or from boats? Even within the home, however retired in the city, the sound is generally like the "roar of the surf breaking on the ocean shore." We may not notice it, but it must all tell gradually upon the nerves of those who are compelled to live in it.

How great a contrast is presented in the country! There you feel the stillness as though keeping a continued Sabbath. Occasionally single sounds float through the air; you hear the click of a gate, the fall of a leaf, the piping of some feathered songster, the crowing of a cock, or cawing of the crow. The distant bay of a shepherd's dog, the patter of a horse's hoofs, the lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep, have no disturbing or exhaustive influence. It is on account of the quiet that men like to escape from city life to the country. The noise, hurry, dust; the heat, the closeness of the city; the disagreeable and disease-bearing odours, are exchanged for quiet, for pure air, for shady trees, and open meadows or leafy lanes.

A man's heart must be properly attuned, or he will not enjoy the country, and no lessons will be conveyed to his mind. If he allow low desires, petty cares, and selfishness to fill his heart, he might as well live in the town. There will be as little room for God in the heart in the one as in the other. Attuned, many a lesson may be learned. The lily will speak to the anxious one, "Consider how we grow; we toil not, neither do we spin." The birds will say to the impoverished, "We sow not nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth us." Fields of corn will speak to the workers for God, telling that "the seed must be sown ere the harvest can be plentiful." When it draws on apace the warning will ring out to the indifferent, "The harvest is passed, summer ended, and we are not saved." As they listen to the gurgling of a brook by the way they will drink of the spiritual brooks and think of the "streams which make glad the city of God." The trees of the wood, as the wind sweeps through the foliage, bending the branches to and fro, will perhaps suggest the coming of the time when "to Christ every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord." The hills and mountains shall speak to the one who trembles for the future of God's Church that "her foundations are in the holy hills." They may tell him that just as they stand firm, whether the shadows of a passing cloud flit across, or the terrible storm rages around, so should he, like them, have immovable faith. We doubt not that Jesus as a man thus listened to the voices of Nature. They were but echoes of His own word that first gave them existence, but He had become man so that He might see them as His creatures see them. He may have found in them comfort to His weary spirit. Hence it may be that He cared not so much as to sleep one night in Jerusalem, but hastened out to Bethany. Simplicity He loved rather than grandeur, nature than artificialism. The quiet village of Bethany, with its humble cottage, is more attractive than proud Jerusalem with her palaces, her castles, her towers, and her magnificent Temple.

Oh, that Bethany! What a sweet sound it has to our ears! Its name fell not on the ear of Jesus without causing pleasurable emotions. We love it because He loved it. Without any sort of superstitious feeling, we could almost worship the spot where Jesus spent some of his most pleasant hours. It is natural to feel thus. Who could visit without emotion the shades of Olney, where Cowper and Newton held sweet fellowship; or the heights of the Wartburg, where Luther wrestled with Satan, and translated into the common language the hitherto sealed Bible; or visit Plymouth Rock, where the pilgrims from England landed in search of freedom of conscience and liberty of worship; or the banks of the Hudson, where Edwards so often walked rapt in lofty thought and fervent prayer? Who, therefore, can, without intense emotion, sit, as has been the favoured lot of the writer, on the gentle slopes of Olivet, or wander along the shady avenue leading

to Bethany, or lie in some cottage, reared possibly on the very spot where stood that of Lazarus? He might think that here the brow of Christ may have pressed, here the sound of Jesus' voice has certainly once been heard. Bethany, peaceful, nestling village, thou hast a charm for us because once so attractive to our Saviour!

We do not wish all Christian men to go where they can no longer help spiritual work in the crowded city, but it is a sign of a healthy reaction that many who can escape from the town into the country do so as soon as possible. The din and smoke, the desert of closely packed dwellings, the solitude of vast numbers, become distasteful. Around large cities spring up large suburbs, or smaller towns to which by various means business men hasten as soon as the factory, the mart, the shop, or the office is closed. "Looking round on all things," to see them safe, what troops rush away by bus or rail, by cab or boat, to their Bethanys! We always look with satisfaction on the unending stream of men hurrying over London Bridge or down Moorgate Street to their suburban Bethanys. Oh! that all went with the spirit of Him whose love lit up the home of Bethany in Judea!

In the quiet of country and even of suburban life, men ought to get more time for communion with God. Things are around which ought naturally to lead the heart upwards to Him. Alas! however, there are many who have no longing for the quiet in order that they may have fellowship with God. To such it might be unpleasant. Conscience might take occasion to speak too loudly. Others only find in quiet the opportunity for dreamy contemplations of their importance. Secluding themselves in a selfish isolation, they shut themselves off from active service such as they might render. An Elijah fled for a selfish quiet to Horeb; Jonah, for the same reason, took a voyage to Tarshish. This spirit benefits neither self nor others. The quiet should be used, not for self, but for God. When Moses ascended Sinai, or when John went into the wilderness, or Paul went for three years into the desert of Arabia, it was to serve others. So, when our great Master went into the desert to be tempted, or up Tabor's steep to be transfigured, or out of Jerusalem to Bethany, it was that He might come back to be of more service to man. Is there not in this a hint to suburban idlers who escape from the conflict of sin in the city? All quiet at some Bethany should be a preparation for the rougher work of life, and for active effort for God.

Now, it was not only because Bethany was a quiet village that Jesus loved it, but there was one true home there. It was the nearest approach to a home that Jesus had on earth. He set a high value on domestic life. Life in towns is less domestic, and more public. Many have only rooms, not homes. There is so little in them to hold men to them. Hence, excitement in public is sought to supply the place of home joys. When this is the case the

attachment to home, as home, is lessened. The house becomes a place where we board, not where we are at home. This is an evil. We might lay it down as a rule, that in proportion to the attachment of men and women to their homes so is the strength of a nation's life.

There was real home life at Bethany. In it there was a true element of home joy. All loved Christ, and each loved the other. Many were the happy hours spent by Lazarus, Mary, and Martha, when alone. But how their pulses must have quickened in anticipation of happier still as they heard that well-known and anxiously-listened-for footstep of Jesus approaching their lowly door! How happy they were when they could sit round and listen to His teachings concerning the Resurrection, or the progress of things connected with the welfare of His Church, or concerning life in heaven, or of the meeting of friends there, and of the occupation of the saved, and of the last great day!

As we go forth from the city at eventide, we may remember that we must go forth one day from this

world. Death will come. The gates of life will close. Will the gates of the better life, rolling back on their golden hinges, open to us? As the night of death comes, causing us to go forth from the fog, the gloom, the bustle and harassing care of this life, will it lead us to find rest in those "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood?" We must keep our hearts open to all holy influences, come they from country scenes or town life. We must seek to be so assured of salvation, through Christ, that we could go from life with as little tremor as out of the city to a Bethany!

If we have a real faith in Christ, we shall here, whether in city or suburb, find true satisfaction. In Christ alone we have all that heart can desire—deep peace without risk of disturbance, absolute plenty without biting penury, sufficient occupation without irritating exhaustiveness, brilliant day without gloomy night, loftiest pleasure without counterbalancing pain, and a present available strength without risk of the loss of the joy unspeakable and full of glory.

FREDK. HASTINGS.



JOHN GOSSNER'S WORK FOR CHRIST.



HE hill tribes of Central India are supposed to be the descendants of the first inhabitants of the country. It is said that the Hindoo inhabitants of the plains conquered the native races. Thus vanquished they took refuge in the hill districts, where they have remained for more than twenty centuries, in a state of barbarism or semi-barbarism, the slaves of superstition, and the vassals of the Prince of Darkness.

The Gonds and the Kohls are collections in each case of several subordinate tribes, possessing very much the same characteristics. They are not idolaters in the common sense, but they sacrifice to devils—sometimes, and in former years especially—human victims; they are the prey of fear and terror, and, sunk in gross ignorance, practise the vilest pollutions, destitute utterly of Him Who is "good to all, and Whose tender mercies are over all His works."

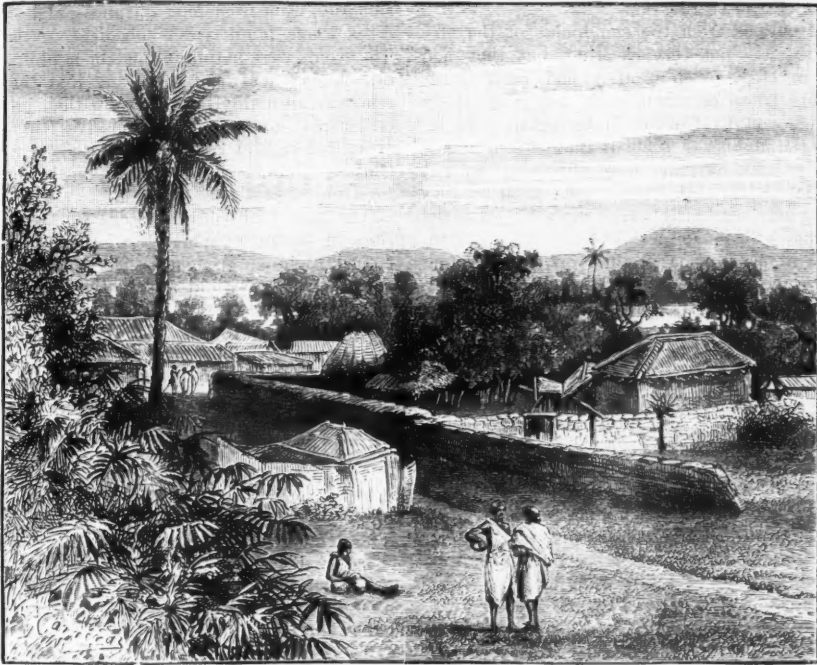
The appointment of the late Sir Donald McLeod to the charge of the Jubbulpore district, in 1840, resulted in the dawn of a bright and happy day for tens of thousands of these depraved and degraded tribes. His heart was moved to

pity; he yearned for their salvation; and, after appealing without success to every one of the English and Scotch missionary societies which have agents in India, he made the case known to the celebrated John Gossner, then at Berlin.

This noble and apostolic man, delivered from the persecuting efforts of the Church of Rome, in which he had been a priest, and fired with an enthusiasm for the spread of the Gospel, at once responded to the call.

In 1841 five German artisans and husbandmen, with a surgeon, under the direction of the Rev. J. Loesch, of the Basle Missionary Society, who had laboured in Southern India, proceeded to the highlands of the Jubbulpore district, and there at Amurkuntuk ("waters of immortality"), near the source of the Nerbudda, they fixed upon a site, and began to build their houses. For a short time things wore a hopeful aspect, though many difficulties had to be encountered. But a sore trial awaited the mission band. Cholera swept like a desolating scourge through the district, and the whole of the mission party, save two, fell victims. So ill were the survivors that it was with difficulty they could be conveyed to Jubbulpore, where one of them for a time lost his reason. The enterprise thus failed.

But it was recommenced—or another, similar in its character, started—by Gossner, three years later—this time among the Kohls or Coles.



A KOHL VILLAGE.

The word "Coles" is a nickname, signifying *labour*, and hence the term "Coolie" is applied to the men of this race, who are said to be the most active and trustworthy labourers in India, and wherever else they are employed.

The mission among the Kohls commenced in November, 1845. The year before, Gossner had sent four young men to India with these peculiar and impressive instructions: "Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead! Hold fast by prayer! Wrestle like Jacob! Up, up, my brethren! the Lord is coming, and to everyone He will say, 'Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen? With the devil? Oh, swiftly seek these souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord.'"

But though thus definitely charged, they were not sent to labour among the Kohls. The very name of the people, and that of the place (Chotanagpore) where the Kohl mission had its seat, were unknown to Gossner; in fact, they were ordered to proceed to Mergui or Thibet, just as the providence of God might direct.

But both these doors were closed against them; and while they were waiting in Calcutta until the hand of God should direct their way, Dr. Haeblerlin, a German missionary, directed their

attention to the Kohls, many of whom were engaged in most menial and laborious work in the streets of Calcutta. They resolved to try to cultivate the very unpromising soil. Their purpose becoming known to the governor of the province, who was on a visit to Calcutta, both he and his deputy sympathised with the undertaking. The missionaries reached the scene of their future labour early in November, and chose a suitable spot for a mission station, which they named Bethesda. And truly it was a House of Mercy.

The standard of morals among the Kohls was very low indeed. The marriage relations were very loose—little more than nominal. The men purchased their wives at the low price of eight or ten rupees each, or twice as many shillings; and while they were permitted to have two, three, or four, any or all of them might be dismissed upon the smallest pretext. The children had no training, and the women were the leaders in every kind of immorality. The people were sunk in the lowest depths of pollution; and while indulging in every kind of nameless vice, and seeking pleasure in the coarsest indulgences, were constantly the prey of superstitious fear and the most terrible apprehensions. Never was

there a people further from God, and more needing the Gospel of salvation.

The outlook from the standpoint of the missionaries was not very cheering, but they had faith in God. Before they had built either dwelling house or school-room, they received six orphans, sent by Colonel Hannyngton. To increase the number of scholars they offered money to the parents, but they were almost as shy and reluctant as their children. They tried another plan, going out early every morning into the fields and villages to seek the neglected children. A few were obtained in this way, and washing and clothing and instruction commenced. But the untamed children were more difficult to keep than to get. Sometimes, when the attention had been gained for a few moments, the whole herd would begin to shout, "Give us food, give us clothes!" and then rush round the room and run away laughing as if they were frantic.

But the missionaries persevered and prayed, and within a few years the first six orphans gave evidence of faith in Christ; one died a true penitent, and another triumphing in Christ.

As soon as the missionaries acquired the language they preached to the people. For some time no fruit was visible. Sometimes they were encouraged, and then again they were cast down. The mission was strengthened by new arrivals, and then again the number was reduced by death, five brethren and one sister dying within a short time. In their dismay they wrote to Gossner, telling him that the Kohls would not be converted, that their efforts were in vain, and desiring to be sent to another field. His answer was brief but definite:—

"Whether the Kohls will be converted or not is the same to you. If they will not receive the Word, they must hear it to their condemnation. Your duty is to pray and preach to them. We also at home will pray more earnestly."

They laboured on, humbled, but more prayerful. They met daily to pray that the Lord would pour out His Spirit on themselves and on the people around them. The fields were whitening. Two of the brethren went on a tour through the country. People gathered around their tent; some showed signs of conviction of sin, but they were disposed to blame their priests. In a few weeks four declared that they believed in Jesus, but they wanted to see Him. "Show us Jesus," said they, "and we shall be satisfied." Four others came, and, after several weeks' absence, the former returned, asking to be present at the English service. They supposed they would see Jesus there; but when they saw the English service was as simple as the native they were satisfied, and became more earnest. In the spring these four were baptised, and there followed showers of blessings. The dry bones were shaken. The Holy Spirit breathed into them

the breath of life. Crowds came to the missionaries, even from long distances, and in some cases whole families were obedient to the faith. The Kohls were naturally fond of a profusion of ornaments; but when they were told they must renounce all fleshly lusts, give up their grotesque ornaments, and clothe themselves in decent attire, before they could be admitted members of Christ's Church, they willingly parted with all for Him.

The first four converts were baptised at the time of sowing. When the harvest had been reaped, each one brought a sheaf to the missionaries. They were told that nothing of the sort was desired. "But," said they, "it has always been our custom to carry the first sheaf, shouting and drinking, to the devil; since Christ has set us free from him we hope you will accept our gift as an expression of gratitude." The converts soon became so numerous that it was necessary to build a church. Funds flowed in rapidly; the largest sum given was 2,700 rupees—nearly £400—and the smaller amounts swelled the aggregate to £2,100. It was four years in building. When it was commenced the regular congregation consisted of sixty people; when it was finished there were more than three hundred; and at the breaking out of the Mutiny, in May, 1857, there were more than nine hundred baptised converts.

The missionaries had been prepared for the outbreak, and daily expected it, and had laid plans for escape. When the crisis came, they repeated to a select band of converts the instructions they had previously given them, and committing all the children of the boarding schools to their care, they knelt down and prayed with them all, and separated; the missionaries to make the best of their way to Calcutta, the native Christians to retire to their jungles and to the fastnesses of their hills.

For ten days and nights the fugitive missionaries toiled on, through districts where the Mutiny was rife, yet without molestation from the rebels, but with their clothes torn and dropping to pieces.

They soon had letters from their converts, encouraging and comforting them, for they retained their faith and love; and the fact that these letters were from the very people who, fifteen years before, had not a written language, was no small satisfaction.

As soon as it was safe to do so, two of the brethren returned to Bethesda. They found the houses and the church in ruins, and the people almost destitute of clothes and provisions. They had suffered severely from the mutineers. Some had been tortured, others bound hand and foot and exposed for days on the wet ground. All their books had been taken from them and torn. They had been mocked and taunted.

"Where is your Father now?" said their tormentors. "Where is Jesus now? Why does

He not help you? Where are the English? All have fled, and you are in our hands." Then they kicked them, and beat them with their fists and iron-bound sticks, saying, "Now sing us one of your sweet hymns. Read us a little out of your books, and we will hear."

Little has been recorded in the history of those dreadful times of what these poor Kohls suffered, but there were unseen witnesses of their faith and fortitude, and other record is on high. Not one denied his Saviour, not one renounced his faith.

When the missionaries returned, these poor scattered sheep gathered joyfully around them, and with grateful hearts declared they had found Jesus their Help and Protector. They had glorified God in the fiery trials through which they had passed; they had been purified and chastened by their afflictions; and not a few had become

more devoted, more spiritually minded, and more earnest in singleness of purpose to serve the Lord than they were before.

It was also found that the number of the converts had actually increased, the faith and steadfastness of the believing Kohls having convinced the undecided and hesitating.

Since that time the Word of the Lord has had free course, and has been glorified in the very large increase of the Christian community, so that in 1879, in the seven districts of Bengal and the North-West Provinces, the Gossner mission among the Kohls furnished the largest contingent of the 30,000 baptised converts. Thus God has heard and answered prayer, thus has the Holy Spirit been poured out from on high, and thus has the Gospel proved the power of God unto salvation.

NEW TESTAMENT NAMES.

SAINTS.



OUR New Testament names have each a different origin. "Disciples" was given to us by Christ Himself; "Christians" was given by the world; "Brethren" was the name which the early Christians preferred to call one another; "Saints" was simply taken from the Old Testament. Of all the names, this last is the one least used, because probably the least understood. If the name "Christian" is too freely used, this one is too sparingly; if the former is used in too wide a sense, this is in too narrow a sense. The name is sometimes wilfully misunderstood. It is difficult to throw sarcasm or reproach into the words, "He is a Christian"; even the world generally regards the expression in a good sense, though it often uses the name contemptuously; but if a man say of someone, "He is a saint," almost always the impression made and wished to be made on the hearer is that the person spoken of is—not a holy person, but one who is sanctimonious or pharisaical, who is constantly talking of his piety, but showing little of it in his daily life.

But if the world errs in its use of this name, the Church errs much more. We know how one portion of the Church, in particular, has kept the name solely for the honour, or "decorating," as one has expressed it, of certain of its members who have distinguished themselves either by a life of inactive seclusion in cloisters, or by a life of self-denial and self-imposed suffering in tending to the spiritual wants of their fellow-men. This is a glaring misapplication of the name, which

may be passed over without comment. There is, however, over the whole Church an impression or supposition that this name should only be given to Christians who are pre-eminent for their piety: that only the extremely devout and heavenly minded can be called "saints." This is erroneous. The truth is that *every* Christian is a saint, and if he be not a saint he is not a Christian.

This is obvious from the use of the term in the Scriptures. "Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard from many of this man, how much evil he did to Thy saints at Jerusalem." In the previous context these saints are styled "the disciples of the Lord." "Peter came down to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." "Salute Philologus and Julia . . . and all the saints which are with them." "Unto the Church of God which is at Corinth . . . called to be saints." "And He gave some pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints." In the last text it is distinctly stated that the saints need "perfecting." Connect this statement with the use of the name in the other texts quoted, and we see at once that by "saints" are meant all those who have become members of the Church through faith in Christ the Saviour. We look, then, for saints not merely among those who are pre-eminent for their piety or who live on some mountain height of devotion, exalted above the every-day experience of ordinary men, but among those with whom we come in contact every day, who jostle us in the market-place, who sit next us in church, who plough with us in the field, who teach with us in

school, who work with us in the workshop. They, if they have renounced every hope of confidence except that which is in Christ Jesus, and have put their faith in Him, and are living unto God, are the persons who are described as saints in the New Testament.

In the ordinary use of the term, a *saint* is generally understood to mean a holy person; that is to say, one who is morally pure, who is very near perfection, if he has not reached it. The main idea in the word is, however, separation or consecration. Saints are, therefore, God's people, separated from the world and consecrated to Him. Of course this is no mere external separation. Something more is meant than a formal separation from the world: it is a real separation, that of a man's heart from sin. *That* is the characteristic of the saint: he yields himself to God. Let the believer attend to this, which is perhaps the highest obligation which rests upon him, and purity, holiness, godlikeness, will most assuredly follow. They are saints who are perfectly pure and blessed in the

mansions above; but so also is everyone who has devoted himself to God in order that he may be like Him. He may have little of that likeness as yet, but if he has consecrated himself to Him, having been constrained by the love of Christ, upon whom he depends alone for life, he is nevertheless a saint.

He who is not a saint is not a Christian. Everyone who accepts Christ also accepts the obligation to give himself to Christ. There is a universal rule under which every professor of the Christian religion must come, and it is this: "Let every man that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." In other words, let him put on the life of Christ, or put off the name of Christ: let him show the hand and heart of a Christian in the world in works of holiness and obedience, or else let him not take the name of a Christian. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye *separate*, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you."



A CHILDREN'S PLAY-HOUR.



FOR thousands of London children there is no playground but the streets; the parks, nice as they are, are too far away, especially for the very little people. Now, children must and ought to have plenty of play; "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." London children have a good deal of work

to do nowadays; at school twenty or thirty years ago, when the writer was a boy, he did very little and he had long holidays, and there seemed more country in the world then than there does now. Some few years since (three or four) the thought came into the heart of some elder people that the children wanted more play all the year round, but especially in the winter time. Now, many people have what they call "thoughts," but they don't take care that their thoughts shall grow into actions.

The thought was, "Let us begin a play-hour once a week after all school lessons are done for the children." And so the play-hour, or as I like to call it, "the children's hour"—came to pass, and it comes to some four hundred children in rather a poor part of the East End of London every Friday night from September to May.

The play-place is a large hall, connected with a very old place of worship, capable of holding hundreds of little people, and so built that the floor is of solid wooden bricks, and the walls are so strong that no knocking about can do them any injury. There the children gather, and we will take a peep at them while they are at play. Boys and girls are all mixed together, and behave very well indeed; now and then a boy gets a little too rough, but that is very seldom. In the large hall there is a tremendous noise. Skipping-ropes, balls, toys, etc., are freely distributed as far as they will go. All sorts of games are set up in the sides of the hall under wide arches; a tug of war is going on between some forty or fifty boys, sometimes helped by the sturdier girls. The friends who come to help mix themselves in the fun, and enjoy it quite as much as the children. At the further end a large living ring is rushing round like mad to a tune in which all join with heart and voice. What a noise of rushing feet, clear ringing voices, and the sound of ropes and the clapping of

hands! For more than an hour this frolic goes on, to the perfect joy of hundreds of young hearts.

For the quieter boys and girls there are some large rooms at both ends of the hall. In one there are plenty of picture-books for them to look at, draughts and chess-men and dominoes to play with. The rooms are well lighted, warm and comfortable, and are for the exclusive use of those children who, tired of a romp, or too delicate to take part in the rougher play of the big hall, wish to have a quiet time. One room is set apart for the use of boys who prefer some gymnastic exercises to any other sorts of play, and there is plenty of fun to be had on the "horse," the "bar," and other apparatus of a small gymnasium. On another play-night the children will have a concert, in which many of them take part, with recitations and set pieces. Some of them are most clever, and manage to keep up the fun of the evening with a good deal of success. Many changes are made in the weekly programme, but all are equally popular, and the attendance keeps up wonderfully. The cost is not very much, and the results are altogether good. The question may be asked, How can a "Play Room" be made? What is most needed is a good big room, kind, sympathetic hearts, and plenty of freedom for the children. It is wonderful how they will amuse themselves if only allowed to make the attempt. For some three winters the "play-hour" has been carried on. The children are not all spick and span, but come in just as they are "after tea," and they come

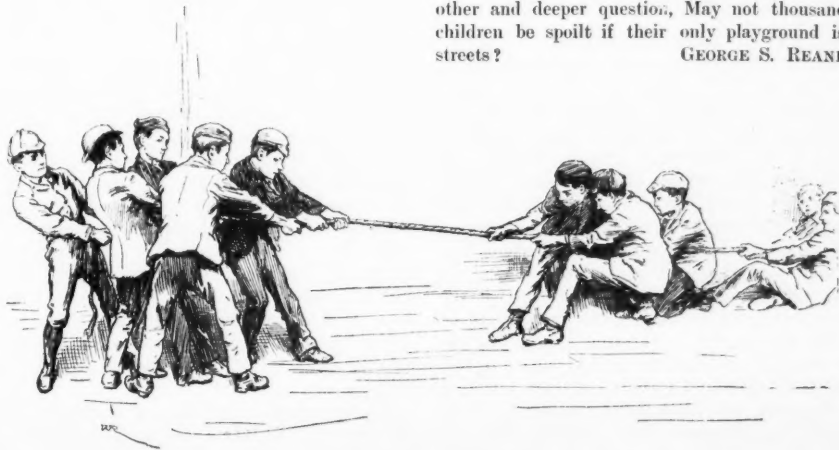


A QUIET CORNER FOR QUIET FOLK.

wonderfully early and never want to go away. They meet their own friends, they get rid of their lessons, and they take their fill of happiness. No moral has ever been tacked on to the play, but many very admirable results have followed. It has been noticed that the boys and girls get more accustomed to little acts of courtesy and kindness, and much more amenable to order and obedience.

Is it not possible in this great city, this wilderness of bricks, to increase the number of play-hours? I mean real play-hours—not the mixing up of figures and fun—but hearty and healthful noise and frolic. In some cases there will be raised the difficulty that the schools will be spoilt. Well, perhaps some little damage may be done. But is there not that other and deeper question, May not thousands of children be spoilt if their only playground is the streets?

GEORGE S. REANEY.



THE TUG OF WAR.

MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MOONLIGHT MEETING.

"Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be),
Senseless to feel, and with closed eyes to see."



COLONEL HAZELFORD and his servant were so absorbed in their conversation that they evidently neither saw us nor dreamt that their colloquy had been overlooked. Instinctively I stopped short the moment I saw them, and held Miss Temple back. Whether she saw them or not, I could not tell. I have heard since, from Dr. Cheriton, that sonnambulists do not see, but the open eyes and precise certainty of movement conveyed the impression of sight. She

made no effort to escape my restraining hand until I would have drawn her back into the corridor; then she shook it off impatiently, and stood just within the door.

A large oaken screen partly sheltered us, but even without this we should scarcely have been seen. My own dress was dark, and so was the shawl I had thrown round Miss Temple, and the corner in which we stood was plunged in all the depth of shadow which moonlight casts. I was glad to notice this; and as I could not induce Miss Temple to leave the hall, I consoled myself with the hope that we should remain undiscovered, especially as both Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan appeared too engrossed to have eyes or ears for anything but their own affairs.

It was evidently no common interview we had so accidentally overlooked, but I had no compunction in staying, for their conversation was carried on entirely in Hindustani—a language of which I only retained sufficient remembrance to know when I heard it spoken. I had understood it as a child, like all Anglo-Indian children, but disuse had so enfeebled memory, that though I recognised a word here and there, their discourse was as unintelligible to me as if they had spoken in Chinese. The tenor of it I could guess from their looks and gestures, but of the subject I could not even form an idea. That the servant was imperative and insolent was as plain as that the master was even abjectly conciliatory. There seemed to be some question of money in dispute, Colonel Hazelford turning out notes and coin from his purse, and Mirza Khan shaking his head with infinite contempt. The Colonel's tone was humble and persuasive, the lacquey's arrogant and minatory; and it seemed to me that the more insolent

Mirza Khan became the more earnest and entreating was the usually haughty Colonel.

I turned to Miss Temple, wondering if she could see her lover, and what she thought of the humiliating spectacle; but her eyes were blank, and no doubt sightless as before. Yet that in some mysterious way she was cognisant of the scene before her I could not but think. Her face was alive with keenest interest; her whole being seemed concentrated in the effort to hear and understand. That she did understand seemed evident. There was not, indeed, the wounded feeling, nor even the scornful repulsion, that the sight of Colonel Hazelford in so undignified a position might have been expected to produce in a girl so proud as Ellinor Diendoncée Temple, but a great eagerness and vivid excitement, as of one who hears something so new and strange that surprise and interest swallow up all merely personal feelings. Dim as the light that reached us was, it was enough to show me this, and I looked with renewed interest at Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan.

They were speaking in Hindustani still, but Miss Temple's strained attention seemed to show that she also understood it. When or how she could have learnt it seemed difficult to divine, till I remembered that the Earl had at one time been in India, and that the Indian valet had possibly kept up her knowledge of his native tongue. But whatever the source of her knowledge, her interest in the discussion going on left no doubt of her comprehension. It was all dumb show to me, but I divined that the conversation was becoming more pacific. The Colonel's arguments or his money prevailed. Mirza Khan pocketed the notes and gold he had so scornfully refused, and they parted at last quite amicably, the Colonel nodding a pleasant good-night, and Mirza Khan salaaming almost to the ground.

Miss Temple uttered a low sigh as they left the hall. Her wide blank eyes turned to mine; words quivered half inaudibly through her lips. "If the Earl only knew, and—*Basil*."

She said no more, and suffered me to lead her quietly back to bed, but she had said enough. What would not Basil have given to have heard his name uttered thus, with the shy suggestive pause before it, and the indescribably tender intonation? It was just a name unwittingly pronounced in a girl's unconscious dreaming, but from that hour I never doubted that my brother's love was returned. I knew it with swift and absolute knowledge, but whether the knowledge was pleasure or pain I could not even tell.

My first impulse was a great gladness, for my dear Basil's sake—and then a stab of uncontrollable pain. It seemed to put him so far from me—so far, so far!—to come between us as his love for May had never

done. That had hurt me once, but I knew it now for what it was—a boyish liking, a musician's sympathy, an artist's admiration, a poet's dream—something too intangible and unsubstantial to separate us, or even to last. Through it all, my brother's hand had clasped mine still—but this? I knew that this was a queen who would brook no rival, a love too absorbing to leave room even for a sister's humble claims. My brother was gone for me for ever, I felt, with a jealous sorrow of which I was ashamed; and even for himself, could I—or ought I—to be glad? Bound as both he and Dieudonné were, could their love bring them anything but misery? Each would soon have new duties and new ties, and I knew well how faithful to duty each would be—but to loyal souls can any misery be sharper than half-kept vows and disloyal thoughts?

"God grant he may never know!" was the prayer that sprang to my lips. So long as he did not know, forgetting might be possible for both; and surely forgetting was the one thing that could make happiness possible for either.

It was bright daylight long before sleep closed my eyes, and when I woke I felt that it was late indeed. Miss Temple's bed was vacant, and as I sprang up with the guilty feeling which over-sleeping oneself induces, I heard the great clock in the hall booming out eleven.

I dressed quickly, and went to Miss Temple's boudoir. A dainty little breakfast was awaiting me, but Dieudonné herself was not there.

"Do you know how Miss Temple is?" I asked her maid.

"Mademoiselle ver well—she is wiz de Earl, and left you her lofe," said Ffine, who considered her English much better than my French, as perhaps it was—though, with the bread on the table, the last remark sounded a little ambiguous. However, I accepted the love, helped myself to the wheaten loaf, and got through my breakfast as quickly as I could.

"If Miss Temple asks for me, will you say I have gone to the Home Farm?" I asked Ffine; and then I put on my hat, and went across the park to see how Basil was, and felt for once heartily glad to see Dr. Cheriton's yellow gig standing at the gate.

Above any desire to know how Miss Temple was this morning, or how the Colonel and Mirza Khan would comport themselves after the night they had all spent so strangely, was my ardent anxiety on Basil's account. Dr. Cheriton had made light of his injuries last night; but how much of that might not be due to his desire to spare us anxiety or pain?

However, there was nothing but good news for me. Basil had passed a good night, and had no more fever than might naturally be expected.

"There's nothing like antiseptic dressing!" said Dr. Cheriton enthusiastically; "and Mrs. Munns is a jewel of a nurse—she does as she's told, and never muddles things by thinking for herself! Of all unpardonable sins in a woman—and especially in a nurse—thinking for herself is the most unpardonable!"

"Then you think he is better—you think he will really get well?" I said, with a little gush of joyful tears. "I was unnerved and upset, and I have no doubt they did me good; but Dr. Cheriton looked quite put out."

"Get well? Why, of course he will get well," he cried. "I told you so yesterday, didn't I? My dear Miss Graham, don't! *don't*, I implore you! If I'd said he *wouldn't*, there might be some sense in it; but—oh, Miss Graham! if you can love a brother like this—"

"Have you been to the Castle yet?" I interrupted quickly.

But indeed I would have asked him if he had been to Kamsehatka if I had thought it at all more likely to stop him. He stopped, as it was, looking rather hurt, for which I was sorry—but it seemed to me then that anything was better than letting him go on.

"I don't think I shall go there to-day. It will scarcely be necessary, as I can see you here," he said in a pained voice, that made me feel quite guilty and uncomfortable.

And then my mother came in, and asked me if I would like to see Basil, and everything else faded out of my thoughts. It was only when I came down again, and found Dr. Cheriton still patiently waiting for my "report," that I remembered to tell him of the eventful night I had passed. I said nothing of Colonel Hazelford or Mirza Khan. Whatever that meeting meant, it was nothing that concerned Dr. Cheriton; but I felt he ought to know of Miss Temple's somnambulism.

He was scarcely so impressed as I expected.

"It is a condition very liable to return, and the shock she had yesterday was distinctly a predisposing cause. I will try to see her this afternoon, but I have an urgent case waiting for me at Coombe, and I ought to have been there half an hour ago."

He had stayed to see me, I knew, and I felt both sorry and ashamed to think that he should have done so. I ought not to have forgotten to give him my daily report of Miss Temple, if indeed it was that he waited for—and if not, I was only the more ashamed. It always seems to me that the pride which some women take in their "conquests" is as incomprehensible as it is unwomanly. How can anyone take pleasure in what must mean a fellow-creature's pain? And when it meant the pain of so good and worthy a man as Dr. Cheriton, I was far too sorry to have room for any other feeling. I could not charge myself with having ever given him intentional encouragement, but I feared I had not been as guarded and as careful as I ought. Circumstances had thrown us so much together, that it had been difficult to avoid intimacy; and my liking for him was so genuine that I had not considered the danger of his taking it for more than it was worth.

I watched him drive away with quite a feeling of remorse, and then I set out on my return to the Castle soberly enough. Basil indeed was better, and that was a solid piece of gladness to set against minor

worries, but perhaps the release from anxiety on his behalf only left me free to dwell upon them. As I went along under the welcome shade of clustered elm and beech, and mighty solitary oak, I found myself thinking of the words Miss Temple had uttered in her sleep, and finding a strange new meaning in them.

"If the Earl knew, and—*Basil!*" This was what she had said, and it seemed to me, as I thought it over, that the revelation of her own feelings was only a part—and perhaps a comparatively unimportant part—of the true meaning of her words. Did they not show also that Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan had been discussing something which concerned both the Earl of Otterbourne and my brother Basil?

What it could be I could not even conjecture. Imagination failed to suggest a common ground of interest—music always excepted—and I did not think that music had formed any part of the discussion between Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan. I could not forget that, unless my suspicions wronged him greatly, Colonel Hazelford knew more than he would admit about Basil. That he was the man whom Basil had called "Uncle Dick" he had already admitted; and though he had denied all further knowledge, as I recalled the scene of last night, I felt that, officer and gentleman as he was, his word was scarcely above suspicion.

But however much I might suspect, I could do nothing. I could only wait till I could see Miss Temple, and perhaps learn from her the true meaning of the interview we had witnessed together, and which she at least had seemed to understand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

"The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors."

MISS TEMPLE, I found, was still closeted with the Earl. Her horse was waiting at the great entrance, and Lady Avondale and Colonel Hazelford were already mounted, and holding-in their fidgeting horses with some difficulty.

"I wish Nora would come," said Colonel Hazelford, as I approached them. "Miss Graham, have you any idea how long she will be, or if she means to ride this morning?"

I had, of course, no opinion to offer, but at that moment a servant announced that Miss Temple hoped Lady Avondale and Colonel Hazelford would not wait for her, as she was still engaged with the Earl. The groom led her horse away, and the others rode off, Lady Avondale laughing, and the Colonel looking a good deal annoyed.

I went up the steps and into the hall—the hall that was full of warmth and sunlight now, but that recalled so vividly the scene that had been enacted in it only twelve hours ago. Here was the spot where Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan had stood; there

the corner, with its oaken screen, whence we had watched them unobserved. Lady Avondale's children were running about, playing hide-and-seek, while their governesses wrangled as to where they should go for their morning walk. I was glad when they settled it at last and called the children away.

They had scarcely gone when the door of the Earl's room opened, and Miss Temple came out, looking pale and excited, and visibly struggling with emotion. I ran anxiously to her, but the next instant I drew back. Lord Otterbourne was with her, and his face was stern as I had never seen it before.

I had drawn back so quickly that he had not even seen me. He went on speaking to his ward—

"You are not a Hazelford, it is true, but you have lived with Hazelfords long enough to understand the dishonour of a broken pledge!" said the Earl, with cold displeasure.

He went back into the room, and shut the door, and Miss Temple leant against it, white and trembling.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Esther, Esther! what shall I do?"

I knew too little to advise, and could only beseech her to tell me what her trouble was.

"I couldn't," she said, with a swift sudden blush. "And if I did, you would not understand. You would think me as foolish and as wrong as he does."

She looked round nervously, almost as if she feared to see Lord Otterbourne re-appear.

"Come into the park," I entreated; "we cannot talk here. Come and tell me just as much or as little as you like. There is not much fear that I shall think anything *you* do either foolish or wrong."

I am not a flatterer, I hope. Ordinarily I do not praise my friends to their faces, nor treat them even to such implicit commendation as this. But I saw that she had been wounded to the quick, that the Earl's censure had hurt her pride all the more because of her deep affection for him. I wished to show her that there was at least one who believed in her, who felt that, Hazelford or not, she would never do anything unworthy even of a Hazelford *par sang*.

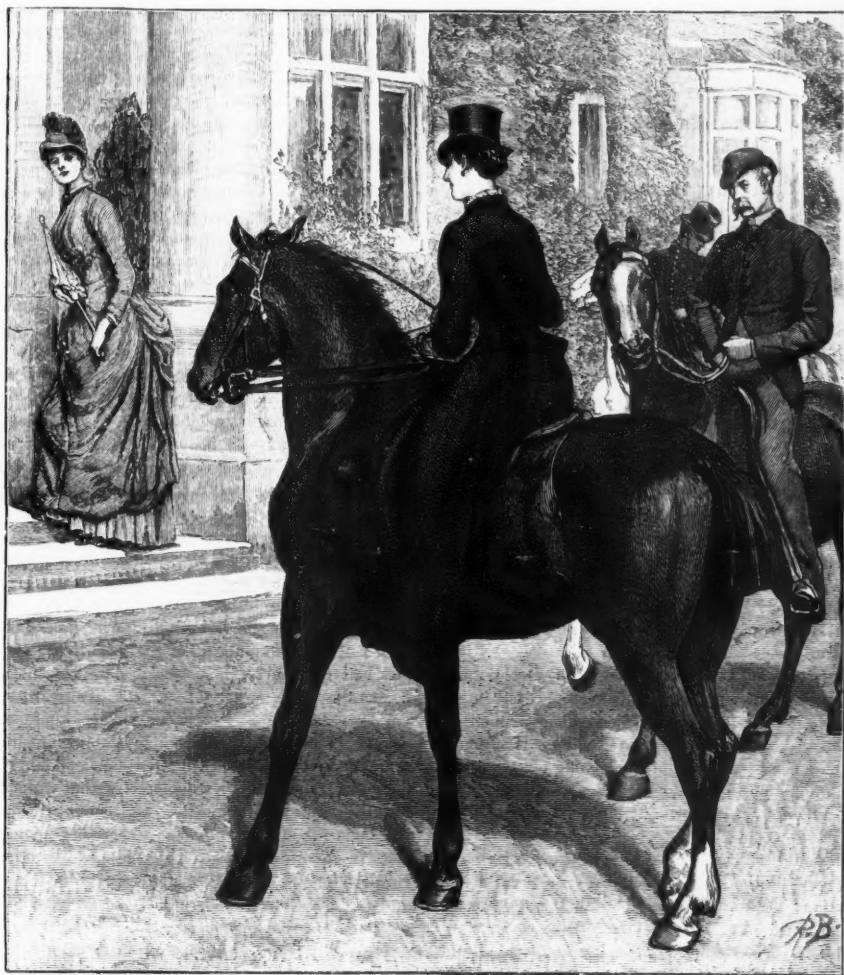
She gave me a look of affection and trust, and let me have my way. So we went out into the solitude of the wide green park, with its dark leafy glades, its sunny slopes, its vast cool shadows trembling on the grass. Birds were singing all about us, linnets and finches making the underwood musical, the notes of many larks throbbing in the blue above us, blackbirds beginning again and again the song they never finish, a thrush singing loud and clear on a bough close by. We had chosen our favourite seat, a mossy bank that reared itself against the bole of a giant oak. The Castle was out of sight, and except for the chimneys of the Home Farm showing through the trees, we might have been a hundred miles from any human habitation. No sounds came to us but the singing of the birds, the murmurous hum of insects, the faint distant roll of the waves upon the beach.

I looked round with the sigh of satisfaction which

seems one's instinctive tribute of praise in a scene of perfect loveliness, but Miss Temple did not echo it. Her thoughts were not free for the enjoyment of natural beauty. Her face was still pale and

soft and indirect approach, but pride must be taken by storm.

"You heard what he said?" she exclaimed, with a look at once startled and relieved.



"Lady Avondale and Colonel Hazelford were already mounted."—p. 688.

disturbed, her eyes were sombre and full of pain; she was silent, but I knew that pride and love were bleeding inwardly. I felt that to make her speak would be the truest kindness.

"Why is Lord Otterbourne angry with you?" I asked, going straight to the point, as I felt was the best way with one whose reserve was so much more pride than shyness. Shyness may be wooed with

"I heard, but I did not quite understand. What did he mean by broken pledges? Did he mean anything about your engagement to Colonel Hazelford? Is that the pledge you want to break?"

She looked at me earnestly.

"If it were so—what would you think of me?"

"I should be very glad," I declared, with perfect truth.

"You would not think it wrong to break a pledge like that?"

"It would depend on the reason," I said stoutly. "I believe you would not do it without a strong one, and a good one too."

"Thank you!"—giving my hand a grateful squeeze. "I wish the Earl could think so too." Then, after a pause—"You are not as surprised as he was. I could hardly make him understand, and you guessed at once! How was that, Esther? How did you know?"

She looked at me curiously, but I made no reply. Decidedly, it was not convenient to tell her. Could I say that, all unconsciously, she had betrayed her secret to me—that I knew she could not marry Richard Hazelford because she loved Basil Ford? I could not say it, guiltless as I was of any intentional intrusion on her confidence, or even of unwarrantable curiosity. I could not have shamed her out of her own mouth—for so I felt she would regard that innocent self-betrayal.

"Have you told Colonel Hazelford?" I asked.

"No—oh no! I have promised the Earl to say nothing to him till to-night. I wanted Lord Otterbourne to speak to him for me, but he will not. He is angry, as you saw."

"He will not be angry with you long, I think. He loves you too well for that."

"But that only makes it worse of me!" she said sorrowfully. "It is so ungrateful, so wrong, I know. I thought I could have done anything for him—and so I could, anything but this!"

"But surely he would not wish you to marry against your own desire? If you do not love Colonel Hazelford—"

"But it is my promise he thinks of, and I know that he is right. It is not one's feelings that ought to decide it—it is what would be right or wrong."

"But is it not often just one's feelings that make the difference between right and wrong?"

"Oh no!—how can they? When you think of all I owe to Lord Otterbourne, it must be right for me to do as he wishes."

"Undoubtedly—so long as he wishes what is right."

"If you knew him as well as I do, you would understand how impossible it would be for him to wish anything else."

"I am sure it would—that is, I am sure he would not wilfully or intentionally wish you to do wrong. But we were talking of feelings, of love and marriage, concerning which no other person can wisely—or even rightly—judge. I think—yes, I am sure—that Lord Otterbourne is wrong if he wishes you to keep a promise that, it seems to me, ought never to have been given."

"No," she agreed. "Only I saw the Earl wished it—and I did not know."

The mournful voice trailed off into silence, but the incomplete, yet pathetic confession, had told me much. No, she had not known—I doubted if she knew even yet!

I thought it quite possible that she knew actually less of her own feelings than I did—that she contented herself with admitting that she did not love Colonel Hazelford, without stooping her pride to inquire too curiously into the reason. No doubt her rescue from Deva had taught her much, but I thought the broken exclamations of her dream might easily express more than her waking hours allowed. In one way sleep is a great revealer. Wild and fantastic as are the images it brings before us, unreal and impossible as are the scenes it shows, in one thing it never deceives. Self-interest, or custom, or an honest striving after sweet peace and charity, may blind us to dislike; ignorance of our own hearts, or pride, a lover's diffidence, or a maiden's modesty, may blind us to love; but sleep tears away the flimsy veil. In the strange phantasmagoria of our dreams the unconfessed animosity is admitted, the hidden love stands revealed.

How much of last night's dreaming she remembered now, I could not tell—nor, on this point at least, did I seek to inquire. It was not for me to pry into her feelings, or force her to confession. Later I would try and find out how far she remembered the strange meeting of Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan, but of her feelings towards my brother there was no need to speak. If her marriage with Colonel Hazelford could be averted, it was best that she should remain unconscious of the chief reason against it—supposing that such unconsciousness was still possible for her.

So I spoke no word of Basil, and that as much for his sake as for hers. He had gone too far with May Fielding to draw back with honour now—I felt that as strongly as himself. And indeed, whatever Ellinor Dieudonné Temple might feel for him, and had he been ever so free to offer her his hand, I knew well enough that the Earl's ward could not have taken it. It was best, truly, that neither should know—that Dieudonné should not dream that her love was returned, that Basil should think her indifferent still. Everyone says that unrequited love dies quickly of inanition, and though I doubted the fact, I had not sufficient experience to controvert it. Nothing could have changed my love for Basil, I knew—but then, that was like a sister's, and did not count, and, thank God, it was not unrequited.

I spoke no word of Basil, but even without that, I felt my case strong. A loveless marriage could not but be wrong, and though I saw that Miss Temple was more than half inclined to obey the Earl's wishes and sacrifice her own feelings, I combated her purpose with all my strength.

"It cannot be right to do wrong," I contended, and I stuck to my point manfully—or womanfully, which, Dr. Cheriton says, implies a greater tenacity, as being less liable to be disturbed by argument. But here I felt that the force of argument was all on my side. There was on hers absolutely nothing but a mistaken code of honour, and what someone has called "a woman's enthusiasm for self-sacrifice." But if I

could help it, the girl whom Basil loved should not sacrifice herself.

"Better a little pain than a long one," I urged. "Better a small wrong now than one that would only end with your life. If Colonel Hazelford loves you, would he be any happier than you? If he really loves you, he will give you up, and whatever he feels now, he will come to thank you for sparing him misery as much as yourself."

Miss Temple smiled bitterly.

"Do you think he cares in that way? People in society don't talk as you do, Esther—I doubt if they often feel so. I don't think Colonel Hazelford cares very much whether I love him in your way or not, but he cares a great deal about marrying Lord Otterbourne's heiress—and perhaps it would not be fair to disappoint him."

"Well," said I, "all I can say is, that if those are his motives, the sooner he is disappointed the better! But if you think he is a man like that, I understand less than ever how you could consent to an engagement with him."

"I did not know—I did not understand," she faltered. "I liked him very well, and I thought that was enough. I knew the Earl wished it, and I thought I should not mind. You see, it was all two years ago, before I ever—before we came to England. How could I tell *then*?" She stopped short, blushing furiously, and I changed the subject out of very pity. She had risen to go, and I rose also and walked by her side.

"Did you have a good night?" I asked, as carelessly as I could. I was very anxious to know if she remembered anything of the scene we had witnessed together, of the conversation she had wished the Earl to know of—"and Basil!" But I did not venture to allude more directly to it, as Dr. Cheriton had enjoined me never to tell Miss Temple when she walked in her sleep.

"Not so good as you did," she said, with a smile. "I left you sound asleep when I went down-stairs. I don't think I could have slept very well—I felt so tired this morning, and I know I had bad dreams."

"Bad dreams? Do you remember what about?" I asked, with an eagerness I could hardly conceal.

"No, I don't remember, or at least not clearly. It was something about Dick, I know. I thought he was going to do something wrong—really wrong and wicked, I mean. Poor fellow! it was because I had been feeling so strongly that I could not marry him, I suppose."

"And you don't remember anything else?"

"Not clearly," she said, looking puzzled and uneasy. "I think Mirza Khan was in it too. They were going to do something together. But, after all, it does not matter. It was only a dream!"

She little thought how much more than a dream it was, and I did not dare to tell her. Even if I had done so, I think she could have told me no more. A faint and confused remembrance was evidently all she had retained. One point, however, I could clear

up, whether she remembered her dream or not; and the value of her remembrance all depended on it.

"You understand Hindustani, don't you?" I said. "I suppose it is having an Indian servant in the house that has kept up your knowledge of it."

Miss Temple looked at me in manifest surprise.

"Do you mean Siva?" she said, with a puzzled look. "Siva always speaks to me in English. I should not understand him if he spoke in Hindustani. I knew it when I was little, of course, but I don't remember a single word."

CHAPTER XXV.

A QUIET WEEK.

"We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens."

"MISS GRAHAM, would you like to see the new orchid?" said Lady Avondale, coming to me as I sat, a little by myself, in a corner of the drawing-room after dinner.

I did not care for orchids, whether new or old, any more than I cared for Lady Avondale's society, but I assented at once. Lord Otterbourne had gone to his wife's boudoir, and there was an oppression in the atmosphere—the silent oppression that suggests disturbance in the moral as much as in the physical world. I was glad to escape from it, from Colonel Hazelford's forced gaiety, and even from Miss Temple's abstracted and uneasy looks.

I remembered that she had promised the Earl to say nothing to Colonel Hazelford till to-night—but to-night had come, and no doubt she felt that something must be said. For weal or woe, her future would be decided, and I could do nothing to help her—nothing but go away with Lady Avondale, and make it possible for her to speak.

The orchid-house opened out of the conservatory, and for a while we contented ourselves with admiring the quaint forms and gorgeous colours.

"I adore orchids," said Lady Avondale, who "adored" anything that was fashionable with impartial docility. "They are so delightfully *bizarre*, don't you think?"

"Yes," I agreed; "but I could never be very fond of them. A flower without scent always seems to me like a body without a soul."

"Oh, they are lovely!" she protested. "Everybody has them now—that is, everybody who is anybody, you know. Of course it is an acquired taste, but there is something delightfully exclusive about it. Only people of means and refinement can indulge in it. Avondale says our orchid-house costs as much as a stud of horses, but it isn't to compare to this."

"I suppose not," I assented.

"Not half the size, you know—but of course Avondale House is a mere nutshell by the side of Hazelford Castle. What a pity it seems that the Earl has no direct heir! I do so dislike Colonel Hazelford."

"Do you?" I said, a good deal astonished at this

sudden outburst. "I thought you seemed to get on with him so well."

"Oh, he is pleasant enough, but I cannot like him; and I don't believe the Earl does either."

"But surely he must, if he lets his ward be engaged to him."

"I daresay he feels, as I do, that there is no valid reason for disliking him—or rather I doubt if the Earl knows as much as I do about him. Avondale hears things at the clubs, and he says there are all sorts of stories about him. But the Earl goes nowhere and hears nothing, and as he will leave every penny he can to his ward I daresay he feels there is a sort of rough justice in letting her marry Dick Hazelford. But, all the same, I should neither be surprised nor sorry if it never came off."

I was too much surprised myself to know what to say, and Lady Avondale proceeded, fanning herself with a fan of marabout feathers, and looking at me graciously—

"I have no influence with Miss Temple, but I think you have a good deal, and I believe you would be doing her a kindness if you used it against her marriage. She is a great deal too good for a man like that."

"But if you know all this, why don't you tell the Earl?" I exclaimed.

"I can't—I'm just the last person who ought to say a word. If Richard Hazelford doesn't marry, Avondale is the next heir, so you see our hands, or at least our tongues, are tied."

I felt that my tongue was tied also. Not without Miss Temple's permission could I betray her secrets, or hint to Lady Avondale that she might even now be freeing herself from the engagement there seemed more reason to deplore than I had hitherto guessed. And, indeed, for aught I knew, she might only have riveted her fetters closer. There had been nothing in the troubled face to show me what decision she had come to since our conversation in the morning.

There was nothing to show me when Lady Avondale and I returned to the drawing-room. Miss Temple was there, but she did not even look up as we came in. She sat a little apart, bending over an embroidery frame, and looking very dignified and very silent. Lord Otterbourne had come down-stairs again, and he and Colonel Hazelford were playing chess, but though they left their game when we appeared, and entered into conversation, I could deduce nothing from their looks or manner. Both were bland and imperturbable, and even my anxious gaze could detect no difference, unless it were that Lord Otterbourne was a little more gracious, and the Colonel a little more sarcastic than usual. It seemed to me as if his sarcasms were levelled at me, at my liking for a country life and my interest in country matters, but I saw that the colour deepened on Miss Temple's cheek, and her head bent lower over her work, as if the Colonel's shafts had found another home. She retired early, on the plea of a headache, which her looks abundantly confirmed, and I went with her, eager to hear what had passed.

"Tell me!" I cried, as soon as we were in the dressing-room together, "have you seen him, and have you *done it*?"

I was too anxious for ceremony or coherence. Her white and agitated face seemed scarcely a harbinger of good news, and when she only turned away with a quivering lip, I knew that there were none for me to hear.

"No," she said, mastering herself after a minute, "I have not 'done it,' Esther; I doubt very much if I shall ever do it."

"But have you said nothing?" I said incredulously. "Could you not make up your mind? I went away with Lady Avondale on purpose, and I hoped—oh, I hoped—so much to hear that you were free."

"I tried," she faltered; "but you can't think how difficult it was."

"Difficult? Do you mean on account of Lord Otterbourne?"

"No—we never got as far as that."

"Then where was the difficulty? Did you find you liked Colonel Hazelford better than you thought?"

"Oh no—no!" she cried vehemently. "I shall never like him again! It is wrong to hate anyone, isn't it?—but when I think of the things he said, I believe I *hate* Richard Hazelford."

And as I looked at her flashing eyes, I believed so too.

"Did you tell him so?" I asked.

"I told him I did not love him."

"And what did he say?"

"He said—but oh! I can't repeat it," she exclaimed, with a blush that seemed to cover her like a scarlet cloud. "He seemed to think that if I did not love him, it must be that—that—"

"That you loved someone else, I suppose," I said, helping her embarrassment. "I daresay it was soothing to his self-esteem to take that view of the situation."

"He need not have insulted me," she said proudly.

"You know me, Esther! Do I look like a girl—*am* I a girl who would love a man who could never marry me, who does not *wish* to marry me, who—who is going to marry someone else? Could I let Dick suppose that his odious fancy was true? I would marry him ten times over rather than let him think that!"

She covered her face with her hands, but I saw the spreading colour far beyond the poor defence they made. Her breast heaved, and a few large tears trickled through her fingers. The passionate shame that possessed her seemed to weigh her to the ground.

I wondered what Colonel Hazelford could have said to move her like this? To whom could he have alluded? Not to *Basil*, surely, though "the man who could not marry her—who was going to marry someone else"—fitted him curiously well. It could not be *Basil*, I thought, for how could Colonel Hazelford have guessed a secret kept so well that

even to me it had only been revealed in the unconscious self-betrayal of her dreams? And yet surely no random guess would have moved her like this. "What did he mean?" I asked her. "Did you know what—or whom—he meant?"

I had thought her blush before the deepest I had ever seen, but it deepened perceptibly now.

"Don't ask me," she said, in a strange, stifled whisper. "I cannot tell you, Esther! not you, dear, not *you*, of all the people in the world!" She slid down upon the ground, and buried her face in my dress, and I asked her no more. It seemed to me that there was nothing more to ask.

It took us all a little by surprise to find at breakfast the next morning that Colonel Hazelford was going up to town that afternoon. I should have thought it natural enough had he been actually dismissed, but I gathered from Miss Temple's incoherent confession that she had allowed things to remain as they were, rather than admit—or even countenance—Colonel Hazelford's surmise as to her reasons for wishing to break off her engagement. If it was not broken off, why should he be in such haste to depart? He said nothing as to his business in town, but a flash of intelligence that passed across Mirza Khan's face made me sure that the Indian servant was acquainted with the object of his master's journey. It was only to last a few days, I found, and I could not help thinking that it had perhaps more to do with the conversation we had overheard the night before last than with anything that had passed between the Colonel and Miss Temple last night.

Whatever the cause, Miss Temple looked artlessly relieved, and I hoped that during his absence she would find courage to brave both the Earl's displeasure and Colonel Hazelford's insinuations. Writing is easier than speaking, especially to those who fear the probable retort, and I hoped she would send him such an unqualified dismissal as should make it impossible for him to return.

My time at the Castle had already expired, but the Earl himself asked me to remain another week, and Dieudonné pressed me so much that I could not refuse. Lady Otterbourne was ailing again, and Lady Avondale and her children had taken advantage of Colonel Hazelford's escort to return to town. I think both the Earl and his ward were a little afraid of being left together in their rather strained relations, and certainly both made much of me when I consented to stay.

"But remember, Esther," said my mother, when I went over to tell her of the new arrangement, "it must only be for a week. Basil will be quite well by then, and I shall be glad to get back home."

"It shall only be for a week, I promise," I said, kissing her. "But, mother, if you knew how sweet and charming Miss Temple is, you would not wonder that I could not refuse her."

"I don't wonder, my dear. You don't think I can sit opposite to her every week in church and not see how sweet and lovable she is? Only last Sunday

I could not help thinking that her smile was just like yours."

"Like mine?" I cried, laughing. "I have often heard of maternal vanity, but now I believe in it! Nothing else could make anyone compare your little plain Hester to the beautiful Miss Temple."

"My dear," said my mother earnestly, "you will never be plain to me—nor, I think, to someone else! Dr. Cheriton——"

But if there was a subject I was determined not to talk about, it was Dr. Cheriton. I jumped up, and assured my mother I should be late for the Castle luncheon unless I set off at once, and so got myself away, and found I had half an hour to wait—to say nothing of having missed seeing Basil.

"It is very nice of Mrs. Graham to spare you," said Dieudonné when I told her the result of the interview; and I felt not less grateful myself. My mother would have been glad if I could have gone back at once, I knew. She did not like the country, and Charlie, who had resumed his reading with Mr. Fielding, found the walk into Hazelford and back rather irksome. They did not like leaving Basil while he was still on the sick-list, but as soon as I returned, they would go home rejoicing; and meanwhile Charlie grumbled at the vicar and the roads, at Basil and at me, and my mother pronounced the Home Farm insufferably dull, and sighed for the mild festivities of Dorcas-meetings and afternoon teas.

I heard all this from Dr. Cheriton, who paid his daily visit to Miss Temple with an exasperating punctuality that was an additional reason for rigidly limiting my stay at Hazelford Castle. I would stay only a week, I determined; and I kept my determination.

It was a very quiet week, or so it seemed now that we were so small a party. But before it was over, I had come to think it the most eventful of my life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CURIOUS INTRODUCTION.

"Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

THE week that was destined to prove so eventful began, as I said, quietly enough. Lady Otterbourne kept her room; the Earl spent his mornings in the music-room, and his afternoons in riding, or in reading to his wife; and Miss Temple and I wandered at will in the beautiful rooms, or in the still more beautiful park. I think we both felt the absence of Colonel Hazelford, and even of Lady Avondale, a relief; and I, at least, was very sorry when the time came for the Colonel's return. I had not been able to persuade Miss Temple to write the letter of dismissal I so earnestly desired to be written, but I won a promise that she would see Colonel Hazelford on his return, and break off the engagement she admitted it could not be right to keep.

"I could not marry him, feeling as I do," she said, with a shudder. "I will screw up my courage, and see him before the Earl. If Lord Otterbourne is there, he will not *dare* to say what he did before."

Her cheeks flamed at the remembrance, and I could only hope that the Earl's presence would be as effectual a check as she believed. Proud and sensitive as she was, the possession of her secret—if, indeed, he possessed it—would be, I knew, a cruel weapon in hands as unscrupulous as I believed Colonel Hazelford's to be.

Mirza Khan had accompanied his master to town, and Siva rejoiced at his enemy's departure with an open triumph that was quite amusing. The Hindu seemed quite a different person now Mirza Khan was gone. He appealed to everyone for congratulations, invited sympathy with the artless confidence of a child, and even talked to me in an access of friendliness that seemed to include every member of the household. He spoke English wonderfully well, and I had no difficulty in understanding him, while no doubt I possessed in his eyes the merit of not having heard his stories before. He had been through the Mutiny with Lord and Lady Otterbourne—who were only Captain and Mrs. Hazelford when he entered their service—and one of his favourite stories was of the finding of their ward.

"It was in a temple, Miss Graham, and that was why they called her 'Temple,' you see. We had retaken Sootapoor, and though there were no English left alive in it, I went looking and looking all about for my dear little murdered boy, and I heard a child crying in a temple by the river, and I went in to see what it was. And there, on the ground, was an Indian woman with an English child in her arms. The ayah was dead, and the child was almost famished—they must have been there two days, you see, if they had crawled in there after the massacre, as we thought they must. The ayah was covered with wounds, but the child was scarcely hurt, and it was beautiful to see how my lord looked at it, and how he seemed to think it had been sent for his consolation. My lady was too ill to know anything about it. She lost her reason for many months, but it came back by degrees, and then my lord told her the little girl had been left to him to bring up. We never told her where we found it. No one has ever dared to say Sootapoor before her yet."

Siva stopped, with tears in his eyes. Tears were in mine also, as I listened to him. Though my little dead sister was only a memory and a name, I could not forget that it was at Sootapoor that she perished—that Sootapoor was a name of woe to my mother no less than to the Countess of Otterbourne. Only my mother was not a countess, and could not indulge her grief. But perhaps the pressure of daily duties had been grief's best cure, as the taking of Basil to her stricken heart had been its own exceeding great reward.

"There were no other children saved, I suppose?" I said wistfully; and the old man shook his head with emphasis,

"None, none!" he said mournfully. "You may be sure we made only too certain of that. The ayah must have hidden the little one we found in the folds of her dress, and taken the blows that were meant for it. She did well, and, no doubt she has her reward—but she died. Only that one little child escaped alive."

I knew at least better than this. One other had been brought alive out of that city of doom—one other, who was my brother Basil! How strange it was that he and the Earl's ward should have met as they had! It did not seem so strange that, having met, they should have loved each other; it seemed rather the most natural thing in the world that a subtle and mysterious sympathy should have drawn their souls together.

I should have liked to ask Siva some more questions as to the child whose fate had so nearly been the same as little Nelly's, but Lord Otterbourne came into the hall, and I could not. I stood a good deal in awe of the Earl, kind as he was, and I did not wish him to think me prying or curious. After all, it was no concern of mine, or even of my mother's. The dark, beautiful girl who was Lord Otterbourne's ward could not be our golden-haired Nelly, and that was all my mother would care to know. I would not even tell her what I had heard, lest the fatal name of Sootapoor should reopen that long-closed wound.

She was happy now, I knew, and I would say nothing to break her hard-won peace.

Very happy and peaceful she looked, I thought, as I came up the garden walk a few days later, and saw her sitting at the white-draped window of Basil's house. Colonel Hazelford was expected at the Castle, and I had gone over to the farm to ask after Basil. She had left off widow's caps, and her still dark hair was only covered with a little square of delicate lace. The fine dark eyes beamed a welcome to me, the mouth was curved in sympathetic smiles. My mother was a handsome woman still, and in her youth she must have been much handsomer than any of her children. Even Charlie, who was so much better looking than myself, had not my mother's well-cut features or brilliant eyes.

"Have you seen Basil?" she asked, as she came to meet me; and something in her tone made me wish that I had done so. I felt that there was something to hear about him, and I preferred to hear news of Basil from himself.

"No," I said. "He has not gone to the Castle, has he?"

He had not been there all the week—not once, indeed, since his accident with Deva. He made his accident the excuse, though Dr. Cheriton said he was getting well as fast as possible; and what business had to be transacted with the Earl Uncle Chayter transacted. I felt that it was best, that Basil's absence was wise and right in every way, but I missed him sorely—and I did not think I was the only one who did.

He had not gone to the Castle now, my mother

said, but back to Hazelford with May Fielding, who had been spending the day in her future home.

"And, my dear," said my mother, with the smile with which everyone tells such news, "I am glad to say the day is fixed at last. I heard Basil drive back again just now, so I thought you might have seen him and heard all about it."

"I have not seen him," I said, with a sudden choking in my throat, that was as illogical as it was absurd. "Tell me, mother, when is it to be?"

"My dear Esther, what is there to be so excited about? On the 10th—that will be a month next Thursday. Basil says the hay will all be in then, and his arm will be quite well, so there could not be a better time."

I said nothing. I could not force myself to utter congratulations, and nothing else would have been appropriate.

"I am glad in every way," my mother went on. "It has been a long, dull waiting for Basil, and May has been behaving rather foolishly with Mr. Potts. I suppose such a pretty girl can hardly help flirting, and I daresay she found Hazelford dull when Basil came here——"

"Don't make excuses for her," I said sharply. "I have no patience with her."

"My dear, you never had," said my mother gently, and it was so true that, contradictory as I felt, I could not say a word.

"Does Basil know?" I asked drearily.

"About her silly flirtations? He must know something, I should think; but you know what Basil is. He is so incapable of anything of the sort himself, that he would never believe it of May. And, indeed, there has been nothing but vanity and foolishness, I quite believe."

I believed it too, but I do not know that I found the belief so consolatory as my mother seemed to do. Vanity and foolishness were not the qualities I desired in my brother's wife, or that promised happiness in their wedded life.

However, it was too late to think of that now. I choked back the useless scorn and indignation I felt in my heart, and went out to find Basil, and make such poor pretence of congratulation as I might. One of the men told me he had gone down the lane to a field at a little distance, and I walked on to meet him. The evening was dull and overcast, and the arching trees made the lane seem almost dark; but the grey, dusky light suited my sombre mood. I walked on sadly enough, thinking of my brother, and what I should find to say to him, and presently I saw him coming towards me. He was walking slowly, as men walk when they are full of thought; but when he saw me he quickened his pace, and soon came up to me. He was looking better than I had ventured to hope, for it was the first time I had seen him since his encounter with the bull. One arm was still in a sling, but except for that he seemed quite well, and only laughed at my anxious inquiries.

"I am all right again, I assure you. I thought Cheriton had told you that. He says I shall be as sound as ever in another fortnight, and he ought to know," said Basil, as we turned back together. "Never mind about me now, Esther. There is something I want to tell you."

"I know—I have heard it," I interrupted. "I have seen my mother, and she told me."

"And you are not glad?"

There was reproach in his tone, but I could not pretend a gladness I could not and did not feel. Grave and careworn and sad—was this how a man should look when his wedding-day was fixed? The sight of my brother's face moved me to futile and passionate revolt, and undid all my efforts at self-control.

"How can I be glad?" I cried, dashing away the tears that were so useless and so bitter. "How can I be glad, Basil? If I thought you would be happy, I should be glad indeed! If I thought there was any faintest hope of happiness for you, I would try not to mind; but as it is, how can I?"

"Be glad," he said earnestly, "even as it is. It is best in every way, as the right thing always is. I am weaker than I thought I was; but when I am married, it will be easier for me. What is only folly now would be sin then; and surely I may trust to be kept from that!"

My dear Basil! I felt, with a throb of unspeakable pride, with a strange, sharp pleasure snatched from the very jaws of pain, that to no one else would he have spoken just like this. Only to me, his sister and his friend—to me, who had divined his unhappy love, and whose sympathy he had once called his greatest consolation. Yet how false his reasoning seemed to me, how mistaken and how full of peril the course he had chosen! Would he have persisted in it if he knew as much as I did—if I could honourably have told him all I knew? Ought I not to tell him? Might it not save him, even now, at this eleventh hour?

But what right had I? He would have demanded proof, I knew, and what proof had I? It was all inference and induction. I had nothing to go upon but a girl's ready blushes, and the whisperings of a disordered dream.

"I can't think you are right," was all I found courage to say. "You admit that what you call folly now would be something else then. Isn't it rather like what the old Puritans called 'tempting Providence' to marry, feeling so? And," I added, faintly—for preaching never came easy to me—"there is the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

"Yes," said Basil, with the simple directness that characterised him, "I have thought of that. But when one's duty is as plain as mine is, one can only do it with such strength as may be given."

I made a desperate effort.

"Would your duty be as plain, Basil, if you had not only yourself and May to think of?"

"Not only ourselves? What do you mean?" he

said, with an utter want of comprehension that made it still more difficult to answer. "Who else is there whom I ought to consider? It seems to me entirely a question for May and me."

stood silent and perplexed, but he understood me better than I thought.

"I see what is in your mind, and it is like you to think it," he said, putting his arm round my



"I wondered what Colonel Hazelford could have said to move her like this."—p. 692.

If I had only been a little more sure, I could not but have told him. The treason of revealing Miss Temple's secret would have been as nothing to the treason of keeping silence in Basil's strait. But I was not sure enough to speak, or perhaps in my heart I was not sure that Dieudonné's love was strong enough to brave the Earl's displeasure, and the loss of position and of wealth, for the sake of my brother Basil. I

shoulders as we went along the quiet lane. "But even if—if it were so—my course would be clear. Not for any happiness of mine could I hold myself free to wreck May's."

"And to ensure May's, you would sacrifice not your own only, but *hers*?"

"Hers is not in question," he said gravely. "I was only thinking of what might perhaps have been not

quite impossible in the future, had we both been free. As it is, there is no need for me to perplex myself with imagining contingencies that can never arise."

I could say no more. I honoured him with all my heart, but not the less did I feel that he was sadly, and perhaps even fatally, mistaken. We walked along in a silence I had neither spirits nor courage to break, and when we came to the gate that led into the park, I wished him good-night.

"You are sure you don't mind going back alone?" he said. "It is getting rather dark——"

"I don't mind at all. It will be light as soon as I get from under the trees."

He stooped and kissed me, and I stood looking after him till he turned into the Home Farm, when a sudden voice behind me made me turn in swift alarm. A man had risen from the long grass in the ditch, and was leaning against the little wooden gate through which I had to pass. He was a dirty, rough-looking man, about sixty years of age, with unkempt, grizzled hair, and a decidedly repulsive appearance. An uncanny face it was, I thought, with long, thin lips, a coarse, wide mouth, and a leering, familiar expression, and I wished I had not let Basil leave me.

"Be yon Ford's Farm?" he asked, pointing at the sweet, peaceful homestead, with its close vicinage of long, red-tiled barns, and rounded stacks.

"Yes," I said briefly. The man was evidently not quite sober, and I was not anxious to enter into conversation with him. Most likely, I thought, he was a haymaker looking out for a job; but as Basil would never engage any but sober men, I thought his chance of employment at "Ford's Farm" was very small indeed. However, as he stood staring at the house, and showing no disposition to move on, I said to him, "Do you want to see Mr. Ford? You will find him in the farmyard now."

"It wasn't him as come by with you just now, sure-ly!" he said, in tones of great astonishment. "Is Mr. Basil Ford a howling swell like that?"

"That was Mr. Ford," I said impatiently. "Will

you kindly let me pass? I am in a hurry, and I want to go into the park."

He lurched a little aside, and I slipped through the gate, but I had hardly gone half a dozen steps before I heard the coarse, sottish tones calling after me——

"Hi! I say, miss—what sort of a chap is he?"

I walked on without answering, but as I heard the gate open and swing to again, I faced round. The man was coming after me, rolling rather unsteadily, but with a sort of military swagger in his gait that suggested an old soldier's walk rather than a labourer's slouch.

"Can't you answer a civil question?" he asked. "I want to know what sort of a chap Mr. Ford is, and I've good reason for wanting. Ye couldn't guess what I want to see him for, I'll lay a pound!"

"No," I said shortly. "I suppose you want work."

"Work!" he cried, with a drunken chuckle that made me wish I had not answered him. "Work, is it? I'll niver do another stroke of that, annyway! I'm a gentleman, I am, *now*. I want to see Mr. Basil Ford to interjuice meself, that's what I want *him* for! He'll be very glad to see me, my dear—don't you be afraid! You and him seemed on-common thick as you come up the lane together, but him and me'll be thicker than that."

I looked at him with a strange sinking at my heart. My legs trembled under me; I felt dizzy and cold. Who and what could this wretched being be, who spoke thus of my brother Basil?

"Who are you?" I cried, telling myself stoutly that I had no faintest idea what the answer would be. Yet when I heard it, I knew it was only a reflection of my own horrified surmise.

"Who am I?" he said, with a hoarse laugh; "there's a good many people would like to know that—and won't! But I'll tell *you*, along of your being so thick with Mr. Basil Ford. I'll interduce myself to you, same as I'm going to interduce myself to him. My name's Trumpeter Ford!"

(To be concluded.)

THE SAGES OF ALL AGES.

PYTHAGORAS.



FROM the early Greek sages, few have gained a more lasting or general notoriety than Pythagoras; and yet, beyond the long recognised principles of his religious and philosophic teaching, his whole life is shrouded in mystery and obscurity. Indeed, from a period shortly subsequent to his own age, the most improbable legends were associated with his name, arising, it has been suggested, from the extravagant

esteem and reverence in which he was held by his followers. Thus, not only were his intellectual attainments, according to the concurrent testimony of the different traditions, more than human, but fable assigns him a somewhat prominent place amongst the miracle-workers. It is said, for instance, that his person gleamed with a divine glory, that he exhibited a golden thigh, that he was seen at different places at the same time, that wild beasts were obedient to his call, and that, as he crossed the river, the river-god saluted him with "Hail, Pythagoras!" and that to him the harmony of the spheres

was audible music. But, apart from the legendary lore which has clustered round his life, there can be no doubt that he was gifted with extraordinary abilities; for, in addition to displaying an amount of wisdom rarely found in man, he is popularly reputed to have possessed scientific attainments of no common kind, besides being the author of several discoveries in music, geometry, and astronomy. In reviewing the life of such an eminently illustrious teacher, one cannot but regret that his wisdom and learning had not the guiding hand of Christianity to shape their course; for, so regulated, his influence on posterity would, by God's blessing, have been of the most powerful and far-reaching order. At the same time,



PYTHAGORAS

(From a coin struck at Samos in the reign of Trajan Decius, A.D. 249-251.)

despite the fact that he lived at a period in the world's history when the tenets of most philosophers were purely materialistic, he proved himself in many respects far superior to the age wherein his lot was cast, inculcating a rigid mode of life, a noticeable feature of which was its high standard of morality and purity. That his life's work, however, was not altogether understood, may be gathered from the following anecdote:—It seems that when he was in Peloponnesus he was asked by Leontius, what was his art? "I have no art; I am a philosopher," was the reply. Leontius, never having heard the name before, asked its meaning, whereupon Pythagoras replied in these noble words:—"This life may be compared to the Olympic Games: for as in this assembly some seek glory and the crowns; some, by the purchase or the sale of merchandise, seek gain; and others, more noble than either, go there neither for gain nor applause, but solely to enjoy this wonderful spectacle, and to see and know all that passes; we, in the same manner, quit our country, which is heaven, and come into the world, which is an assembly where many work for profit, many for gain, and where there are but few who, despising avarice and vanity, study nature. It is these last whom I call philosophers, and in this life the contemplation and knowledge of nature are infinitely more honourable than any

other application." His study of nature, moreover, was accompanied by a spirit of reverential awe which clearly stamped him as a man in whom the religious element was the predominant one in his character; a feature, indeed, which did not fail to produce a profound impression upon his contemporaries. But, like all great thinkers, his opinions, whilst challenged by the opposing speculations of the schools, were treated with suspicious indifference by the less serious portion of the community. Hence, some accused him of laying claim to a spirit of divination, and others openly declared that he was an impostor, working on the feelings of his fellow-men by his pretended power of prophecy.

Worthless and unjustifiable remarks of this kind had little effect on our sage, and only made him more earnest in his majestic purpose of striving to elevate those around him by impressing them with the solemnity of the mysteries of life, to study which he urged it was necessary that they should value wisdom, and covet truth. An unworthy prejudice against his high-minded principles could not last, especially as his superiority over the struggles and difficulties of life imperceptibly but gradually inspired an ever-increasing band of followers with an almost superstitious admiration for his calm, dignified, and meditative appearance. Accordingly, he patiently persevered in his set purpose, which was to establish a society on a religious foundation, and with an ethical end, for the moral improvement of its members, who were to be instructed as to their mode of living. "Thus, the disciples admitted into this society," writes Sir Lytton Bulwer, in his "Athens, its Rise and Fall," "underwent examination and probation. It was through degrees that they passed into its higher honours, and were admitted into its deeper secrets. Religion made the basis of the fraternity, but religion connected with human advancement and power." Such a design on the part of Pythagoras was far beyond the recognised teaching of his age, and, throughout, his talent and impressive demeanour were a striking testimony that "his was the ambition not of a hero, but a sage. He wished rather to establish a system than to exalt himself." But the influence exerted by this Pythagorean fraternity ere long had a marked effect, and ultimately ended in a series of persecutions which cast a deep shade of obscurity over its history after the death of its founder. "Indeed," as Sir Lytton Bulwer writes, "the Anti-Pythagorean risings, according to Porphyry, were sufficiently numerous and active to be remembered long generations afterwards. Many of the sage's friends are said to have perished, and it is doubtful whether Pythagoras himself fell a victim to the rage of his enemies, or died a fugitive among his disciples at Metapontum."

As to the mode of life laid down by Pythagoras for his followers, it may be noted that temperance of all kinds seems to have been strictly enjoined, much importance being attached to music and gymnastic exercises. In short, their whole discipline is

represented as tending to produce a lofty serenity and self-possession, in illustration of which numerous anecdotes were current in olden times. Although such a system lacked the sanctifying and elevating influence of Christianity, we cannot but admire the manly and charming simplicity, combined with a pure and æsthetic mode of living, which characterised the members of the Pythagorean school. It must always be regretted that an entanglement with politics was ultimately fatal to its existence.

Another feature of this sage's teaching was his estimation of the importance of women, to whom he is said to have lectured and imparted his knowledge. His wife, too, was a philosopher, and it should be added that no less than "fifteen disciples of the softer sex rank among the prominent ornaments of his school." But the doctrine which the memory of mankind associates most closely with the name of Pythagoras is that of the transmigration of souls—an idea which, it has been suggested, he adopted from the Orphic Mysteries. According to this superstition, the bodily life of the soul is an imprisonment suffered for sins committed in a previous state of existence; the reward of the best being to enter the Cosmos, or the purer regions of the Universe, while the general lot is to live afresh in a series of human or animal forms, "the nature of the bodily prison being determined in each case by the deeds done in the life just ended." "In accordance with this view of life," says Mr. Seth, in the *"Encyclopædia Britannica,"* "as a stage of probation, precepts were inculcated, enjoining reverence towards the gods and to parents, justice, gentleness, temperance, purity of life, prayer, self-examination, and the observance of various ritual requirements." Although the sage's teaching on this point may seem to us, at the present day, somewhat childish, yet we should not forget that it most clearly and distinctly proved that he possessed certain psychological views whereby the soul was invested with an immaterial existence apart from the body. Thus, he is said to have asserted that he had a distinct recollection of having himself previously passed through other stages of existence! We are told, too, that on seeing a dog beaten, and hearing him howl, he bade the striker desist, saying, "It is the soul of a friend of mine, whom I recognise by his voice." To such deplorable absurdities are the philosophers of this world prone when they trust to their own wisdom.

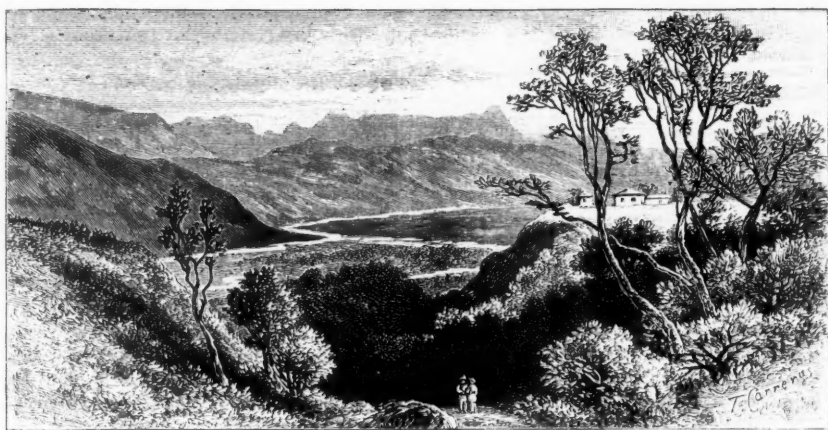
Another leading doctrine of the teaching of Pythagoras was associated with the principles of mathematics, which, indeed, were supposed by him to be the principles of all real existence. Without, however, entering into this complex subject, we may briefly note that, in accordance with his theory, the soul was termed a number or a harmony, and was regarded as homogeneous with the Divine soul of the world, from whence it sprang. It was further argued that as numbers are evolved from unity, so from the primary unit all the universe is evolved; or, in other words, Pythagoras held that

"the Deity was the soul of the world diffused through all its parts." But this theory of numbers did not end here, for, besides the unit, a special meaning was attached to each separate number up to ten. In his astronomical speculations, Pythagoras maintained that the number of the heavenly spheres could be neither more nor less than the perfect number ten. And in the history of music it should be added that "the Pythagorean school is also of considerable importance from the development which the theory of the octave owes to its members. According to some accounts the discovery of the harmonic system is due to Pythagoras himself." We may quote here a well-known story respecting his history of the musical chords. It is related that, happening to hear one day, in a blacksmith's shop, a number of men striking successively a piece of heated iron, he noticed that all the hammers, with the exception of one, produced harmonious chords, viz., the octave, the fifth, and the third; but the sound between the fifth and the third was discordant. On entering the workshop, he found the diversity of sounds was owing to the difference in the weight of the hammers. Accordingly, he took the exact weights, and on returning home suspended four strings of equal dimensions, and hanging a weight at the end of each string equal to the weight of each hammer, he struck the strings, and found that the sounds corresponded with those of the hammers; and hence proceeded to form a musical scale. But leaving these recondite and abstruse questions, around which so much mystery hangs, we may give some of the more simple and practical teaching of this great sage. We are informed that he used to admonish his disciples to repeat these lines to themselves whenever they returned home to their houses:—

"In what have I transgressed? What have I done?
What that I should have done have I omitted?"

This truly was a wholesome rule, and one which might well be imitated by most persons at the present day. It certainly was the precept of a strictly conscientious man, and incidentally proves what a mighty influence he would have imparted if he had only been a follower of Christ. He objected to swearing on the plea that "every man ought so to exercise himself as to be worthy of belief without any oath," reminding us of the Divine precept uttered in the Sermon on the Mount.

Another of his rules was that people should associate with one another in such way as not to make their friends enemies, but to render their enemies friends. Such a beautiful precept as this was worthy of a great mind, enjoined as it was in its highest teaching by our Lord Himself, who said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you." Again, according to another maxim of Pythagoras, everyone should honour his elder, because that "which is precedent in point of



VIEW IN THE PELOPONNESUS. (From Linton's "Scenery of Greece.")

time is more honourable," a rule with which we may compare the Divine command, "Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land." Among other sayings, he also inculcated that they should never say or do anything in anger, and at all times strive as far as possible to exercise a wise decorum, neither giving way to excessive laughter, nor, on the other hand, displaying a stern and hypocritical countenance. It is unnecessary to give further illustrations of the sage's wide knowledge of human life. In short, his whole career was a consistent testimony of the sincerity of his motives, and a sacred poem, said to have been written by him, which commences thus—

"Dear youths, I warn you, cherish peace divine,
And in your hearts lay deep these words of mine."

is a fair specimen of his gentle and peace-loving disposition. According, also, to Diogenes Laertius, he wrote another poem which begins in this manner: "Behave not shamelessly to anyone," a poem which breathes the same noble spirit and sentiment as the previous one. Hence, in addition to his having been, as Heraclitus writes, "the most learned of all men in history," he was without doubt one of the most true and upright. This was a feature of character by no means common, it only too often happening that great thinkers have not condescended to the humble task of improving others in the little things of daily life.

Speaking of life, we have already mentioned that Pythagoras used to compare it to the Olympic Games; and, alluding to the various classes of persons who visited them, added: "So also in life, the men of slavish dispositions are born hunters after glory and covetousness, but philosophers are seekers after truth." It is not surprising that with opinions of this kind, Pythagoras had many friends, and his high

morality and purity of life made him so admired that it is actually said his friends looked on his utterances "as the oracles of God." Now, when we remember what our sage's views were with respect to friendship, we can understand how those who knew him quickly loved his presence. Friendship with him was no conventional name, and was not to be entered upon lightly or without careful thought. Hence, as soon as a person was found, and proved to be worthy of being called a friend, he was admitted into confidence and regarded as on an equality—nor did friendship end here, for he maintained that friends should help one another, a kind of community of goods existing among them. Furthermore, tradition tells us that Pythagoras had a peculiar way of attracting friends, and one of his historians tells us that "if ever he heard that anyone had any community of ideas and sympathy with him, he at once made him a companion and a friend."

Referring to a few of his many other aphorisms, some are specially worthy of notice. Thus, his high and reverential estimation of the Deity may be gathered from this saying: "Do not bear the image of God on a ring." The folly and uselessness of giving way to and indulging in excessive grief he exemplified in this adage: "Do not devour your soul." To give one further illustration, he was in the habit of telling his friends "when travelling abroad not to look back at their own borders"—a metaphorical expression implying that those who were departing from life should not be desirous to live, and not be too much attracted by the pleasures here on earth.

Pythagoras seems to have had peculiar notions about eating and drinking, despising excess in any form. He appears to have laid down sundry directions as to the choice of food, arguing that abstinence made the visions which appear in one's sleep gentle

and free from agitation. Hence, his followers were warned against eating too much meat, and were recommended to let their diet be as simple as possible, this being the best means of deriving health of body and acuteness of intellect. Some authorities inform us that he used to be contented with honey and the honeycomb and bread, and never drank wine in the daytime.

Such, then, are some of the leading facts which have clustered round the history of this eminent sage, and they amply prove that, although exaggerated accounts have been given of his life, he was in every way worthy of the honour with which his memory

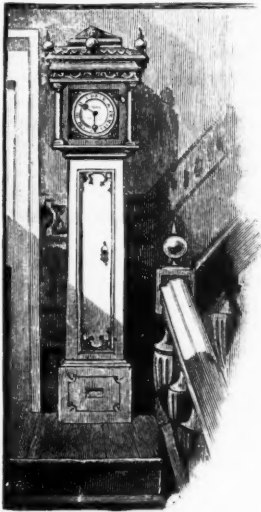
has for centuries been crowned. It is true that, like other men, he had his faults and weaknesses, but these were insignificant when compared with those high qualities of character which made his life so lustrous. It must not be forgotten, too, that he lived in an age of heathen darkness, and was wholly deprived of the bright sunshine of the Christian dispensation, a loss on his part for which no earthly advantage could compensate. In dealing with such a conspicuously great man as Pythagoras, one could have wished that he had bequeathed to posterity his written views, instead of their being only incidentally preserved in the works of his contemporaries and followers.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.



GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS IN VERSE," ETC. ETC.



"TICK - TOCK—
tick - tock!"
It had told the same tale for generations; to the young and thoughtless, to the careworn and middle-aged, to the old and infirm, the same oft-repeated message, "Tick-tock—time flies."

So long ago was it since it commenced its warnings, that even the figures on its dial were bedimmed with age, and old Father Time himself had, in revenge, laid his

hands upon its oaken case, as if to prove that though his flight was rapid, the ravages he committed in passing were slow, but permanent in their effect.

"Tick-tock!" how solemnly the swing of the pendulum sounded through the house as from its place at the foot of the stairs the old clock tolled forth the midnight hour.

"Dear me, how slow you are!" chimed in a French clock from the front hall, as the hammer fell for the third time. "Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding; why, I am finished before you, after all, and I am sure I have much more work to do than you—ding, ding, ding, ding, ding! another day of pleasure begun!"

"Tick-tock; boom, boom; time flies," repeated the old clock steadily.

"Dear, how doleful you are, you old-fashioned thing!" continued the other. "Of course it does, and where should we be if it did not? but you need not always remind one of the fact, all the same."

"Or be so slow about it," ticked a bustling little timepiece through the open boudoir door. "If time flies, by all means let us keep up with it; there is nothing so disadvantageous to oneself as being behind the times!"

"Tick-tock—time flies," was all the reply the clock vouchsafed; but within its oaken case the swing of the pendulum felt heavier, as it remembered the days of old, when the great-great-grandfather of the present owner, and his bride, had gaily set it going on the eve of their wedding day. "Doleful," "old-fashioned," "behind the times!" Had it indeed come to that? Was its message really out of place when its whole being throbbed with the sympathy of the moment—in joy, to bid the rejoicer value wisely and rightly the passing hour; in sorrow, to point the mourner to the time when day should break, and shadows flee away; in toil, to tell of rest; in anxiety, of freedom from care? Was sympathy then "old-fashioned," the thought of eternity "doleful?" Ah! then indeed it was "behind the times," its occupation gone. Faintly, and still more faintly, it marked the seconds as they fled, and then the midnight darkness became oppressive with a silence as of death.

"Whatever has come to the old clock? If it has not gone and stopped!" said the housemaid, as she unfastened the shutters in the dim morning light; "and a pretty mess we shall all be in, to be sure, for it is the only one in the house worth the trouble of winding up, to my mind."

"George, you really must get the old clock repaired as soon as possible," said the young wife to her husband that evening, as they were sitting together over the drawing-room fire. "It is strange how everything seems to have gone wrong to-day since it stopped: meals unpunctual, you late for the train this morning, even baby himself cried for the 'tick-tock' when put to bed for his midday rest, and I confess that I too felt it eerie and quiet to-night, whilst wondering why you were so late returning home; and yet how little one has appeared to notice it, any time. Do you know," she continued, laughing, "I often think that clocks are like one's friends: there are the smart, pretentious ones in ornolu and Dresden china, who seem made to look pretty and never go; there are the bustling little French clocks ticking fast and loud, professing a great deal, but never keeping time; there are the chiming clocks,

always merry, and driving you distracted with their clatter if you have a headache or are in trouble; and then there are the dear old-fashioned 'Grand-fathers,' who keep the whole house going without your knowing it, and whose steady beat is never obtrusive, never in the way, but just *there* when you need it."

"The difference between outside show and inward worth," replied her husband. "And how often we fail to recognise the true from the false till too late! how often, for some slight eccentricity of manner or appearance, we undervalue the warm sympathy which lies beneath the surface, till, roused to the sense of our own loss by the awakening hand of death, only the unavailing regret is left to us—

"O, while my brother with me stayed,
Would I had loved him more!"



TAKING THE TIDE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. BY SARAH PITT, AUTHOR OF "THE WAY TO PARADISE," ETC.—PART II.



SATURDAY morning Tom was sauntering soberly down the street, broom trailing behind him: the broom was a kind of barometer of his mental condition. When things were going well he flourished it briskly over his shoulder, like a musket; when they didn't, it trailed dejectedly behind, as at present. He had to pass the hoarding where the excursion train had been illustrated, and stopped to see if there was anything fresh to look at.

Pictures there were none this time: plenty of red and blue bills and printed notices, but nothing more.

"They might have left the train up a bit longer: there was plenty of other room," he remarked to himself as he proceeded on his way. He had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a sudden brilliant idea flashed into his mind. He went back to the hoarding at a bound.

There they were! the very same letters he got in the book on Sundays. He recognised some that had given him a particular amount of trouble; and to think they had been close at hand all the time, and he had never thought of it till now! Tom pounded the pavement with his broom-handle, in mingled joy at the discovery and exasperation at himself for not making it sooner.

The crossing was very little the better for any

attention it received that day. The sweeper was engaged in improving his mind for the morrow. Some of the letters he failed quite to recall, but he made out sufficient to call forth an approving comment from his teacher.

"You have remembered what you were taught very much better this time," he said. "Persevere, and in time you will find you are making headway."

"Persevere!" It seemed to Tom that persevering was just the most difficult point in the whole affair. The first few letters he could manage easily, but there were twenty-six of them, and, as he feelingly expressed it, "they took an awful lot of remembering."

Behind the hoarding a big warehouse was in process of construction. Tom found time during his studies to keep an eye upon its progress; when that was finished he would probably lose his spelling-book. A gang of workmen were constantly employed about it: one of them, a stonemason, had his dinner brought to him every day by his little daughter—a bright little lassie she was.

Tom watched her one muggy day picking her steps across the piles of loose bricks and mortar, and gallantly went to the rescue, and delivered her basket for her. They were on speaking terms after that, and she often stopped to look at the bareheaded boy who seemed to have nothing to do but stand there learning off the bills by heart.

"Are you put there to keep people from tearing them down?" she asked him one day.

"No; I'm only looking at them"

"But you're always looking at them."

"I say, do you know how to read?" demanded Tom abruptly.

"Of course I do."

"Could you read all that bill?"

"Yes: why?"

"Well, I can't; I'm only learning, and some of the letters I always go and forget. Look here, I'll carry your basket over all the dirty places every day if you'll tell me what they are when I don't remember."

"Oh, I'll do that easily."

Tom looked at her with profound respect as she glibly read off the words he had been laboriously spelling out for an hour past.

"I'll learn in no time now," he cried. "I believe you're right. I never thought girls were clever before. You'll be sure and not miss coming, though? I might forget something any day."

She laughed. "And father would want his dinner, whether you wanted a lesson or not."

Tom found his education progressing famously after that, and won golden opinions at the school in consequence, but he also found time was progressing likewise; he was a long way yet from the stage of proficiency, and the year was fast wearing away. He consulted with his small teacher about it often, but she always declined to commit herself to any decided opinion.

"You'll just have to go on practising and practising all you can, and then some day, when you aren't thinking about it, you'll find out all at once that you can do it easy."

But that blissful some day seemed very far off to the pupil who was only just into the practising department yet, and saw no end to it. The year had nearly come to an end: it was less than a week to Christmas, Tom discovered one day in conversation with Bob Somers.

"What with school on Sundays, the practising, the bridge, and the crossing all the week, I never get time to think of anything," he declared. "I was to have been in the station by this almost, and here I'm not half ready yet."

"Perhaps you may by the end of next year," suggested Bob consolingly; "but I don't think you will much before."

"You're a cheerful sort of person to have for a friend," retorted Tom indignantly. "I tell you what it is, Bob: you're getting tired of lending your cap, and want to back out, but I'll just go on wearing it till there's not a bit of it left, if I haven't learnt sooner: so you needn't try to turn me against the station."

Quitting his friend in high dudgeon, Tom went away to his perch on the parapet. It was a wild, stormy evening, and he was nearly blown over two or three times by the strong gusts that swept up from the sea behind. The lights flickered feebly down below; some went out entirely; the

trains were late, and altogether there seemed no dependence on anything that night. Tom was obliged to descend from his perch at last. It took all his strength to keep his balance. On the other side of the bridge the lines wound away across some of the poorer streets, and away into the open country, flat and level along the coast edge.

Tom took a short cut he knew very well, to where the embankment began, and set off for a solitary prowling in place of going home. Bob's suggestion was still rankling in his mind, and the solitary darkness and howling wind suited him far better than the busy lighted streets. The broom would have trailed very far behind indeed if he had had it with him then.

For over a mile he marched along gloomily, and then, exhausted and quite out of breath, he crept down the bank to a sheltered spot behind a wooden shed, for a rest before he went back again.

The shed was in its place, safe enough, but to Tom's great astonishment, when he clambered down, the roof had disappeared entirely. He peered up and down the bank in search of it, then down at the railway track. He was a boy of quick imagination in some things, and the thought of any danger to his beloved trains stirred all his pulses. He groped his way between the tracks, keeping a sharp look-out behind and before for approaching trains.

Twenty or thirty yards down the line he found it, a mass of broken timber, tightly wedged in between the rails. Tom tried his hardest to raise it, but it needed stronger hands than his: it did not take him many seconds to realise that, and the necessity of getting help as quickly as possible.

Away up the line, back to the station, he went like the wind. He had paid little attention to distance as he came, but it seemed interminable now, when he was struggling on against wind and time: nay, it might be for life itself.

In the darkest, deepest part of the cutting he caught the sound of a coming train; whether it was behind or before he could not tell—the noise seemed to fill all the air about him. He crept a little way up the bank and waited, holding his breath to listen. On it came, with a dull roar, making the ground under his feet vibrate and quiver. He could see it now; it was coming from the station, a passenger train, every window lighted. With a curious flash there came into the lad's mind the train on the yellow bill upon the hoarding last summer, and the rows of faces looking through the windows; they were going to London, and these were perhaps never going anywhere again. Another second, and it had dashed past him, away into the dark night, and a sudden glad mist crept into the watcher's strained eyes. It was on the far line—the safe one!



"Tom found his education progressing famously."—p. 703.

A few minutes more, and he was in sight of the bridge, and in the midst of the broad network of rails. There was no chance of picking his steps now. He flew straight across, in and out, under the stray trucks and carriages. He had looked down upon it often from his

perch on the parapet, but he had never yet contemplated entering the station after that fashion.

"I say, come out of that! What are you doing down there?"

It was a big burly guard, with a lantern, who

had just caught sight of the small figure climbing up the end of the platform. Tom's trembling knees would hardly hold him.

"There's something blown on the line down there, and I've come up to tell you," he gasped.

"You're sure?"

"It's the roof off that shed by the sand-pits, and I was afraid the train would come before I got here."

"Which line is it?"

"The outside one; a train did come down the other: it passed me."

The guard wasted no more time in questions; he hurried Tom into an office, where he repeated his story to the station-master, who straightway sent off a telegram to stop the up trains, and hastily despatched a gang of men down the line to clear off the obstruction. He went with them himself, leaving orders that Tom was to remain in the office till his return.

Tom was by no means unwilling to do that; he was feeling much too tired to walk home or anywhere else just then, without considering the dignity of being not merely in the station, but in the master's office. He looked about him with great interest for a minute or two, then his head gradually bowed on the table, and everything faded away in a confused jumble.

He woke up with a start, to find three or four gentlemen standing round the fire, and his first acquaintance—the burly guard—beside the door. He got up off his seat and looked at them a minute before he remembered where he was or what had happened.

"Did the train get hurt?" he cried, as it came back to him.

"The people didn't, and the train is all right," said one of the gentlemen; "your information just came in time to save it. But how did you come to be on the line at all?"

"I was put out about something," returned Tom gravely, "and I went along the bank for a walk by myself, but it was too windy; so I climbed down to the shed to rest a minute, and the roof wasn't there."

"Well, we don't allow trespassing on the bank as a rule, but this time it has been of service. What is your name?"

Half a dozen other questions followed, which Tom answered after his usual candid fashion, not forgetting to express his great satisfaction at finding himself an invited guest inside the station.

He was dismissed after that, with the guard and a shilling, to the third-class refreshment room to get some supper after his night's work; he also received—and esteemed far more highly, which is saying a good deal, considering his hungry plight—an injunction to come to the office again three days later.

Cold and wet made little difference to Tom during those three days. The crossing had never

been muddier, but he wielded his broom with a vigour that liberally besprinkled the passers-by.

The third afternoon, with hands, face, and boots in quite a startling state of polish, Tom marched majestically down the steep incline to the station, through the chief entrance, past the platforms, with only a brief glance at the engines moored there. In front of the Left Luggage Office he encountered Barker, who demanded what he was doing down here.

"I'm going to see the station-master in his own office," answered Tom with dignity; "he told me to come."

"Have you been damaging anything on the bridge?"

"I've no time to stand talking to boys now," was the lofty response as he knocked at the office door and walked in, before the disconcerted Barker could think of any retort sufficiently crushing.

It was a good half-hour before he re-appeared. He was never very clear afterwards how he got through it. There were two gentlemen who questioned him closely about all sorts of things, and gave him a feeling of being tried for his life, but after that it came to him like a kind of revelation that he was not to go back to his crossing any more—that all day long he was to be under that great glass roof learning all about the engines, and helping to take care of them—perhaps, in time, even to be a driver.

He looked up with radiant eyes. "I've wanted to be down here for years, sir, and I'll make the engines shine like gold. What a pity, though, that wind didn't come months ago," he added; "then I needn't have gone to the Sunday-school at all—that was all Barker's doings."

"It is the Sunday-school that is the chief reason of your being taken on here," was the response. "The one was an accident, the other showed that you had some perseverance in your character, and no good is ever done without that."

"And that was just the part I thought the hardest," owned Tom, "and—and I can't read very much now—only spell."

"You will have time to go on learning in the evenings, and you shall have lessons occasionally; never miss a chance of learning anything—it is the surest way to get on. There is nothing to prevent you becoming a skilled workman if you set your mind to it. Now you may go and see the foreman, and begin work to-morrow morning."

And that next day Tom began his duties in the engine shed. Fortune knocks at every man's door once, they say. Tom feels that she knocked at his very loudly indeed that day, and that if she never favours him with a second visit he will have no cause for complaint.

"People talk of going to parties and balls," he confidentially remarked to Bob Somers; "but if you really want to enjoy yourself, there's no place like the railway station."

ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

THE Roll of the Order of Honourable Service is now complete, and numbers 1,000 Distinguished and First Class Members, besides 2,193 Ordinary Members. Total, 3,193.

The Register of the Order is now CLOSED to all excepting candidates who have served upwards of fifty years in their present situations. These will, until further notice, be received for admission to the Roll of Distinguished Members, which at the present date numbers 90.

First Class Members (*i.e.* of twenty-five years' standing and upwards in their present situations) on completing their record of fifty years may apply to have their names transferred to the Distinguished Division. Ordinary Members (*i.e.* of seven years' standing and upwards in their present situations) may, on completing twenty-five years' service in the same situations, apply to have their names transferred to the First Class of the Order, in which case, if they are not already possessed of the Medal of the Order, one will be forwarded to them on promotion.

The Editor, in his capacity of Registrar of the Order, will be glad to receive intelligence of interest concerning any of the members, such as their change of abode or situation, marriage, retirement from active service, etc.

SEVENTH LIST.

INCLUDING ALL NAMES ENROLLED FROM MAY 15TH TO JUNE 30TH, 1887, INCLUSIVE.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS. (Over 50 Years' Service.)			FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.			FIRST CLASS MEMBERS—Continued.		
Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.	Name.	Address.	Years.	Name.	Address.	Years.
+ CORNFORTH, REBECCA	Maidstone.	62	+ Griggs, George H.	Shoulden, Salisbury.	37	+ Pursey, Elizabeth M.	Worle, Weston-super-Mare.	25
+ DAVID, JOHN	Flax Bourton.	31	+ Gasson, Jane	Dorling, Sheffield.	37	+ Palgrave, Elizabeth	Torke, S.W.	25
+ DENN, ELIZABETH	Salisbury.	50	+ Grayson, George	Bomburgh, I. of W.	25	+ Pritchard, Jane	Liverpool.	29
+ FIRTH, BESSIE	Radwin.	56	+ Gilin, Sarah	Edinburgh.	32	+ Payne, Eliza	Sherborne.	27
+ FROULAN, MARIA	Linton.	59	+ Harvey, Janet	Exeter.	22	+ Paton, Agnes	Liverpool.	20
+ GARRETT, MARY	Horseley Rise.	33	+ Helman, Martha	Croydon.	25	+ Parker, Elizabeth	Streatham, S.W.	37
+ HUSTON, JAMES	Carriekfergus.	53	+ Holden, Clara	Blackheath, S.E.	34	+ Park, Jane Mary	Hevincham.	28
+ HUGHES, MARY	Ashbourne.	52	+ Holmes, John	Cheddle, Kithurst, N.W.	37	+ Paine, Sarah Mary	Coggeshall.	25
+ MANSEY, SARAH	Regent's Park, N.W.	70	+ Heather, Sarah	Hudders.	34	+ Pense, Lydia	Finchley, N.	34
+ MARTIN, SUSANNAH	Edinburgh.	50	+ Hockley, Elizabeth	Thornton Heath.	27	+ Riviero, Susette	Tunbridge Wells.	29
+ NISBET, EUPHEMIA	Cavendish Square, W.	57	+ Howard, Hen. S.	Clifton, N.	35	+ Robb, Catharine	Peterhead.	29
+ PERREN, ELIZABETH	Chichester.	50	+ Hipsley, Esther	Leeds.	25	+ Rogers, Catharine	Much Hadham.	31
+ RADCLIFFE, ELIZABETH	Cosham.	50	+ Hawshaw, Hannah	Witley.	46	+ Reeves, Sarah	Leamington.	25
+ RETH WARRING	Hasland.	57	+ Humphries, Jane	Groby.	46	+ Reeves, William	Forest Row.	25
+ RHO, JANE			+ Humphrey, Geo.	Woodburn.	39	+ Richardson, Mary A.	South Kensington.	25
+ WRAGO, SARAH			+ Hamer, John	Burnley.	29	+ Riches, Benjamin	Stoke, Colchester.	33
			+ Johnston, Eliza S.	Liverpool.	30	+ Rie, George	Launceston.	34
			+ Jones, John	Rhosogre.	35	+ Rose, Mary	Cookham.	40
			+ Kennerley, Ann	Bolton-le-Moors.	27	+ Speller, George	Borton.	31
			+ Kille, Eliza	Portsmouth.	43	+ Seaton, William	Wickham.	44
			+ Leland, Sarah Ann	Swindon.	25	+ Smith, Anne	Ancliff, S.E.	47
			+ Lewis, Elizabeth	Great Torrington.	27	+ Stennings, Caroline	Hove, Brighton.	25
			+ Livermore, Charles	Streatam Hill, S.W.	26	+ Saunders, Mary	Dorking.	30
			+ Lubbock, Robert	Cardinal.	29	+ Spence, Grace	Portland Place, W.	31
			+ Lancaster, Emma	London.	29	+ Stevenson, Sophia	Southsea.	39
			+ Layton, Benjamin	Darlington.	40	+ Smith, Emma H.	Northwich.	42
			+ Low, Eleanor	Shanklin.	42	+ Scurling, Sarah	Aldebury.	26
			+ Lacey, Mary Ann	Smith, Emma H.	41	+ Saunders, Samuel	Exeter.	26
			+ Midgley, Alvin	Brayton.	26	+ Symonds, Leonard	Berwick-on-Tweed.	25
			+ Mearth Catherine	Edinburgh.	43	+ Simmonds, Ann	Doncaster.	34
			+ McKay, Margaret	Denny, N.B.	41	+ Stansfeld Abbotts.	Stansfeld Abbotts.	25
			+ McKeown, Jessie	Liverpool.	37	+ Carnarvon.	Carlisle.	30
			+ Manning, Elizabeth	Russell Square, W.C.	25	+ Hull.	Hull.	25
			+ Marshall, Harriet	Hackney, E.	34	+ Taylor, Mary Ann	Linton.	29
			+ Miller, Caroline	Malvern Wells.	41	+ Thomas, Mary Ann	Great Torrington.	34
			+ Miller, Harriet	Banbury.	26	+ Tiley, Eliza	East Acton, W.	29
			+ Moon, Elizabeth	Westbourne Sq., W.	40	+ Tanner, Mary Ann	Ryde.	29
			+ Martin, Jane	West Brighton.	34	+ Turner, Louisa	Portland Place, W.	31
			+ Mansfield, Maria	Chester.	31	+ Thorp, Ann Rogers	Bury St. Edmunds.	35
			+ Metcalf, Mary Ann	Mossdale, co. Antrim.	20	+ Thynell, Elizabeth	Chesterham.	40
			+ McDowell, Mary	Liverpool.	25	+ Tutill, Anne	Attleborough.	31
			+ Mitchell, Mary	Skelbrook Park.	46	+ Turnbull, Janet	Jedburgh, N.B.	38
			+ Moncrieff, Jessie	Beth.	25	+ Usher, Ann	Bromley, S.W.	25
			+ Martin, Mary	Leeds.	27	+ Vickery, Ann	Brampton.	46
			+ Marsden, Mary A.	Brigton.	34	+ Wilson, Mary	Church, Lancs.	26
			+ Martine, Robert	Williams, N.B.	40	+ Williams, Mary	Beckley.	49
			+ Medland, Mary	Launceston.	40	+ Widdough, Eleanor	Nailsworth.	49
			+ Miller, Lydia	Rosse L'Audry, Guernsey.	26	+ White, Hannah	Rocking.	34
				Wexmouth.	26	+ Waterson, Mary A.	Birkenhead.	30
			+ Moody, Harriett	Kidderminster.	49	+ Woodbridge, Mary	Maiden Hill, W.	33
			+ Mackereth, Mart.	Port Appin, N.B.	30	+ Woom, Mary C.	Falmouth.	47
			+ Middlemiss, Cath.	Southampton.	29	+ Whitfield, Elizabeth	Manchester Sq., W.	20
			+ Newton, Jane	Oxford.	42	+ Webb, Amelia	Bromley, S.W.	25
			+ Neal, Elizabeth	Oxford.	42	+ Walker, Abraham	Henley-on-Thames.	25
			+ Neal, John	Kilburn, N.W.	34	+ West, Jane	Usk, Mon.	43
			+ Neale, Mary	Brighthelm.	34	+ Williams, Ann	Newport, Penn.	42
			+ Norris, Jane	Brighthelm.	26	+ Wright, Susanna	Weston-super-Mare.	34
			+ Norris, Bridget	Cheltenham.	44	+ Woodland, Elzib.	Dulwich, S.E.	42
			+ O'Brien, Charlotte	Leeds.	25	+ Williams, Benjamin	Kensington, W.	25
			+ O'Brien, N.B.	Edinburgh.	25	+ Wilks, Elizabeth	Hampden Terrace.	34
			+ Paton, Christina	St. Helier, Jersey.	46	+ West, Elizabeth	North Brixton, S.W.	30
			+ Penwell, Marguerite	Linton.	25			
			+ Penner, David					

Those marked + have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.

No correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the awards.

which have been made upon a careful consideration of each case, in accordance with regulations which have been fully supplied to the Members concerned.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

WANDERING AND WEARY.



AN EAGER LISTENER.

"A GIPSY'S life is a joyous life," says the ballad, and, amid the noise of towns, some of us may be inclined to envy those who tramp from village to village, resting under the greenwood tree, and sleeping at night in some wayside barn or beneath the canopy of heaven. But the tramp in real life does not look at all poetic—dusty, depressed, travel-stained,

often shambling of gait, his appearance is such as must move the Christian heart not only to bestow the bread or draught of water asked, but to some concern for these wandering, neglected lives. Among Christian agencies, those which meet the vagrant with good tidings of peace must surely be very near to His heart, who came to seek and to save the lost. We stood lately amid a throng of wandering ones, shabby, brown-faced, half reckless, half abashed—stalwart gipsy men, and wearied tramps, and dark-eyed girls clutching lovingly at the flowers kind hands had provided; and never did the prayer "*Our Father*" seem sweeter or grander than on this occasion, when we all lifted it heavenward, and when these wandering ones, having been fed and cheered, listened to the old, old story, and joined in hymns of praise. It was a gathering never to be forgotten: a hush fell over the throng as a converted gipsy woman brought them the message of peace. "Look, my dears—look here—God loves you. He is waiting to be gracious." It is for the little ones growing up amid these wanderers that our old friend George Smith of Coalville has toiled and striven so long: may many more hearts, and especially young ones, be moved and roused to seek them out and help them upward, and

"Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died."

"THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE."

Such was the Master's prayer, before He crossed the Cedron; cannot His people strive to bring about its fulfilment? Christianity is triumphing over caste in the east, but in too many cases walls of separation seem to sever heart from heart and hand from hand, as regards those who alike name the name of Christ. "This is no time to think of our *differences*, but rather of where we *agree*," said a Christian standard-bearer, seeing the names of many who differed from himself aiding a work of charity. Last year a contemporary reminded us of that

scene which once occurred at Exeter Hall, when the late Archbishop of Canterbury arose and took Mr. Spurgeon's hand. Surely this was an earnest of the blessed time when all believers shall be as brethren! The readers of *THE QUIVER* have realised, ere this, that we yearn to call out *all* God's people to the fight against sadness and sin. May the forces of the Lord not be weakened by coldness and acrimony between those who may differ in non-essentials! Are we seeking the aggrandisement of a party, or the glory of God? This is a solemn, earnest question. At times of united prayer-meetings or great revivals it is a grand sight to see Christians shoulder to shoulder, and it



A GIPSY SPEAKER.

will be side by side that the noblest work will be done. "Dan'el Quorm" tells us about the pilchard-fishing at St. Ives, that the man on the cliffs saw the fish, and put up a speaking-trumpet to his mouth and shouted, "Heva! Heva! Heva!" Then all the place was astir; one and all came out to help—everybody lent a hand, the boats put up sail, and all went fishing. "Dan'el Quorm" noticed that on special occasions everybody seemed to wake up, and all helped in the work; "but, my friends," says he, "there be fish in the sea all the year round." So, shoulder to shoulder, sinking all our trifling differences, let us pray and strive for souls, and labour for Him who has need of us all, and of how many more!

MISS MASON'S HOME FUND.



MISS MASON.

(From a Photograph by Mr. G. Churchill, Eastbourne.)

Visitors to Eastbourne know the House of Rest, near the Grand Parade, where Christian friends unite in the noon prayer-meeting held everyday. Here, and at Cambridge Gardens, Kilburn, mission workers gather for a time of rest and leisure, and the earnest wish of one such occupant is but the echo of the prevalent desire: "I do pray that no one who enters either house may leave without receiving a definite blessing from the Master." These labourers in the Lord's harvest field go back to their work strengthened and revived by communion with each other, and by the blessings received at the meetings. We should like to draw attention to what Miss Mason calls her "Home and Foreign Mission Fund." This is devoted to the aid of necessitous Christian workers, of the poor they tend, of the feeble compelled to drop out from the burden and heat of the day, and of others labouring abroad, some of whom have acknowledged that the help sent them thus has reached them in the hour of emergency, when they could breathe their difficulties to God alone.

A CHINESE HOSPITAL.

In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai, there has stood for forty years a free native hospital, mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo mat and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house-surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of a mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards, and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56, and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated. From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come, and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing; for we believe that

nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai hospital, of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting-room, seated for 300, is crowded with men, women, and children, long before the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their language as his own, sets before this waiting multitude the Word of Life. "I believe," writes a Christian physician, who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the world. In an institution like this, almost daily under a good surgeon may the blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk. . . I have known in one year, among those cured in our hospital, thirty men and women received into the Christian Church."

THOUGHTS IN OUR ORCHARD.

Now the ripened boughs are "big with bending fruit"; the apples glow like fire between the leaves, the pears drop down upon the grass, the plums make a rich show on many a sun-kissed wall. "Go shares," says a pastor, "is an excellent rule to do with everything we get—not only as children." There have been seasons when fruit-growers declared it scarcely paid them to pick the fruit, there was so much of it; but London Sunday-school teachers and other workers, arranging festivals with scanty funds, could have told of eager eyes and ready lips still more plentiful, and of work-rooms, sick-chambers, lonely ones to whom a gift of fruit



"Let us bear in mind a guerdon of fruit likewise."

would have seemed a godsend. In sending flowers to the city, let us bear in mind just now a guerdon of fruit likewise. And as we stand among these trees that have fulfilled the promise of their blossom, should we not humbly ask ourselves if He who has spared us year by year is finding fruit to His praise? There are many whose bloom the world has beheld of whom He may be sighing now,

men into districts where the need is urgent. How many of our working population would, humanly speaking, have probably drifted into atheism but for a mission like this! for, somehow, they seem prejudiced against attending an ordinary place of worship. "I am a Mussulman," said an Indian to a friend of ours, "but, after all, what does one's religion matter? All that is important is—*rupees*."



"Sending out faithful men."

"Nothing but leaves"; there are those to whom earth scarce gives a thought, who are bringing forth fruit an hundredfold beneath the sunshine of the Master's smile. One of Mrs. Prosser's helpful little fables concerns an espalier, loaded with fruit, reproached by a tall apple-tree, because its branches were lying on the ground. "Everyone admires *my* fruit," it said: "no one can see whether *you've* any fruit or not."—"I'm not too low down," said the espalier, "for the *master* to find it when the time comes; till then I am content to wait."

IN HIGHWAYS AND VILLAGES.

Amid our English hamlets, garlanded with wild flowers and glad with the singing of birds, it would seem as though the rose-wreathed cottages can shelter naught but virtue and joy; but villages, as well as cities, have their special perils and temptations, and the human heart is the same, whether in the haunts of nature or the crowded mart. In England, as in America, efforts are made to reach the rural population by means of waggons, by which Christian workers travel from hamlet to hamlet, preaching and distributing tracts. Then the Country Towns' Mission takes up the special work of sending out faithful

To get on in this world was the poor man's one aim; it is the endeavour of our friends of the Country Towns' Mission to teach our countrymen in field and factory that there is something beyond mere getting and gaining, and that He who remembered the needs of the *villages* comes to them still with the blessing that maketh rich.

A MESSAGE FROM HOME.

"As fresh waters to the thirsting, so is a message from England," writes the wife of a missionary in the East; surrounded by strangers, hearing a foreign tongue, toiling on in the midst of a trying climate, and often amid difficulties and opposition, how eagerly must the missionary and his family look out for the English mail, and how deeply must they prize the papers and magazines with which *sometimes* the thoughtful supply them. "An unknown friend has regularly sent us a magazine," says the lady referred to above; here is a ministry that may be multiplied with advantage, instead of allowing so many of our helpful papers and magazines to be wasted and destroyed. It will not take long to enclose in a wrapper and write an address, and, if we be not personally acquainted with some particular missionary

—by the way, to *open* an acquaintance will be mutually beneficial, and a paper is an excellent introduction—any of the missionary societies will put us in the way of forwarding the literature we too often throw aside. What help, what refreshing thoughts, and what enjoyment may thus be borne across the waves to some faithful servant of God!

"THE HIEST THING."

We read with deep regret the words of one who remarked he had sometimes found deep devotional feeling united with a poor recognition of the value of *truth*; yet some of us may have noticed the same fact—a sorrowful one indeed, and conveying a warning to us all. What a wet blanket seems the one who corrects a good story to point out a slip in the truth! but, in our every-day speech, are we not prone to exaggeration—maybe, to *additions*, seemingly unimportant, but rendering our truthfulness defective, and thus impairing the strength of our conscientiousness? A stalwart Christian character is one that should surely be trusted out and out. "A little variation in narrative must happen constantly if one is not always watching," said a lady, in conversation with Dr. Johnson. "Yes, madam," he answered, "therefore *be* always watching; the falsehood in the world springs more from carelessness than intention." Let us take the trouble to be particular that the young around us understand the beauty and importance of *Truth*, defined long ago by Chaucer as

"The hiest thing that man can kepe."

THE CHURCH AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

The Rev. Arthur Carr's contribution to Professor Creighton's valuable series, "Epochs of Church History" (Longmans), is one of the most interesting we have seen. We strongly recommend Sunday-school librarians to procure this little volume for the use of the elder scholars, who, as a rule, know too little of Church history.

LENT UNTO THE LORD.

In Mrs. Ginever's deeply interesting "Retrospect" of her Home for Orphan Girls, Holloway, among many striking incidents testifying to God's providence and compassion, it is plainly shown that "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." Truly does the hymn say we have "as treasure without end" whatsoever we lend to God; but how often does Heaven's mercy repay us on this side of eternity, multiplying the store whence we have brought thankofferings to the Master. Mrs. Ginever tells us of a greengrocer who agreed with his wife to give to the Lord his first evening's profits, and with this sum purchased flowers for the orphans' garden, which he tended himself. A few months after, Mrs. Ginever found him apparently in a dying state, and she told him if he were taken hence she

would care for his child. However, the operation he underwent at the hospital was successful, and as time went on, instead of forebodings, there was heard the voice of thanksgiving for deliverance in the time of trouble. Again, we read of a draper in the Holloway Road who asked Mrs. Ginever to select two pounds' worth of material for her orphan children as his gift. This occurred at a time when her funds were low indeed. Years after, Mrs. Ginever took in two children of a delicate widow living at Swindon, and when this poor widow visited her little girls, it was found that her lost husband, who had met with reverses, was the giver of the drapery. Later on, the widow, having received Mrs. Ginever's promise to care for two other children, should her illness end fatally, answered thus, "The Lord has indeed paid with interest the small help my husband gave."

A NEW "SOCIETY JOURNAL."

The first medical journal, as we believe, ever published in a heathen land, has just made its appearance in China—a land where there are seventy-nine medical missionaries, including twenty-seven ladies, at work. This publication is connected with the newly formed Medical Missionary Association of China—but its pages are open to any medical men practising in the country, and in this first number the magazine contains three technical papers of much value from "community" doctors of high standing in Shanghai. So that we may hope this movement will not only promote union, sympathy, and intercourse among the widely scattered missionary brethren, giving them opportunity for inquiry, discussion, advice, interchange of experience in practical matters concerning their work, but also prove of mutual benefit to them and to those outside their brotherhood. Two articles in the new journal are by Chinamen in their own language; one of these, the Rev. Mr. Woo, chaplain to St. Luke's Hospital in Shanghai, dwells on the importance of medical as an aid to spiritual work; the other, the Rev. M. Yeu, writes of the scope of the *Medical Missionary Journal*.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

The Children's Secretary, Medical Mission House, 104, Petherton Road, London, has written some interesting accounts of the work so richly owned of God across the deep. "The children in Madagascar call you their fathers and mothers, and often ask me, 'Tell us more of our fathers and mothers in England,'" said a missionary to English children interested in his work; in the same sense, hundreds of our rosy-faced bairns have been fathers and mothers to the black-eyed children of China. English hearts have prayed and striven for their bodies and their souls, and now in the Empire of the "Great Middle Kingdom" they have learnt of One wiser,

mightier, tenderer than their revered sage, Confucius. We read of "Little Loving-heart," who worked as a child for God, going up to the gate-keeper with the words, "Elder brother, you are very old; you are over seventy," and telling him of the Lord Jesus, and of the bright kingdom, and the streets of gold; of another raven-haired lassie bringing every one of her little hoarded coins for the building of a chapel; and of a lad from the "Glad Tidings Hall" telling Bible stories to his companions, till they came peeping about the school, and said they had learnt from him that Jesus, the Son of God, died to save sinners. And, among other cases, we hear of an old Chinese woman who was troubled at heart because of her feebleness, and said, "I am nearly seventy, and nearly blind; I cannot go into all the world and preach the Gospel, as Jesus said. I will tell my husband, and son and his wife, and my neighbours, and I could go, perhaps, to one or two villages. Tell me if the Lord will accept this." And the missionary lady, from a full heart, answered, "This is all the Lord Jesus wants; He wants each of us to do his best."

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

"Christ's system," said William Howitt, "unlike all other systems of worship, knew no selfishness and was boundlessly beneficent." Where would be the homes, the refuges, the almshouses, the hospitals, if hearts ceased to love the name of Christ, and infidelity reigned triumphant on the earth? We most of us have heard the beautiful legend of him whose

name was found first on the heavenly scroll because he prayed—

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

By practical sympathy with our neighbour we can witness to Heaven and earth that we are indeed followers of the Redeemer who went about doing good. We are acquainted with a very successful infant-class teacher, who more than once has drawn into a class-room some mite ashamed of her rags, and with jacket rolled away in its wretchedness under her arm because "it's so warm in school, teacher," and there removed the torn, poor garment, and clothed the child tidily and comfortably. Is not this practical religion indeed? We know another who personally undertook the far from enjoyable task of washing an uncleanly scholar, to prove to him the charms of soap and water. Such simple yet self-denying acts do more to bind little hearts to "teacher" than hours of rhetoric and argument. Speaking of practical Christianity, we would plead for the scheme in which the Earl of Meath is much interested—that of a convalescent home for those recovering from insanity. We all know how much such homes have done to benefit the nerves of those whose ailments are bodily, but the mentally feeble are not received into ordinary institutions, and it seems to us there is special need that cases discharged from asylums as "cured" should be aided, ere taking up life's work again, by cheerful surroundings and salutary treatment. It is surely a most blessed thought thus to strengthen and build up those who have been bowed down.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

99. What offerings were daily offered to God in the Tabernacle?
100. In what way did God preserve David from being taken prisoner by Saul at Naioth in Ramah?
101. Where have we the first record of the names of persons being inscribed upon their tombs?
102. Who quoted from Greek poets in support of his testimony as to the Fatherhood of God?
103. Where was the cave of Adullam situated?
104. What song was composed to be sung by the Israelites in remembrance of God's goodness to His people Israel?
105. By whom was the land of Canaan called the "Holy Land"?
106. At what place did the children of Israel threaten to stone Moses?
107. Quote a proverb which sets forth the value of good speaking.
108. What king caused the heathen practice of "sacrificing to devils" to be revived?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 641.

89. The great Day of Atonement, which is kept on the tenth day of the seventh month. (Lev. xvi. 29.)
90. The threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. (2 Chron. iii. 1.)
91. The visible things of creation. (Rom. i. 20.)
92. The restoring to life of Eutychus at Troas. (Acts xx. 9—11.)
93. Joab was slain at the altar, and Athaliah the Queen was taken out of the Temple and slain. (1 Kings ii. 28—34; and 2 Kings xi. 15—16.)
94. St. John the Baptist—Christ's miracles—the testimony of God the Father and the Scriptures. (St. John v. 32—39.)
95. A Jew named Jason. (Acts xvii. 5—7; and Rom. xvi. 21.)
96. The rite of Circumcision. (Josh. v. 1—7.)
97. To the family of Aaron. (1 Chron. vi. 55.)
98. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." (St. Luke xvi. 10.)

A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

"SWALLOW, swallow, onward winging,
Leaving here an empty nest,
Stop and tell me, 'mid thy singing,
Fliest thou to east, to west?"

"Lives there not a Heart that knoweth
Where *another* nest may be?
O'er the fields His birdie goeth,
O'er the mountains o'er the sea."



"Swallow, little swallow, hearken!
Ocean-paths are deep and wide,
Day by day the shadows darken—
Who shall be thy help and guide?"

"One is living, One is reigning
Who shall lead His birdie's flight,
Even though the days be waning—
Lead me nearer to the light."

"Swallow, swallow, stop and hear me—
Very frail thou art, and small;
What if wings should droop and weary,
What if thou shouldst faint and fall?"

"Not a birdie sinking, shivering,
Drops to earth alone and drear;
When the wings in death are quivering
Then the Lord of love is near."

"Swallow, sing o'er field and city!
Safe thou art by shore, by sea;
God doth wrap thee round in pity—
Will He not remember me?"

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

PROVIDENCE AND THE LITTLE ONES.



* The other child was found . . . not to have received the slightest injury."—p 716.

THE love of God to the little ones is constantly seen in His watchful Providence and kind care and protection of them in times of danger. No creature is half so helpless and dependent on the tender ministry of parental love as man in his infancy and childhood, and in no cases may we see more of the goodness and condescension of the great God than in His merciful interposition on behalf of young children.

By what simple methods, and by what manifest interposition of Divine Providence, the life of the Divine Child, Jesus, was preserved from the murderous designs of Herod, and how Mary and Joseph were protected and supplied while He was in their charge, are facts too well known to need to be repeated here. Little less remarkable, though equally simple and natural in their character, were the operations of Divine Providence in relation to the preservation of Moses, born to the high destiny of Israel's lawgiver, God's vicegerent, and one of the most manifest types of the Prophet-teacher of these later times.

1114

To record remarkable instances of the care of Providence in the preservation of children, and to set anew records better known in the past generation than in the present, is the work of this paper.

To begin with one of the latter: John Wesley, when a very young child, was saved from a terrible death by what some would call a mere chance, but which we, especially looking to what he afterwards became and accomplished under God, must declare to be an instance of the intervention of that special Providence which watches over God's own, even when they know Him not, or when unconscious of the Hand that defends them.

The father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, vicar of Epworth, was aroused from his sleep one night by a cry of fire. Little thinking that the fire was in his own house, he opened the door to discover that the place was full of smoke, and that the fire had already burned through the roof. Directing his wife and daughters to make their way as best they could from the house, he flew to the nursery where the maid was sleeping with five children. Taking the youngest in his arms, he bade the

others follow. Three did so, but John had not been awakened by the noise, and still slept on. In the hurry and confusion of the moment he was forgotten. All the rest of the family were in safety, some having forced their way down-stairs, "wading through the fire," and others having jumped from the rather low up-stairs windows. While they were rejoicing in their deliverance, John was heard crying in the nursery. In a moment the father rushed into the house, but found to his consternation that the stairs had already been burned down, and that any attempt to pass that way was useless. Despairing of the child's rescue, the father fell upon his knees in the hall, the flames being all around him, and commended the child's spirit to God. The little boy had tried to escape by the door, but finding that blocked up, he had climbed upon a chest up to the window. His condition was one of uttermost danger. There was no time to fetch a ladder, as the flames seemed to be lapping him about as in a fiery shroud. A happy thought was suggested, however. On to the shoulders of a tall, stalwart man another man was hoisted, and the child was saved. In another instant the roof fell in. Was not the father right when he ascribed the deliverance to God? And would not every right-minded man do what he did? "Come, neighbours," said he, "let us kneel down and give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go—I am rich enough."

In after life Mr. Wesley himself looked back with special feelings of thankfulness to God for this deliverance, and often it served as an incentive to duty. Under one of the portraits of him, published during his life, is a representation of the house in flames, with the motto subscribed, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

In a sermon preached for the Royal Humane Society by Dr. Adam Clarke, then an old man, he related the following circumstance concerning himself, in which he was evidently the subject of even a more marvellous deliverance:—

When a boy, he one day rode a horse down to a large river, which flowed near his father's house, and attempted to cross it. But the stream was deeper and stronger than he thought. The horse lost its footing and was carried down the current. The boy was carried off the animal's back, sank, lost consciousness, and continued in the water he knew not how long, for the next thing he could remember was finding himself on the bank of the river, where, he supposed, he had been drifted by the stream, and where the heat of the summer's sun must have acted as a restorative to the system.

The excellent Richard Cecil was the subject of a similar deliverance, in which the watchful eye and merciful hand of Providence may be distinctly seen. He was playing in a yard at the back of his father's house, where were several tanks of

water. One of these was sunk in the earth, and at that time had been frozen over, and a hole made in the ice to water the horses. The boy was playing at this hole with a stick, when suddenly his feet slipped, and falling into the hole he was carried beneath the ice. His father's workmen had received orders to proceed to some work in another part of the dye-works, but somehow they had neglected his order. Had they done otherwise they would have been out of sight of the tank. As it was, the child had slipped so noiselessly into the water, and had so soon become unconscious, that it was some minutes before one of the men, thinking he saw something at the tank, found it was the scarlet cloak of his master's son. The child was taken from the water apparently dead. From the use of proper means, and after long efforts, animation returned, and the boy was restored.

Not less was the hand of Providence seen when, while still a boy, his clothes were caught in the wheel of a horse-mill. He must have been crushed to death instantly but for the presence of mind which God preserved. In a moment he saw that the head of the horse which worked the mill was within reach of his feet. He dashed them in the animal's face so violently as to at once stop him and the mill, and then he succeeded in extricating himself.

The amiable and talented Dr. Doddridge was his mother's twentieth child, and was so frail and feeble at his birth, that he was laid aside as dead. One of the attendants, however, thought she saw some faint indications of life, and by her fostering care the tiny child came to show further signs of animation, and the flickering spark was fanned into a gentle flame. The life thus wonderfully spared was no less wonderfully devoted to God, and used of Him for the good of multitudes.

Alfred Saker, the pioneer missionary of Western Africa, was so weak at his birth that the nurse said he was "*not worth rearing*," yet did the hand unseen preserve his feeble life, and make of him one of many thousands for noble self-sacrifice, consecrated toil and suffering, and Christian usefulness.

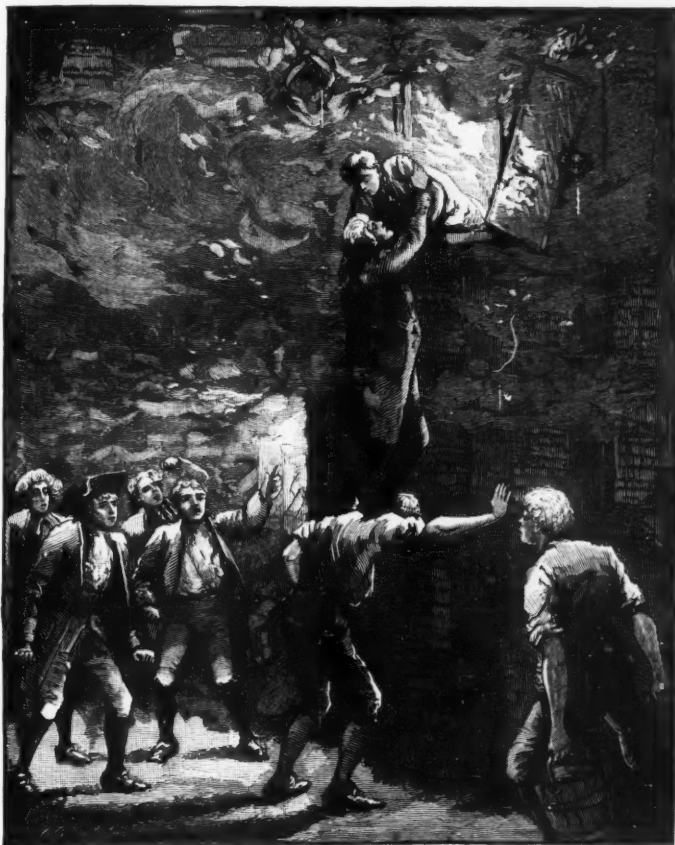
All these were in various degrees preserved by the special Providence of God, that they might work the work of the Lord in after days, and leave their names as household words to the generations to come. Many besides them—some who have never risen to any great distinction—may, however, admire and praise the mercies of the Lord to them in their infant days:—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those favours flowed."

There are other cases which may be cited about the future of which little may be known, and some of very recent date, but the hand of the Lord was over them for good nevertheless.

Among the records of the illustrious dead which crowd the burial register of Westminster Abbey, is

1672, a terrific thunderstorm broke over Cornet Castle, the official residence of the Governor of the island. "Heaven's black artillery," writes Sir S. B. Burke, "resounded fearfully over the devoted spot." At length a flash of lightning struck the powder magazine, and there was a



"The child was saved."—p. 714.

the brief notice:—"11th Jan., 1672-3. The Lady Hatton and her daughter." Time had well-nigh effaced from memory who and what they were. It remained for Colonel Chester, an American antiquary, to bring to light that they were the mother and wife of Lord Hatton, Governor of Guernsey in 1672. Their death was sudden, and may be briefly related in connection with the wonderful preservation of the children of the latter.

Towards midnight on the 29th of December,

fearful explosion. The inmates of the Castle at this time were Lord and Lady Hatton and their two children, the dowager Lady Hatton and two servants. They were all in bed and fast asleep when the explosion took place. The elder Lady Hatton was in an upper room, and was at once crushed to death by the falling of the ceiling and roof. The Governor's wife, roused by the noise, at once ran, in the fulness of a mother's love, to her children in the nursery. She, too, was instantly killed. The poor nurse was found

dead with one of the children in her arms, who, however, was uninjured, and still holding a toy silver cup, which was battered and bruised by the falling *débris*. The other child, a baby, was found in a cradle, protected by a beam from the heap of rubbish which lay upon it, so as not to have received the slightest injury. The father was preserved, too, in a very remarkable way.

By the fall of the Rossberg, and the rolling of the great mass of material into the Lake of Lowertz, in Switzerland, in the early part of this century, more than five hundred persons lost their lives. Some were buried many feet deep, some were drowned by the overflow of the waters of the lake, whole families were swallowed up, and the villages of Goldau, Bussingen, Hussloch, and Lowertz, nearly depeopled. Two children of one family escaped marvellously. The story of the elder child, Frances, is too long to be told here, but that of her baby brother is indeed a wonder. Every vestige of the family dwelling had been swept away, the mother and others of the family buried or killed, but the dear babe was found, the following morning, lying unhurt on its mattress, on the surface of a muddy pool.

Scarcely less remarkable were two cases of the preservation of children at Colchester, in Essex,

where the shock of an earthquake shook down the lofty steeple of the Congregational Church, and did other very considerable damage in the town and neighbourhood. The facts were stated to the writer by a Christian lady who witnessed the catastrophe; and, being told on the spot, the incidents were all the more telling.

In one case, a babe was sleeping in a bassinette beside the fire in a small room. The brick and other material came down the chimney in such quantities as to be piled up as in a wall beside the cradle, yet the helpless infant was unharmed, for God made its life His care.

In the other case, a child was standing outside in the doorway of the house. The bricks came down in a shower, and the stone sill from one of the upper windows came crashing down. The little one, either through fear, or with calm self-possession, maintained its standing, secure from all danger, until the effects of the shock had passed away.

Thus it will be seen how God cares for the little ones, vouchsafes to be their Protector, and guides them with His eye, that some may be kept for usefulness here, while others are lovingly taken for higher service above. In either case "not one of them is forgotten before God."

MY BROTHER BASIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF SANDFORD TOWERS."

CHAPTER XXVII.

TRUMPETER FORD.

"Call not that man wretched, who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love."



SO this was Trumpeter Ford—this was Basil's father! The horror of the thought struck me absolutely dumb. This drunken outcast, this wreck of humanity, this poverty-stricken, disreputable old man, was the man to whom Basil owed a son's duty! Oh, my brother, my brother! of whose possible parentage

I had indulged such high, such wild and foolish thoughts, how would he bear it?—how should I bear it for him?

The man who had called himself Trumpeter Ford had turned back now, and was stalking over the grass with that miserable remnant of a military walk that seemed to show his pretensions were no empty boast. He was making for the gate, and as I realised that he was probably going to Basil—to his son—new strength seemed to come into my limbs. At least Basil should not meet him unwarned and unprepared. If I could do nothing else, I could save him from this.

I flew, rather than ran, to the gate, and out into the lane beyond. I was young and sure of foot, and if the drunken old man had any thought of intercepting me—and to do him justice I do not think he had—I was too quick for him. Before he could even reach the gate, I was half-way down the lane, running as if I had been pursued by the Furies.

Luckily, Basil had not gone in. I saw him in the farmyard, giving some parting directions to one of the men, and waited for him at the great white gate. As I stood there, panting and palpitating with agitation and haste, I found myself idiotically counting the bars, noticing the clinging straws, the heads of trefoil or clover that told of the passage of laden wains, and listening to the coarse voice of the carter, and to the clear, refined tones that mingled

with it. When Basil came across the yard, I looked at him with a sort of stupid wonder. This could not be Trumpeter Ford's son, I thought—this, that was my brother Basil!

He saw me, and came to me, looking utterly surprised.

"You here, Esther? you! There is nothing the matter, is there? Miss Temple——"

I laughed outright. What was Miss Temple to Trumpeter Ford's son? What could she ever be, that she should be first in his thoughts like this?

Somehow the sound of my own laugh frightened me, and brought me to myself. I must have been a little hysterical, or I could not have laughed like that—I, whose thoughts were so far from merriment or laughter.

"Nothing is the matter with Miss Temple," I said impatiently. "What is she to you, or you to her? Forget her, Basil—forget that you ever knew her, if you can! It is not Miss Temple—it is not even May; oh, Basil, Basil! it is yourself—yourself—yourself!"

He looked at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses, as perhaps I had. The hurry and the horror of it, the thought of the warning I must give, and the fear of not giving it in time, all combined to render me distracted. But perhaps my frantic looks were in some sense a preparation. He looked as startled and concerned as I could possibly have desired.

"It is something very grave you have to tell me," he said, taking my hands in his across the gate. "My poor Esther, do not tremble so! Whatever it is, I am not afraid."

How brave and strong he looked, how good and noble he was, this brother of my heart! Only to look at him, and to hold his hand like this, was strength and comfort and encouragement such as nothing else could have given.

"Someone is coming to see you—coming here, now—at once," I managed to say at last. "Someone we have often talked of, Basil—someone we once thought we might even be glad to see."

He looked at me attentively.

"Have you seen this—someone?"

I bent my head, for words would not come. Out in the lane I could hear a foolish whistle, and the tramp of unsteady feet.

"Tell me who it is," said Basil gravely; but the sounds in the lane had left me no self-control.

"We thought he was dead," I cried wildly, "and oh! I wish, I wish he was!"

"Hush!" said Basil sternly. "My dear, whoever it is, we will not talk—we will not think—like that. Tell me—for I cannot even guess."

"You have no idea?"

"None."

And I had to tell him—I, who loved him so well, I got the words out somehow.

"It is your father—it is Trumpeter Ford," I said; and though my voice sounded to me faint and far

away, I knew by the change in his face that he had heard.

Someone was coming in sight now, rolling from side to side, and making so evidently for us, that Basil—my poor ignorant Basil—called out to him, lest I should be frightened, "Be off, my man! We don't want your sort here!"

And then my hand was on his mouth, and I had fallen sobbing on the gate, and I think my brother understood. He bent his head to mine and whispered rapidly, "Go in, and wait for me—but say nothing to the mother."

I obeyed him to the letter, only stopping as I went into the house to send off a boy with a message to the Castle to say that I was unexpectedly detained.

And then I waited and waited, while the dusk fell and the faint summer stars came out, and tried—vainly enough, I dare say—not to show how disturbed and anxious I was.

"Esther has seen the ghost again, I should think," said Charlie, who was much amused at my abstracted and incoherent replies; and my mother looked at me with a rallying smile, and said something about Dr. Cleriton that seemed to me the grimmest and ghastliest of jokes. If they could have known how far my thoughts were from marrying or giving in marriage! At last a summons came.

"Miss Esther, Master Basil wants you," said Mrs. Munns at the door, and I went out to him without a word. He was waiting for me in the hall, and I saw that his face was set and pale.

"I will walk back with you," he said briefly. "We cannot talk here."

I got my hat, and went with him, wondering much what I should have to hear. I ought not to have wondered, I felt afterwards. Anyone who had known my brother Basil as long as I had ought to have known.

"It was as you thought, Esther," he said, as we went along. "The man you saw was—my father! I thank you for trying to break it to me, to prepare me for it. Nothing could have quite prepared me, I believe; but I know you did your best."

"Indeed, indeed, I did! But, oh, Basil! how you must have suffered. How I wish I could have helped you, or have borne it for you."

"It was only just at first," said Basil simply. "Afterwards, thank God! better thoughts came. I ought to be glad—I am glad—that he found his way to me. I have not brought him into the house, Esther. He is not fit, as he is now, to be under the same roof with your sweet mother, but I have done what I could."

"I am sure you have," I said, as he paused. And then I asked, "Where is he now?"

"He is with Burdon, the carter, you know. He is a trustworthy man, and he has a decent cottage——"

"And a wife with a tongue a mile long!" I interrupted. "It will be all over Coombe, and

Hazelford too, to-morrow. Oh, Basil! I wish you had not sent him there."

"What does it matter?" said Basil gently. "Everyone will know, sooner or later, of course. They *must*. Do you think I am going to desert him, or be ashamed of him? Whatever he is, he is my father, and I shall stand by him."

He spoke firmly and bravely enough, but the pain in his voice smote to my heart.

"You will do what is right, I know, Basil. But have you thought how hard it will be?"

"Yes," he said gravely, "but *you* will help me, I know. He shall not come near any of you—at least until he has learnt better ways—but when the mother has gone, his son's house must be his home."

I listened in stupefied surprise. Even I had not anticipated this.

"What will May say?" I ejaculated at last.

Basil started and stopped short. Then he said in a voice of great perplexity—

"It was very stupid of me, but I never thought of May."

"You will have to think of her."

"Certainly! Well—she must hear, and decide. I cannot judge for her. She is not yet my wife, and I think my first duty must be to that poor old man."

He walked along, pondering; and then he said—

"I would not insist on his living with us—I would not even wish it, unless May could feel with me that it is a work sent to us, to make him other than he is—but I must own him before all the world, accept him loyally, and do my duty to him, as far as in me lies. It may be that all that has happened to me was just a preparation for it. If I had not been lost to him, I might have been as he is, and how could I have helped him then?"

How, indeed? But who but Basil would have looked at it like this?

"Did you hear how he found you out?" I asked by-and-by.

"Was he fit to give an intelligible account?" said Basil sadly. "He gave me a long, rambling statement, but these are the main facts I made out from it. He was trumpeter in the —th Foot, as we always supposed, but he never went to Sooltapoor. He fell out of the ranks, dying of dysentery, as they thought, just outside the city, and his wife and children had to go on without him. He didn't die, you see, but lay hiding in the neighbourhood till after the massacre, and then he thought it useless to make inquiries. So he heard nothing of me, till, after all these years, he met someone who knew about me."

"But who could it have been?"

"I could not make out. Someone, he said, who had been struck by my name, and by my having been rescued from Sooltapoor. He made a little mystery about it, and I did not press it. That was not the real point, after all."

This seemed to be all that Basil could tell me, and though I felt that it was rather vague, I could not but admit it was sufficient. There was enough to

establish identity, and that was all that mattered. Details no doubt would come—when his father should be fit to give them. I thought in my heart how much better it would have been if Trumpeter Ford had been lying in the ditch at Sooltapoor, but I did not dare to say so. And, indeed, as I looked at my brother's noble face, the unworthy thought died. He was glad, I knew, even as he said. The gift of a father, even such as this, he would take with grateful and reverent hands—and who was I to say that he might not find a blessing in it?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

DINNER was over when I reached the Castle, as the servant who let me in informed me with unnecessary concern. A substantial tea had made me independent of it; and besides this, I was far too excited to eat.

The drawing-room door was open, and through it I could see Miss Temple, looking more beautiful, I thought, than I had ever seen her before. She was dressed in a pale yellow silk that set off her dusky tresses and dark, lustrous eyes, and round her throat was a necklace of black pearls. Her hands and arms were covered by long black gloves, and from her side hung a fan of black feathers. She saw me, and came out to me with a smile.

"Esther!—at last! I began to think you never were coming!"

"I was detained. I will tell you about it presently, but not now—not here."

For Colonel Hazelford had come into the hall, and was listening with an interest I could well have dispensed with. He came forward and shook hands with me, but I felt that his eyes were reading my face with intent and embarrassing inquiry.

"Detained?" he said, in a tone of concern I felt to be quite unnecessary, "I hope it was nothing unpleasant that kept you?"

I did not know how to answer. I shrank from the Colonel's mocking glance with a sort of shuddering repulsion. Almost I could have fancied that he knew or guessed what had kept me, absurd as I knew the fancy must be.

"Miss Graham is tired—we must not keep her standing here," said Dieudonné kindly, and I went up-stairs, feeling indeed utterly worn out.

It was not long before Miss Temple joined me. Nothing could be said while her maid was in the room, but she dismissed Fifiue unusually soon, and then she came and sat down beside me.

"You have something to tell me," she said, laying her hand on mine. "I should like to hear it, Esther—not from curiosity, you know."

"No, I am sure of that! But indeed it would not matter if it were. Everyone will know it only too soon," I said bitterly.

"Don't tell me unless you like," she said, looking a little hurt.

"I do like. I wish to tell you, if only to save Basil the telling."

"It is a trouble, then?" she said wistfully.

"It is what most men would think a great trouble, a great calamity. But Basil does not. He is not like other men, as you told me once."

"Did I?" she said, looking carefully away. "If it struck one who knows so little of him, I daresay it was true."

"It *was* true," I said quietly. At any other time I should have smiled at the poor pretence of indifference in her tone, but now I was only anxious to get my story told. "It was true, whether you knew him well or not," I repeated. "He has been sorely tried to-night, and he has borne the trial nobly—borne it as I think few other men would have done."

She raised her head with the regal gesture that became her so well. Her face was still turned from me, but I caught its reflection in the glass, and I knew that it wore a smile that was proud and sweet and glad.

"Tell me," she said gently, but her fingers closed on mine with an unconscious pressure that betrayed more interest than she chose to show.

"You know that Basil was adopted by my father, and that we never knew who his own was. We thought he was probably a trumpeter who was supposed to have been killed at Sooltapoor. He was not killed, it seems. Trumpeter Ford is alive, and to-night he has been at the Home Farm—to-night Basil has seen his father."

"His father! Trumpeter Ford!" She stood up, eager, excited past concealment, curiously moved. "Trumpeter Ford? Was that the name?" she muttered, "Trumpeter Ford?"

She seemed to have forgotten my presence, to be listening intently, or striving to recall some half-forgotten memory. The look of strained attention suggested either effort. I did not speak. I was too much astonished to proceed with my narrative.

"Go on," she said impatiently. "You have seen him? Tell me what he is like."

"Like?" I repeated blankly. How could I tell her the bitter truth? Was there any need to shame Basil before the time? Perhaps she might never see Trumpeter Ford, might never know what Basil's father was!

So I reasoned; but the intentness of her gaze seemed to drag words from me almost against my will.

"He was old," I said slowly, "old—and poor—and—not a gentleman, of course——"

I stopped, but she hardly seemed to know it. She was staring straight before her with wide abstracted gaze.

"Not a gentleman, of course," she repeated, with emphasis. "Not a gentleman—and old, and poor?—A soldier, wasn't he—grey, and shabby, and

disreputable? Not sober, even—oh! how could they do it?"

She was not speaking to me, I think. She was not thinking of me, or looking at me, but at something or someone far away; or at least, so it seemed. I caught her hands in mine, and made her look at me.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "How did you know? When did you see him, that you can describe him like that?"

She looked at me in a bewildered manner. "Was it so, really?" she asked. "Was he *really* like that?"

"Yes—yes! But how did you know?"

"I am not sure. I think—I believe I must have dreamt it."

"Dreamt it? But when? Was that the dream you tried to tell me—the dream you could not remember?"

She put her hands before her eyes, frowning with the effort at remembrance, but in vain.

"I can't tell! I remember nothing clearly. Only when you said he was old, and poor, and not a gentleman, I seemed to know the rest. And you say it is true? I am sorry indeed if it is. What will your brother do?"

"What do you think he will do?" I asked her.

She paused, considering, with her head bent on her hand, and when she looked up again her eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"I think that he will try to save him," she said softly, "that he will not mind his being old, or poor—or—bad. I do not *know*, of course, knowing him so little—but I *think* that is what Mr. Ford will do."

Well, she knew him better than I did, I acknowledged with a foolish pang. But before I could speak, she went on quickly—

"That is what he would do *if* it were his father, I believe—but is it, do you think? Could Mr. Ford's father be like that? When I dreamt of that old man, Esther—and I *did* dream of him!—he was not his father really, I am sure."

"What have dreams to do with it?" I said sadly. "I am afraid there is no doubt about the fact. Basil was satisfied with the proofs he gave, and Basil is not a man to be easily taken in."

"No," she agreed briefly. But though she said no more, she looked disturbed and perplexed. A little while she walked about the room, with troubled eyes that seemed vainly peering into space; and then she kissed me and wished me an abrupt good-night.

I did not follow her. I thought she wished to be alone, and I did not think that I could sleep. I was too tired and too excited for that.

How long I sat thinking I do not know, but I must have dozed off in my chair, for I woke at last with a start, wondering where I was, and what had waked me. Then I saw that Miss Temple had come back into the dressing-room, and was standing by the door. She was passing her fingers over the wall, feeling, apparently, for the key that had used to hang there,

and though her eyes were open, I knew that she was asleep.

I sprang up, broad awake enough myself at the sight. Once more she gave up her unavailing search,

her. In the middle of the hall she stopped and began talking to herself in low, rapid tones.

I could not at first catch the words. When I could, I was only the more astonished. I could



"He was even abjectly willing to tell all he knew."—p. 722.

and opening the door, went out on to the landing. Once more I followed her along the corridor and down into the hall.

It was quite empty now. The grey skies held no moon, and except that a June night is never quite dark, we should have been in darkness. Miss Temple walked on as easily and securely as if it were broad daylight, and I groped doubtfully after

not understand what she said, but I knew enough to know that she was speaking in Hindustani—the language of which she had declared that she did not remember a single word! In my surprise, I made a sudden movement, stumbled against one of the many tables, and overturned a brass waiter upon it that fell with clatter and clangour to the ground.

Miss Temple stopped abruptly, gave a little cry,

and evidently awoke. She was trembling and cold, but she spoke in her natural voice.

"What is it, Esther? Where am I?" She stared round her in surprise. "What are you doing here?" she exclaimed. "And where are Dick and Mirza Khan?"

"Come up-stairs, and I will tell you all about it," I said soothingly, and though she seemed half reluctant to leave the hall, she let me take her up-stairs and lead her back to bed. But she would not lie down.

"I can't—I should go mad!" she protested. "Esther, I have had that dream again."

Was she waking or dreaming now, I wondered. But her eyes met mine intent and clear.

"I have had that dream again, and"—catching her breath with excitement—"I remember it now!"

I was scarcely less excited than she was. There was nothing I desired more than that she should be able to recall the dream that was so much more than a dream, the dream in which Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan had played a part in the flesh, the dream she had wished that the Earl could have known, and—Basil!

"Have I been sleep-walking?" she asked. "Did I go down into the hall, and did you follow me?"

"Yes," I said briefly. I could only tell her the truth, whatever Dr. Cheriton might say.

"I thought *that* at least was too vivid not to be real! We were in the hall, weren't we, when I woke?"

"Yes," I said again.

"Was anyone else there?"

"No one—so far as I know."

"And you were with me all the time?"

"All the time, dear! I came down with you and never let you out of my sight."

"It is strange," she murmured. "I thought I saw Dick and Mirza Khan."

I waited, breathless but silent. Not by a word would I disturb the current of her thoughts, or interfere with the memories that seemed to be waking in her startled eyes.

"Now I know where I heard about that old man!" she exclaimed. "It was Mirza Khan who spoke about him—Mirza Khan and Dick."

"What did they say?"

"They said—but, oh! Esther, what could have put such thoughts into my head? It seems wrong to impute such wickedness even in one's dreams. But you must remember it *was* only a dream."

"Well?" I said breathlessly. I was by no means so sure as she was that it was only or entirely a dream. "What did they say—Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan?"

"They said it would be quite easy to find a man like that, who would call himself Trumpeter Ford."

"Call himself!"

"That was what they said. I could not understand it quite, but they said the Earl need never know—nor Mr. Ford. There was something, too, about the poor little boy who died—the little

viscount, you know; they talked as if he were alive, Esther—as if they knew it and the Earl did not."

Such a flood of light burst upon me as fairly blinded me. I felt stunned.

"It is Basil—it is Basil!" I gasped at length. "Oh, Diuonnée! don't you see it? The little viscount did not die—he was carried safe out of Sooltapoor in my mother's arms! He is my brother Basil!"

I remember saying this; I remember it quite distinctly; but I remember nothing more. I suppose I must have fainted, for the next thing I can recall is lying on the floor in quite a pool of water, and seeing Miss Temple standing over me with an up-lifted pitcher, like the figure of a Greek maiden on a Wedgwood vase.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FATHER AND SON.

"I feel the link of Nature draw me."

"ESTHER," said Miss Temple, the next morning, "do you know, I think you were a little *delirious* last night?"

We were in the dressing-room together, drinking our morning cup of tea, but this was almost the first word we had spoken to each other since her rather heroic treatment had revived me from my swoon. I had been too faint and bewildered for further conversation, and I found now that she had been too frightened at what she thought my incoherent words.

"I was not delirious," I said. "I was quite sane, I assure you."

"Do you know what you said?"

"Yes," I said deliberately. "I said that I believed my brother Basil to be Lord Otterbourne's son. And I do believe it! If you will listen to me, I will tell you why."

Then I expounded to her the thoughts that had flashed into my mind when she told me of her dream, thoughts that calm reflection had only seemed to establish and confirm.

"For it was *not* all a dream," I argued, "and how can we tell how much of it may not have been true? It was not a dream that Colonel Hazelford and Mirza Khan were in the hall together, talking in Hindustani, and that you seemed to understand them. It is not a dream that a man, such as you dreamt they spoke of, a drunken, disreputable old man, calling himself Trumpeter Ford, is claiming Basil for his son. That is not a dream, Diuonnée, but do we either of us believe it? Do we think that *he* is Basil's father? And if not, why should he pretend to be? A man like that could never think of such a thing himself, or know enough to make it possible. It is not his doing, I am very sure—it is someone's who is anxious to put people off the scent."

"You mean Colonel Hazelford? But, Esther, I do not think that, with all his faults, he would be so base as that."

"Do you not? What will you say when I tell you

that he saw Basil in India, and that Basil knew him and called him 'Uncle Dick'? He disowned him—he has denied to me that he knew him—but I do not believe it. It all fits in too well with what we know now. He did know him, but he disowned him. He took no pains to discover how he had escaped from Sooltapoor, to find in whose charge he was. He did not *wish* to know. He wished to lose sight of him, as he did. And now, now that he has crossed his path again, he sends this wretched old man to call him his son, and throw us all off the scent for ever."

I was almost inarticulate with excitement, and Miss Temple seemed scarcely less agitated.

"What can we do?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "We *cannot* stand by and let such wickedness succeed! Oh, Esther, we *must* save him—we must tell the Earl!"

"Yes," I assented, "we must tell the Earl. It is the only thing to do."

We agreed that she should be the one to tell the story, her more intimate acquaintance with Lord Otterbourne making the task so much easier for her than for me. I was to be sent for to confirm or corroborate whatever seemed to need confirmation, and it was not long before my summons came.

"My lord would speak with the mem Sahib," said Siva, gliding into the room with his peculiarly noiseless step, and I went at once to the Earl's room, where he and Miss Temple were closeted together.

Lord Otterbourne sat at his writing-table, looking pale and agitated. He sat with his hand shading his face, as if to conceal the emotion he could not control, but his voice betrayed how powerfully he was affected by the story his ward had laid before him. He rose to meet me, holding out his hand, and looking into my face with quite pathetic earnestness.

"Will you tell me the circumstances of the child's—of Mr. Ford's—rescue and adoption by your father?" the Earl asked. I complied as well as I was able, and he heard me with an absorbing interest and attention I felt to be encouraging.

"Except that I am naturally unwilling to think so ill of a kinsman, there is nothing in the story you have told me incompatible with facts. My little son was about to proceed to Europe with his mother. We had just received the news of my accession to the title, and but that no soldier could then desert his post, I should have gone with them. Lady Otterbourne and the child were to travel with her sister, Mrs. Colquhoun, whose husband had been invalided home, but Lady Otterbourne was taken so seriously ill on the way to Sooltapoor that she could not proceed. She stayed at Azzughur with her maid and Siva, and the boy went on with the Colquhouns. The rest you know—I hope—better than I." He stopped, greatly moved, and then he said—

"Was there nothing about the child that would serve to identify him—no name on his clothes, or even an initial?"

"Nothing," I said sadly. "The night-dress he had

on was clean, but it was coarse, and bore no mark. Very likely it was not his own—it was all such terrible confusion. The only thing about him beside that was a sort of silver box or locket on his arm. There was nothing in it but some Hindu words, which my father said were a sort of charm, and far too common to give any clue."

"A *Tawiz* with a *muntar* in it, no doubt," said the Earl. "Yes, they are common enough, and any ayah or bearer might have put it on. But I should like to see this one, if Mr. Ford has it still."

"My mother has kept it, I know, and I am sure she will let you see it."

"I should like to do so," he said, and then he relapsed into silence. He seemed, indeed, buried in thought, and neither of us ventured to interrupt him.

"If I could only think it!" he said at last, "if I could dare to hope! I must see Mirza Khan! If the facts are as you suppose, it is useless to see Richard. A man who would do as he must have done would stoop to any lie; but the servant may be open to persuasion, or to fear."

He rang the bell, and a few moments later Mirza Khan stood within the door making his usual salaam, but looking at us with scarcely concealed surprise.

The examination, if so it might be called, did not last long. Mirza Khan was swift to perceive that it was his interest to speak the truth. He was even abjectly willing to tell all he knew, and the Earl was soon in possession of the facts of the case. They were almost exactly as we had suspected. Colonel Hazelford, then a young captain on the Staff, had seen and recognised the little viscount on the steps of Government House, and had disowned him. Afterwards, finding that Mirza Khan had seen him also, he had bribed the man to keep his secret. A small bribe had sufficed until Mirza Khan, overhearing our conversation in the conservatory, became convinced that the child still lived, and was to be found close at hand. Then he demanded a heavier fee, under threats of revealing all he knew to the Earl, and Hazelford had only pacified him by acceding to his terms, and reminding him that he had no proof to offer of Basil Ford's identity.

Finally, they came to terms, and the disgraceful compact was made. Colonel Hazelford had gone up to town, and finding an old soldier who had been formerly stationed at Sooltapoor, had bribed him to personate Trumpeter Ford, and sent him to the Home Farm furnished with sufficient information to give credibility to his story. They had thought, added Mirza Khan, that Mr. Ford would be too anxious to conceal his connection with such a man to make very stringent inquiries; while the discovery of this supposititious father would certainly prevent any attempts on my part to follow up the clue that might have led to his real one.

"And now that the lord sahib knows all, he—he will forgive?" said the Indian, with a lower prostration than ever. But Lord Otterbourne waved him

impatiently aside. "That is a matter that can wait," he said indifferently. "First, I must see my son!"

Mirza Khan disappeared, glad, I think, to make his escape so easily, and Lord Otterbourne turned to me.

"Miss Graham, will you go with me? Will you break it to my boy? I must see him, I must satisfy myself that there is no possible mistake, before his mother knows. I can scarcely doubt—after hearing that man's tale—but to hope, and to be mistaken, would *kill* her. Don't you think, if your brother is indeed my son, that I shall know it and feel it when we meet?"

I thought that they had already met often enough to disprove any theory of spontaneous recognition, and I ventured to say so, rather to his disappointment. But I thought also that my mother's better acquaintance with all the circumstances might enable her to give some further detail that might amount to further proof.

In one sense it was so. The amulet that had lain so many years in her dressing-case was recognised at once by Siva, who had accompanied us to the Home Farm. Enough had been told him to make him aware of our errand, and the gentle and faithful old man was trembling with agitation and suspense. When he saw the shabby little trinket he went into ecstasies over it. He knew the cabalistic words inside it, and deciphered them for us, and he wept over some rather aimless scratches upon it, which he declared were intended by the little lord for the otters in his ancestral coat-of-arms. There was a faint resemblance when it was pointed out, and at all events the recognition of the amulet was a proof as strong as even the Earl could desire.

He seemed to feel it so, pouring out thanks to my mother with an eager gratitude that was very winning, and begging her not to disclaim it, as she seemed inclined to do.

"If you saved him unconsciously, you adopted him consciously. You have been a mother to him—and it is to you and to your husband I owe it that my boy is a son I am proud to claim," he said, with deep feeling. "Lady Otterbourne will come and thank you when she knows all she owes you, Mrs. Graham, and I hope that Hazelford will never forget—". His voice broke, and he stopped, but I really think that, for the minute, neither of us knew whom he meant. "Hazelford!" Of course our Basil was Lord Hazelford, and to his father it was his fit and natural name, but to us it sounded cold and strange.

"There he is!" I cried, and I ran out to him. Had not the Earl told me to break it to him? And for the next five minutes at least, he need not know—for the next five minutes he could be all and only my brother Basil!

That was my first selfish thought, but by the time I came up to him I was only anxious to fulfil my commission. How tired and ill he was looking, I thought—how bitterly he was feeling all he had gone through last night! He should not bear that

needless burden a moment longer than I could help. So I told him all, as quickly and as clearly as I could, but perhaps it was not wonderful if I failed to make him understand. From Trumpeter Ford to the Earl of Otterbourne was a turn in the wheel that might have tried any man's faith, and it was perhaps only natural that Basil looked at me incredulously, and with a secret anxiety at which I could afford to smile.

"I am not mad!" I protested, "I am not ill or light-headed, Basil, as I see you think. I am as well and as sane as you are, and if you don't believe me, come and see your father! Come and see Lord Otterbourne—your true father!—and forget the wretched old man we saw last night."

I spoke so earnestly that he followed me towards the house, though with a very puzzled and unbelieving face. But Lord Otterbourne had seen us coming, and came eagerly to meet us, and I think one look at him must have dispelled any lingering doubts.

"How is it I never knew you?" cried the Earl, grasping his son's hands, and gazing earnestly at him. "My boy, my boy! how is it I never saw your mother in your face?"

That was his greeting, and perhaps it did as well as any other. Two grown Englishmen could not fall on each other's necks in broad daylight, even though they were a father and son who had believed each other dead for twenty years. With a curious likeness in their mutual self-restraint, they went into the house together, and the old Indian ran forward and fell at their feet. Siva was neither English nor self-restrained, and his emotions had the artlessness which makes all Orientals seem childish in English eyes.

"My lord! my dear young lord!" he cried, clasping Basil's knees, and weeping unaffectedly. "Thank Heaven I have lived to see this day!"

It was only a poor untaught Hindu who said it, but I think he spoke the thought that was in all our hearts.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. FIELDING'S LETTER.

"What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie?"

LIFE cannot be carried on in the rarefied atmosphere of intense emotion, any more than men can breathe on the tops of mountains, and the recurrent claims of ordinary existence are the stepping-stones that bring us down to safer if lower levels.

In the first exaltation of meeting, I doubt not that the Earl and Basil—in spite of their composed demeanour—lost sight of everything but the fact that they had met at last; but Mrs. Munns' appearance with a tray and a cloth made the Earl rise hurriedly, and exclaim that it was luncheon-time, and that we must be getting back to the Castle.

He would fain have taken us all with him. He could not part from "Hazelford," and Miss Temple

would be expecting me; while, for my mother, she could not be left to a solitary meal, and Lady Otterbourne would be only too glad of the opportunity of thanking her. But my mother was wiser than the Earl, and would not hear of it. The excitement of seeing her son would be trying enough for Lady Otterbourne, without further exertion, she said, with unanswerable truth; and as she herself would be returning to Hazelford in the afternoon, she thought I had better go with her.

"You will all be glad to be alone," said my mother, "and as I must lose my son, I shall be glad to keep my daughter."

She kissed Basil, with tears in her eyes, and as tenderly as if he had been indeed the son she called him, and I think Basil was scarcely less moved. It was a relief to both, I believe, when the Earl took him away. They went off arm-in-arm, followed by faithful Siva, with his outlandish garments, and his honest, beaming face, and my mother and I watched them till they were out of sight, and then had our cry out together.

"Though why we should cry, when it is all for dear Basil's good," said my mother, drying her eyes, and achieving a very puckered and watery smile, "I'm sure I don't know. It only shows how silly we are!"

By way, perhaps, of proving her own words, she cried again immediately, and I had to console her as best I could.

"It is for his good, as you say yourself," I reminded her, "and, after all, he will not be more lost to us than if he had married May."

"Than if?" said my mother, quite reviving with the surprise; "do you mean that you think he won't marry her now?"

"Perhaps they won't let him!" I said, indulging the wish that was certainly father to the thought. There would be an inequality in the marriage beyond any that Mrs. Fielding had mourned over, but on the other side; and I thought it would be only a just Nemesis if the Earl and Countess refused their consent. I said something of the kind, but my mother shook her head.

"Basil has a will of his own, my dear, and I doubt if he will give her up, whatever they may say. It is not as if it were a new engagement. They can hardly interfere now the day is fixed—and the Fieldings are an old family, and take a very good position. But certainly Mrs. Fielding will hold her head higher than ever, when her daughter is Lady Hazelford."

I could not contemplate that possibility with the same equanimity as my mother. What would wealth or rank be to Basil, if he married May Fielding? And then I thought of Diendonée, and my heart sank within me. How would Basil bear the daily presence of the girl he loved? How would Diendonée bear to live under the same roof with Basil and Basil's wife?

I was glad to be forced out of speculations like these by the necessity for packing up and returning

home. When I had done I sat down in the pretty white-draped room, with its small lattice window and lean-to ceiling, its pleasant outlook on trees and fields, on red-tiled barns and the soft outlines of rick and stack, and felt sad to think that I was leaving this peaceful country life behind me, even as Basil was. I had come to love the Home Farm both for his sake and its own. The solitude that might sometimes be only a dual blessedness was sweet as no formal state could ever be; the homely rooms, with their simple furnishing, their fragrant whiteness, redolent as much of woodruff and honeysuckle, of lavender and dog-rose, as of Mrs. Munns's active pail and brush, had a charm that gilded *salons* would perhaps lack.

On everything about me was the glamour of parting that ennobs the mean and gives the beautiful an added beauty; and above all was the reflection that henceforth he would be Viscount Hazelford, and here he had been my brother Basil.

I was glad when the dog-cart came to the door, driven not now by Basil, but by Job Jenkins, the "odd-man," who took to the reins as naturally as to milking-stool or spade or plough. He was a taciturn man, whose scanty words always seemed to be waiting in vain for the ideas that never came, and we were half-way home before he even opened his mouth. Then he said, with a smile that hovered carefully round one corner, and refused to commit itself further—

"That old gemmen at Burdon's is in a rare takin'—and sarve 'im right!"

"Do you mean the man who calls himself Trum-peter Ford?" asked my mother.

"Ay, if that's his name. He were to hev hed fifty pound from a party at the Castle—and they've gone off without giving 'im a penny. And my lord's sent him word if he wants to keep out of prison, he'd better take hisself off too."

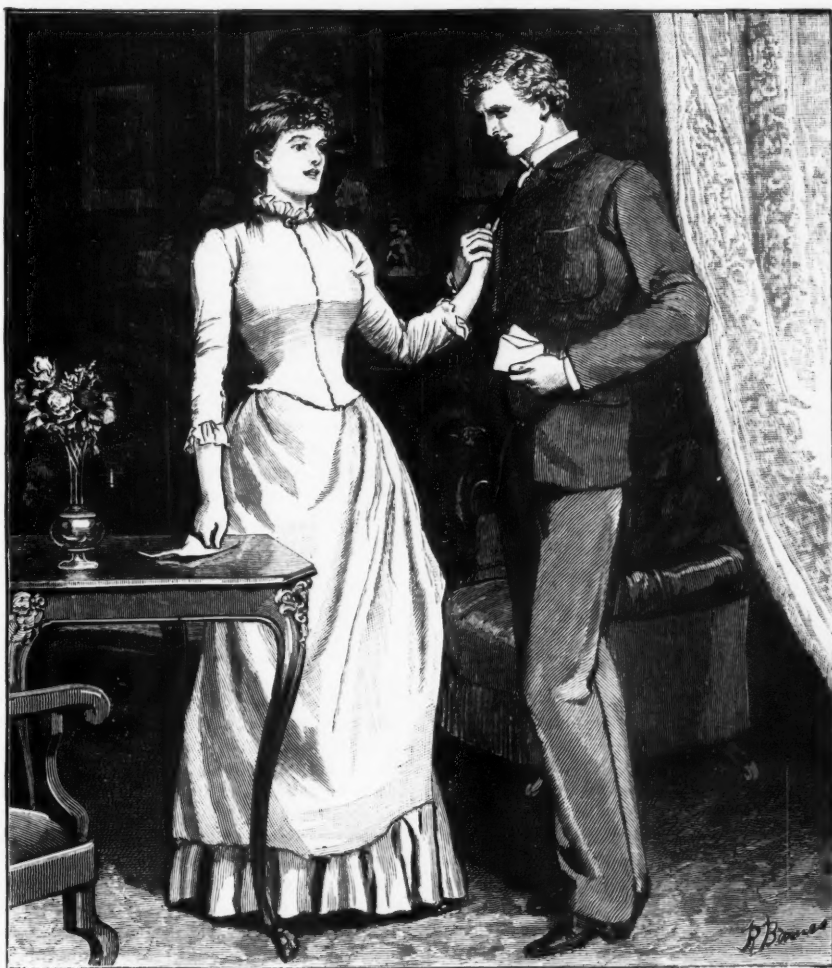
"What! has Colonel Hazelford gone?" I exclaimed, and Job nodded slowly.

"That were the name of the party, miss—though I'm not good at names. Ees—he's gone, and his black nigger with him. They was both cleared out afore the Earl and Muster Ford got back to the Castle, and Molly Burdon says she niver heerd a man take on as that old soldier did when he heerd of it. An' sarve 'im right, I say! To cast it up at master as he were the feyther on 'im!"

"You've heard who Mr. Basil's father really is, Job, haven't you?"

"Ees, miss," said Job equably. "I've heerd, an' I've no objection, 'cept about the hay. Who's to get the hay in, is what I thinks on. They're cutting in the four-acre to-day, and we was to begin in the home-croft to-morrow—and now I doubt't will be shedding its seed afore ever we gets a scythe into it!"

Job shook his head and relapsed into silence, and I had no consolation to offer. If the getting-in of the hay depended on Basil, I thought Job must resign himself to a spoilt crop. However, I knew



"I can't tell you about it, Esther."—p. 726.

later that Uncle Chayter had proved himself equal to the occasion, riding over to the farm and overlooking the men with as much energy, and almost as much knowledge, as Basil himself could have displayed.

My kind and energetic uncle met us at our own door in quite a fever of excitement. He had been at the Castle when the Earl and Basil arrived, and was brimming over with congratulations. Whatever faults Basil Ford had once had in my uncle's eyes, they were all condoned now. Viscount Hazelford could do no wrong, and Uncle Chayter was the warmest of his admirers. Even his marriage seemed a pill that could be swallowed without undue grimacing.

"Of course he might have looked far higher, but, as the Earl says, a Hazelford cannot break his word,"

said Uncle Chayter. "Basil—that is, Lord Hazelford—is coming in to see May this afternoon, and he told me to tell you he would come round here before he goes back to the Castle."

It seemed to me, after that, that the day was just a waiting for the night—or at least for the evening hour that was to bring my brother with it. But at last it came—and earlier than I had ventured to hope.

I saw him afar off, riding one of the Earl's horses, and as he came near there was a look upon his face I did not know how to interpret. Had he seen May, and had their meeting left that wonderful look of sweetness and of peace?—or was it the lingering afterglow of his meeting with his mother?

He came in, and I knew at once that he had

something to tell me. I knew it by the way he held my hands and looked down upon me, by the brightness of his eyes and the tremulous sweetness of his smile.

"What is it?" I asked him. "Have you seen May?"

"No," he said gravely. "I was going to see her, Esther—to lay at her feet the honours she would, I thought, have cared for so much more than I—but I called in at the Farm on my way, and I found *this*."

"This" was a pink and perfumed note, addressed in Mrs. Fielding's pointed hand:—

"DEAR MR. FORD,—I have a painful duty to perform, but I have no choice but to do it. The change in your position has come to my knowledge, and both Mr. Fielding and myself desire that your engagement with our daughter should cease. An unequal marriage is never a happy one, and beside this, I have for some time feared that May's affections had undergone a change. She has confessed to me now that this is the case, and I am sure you will feel she is doing right in breaking off an engagement she could only have fulfilled from a mistaken sense of honour. It only remains for me to hope that you will both yet find happiness in your own stations, and to bid you good-bye in my daughter's name. With every good wish for your happiness and welfare, believe me, yours faithfully,

"AMELIA FIELDING."

I laid down the note in utter amazement. "How can she have heard of it?" I exclaimed. "And who could have thought she would have taken it like this?"

"Potts is the secret of it, I suppose!" said Basil. "May has learnt—as I have—that there is a love quite different from the boy-and-girl feeling we had for each other, and that nothing else can make up for the want of it. But it is really very noble of Mrs. Fielding—and very disinterested of May. I shall write and tell her how entirely I wish her happiness. There's some paper in the old place, I suppose? How odd it feels to be at home again, and to think that it is my home no more! I could get quite sentimental, but for the happiness it seems to be to *them*."

I knew that he meant the Earl and Countess, and I asked him if he had seen Lady Otterbourne.

"Yes," he said, with a look that was wonderfully sweet. "I can't tell you about it, Esther. Somehow I never thought it would be like that! I never knew—I could not remember—what it really was to have a mother."

He broke off, and sat down to write his letter, and I did not interrupt him. I did not wonder that he could not speak, even to me, of the interview that must have been full of a pleasure keen as pain, and hardly to be distinguished from it.

Presently he looked up, and asked in an odd, shy voice—

"How shall I sign myself? You see, she calls me 'Mr. Ford.'"

"That is from habit—or perhaps she was not quite sure of your real name," I suggested. "Sign the name that is yours now—you can't use any other."

So he wrote his "Hazelford" for the first time, and sent off his letter. And if I did not congratulate him on his release, it was because no words could have expressed the relief and joy it was to me, and I knew how well he knew it.

My mother was full of wonder, and of admiration for the Fieldings, but when Charlie came in that night and read the letter, he burst into one of his artless roars.

"And do you mean to say that neither you nor Basil saw through it?" he exclaimed. "Oh, Esther, Esther! what a pair of Babes in the Wood you are! And he wrote and took her at her word? Mrs. Fielding will *die* of it, if she isn't dead already! Don't you see that she's got hold of the *wrong* story? It's all over Hazelford that Trumpeter Ford has turned up, and when she finds out her mistake—I wouldn't be the Vicar!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

"The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet."

THE discovery that Basil Ford was actually the son and heir of the Earl of Otterbourne threw the little town of Hazelford into the wildest excitement. Uncle Chayter was buttonholed at least half a dozen times every time he went down the High Street, and my mother and I received so many invitations to afternoon tea that, if muffins are as indigestible as Dr. Cheriton says they are, we ought to be victims to dyspepsia for the rest of our lives. The only people who did not share in the general rejoicing were the Fieldings, who kept curiously quiet. The Vicar—good, honest man—looked unaffectedly low-spirited, and Mrs. Fielding and May went off to Ilfracombe before the week was out, with the admirable Potts in their train.

But before their departure an event had happened beside which May's coming or going seemed trivial indeed—an event that must be told as plainly and briefly as I can, simply because any words I could use would fail to describe it adequately.

Lady Otterbourne came to see my mother, as the Earl had promised, but she came not only to express her gratitude for all my dear mother had done for the child for whose rescue she had paid so terrible a price, but as the bearer of tidings that surely that child's mother was fittest in all the world to bring. She came in, leaning on her son's arm, and looking so much brighter and younger, I could hardly believe it was the pale and melancholy invalid, whose existence had seemed to be only a sad memory of happier days. Except that her eyes could not leave Basil's face, there was nothing but the silver hair to recall the time that was so little overpast, but that

seemed so far away. It was touching to see that soft, following gaze, and to discern, as I did, how necessary mother and son had already become to each other. My own dear mother might be forgiven the wistful sigh that fluttered to her lips. She rejoiced with purest rejoicing in Basil's change of fortune, but perhaps to see him sitting by Lady Otterbourne's side made her feel doubly bereaved. If he had never taken Nelly's place, he had helped to atone for that irreparable loss—and now he had left her too!

But if my mother was envying Lady Otterbourne to-day, it was the last day on which she would need to envy her, or any other happy mother. For her, too, happiness was coming—was already at the door!

Lady Otterbourne had only been with us a few minutes, when she gave her son a pretty peremptory nod, and he got up and beckoned me out of the room.

"I want to leave them together, Esther, your mother and mine. My mother has found out something so strange—so extraordinary—and yet the only wonder is that no one thought of it before! It is about Miss Temple. But cannot you guess? About Ellinor Dieudonné—the child who was found where Nelly was lost—the child whose name is Ellinor!"

"But, Basil," I gasped, "Nelly was *fair*! It was your light hair that made my mother take you for her, you know."

"I know. But my mother has a lock of Miss Temple's far fairer than mine!—and a portrait, taken when she was quite a little girl, with long fair curls looking so droll by the great dark eyes. She has brought them here for the mother to see, and the little gown she had on; with *Ellinor* in one corner."

"Only Ellinor?"

"The rest had been torn or cut away. Don't you know that she was wounded, and the woman who was with her killed? Siva says it was an ayah, and that she had most likely been killed in trying to save her."

"Our dear Wuzerun! she was always so fond of Nelly!" I exclaimed, and then Basil said—"Ah! you see, you believe it too!"

"I *hope* it, certainly. Does *she*—does *Nelly* know?"

"Yes, she is waiting in the carriage. She dared not come in till your mother knew, but I can fetch her here."

She came back with him, trembling and blushing with something more than filial anxiety, I thought, and I clasped her in my arms. Whether she was my sister or not, she was dearer to me than anything on earth—this girl whom Basil loved!

And then the Countess came out to look for us.

"It is as we thought, my dear," she said, kissing the beautiful face. "Esther, your mother is waiting, will you take your *sister* to her?"

* * * * *

And now, what more remains to be said? Who is there that cannot imagine the rapture of that meeting, that cannot divine what yet is left to tell?

Nelly came home to us for a little while, just, as she said, "that she might know how it felt to have a mother," and then she went back to the Castle as Viscount Hazelford's bride.

It is all a year ago now. The Home Farm is the Home Farm no more; or rather, the house no more belongs to it. The young lord, as the villagers call him, cannot lead an idle life, and is still, the Earl declares, more than half a farmer at heart. He manages it himself, with Burdon promoted to be bailiff under him, and the house is beautified for a home for my mother and Charlie. They have their own servants, but Mrs. Munns still manages the dairy, and looks after the Dutch separator and the automatic churn. Deva, truculent still, but undeniably handsome, takes a prize at every show he goes to, and is as well known in "Royal" showyards as Lord Hazelford himself.

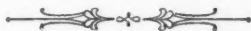
Nothing has been heard of Colonel Hazelford or of Mirza Khan. They disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up, and I think Lord Otterbourne is very thankful to be relieved from the duty of prosecuting them.

"They will not go unpunished," he says, truly enough. "No sin and no sinner ever did that yet; but at least we may hope they will find time for repentance."

Charlie is at Sandhurst, and Lord Otterbourne has promised him all sorts of introductions when he gets his commission. We are quite happy, my mother and I, about the boy who is left to us—as happy as we are about the one who seems to have gone so far from us, though only the width of the park divides his home from my mother's, or from mine. That hers is no longer mine is Dr. Cheriton's fault, if that can be called a fault which has made the happiness of my life, and he is good enough to say, of his. We were married six months ago, and though Charlie says it is much too soon to call myself a happy wife yet, I know my husband, and claim the title without fear.

I am happy; and next to the supreme blessing of my husband's love, I count the fraternal affection of him whom men call Lord Hazelford, whom mother and wife address by the Christian name that has grown dear to them while still it seems strange to me, but who to me has always been, and will always be, only

MY BROTHER BASIL.



FLOWER TEACHINGS.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE OVER DEATH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.



NATURE is crowded with beautiful and expressive emblems of spiritual truths. It is not pretended that all the questionings of the soul can be answered from this source, for even to those who are most anxious to learn from her, Nature is often mute. Those who affirm that the laws and symbols of the material universe are a sufficient revelation of moral and religious precepts do not take into account how difficult it is to interpret such laws and symbols. But, nevertheless, to the devout mind this great book, which lies wide open around us, contains many obvious and significant suggestions of spiritual things, and in its own silent way is ever enforcing upon all who will read it the nobility and blessedness of a holy and unselfish life. Thus are we touched at our best points. Our reverence for God is deepened by the contemplation of this wondrous fabric which He created and sustains; the majesty of Law is displayed in the rhythmic roll of the starry worlds; every ray of sunlight that sparkles on the rippling sea, or brightens the grassy mead, bears testimony to an overflowing benevolence in Nature which constitutes man's highest example; indeed, in our best moods there is hardly an object that we behold but seems irradiated with Divine glory and helps to inspire in us pure and tender feelings, while

"the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The profound mysteries involved in the facts of life and death and immortality can only be fully illuminated, as we have intimated, by the light which shines from an uncreated Source. The "lesser light" of Nature, or the reflected light of human reason, can never wholly dissipate those many shadows that meet together at the grave. But even in Holy Scripture the great contrast between life and death, and their relation to one another, are frequently illustrated "by the things that are made." The flowers are often used by the inspired writers as types of human existence, and from them are drawn many valuable lessons concerning life and duty.

The most impressive and prominent of the truths the flowers suggest is the frailty of man. Bright and beautiful as they are, they yet continually remind us of the fleeting and changeable character of all things human. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth,

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more" (Psalm ciii. 15, 16). "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down" (Job xiv. 1, 2).

No flower can escape the universal law of decay. However conspicuous or jealously guarded may be their charms, they are all destined to droop and die. Every garden must be ungarnished, and even the stalwart trees dismantled. By nipping frost or searching wind, by destructive parasite or gnawing worm, by the swift and fatal stroke of the lightning or the slower processes of natural decay, the sweet, cheery blossoms are robbed of their short-lived attractions, and gladden our hearts no more. Annual or perennial, its crown of glory must soon fade. Even those "everlasting" flowers, which retain the appearance of life long after they are gathered, wither away like the rest.

There is something of sadness in all this. It is impossible to contemplate the decay of all this beauty and fertility without mournful feelings. We all know what it is to stand in silence on the bare heath that was lately mantled with lovely flowers, whose perfumes scented the balmy air, or to gaze wistfully into the stag-horn branches, whose tender leaves, humming in every breeze, and casting their mingled lights and shadows on the grass, had a while ago filled our hearts with delight. Now in the voiceless woods and the uncrowned garden, with the summer behind us, and the prospect of winter before us, we cannot but feel conscious of some affinity with drooping Nature, and we find ourselves instinctively lamenting

"The fall of autumn,
Its chilly evenings and its dropping leaves:
Bringing soft, melancholy thoughts."

The brevity of human life, too, in some of its aspects, is a saddening reflection. One can easily enter into the feelings of the ancient Persian monarch who, from the heights of Abydos, looked out upon the myriads of his soldiers, and wept as he thought how soon they would all be dead. No serious person can behold the fading away of so much that is useful and lovely in human life, and remain unmoved. The talented, who are as pillars to society, the unselfish, who exhale upon us the sweetness of a heavenlier life, all must follow on in that vast swelling stream which is to break upon an invisible shore.

But why should this be? Are there not some whom the world can ill spare? The noble and brave who give us our best laws and institutions, the philanthropic who redeem the world from something of its bitterness, the wise who teach us how to grasp the forces of nature and bend them to perform our tasks,



the thinkers who lead us up the steep ascent to the Temple of Knowledge, the holy who point our wearied struggling spirits to the golden gates of immortality: are not these worthy to flourish with eternal youth? So God would have had it; but "sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

The withering flower, however, speaks not only of decay and death, but it has something to say to living men. The tender blossom over whose fallen petals we bent regretfully has not lived in vain. The bright spring flowers ushered in by the "chaste snowdrop," and followed by the severely simple yet ever-admired daisies—

"Those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets"—

the luxuriance of the summer bloom, which transforms our earth into a strip of Paradise, all the many-hued beauties that have ornamented the field and garden, and have faded away, have had a mission to fulfil. There are a thousand services which are

rendered by flowers. In modern medicine and in manufacturing industry they hold an increasingly important position. Some of the sweetest perfumes are distilled from their fragrant petals, and many valuable medicaments are compounded from their tissues. They serve also to beautify the earth, thus helping to cheer man's heart, and ministering to his most refined tastes. Who can contemplate the bewildering glories of the parterre crowned with roses or dahlias, or the more retired charms of the woody nook where grow the wild hyacinth and the graceful lily, or the far-stretching hedgerow embellished with the climbing honeysuckle and the many-wreathed convolvulus, or the sloping bank crowded with tangled glowing heather, or the fertile meadow dotted here and there with shining campion or scarlet crane's-bill, with golden hypericum or delicate anemone, without feeling in his soul the mystic spell of all these beauties, which seem to enshrine a Beneficence that has not overlooked the needs of the tiniest creature, nor the loftiest aspirations of the most highly endowed?

The most important function, however, of the flower is that which is concerned in the perpetuation of its own species. A flower consists ordinarily of four kinds of organs, all of them having some share in this process. These are the calyx or cup; the corolla, which is generally seated in the calyx, and whose separate leaves are called petals; the stamens and the pistil, which grow within the corolla. The pistil and stamens are essentially concerned in the production of seeds, and are therefore more especially necessary to the propagation of the plant. At the tip of the stamen is the anther, or pollen-case, and this, when burst open, is seen to contain a very fine powder, which consists really of microscopic cells filled with protoplasm. The pistil grows within the circle formed by the petals, and is connected with the ovary at its base. In this ovary are a number of embryo seeds, or ovules, which must be fertilised by the pollen from the anthers before they can develop into perfect seeds. When a pollen-grain comes into contact with the pistil, the moisture of that part of the pistil which is called the stigma causes the pollen-grain to send out a minute thread-like tube, and this, by continual growth, at length finds its way to the cavity where lie the ovules.

But how is the pollen transported to the organs of the pistil? In many flowers the stamens and pistils are found in the same corolla, and in these cases it might be thought that the problem is easy enough. But Nature teaches us that it is not for the benefit of the plant that it should be fertilised by its own pollen, so that even in these instances the pollen is usually conveyed by some carrying agent from other flowers. As if to render this still more necessary, the structure of many flowers is such as to make self-fertilisation impossible. If a fuchsia be examined, it will be seen that although the pistil hangs lower down than the stamens, yet the pollen can only reach the vital part of the pistil from below. In other

cases the stamens and stigmas do not ripen together, and consequently self-fertilisation could not take place. In the well-known arum or cuckoo-pint, whose spike of scarlet berries almost everyone has met with in our fields, the stigmas ripen before the anthers, while in the common pink the reverse of this is the case.

The two chief agents concerned in the transmission of pollen from one flower to another are the wind and insects. Flowers which are fertilised by the wind are dull and small, as, for example, the chaff-like glumes of the grasses, which enclose minute stamens and stigmas; while the more gaudy flowers are dependent on the offices of insects, to whom they offer the reward of sweet, fragrant juices. The honey with which so many flowers are baited is, as a rule, situated in the interior portion of the corolla, so that the insect which is in search of it is obliged to rub against the anthers, and hence some of the pollen is sure to adhere to the head or shoulders of the visitor. On entering another flower, the insect will touch the stigma, and deposit upon it some of the pollen which it has carried thither, and so fertilisation ensues.

It follows from this, then, that the functions of the flower have a most important bearing on the well-being and perfection of the plant. All its parts and endowments have their distinct and specific purpose. Even the colours of the petals seem to be concerned in the progress of the plant, for they act as a kind of advertisement to the insects whose friendly services it needs.

There are some flowers in which the most elaborate structures are brought into requisition in order to ensure fertilisation. The familiar nasturtium is well worthy of observation in this respect. The corolla is continued backwards as a hollow spur, in which the honey is secreted. Soon after the flower has opened for the first time the anthers begin to mature, and, one by one, they erect themselves like sentinels in front of the corolla-tube, each one falling down in turn when an insect has crawled over it and divested it of its pollen. When all the stamens have thus drooped, the pistil rises up into their vacant place, and awaits the coming of some pollen-laden insect. In one species of wild geranium, the well-known Herb Robert, the stigmas mature before all the pollen is shed, so that if cross-fertilisation has not already taken place, the plant is able to fertilise itself. Among the members of the wide and exquisite group of the orchids every variety of colour and form, and the most marvellous diversity of contrivance, are met with, the object of which is to attract insects, and to guide them to the proper place for the deposition of their precious burden of pollen. To borrow from the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law": "There are baits to tempt the nectar-loving Lepidoptera, with rich odours exhaled by night and lustrous colour to shine by day; there are channels of approach along which they are surely guided, so as to compel them to pass by certain spots; there are

adhesive plasters, nicely adjusted to fit their proboscises or to catch their brows; there are hair-triggers, carefully set in their necessary path, communicating with explosive shells, which project the pollen stalks with unerring aim upon their bodies; there are, in short, an infinitude of adjustments, all contrived so as to secure the accurate conveyance of the pollen of the one flower to its precise destination in the structure of another."

These are some of the great purposes that the flowers fulfil while they live and flourish, but their mission is only completed by their death. Their decay is the last stage of their progress, and the consummation of their design. As they droop and shrivel up they impart their virtues to the seeds they have so long protected, and which are to produce the next generation of flowers. Thus the individual lives on in the existence of the race. The seed is, in reality, the matured pistil, and the very constituents of the style and stigma are often seen attached to the fruit. Even those parts of the flower which fall to the ground are not wasted. They are decomposed, but not annihilated. Their atoms will again traverse the round of vegetable life and service. The minute crystals of phosphate and oxalate of lime, with other substances of which they are built up, are conveyed through the rootlets of succeeding plants by means of the sap, and thus are again transmuted into verdure and blossom. One summer is the offspring of its predecessor, and the flowers of to-day are the spiritualised forms of those that have died.

We may learn, then, from these silent teachers of our garden and glade, that life is a noble possession, and that when all its opportunities are diligently used, not even death can put an end to its beneficent influences. Not only for those who are highly favoured by birth or endowed with exceptional natural advantages, but for the humblest and most obscure, if only they have the capacity for self-sacrifice and industry, there is the possibility of living a happy, useful life, and of leaving behind fair fruits

that shall gladden and nourish unending generations. The Creator works out His magnificent plans, not only by the agency of great and brilliant men, but He also chooses "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are." If we have not the gifts of others, let us not neglect to be ourselves. Though we may lack the splendid powers which some possess, yet we ought to use diligently our lowlier talents—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part: there all the honour lies."

It is a truth we all need to be reminded of again and again, that though death is solemn, yet life is far more solemn. The character of our life will determine the spirit in which we shall meet death. A holy life survives death, and cannot be conquered by it, nor can our influence be devoured by the grave. Are not we still governed by "those dead but sceptred monarchs" who have passed away into the other world? Is it not the laws they framed, the institutions they upreared, the commerce and industries they founded, the books they wrote, the poems they sang, the pictures they painted, the cities they built, that constitute the very basis and essence of our life and activities? We, too, though with unequal steps, may tread the sacred path which their feet have worn, and by "faithful continuance in well-doing" may hope to join the "choir invisible" of those whose fruitful lives have given to the world its choicest blessings. Then in a more genial clime our souls, exotics here, shall culture graces that can never be perfected in this bleak world. "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 711.

99. Two lambs; one in the morning and one in the evening. (Ex. xxix. 38—42.)

100. He caused the messengers sent by Saul to prophesy before David. (1 Sam. xix. 18—22.)

101. On the tomb of the man of God who was sent to prophesy against the altar in Bethel. (2 Kings xxiii. 17, and 1 Kings xiii. 1—2.)

102. St. Paul, in speaking to the men of Athens, quoted from a passage written by the poets Aratus and Cleanthes. (Acts xvii. 28.)

103. Near to the town of Bethlehem. (1 Chron. xi. 15, 16.)

104. The song written by Moses just before his death. (Deut. xxxi. 19, 27; and xxxii.)

105. By the prophet Zechariah. (Zech. ii. 12.)

106. At Rephidim. (Ex. xvii. 4.)

107. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." (Prov. xxv. 11.)

108. Jeroboam, King of Israel. (2 Chron. xi. 15, and Lev. xvii. 7.)

REMINISCENCES OF DEPARTED MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION COMPANY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

THE REV. PREBENDARY HUMPHRY, B.D.,
VICAR OF
ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.



My acquaintance with Prebendary Humphry extended from 1863 to the time of his death, i. 1886. It had its origin in what was to me a very pleasant and encouraging incident. I had just published my "Discussions on the Gospels," the object of the first part of which volume was to prove that Greek was the language habitually used by our blessed Lord in His public discourses. Instead of saying, as has generally been done, that Christ spoke for the most part in impure Hebrew, and only sometimes, if ever, in Greek, I endeavoured to show that He spoke for the most part in Greek, and only now and then in Hebrew. In thus opposing the opinion of the vast majority of Biblical scholars, living and dead, a young and unknown writer had to lay his account with meeting a violent counter-opposition, which might be frequently mingled with contempt. Such, accordingly, was my experience. Where my views were deemed worthy of notice at all, they were generally held up to ridicule. The writer was accused of being destitute of common sense, and his arguments were pronounced so baseless as not to call for any serious consideration.

In the midst of this neglect and contempt there came to me one day, most unexpectedly, a letter from the learned vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. I had already heard of him as one of the "Five Clergymen" who were engaged in a tentative revision of some parts of the New Testament. But he had, of course, not known even of my existence until my book fell into his hands; yet the following were the kind terms in which he began a letter to one with whom he was so entirely unacquainted:—"I have just read your book, and I cannot lay it down without sending a line to say how much it has interested me." Then followed expressions too complimentary for me to quote; but the most cheering part of Mr. Humphry's letter was contained in these words:—"Your argument seems to me in its main point quite conclusive"—words which I have often read since, when feeling disheartened on account of the tardy recognition of what I believe to be the truth.

The friendship thus begun between Mr. Humphry and myself led to some very pleasant intercourse, and was continued to the end of his life. When we met, seven years after our acquaintance commenced, as fellow-members of the Revision Company, both were glad to be brought into closer bonds of association than before. And though I soon afterwards

removed to St. Andrews, so that we did not see each other so frequently, still we found ourselves together



PREBENDARY HUMPHRY.

(From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, Regent Street, W.)

in the Jerusalem Chamber sufficiently often in the course of the year to keep the relations between us fresh, as well as friendly. I may add that Mr. Humphry's opinion never wavered as to the validity of my argument. In the last letter I received from him he expressed his full concurrence with the view I had sought to establish in "The Bible of Christ and His Apostles"—that, in quoting or referring to the Old Testament, our Lord habitually made use of the Greek version. "I have read the book," he writes, "with much interest, and think you have stated, not only clearly, but convincingly, the grounds for believing the LXX. version to have been the Bible quoted by our Lord and His apostles."

I can recall some very happy suggestions which Prebendary Humphry made as a member of the Company, and which are now imbedded in the Revised Version. He was well known as an admirable scholar, and his judgment was regarded as in the highest degree trustworthy. He once said to me, jocularly, that in his excellent work on the Acts

of the Apostles he had acted too much on the "follow-your-leaders" principle; but no man was more ready to revise any opinion he had expressed, and to abandon it for another, if he saw ground to make the alteration.

Mr. Humphry would undoubtedly have made larger contributions to scientific theology had he not been burdened, throughout his best years, with the work of a most laborious parish. When I pressed him on one occasion to engage in some literary work, he smiled, and replied, "I am the chairman of the vestry." And all who knew him bore witness how faithfully and perseveringly his manifold parochial toils and duties were performed.

Immediately after his death, a memorial notice of Mr. Humphry appeared in a leading Church paper, January 20, 1886, and it contained these truthful words:—"The parish of St. Martin's is, as most Londoners know, no ordinary one. It includes within its boundaries persons of every rank and class. Moreover, the many changes which it has lately undergone have not made its administration easier. Great difficulties have had to be faced, and that the late vicar succeeded where many would have failed is owing to his having been a man of *character*. He

possessed quiet power. Plodding on and on with pertinacity, he was always in his place, regular and punctual in his attendance at committees, unwearying on behalf of the Church schools, never sparing himself in his parochial work. Never *bustling*, yet he was always *busy*."

Mr. Humphry had a very kindly feeling towards Scotland and Scotsmen. He had lived for a considerable time in the North when a young man, as tutor in a gentleman's family. He told me how greatly he enjoyed that stay in Scotland, how much he was struck with the shrewdness of the people, and, above all, how astonished he was at the massive and deeply studied discourses which he heard, from week to week, in the parish church. That residence in the northern part of our island left a permanently pleasing impression of both the country and its inhabitants on Mr. Humphry's mind; and I can never forget how, when I appeared, after the winter's work was over at St. Andrews, once again in the Jerusalem Chamber, he used to greet me with such kindly words as, "You come with the flowers in May," and proceed to tell me how the work had prospered since last I had had a place among the members of the Company.

MAUDIE'S TEXT.

BY THE HON. KATHERINE SCOTT, AUTHOR OF "MISS BROWNE'S DISTRICT," ETC.



AMMIE, may I go to church to-day?"

Maudie's little rosy face was peering up over the window-sill into maminie's sunny sitting-room.

Maminie was lying on the sofa, looking very pale.

"Yes, my darling, I think so, if father can take you, and if you go quickly and get ready."

Maudie had on a very clean white frock which stuck out all round, and was particularly apt on Sunday mornings to stick into the rabbits' house, or the chickens' dishes, and come out looking rather the worse for its visit; but to-day she had been very careful, and as she pulled her skirt round, examining it carefully, she could not discover one single disaster.

"I'm quite tidy, maminie," she shrieked in, "and I'll come to you in a minute when I'm ready."

She did look tidy; she looked dear beyond words in her white muslin, blue sash, and shady straw hat, with her rosy cheeks and deep blue eyes. Maminie's pale face grew rosy too with pleasure as she looked at her.

"Good-bye, my sunshine, and mind you remember the text and the sermon for poor sick maminie."

A tender kiss and a final arrangement of the white hat, and she was gone.

The church was very hot, and the bees outside buzzed so in the limes, that Maudie began to get very sleepy, but she wasn't going to give in and go to sleep.

Six years old and asleep in church would be dreadful! Perhaps father would help her off with her glove, it was so tight; and I must confess a shocking thing about Maudie—she did very much like what she called "a bit of thumb!" The little hot kid-gloved hand crept into father's big one, and he had undone the buttons and pulled at all those poor tight finger-tips, and the fat little thumb was just inside the rosy lips, when a strange voice spoke out from the pulpit—

"What is that in thine hand?"

Maudie jumped nearly off her seat, and out came her thumb, and her round blue eyes were fixed on her own dear little hand. She didn't see anything there at all; but she was so engrossed gazing at it that she lost a good bit of the sermon.

Was that the text? Well, it must be, she supposed, but it was a very funny one, and maminie would think so too, she was sure.

She looked round at father, who was listening very attentively, so she tried to do the same; but there was a great deal she did not understand. She heard

something about Moses and a rod, and every now and then the clergyman said again, "What is that in thine hand?" But the sermon was a very short one, and when it was ended Maudie was afraid she did not know much of it to tell mammie.

Father walked home with a tall friend, and Maudie only had hold of the tips of his fingers, and could not ask him anything; so she kept saying the text over and over to herself till she got in and dashed into mammie's room, calling out, "What is that in thine hand?" as loud as she could.

"What, my darling? what are you saying? And I'm not a bit deaf, Maudie."

"That's the text! at least, I suppose it is the text, for the clergyman said it at the beginning of his sermon, and a great many times over, and I've remembered that for you; and I didn't take my thumb, though I was *just* going to, mammie."

Maudie's hat was pulled off, and mammie's cool fingers were stroking back her soft hair.

"You *are* hot, my childie; you shall go and see the little ones now, and after dinner you'll come and read to me."

Father and mammie were sitting out in the shade in the afternoon, and the little ones were in the garden, when Maudie appeared, hauling along a very small chair with a very big Bible on it.

"Here comes Maudie with her sermon," said father, "and this curious text will have to be fathomed to the bottom. It's a good thing you have the benefit of my comments on it first."

"Well, mammie," began Maudie; "I did tell you the text, didn't I? and now what *did* he mean?"

Maudie's eyes were opened as wide as they would go, and the dear little brain was puzzling over it, for it was the pride and delight of her heart to bring home a sermon for mammie; and many little bits of comfort had mammie got from those dear rosy lips.

"Now, Maudie, you must find the place in the Bible."

"The place? *Is* that funny thing in the Bible? And how clever you are to know."

"Begin at the beginning, and turn over the pages till you get to Exodus."

Very carefully they were turned.

"EX—is that it, mammie?"

"Yes, chapter three—three strokes, you know." And then Maudie read very slowly—

"'And—the—Lord—said: What—is—that—in—thine—hand?' There it really is!"

"Yes, that's the text; now, it's rather a difficult part for you to read, so I'll tell it to you. You remember about Moses, don't you? the dear little baby whose mother had to hide him in the ark of bulrushes to keep him safe!"

"Yes, mammie, I know about him."

"And when he was grown up, God called him to do a great and difficult work. He was to take a whole nation of people, like a great army, away from Egypt, and take care of them, and teach them and

guide them on a long journey to a new country; but first he had to get the great King of Egypt to allow the people to go away, and he had to take him messages from God. It was not at all easy, for he was not a good king; and at first Moses was very frightened, and said he could not go to the king, and he did not know what to say or do, because he was not prepared to do such difficult work. And it was when God was telling him for the third or fourth time that he was to go and do this, that He said, 'What is that in thine hand?' What was it, Maudie?"

"A rod, mammie."

"Yes, just a long stick, that perhaps he had used when he was taking care of the sheep, or even to walk with. Now, this is rather difficult, darling, so listen well. Moses was told to do a very hard thing, and he thought he needed to be different from what he was, or to have something different from what he had; but God taught Him that He had given him all he needed, if he would only *use* what he had, and be contented with it. Maudie, what we have to learn from this, is, that if there is some work for us to do, we must not say, if I were well I would do it, or if I were rich, or if I were big, or if I were wise, I would do it, but we must think, What has God given me? what have I in my hand quite ready for my work? There's sure to be something if we only try and find it. Sometimes mammie wishes she were well, and could do a great many things for you all and father; and sometimes you wish you were big, and then you would do a lot to help me! But we must see what we can do just as we are."

Maudie was so interested, she was standing up close to mammie.

"Mammie, *your* hands always have a cool, kind feeling. Could mine have that? Yours never feel *slappy*."

"I'm glad of that, Maudie! I shouldn't like them to! Yes, darling, your little hands could be always gentle, and if we try all through this week we shall find that you and I have something ready in our hands for everything God tells us to do. We'll try all the week, shall we, dearie?" And mammie and Maudie had a good hug, and that was the end.

The end of the Sunday lesson; but now the lesson had got to be *done*, and that is far the most difficult part.

Maudie never much liked Monday morning, and this really was a bad Monday. The rain was pouring down, splash, splash, on the summer grass, and no hope of getting out to the rabbits or the chickens. Mammie had a bad headache, and nurse had to keep baby, and help Sarah to count the clothes for the wash; and Dollie and Stella had nothing to do; and Rosie would climb up on a box, and then she fell and began to cry, and woke up baby.

Maudie was very comfortable, sitting in a nice corner in the passage with her favourite doll Teddie. He was a sailor-boy, and she was very busy putting

on his nice collar and tie, and making him all complete, when nurse's voice called, "Miss Maude dear, do come and amuse these children—they are all crying and slapping. Come, dear, do."

"Oh! Nan, I can't. I wish it was fine, and I could take them out; but I've nothing to amuse them with here."

"What is that in thine hand?" suddenly sounded in Maudie's ears, so clearly that she really answered out loud, "Teddie!" and then she remembered. Why, here she was with the very thing ready to make Dollie and Stella quite good. She hesitated a minute, and then ran into the nursery.

"Here, duckies, would you like to have a play with Teddie? and Maudie will play with Rosie." Mammie sometimes called her a sunbeam, and she certainly brightened up the nursery at that moment as much as a real one. Dollie and Stella jumped up quite happy, and Rosie stopped crying, and came toddling away from the dangerous box; and, wonderful to say, Teddie and Maudie together kept them so good that nurse got baby to sleep, and went to look after mammie, and Sarah got all her work done and changed her gown by twelve o'clock, when it was time for the little ones to go to bed.

Father was away, the sitting-room was empty, and the rain-drops were scuttling after one another down the window-pane, so that one could not even see out. As she entered the room Maudie's eyes suddenly fell on a corner—"the children's corner" it was called, but mammie had been saying only the other day what a mess there was in it, and when she was better she must put it tidy and make more room.

"Make the house bigger! so I really could with my two hands." Such a delicious idea! Maudie gave a little jump for joy, and down she went into the corner. There *was* a mess—broken carts and broken horses, dolls with arms off, legs off, heads off, cups and saucers, pots and pans, bricks, a lot of pieces of worsted and of paper, and some boxes and baskets. It took Maudie till dinner-time; but she had got everything sorted out into the boxes, and a heap ready to throw away, and with very hot cheeks and very black fingers, she was having the great satisfaction of sweeping up the dust with the hearth-broom, when Sarah came in to take her to dinner.

"Well done, Miss Maude! you have made a tidy corner. Your mamma will be pleased, for I heard her say the other day she would like to put her chair there where she could see out, and make more room for your papa's table."

"I've been making the house bigger, you see, Sarah. You didn't think I could do that with my own hands! That's *doing* the sermon, you know, Sarah!"

"The sermon! What do you mean! Oh, well, whatever it's 'doing,' you have been very good and quiet, and if tidiness is 'doing the sermon' you must do a little more of it, and get those hands clean for dinner."

Maudie was rewarded for trying to "do the

sermon" when mammie came down in the afternoon and saw the nice clear corner and the chair which Maudie and nurse had arranged there; and the house had been so quiet, mammie's head was quite well, so that all the children could come down; and the black Monday turned out a very happy Monday, after all.

One day, later in the week, Maudie was having a nice play with Teddie, the little ones having all gone to bed, and father and mammie were busy talking very gravely. Maudie's attention was aroused by hearing father say—

"Well, poor Tom must be helped somehow, and it really is difficult to see how we can do it. Maudie's text has been in my head all day, Angel, and I almost think I've hit on something!"

"What, Eddie? Do tell me!"

Maudie always liked to hear father and mammie call one another "Angel" and "Eddie;" she thought it sounded like a book; and Teddie was called after father.

"What is that in thine hand?" you know. Why! my pen, Angel! I have enough to do at present without it, but sitting up at night I could manage something."

"Oh, Eddie, that is a good thought! And your Angel isn't much use, is she? What could I do?"

"What you are always doing, and what keeps everything straight and happy, my Angel in truth!"

Father was stooping over mammie, whose eyes were full of tears, and Maudie quite forgot Teddie in looking at them. Then father went out, and Maudie crept up to mammie, and putting her hand softly on her cheek, found the tears were running down.

"Mammie! what are you crying for? What kind of tears are these?"

Mammie was laughing now.

"What kind of tears, darling? Sorry tears out of one eye, and glad out of the other;" and mammie laughed merrily.

"Do tell me, though—what were you and father saying about the text? I was almost forgetting it, because it's such a long time since Sunday."

"Yes, darling, but we mustn't forget it. And now I'll tell you. Uncle Tom, who has just come home from India, is very ill, and father wants to send him some money, but you know we have not very much; so father has been thinking and thinking, and now he's going to write something, and use his head and his pen. That is what God has given him *in his hand*; do you see, darling?"

"Oh! I see! That is nice! But what did father say you had? and what made you cry glad and sorry, mammie?"

Mammie laughed again. "The *sorry* was because I can do very little, as I am ill; and the *glad* was because father reminded me of something I have in my hand; and we all have. There is a beautiful hymn which says—

'Take Moses' rod, the rod of prayer.'

That was what father meant! That is one thing I can do which will help us all; so you see it is true, we have each *something* in our hands."

Maudie was considering very gravely.

"I'm afraid perhaps it won't be all fun, dearie, but we'll try and make it." Maudie was so excited at the thoughts of an Indian cousin, that she would hardly go to bed when nurse came for her, and was



"'You are doing the sermon again.'—p. 737.

"I'd like to be like father, and do something for Uncle Tom."

"Well! perhaps you will, for father is going to ask Uncle Tom's little girl to come here; and if she does, my little helper will have to do a great deal, for she is only Rosie's age, and has no nurse, and can't speak English."

"Oh, mammie! what fun! what grand fun!"

surprised to find that nurse was very grave and rather cross at the mention of the cousin.

"Your poor mamma will be worn out, and you'll have to be a pattern of goodness, Miss Maude, or we'll never get on." So Maudie began to feel a little sobered.

The following Tuesday the little cousin really did come, and Maudie found what mammie had said



" . . . Strokes the dear old time-worn hands
In sympathy."

was quite true. Violet was her name, and Rosie and Violet ought to have been two very dear little sweet flowers, but Violet had never played with any children before, and she did nothing but cry and scold. Mammie was the only person who could make her good—her cool hands and her gentle voice always quieted her; but no one knew but father how often mammie had to use her rod of prayer for patience for herself, and patience for nurse, and for dear little Maudie too.

Nobody but father knew how it was that, in spite of mammie's being ill, things went on smoothly, and how many little squabbles were settled peacefully by mammie's sofa.

One day nurse made the jam, and Maudie was allowed to go to the kitchen and really help, pulling the fruit off the stalks, and doing various little things; but the next day some help was needed which Maudie did not at all want to give.

Violet was asleep on mammie's sofa, and mammie was doing some needlework for nurse, when she appeared at the door.

"If you please, ma'am, could you write some labels for the jams and jellies, just to know the different kinds apart?"

"Miss Maude shall do it, nurse. I'm sure she'll be able to, and I'll get on with your work. Come, Maudie, here's my indelible pencil, and here are the tickets, and I'll show you how."

Poor Maudie's face fell. She could write very tidily for her age; but it was the lesson she liked least, and if she was to write at all, she liked ink.

"Oh, mammie, please, I needn't do it. I do want to play. Violet has been so tiresome all day, and upset all my house, and I'm just putting it tidy."

"And how about helping mammie? You know I told you if we tried to help Uncle Tom it would be hard work for us all—even for you, my darling."

"If I were big, I'd like to help you, but I can't now, mammie," and Maudie went back to her doll's house. After a bit she looked round and saw mammie with her eyes shut, looking very tired. Something inside gave her a little prick, but she went on playing. Then she looked again, and there was mammie stitching away so hard, and looking so white.

The little child had really a battle to fight, and then she got up slowly. "Mammie, I'll try and do them."

Mammie's pleased face was a reward.

"That's right, darling. Here's the one to copy from. I'm making it very short."

Kind mammie only put "R. JAM," for "Raspberry Jam," and "S. JAM," for "Strawberry," and "B. C. JAM," for "Black Currant;" but, oh! the labour it was for poor Maudie! After she had done six her fingers ached, and the last one looked very funny.

"What is the matter with this one, mammie?"

"Why the J has turned its foot the wrong way, and the M is standing on its head," and mammie went into a peal of laughter, till Maudie, who had been beginning to feel rather grumpy, laughed too.

"But the others are very good, darling; and do you know you are doing the sermon again—doing it like father, too, with your pen?"

Mammie was so clever at thinking nice thoughts! Maudie felt quite happy again, and worked away till she had done them all and her fingers were stiff.

But father's kiss when he came in, and his voice as he said, "Why, Maudie, you are remembering your text well," made her very happy, and the last time I heard of her she was still trying, not only to remember but "to do the sermon."

GRANNY'S COMFORTER.

"**W**HERE is your father now, my child?
 God only knows.
 'T was a day like this, and just as wild—
 How the wind blows!—
 He sailed away across the bay,
 So brave and true;
 And never a word has since been heard
 Of ship or crew.
 "And now my other boy, they say,
 Has gone from me,
 Dying a thousand leagues away
 Across the sea!

Alas! of both my sons bereft I
 Yet God knows best!
 And, little one, you still are left,
 So I am blest!"

The child beside her granny stands—
 Sight fair to see—
 And strokes the dear old time-worn hands,
 In sympathy;
 And lo! while yet they're sorrowing there,
 And each heart burns,
 A step is heard upon the stair:
 The lost returns!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

PROMISES TO WORKERS FOR GOD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



THIS would sound a strange title in the ear of the Jew, or of many a Christian. The idea of workers for God outside of priestly descent or the official classes of the Church was, during whole ages, a cipher. If men could by any means obtain life for themselves, they too seldom cared how difficult might be the path, or how perilous the condition of their neighbour. And yet the first mission of the Church was due to the dispersion of laymen, and its first missionary baptisms to deacons. It was the *people* who were scattered abroad, and went everywhere preaching the Word. Their success was the justification of their zeal, and the approval of the Apostles was the title of their right.

Nowadays, with new spiritual energy, and fresh fields and broader sympathies, the Church not only permits but calls laymen and clergymen alike to work. It is a barren corner where the ecclesiastic is the only tiller of the soil. All around us in the old homeland, all along the lines of missionary enterprise, the calls are distinct, clamorous, and emphatic. More workers are wanted. Higher qualifications find the fullest play. Zeal and earnestness, love and sympathy, learning and philosophy, science and the arts, are invited to the vineyard.

For it is at last understood that we all live within an environment of spiritual influence. No Englishman, no Irishman is the same as he would have been had the spiritual condition of his life been different, or had he been in lands where God was unworshipped and unknown. He is himself wielding a spiritual influence for weal or woe. He is contributing to the spiritual education of his country, and helping the cause of man, or thwarting and retarding it. The foolish and unreasoning fathers who boast of permitting their children to choose amongst contending denominations, train them efficiently for denying all. Free trade in religion means protected infidelity. "He that gathereth not *with Me* scattereth."

It is requisite, therefore, that every man see whether he is working with God or against Him. Woe will dog the steps of him who, by example, or sneer, or idle jest, turns away the heart of the children from their Father. Blessed is he who, like St. Paul, can say that he is co-operating with God.

The promises for Workers are twofold. They concern the work itself and the worker.

I. *The work.* This is beyond doubt the most

important. Fellow-worker, it matters little in the account-books of the universe whether you and I enjoy any fruits of our toil. The full and bleeding heart, the tearful eye, the careful, anxious face may find no recompense for all the expenditure of their humanity. Let them be unsatisfied; but let us be brave enough to labour on, and to trust these promises that some time or other God Himself will reap.

And reap He will, for the work is the sowing of the spring. Every true worker sows varied seed. First he sows the seed of *sympathy*. He cannot sow aught else till this is ready—fellow-feeling with men of sorrow and of gladness, with earthly and worldly interests as well as with the heavenly. Then he takes into his lap the seed of *Love*, which he has received for the purpose of sowing from Him whom Love has named her own. They are poor handfuls of sand that he will grasp otherwise: nay, they are a blighting salt upon the field. He must sow his heart; and good will fill it all the more, the more he sows. Lastly, he sows *Truth*. And the Truth is a subtle seed. It is sometimes hard to distinguish from Opinion and Theory; for in these there is occasionally an ingredient of truth. But Truth, though it fits in differently to the life of many ages, is never different itself. The changes of earthly atmosphere affect the gleam of the sun and the colour of his rays; yet he rides himself in high supremacy above these mundane vapours. Christ is the Sun. He is the Word speaking Himself out in many a discourse and many an act of those few years of earth; ay, and still articulating His messages in the lives of the saints and the growth and work of the Church. The worker sows that.

Now, truly the task is a strange one. Yet He is the corn that has dropped into the earth and died, and sprung up to the harvest. His life is in the worker, and as the worker goes on sowing his life of truth and love and sympathy, he is sowing Jesus Christ amongst men. Is not this the explanation of barren genius and unacknowledged cleverness? The brilliant teacher in the school pales, not once or twice, beside the young man of meaner intellect, and loses his class where the other wins. Many a parson plods from house to house with God in every breath of him, delivering not his message only but himself, who dare not utter in the pulpit a dozen sentences without his manuscript. It is the Christ in us that the good worker sows; and God leaves not such a sowing without a promise.

A great preacher of our time has said somewhere that we need greater faith in the Truth itself as distinct from the means and manner of utterance. That living seed which I have attempted to define will grow, and the sower will save himself much worry and sorrow, and, may be, many a sleepless pillow, if only

he remember this. For the promise is, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but will prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." It will come back some time. The return will be seen at the last day, and it will not be companionless.

There is, however, one point in the promise that is often missed. We have *our* aims in working; God has His own. We shape our efforts and lay our plans for special ends which God often ignores. We design that certain results shall follow this year; God's Almanack marks them down for twenty years hence. There is a sinner in that congregation, in this townland, within that street, whom *we* hope to convert; God has reserved that honour for someone else. And thus our sowing retires still further into the shades of faith, and we are compelled to trust the purpose and the success alike to God. But, oh, it is much for every true-hearted servant to feel that his Master will carry out a scheme greater and nobler than any he can himself conceive. The Father wishes all men to be saved. We use the means of His own appointing, and the result will be greater than the toil.

II. *For the worker himself.* Two parables seem to have been spoken specially to help the worker: the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard tells him there is room for him; and the parable of the Talents that there is a reward. "Go ye also into the vineyard." The commands issued at the various hours assure everybody that it is not yet too late to work, as many of the more advanced in years have sometimes assumed. I once heard of a man who pleaded that he was too old to be asked for subscriptions. Truly the Lord needs workers: the Church demands them with all anxious solicitude. "Go ye also in." And attached to the command is the opportunity of work. He who toiled all the day grumbled: he who entered at the eleventh hour lacked opportunity for prolonged effort. The temptation of the one was to lament the reward: of the other to lament the shortness of his work. The answer and the lesson are that the work itself is a reward, and that its call

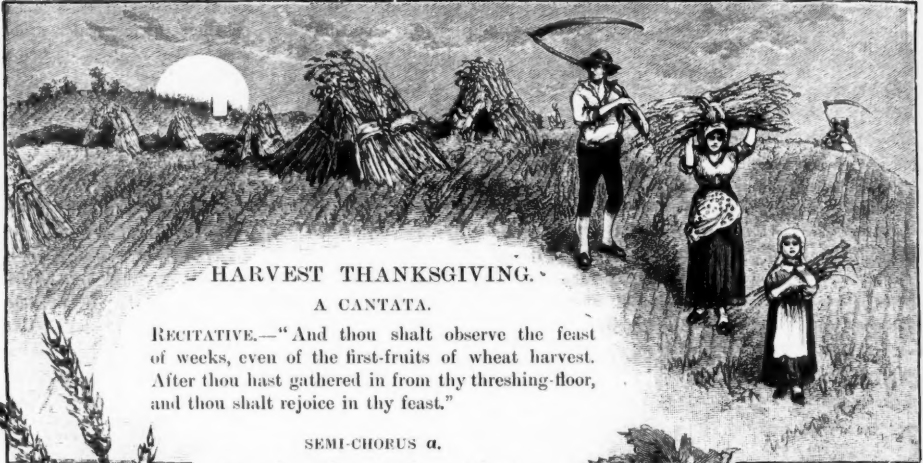
makes the opportunity which we should seize. The methods of work are multifold; but if a man can attempt none of it himself, he can at least consecrate a portion of his earnings to that which others achieve.

In the parable of the Talents there is indicated the reward. It comprises influence and joy. It is for influence that every worker yearns—an influence that, like some huge and mighty ship, shall bear down by its own calm weight the petty craft that oppose it. Workers are sometimes upbraided and rebuked for their love of power. If they are true men they must love it; if right-minded, they will use it with judgment and sincerity. Let us imagine a general in the field who willingly robs himself of the force with which he is to do battle, and in a mock humility boasts that he is content without the personal argument and influence of horse and guns.

To the same end does the joy of our Lord point. St. Peter saw it in the midst of persecution, and felt it in his sympathy with our Lord (1 Pet. iv. 13). Our Lord felt it all through those forty days of twilight after His resurrection. It was a veritable joy which the finished work yielded. No worker of the Church, indeed, can accomplish his task and assert that he has finished his work. But everyone can shape his Master's ideal, and live in its anticipated joy. And when all is over—the prayers, the dreary sadness of disappointed hope, the anxiety for impenitent and wandering ones, the worry of contending factions, the spite, the hatred, and malice of the world—he will find that only the ideal of work existed below, while the reality of joy is exultant above.

The need, I have said, is great; the opportunity is ample; the promise assured; and well may we put into the Lord's lips the cry of the old warrior, "Who is on my side?" until (distinct from that shadowy land of indecision) the faithful disciples stand forth and rank themselves with those who will for a while bear the burden of their Master, and hereafter rejoice in their success and reward.





HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.—“And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, even of the first-fruits of wheat harvest. After thou hast gathered in from thy threshing-floor, and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast.”

SEMI-CHORUS *a.*

Come, let us keep our harvest feast
With thanksgiving of the best
As our first-fruits unto God.
That which in the field we'd sown
In the springtime, when the sod
Our ploughs upturned, has waxed and grown,
In the sunshine and the rain,
From tender blade to ripened grain;
And we have reaped, and we have stored;
So let us give unto the Lord,
That all our labours so hath blessed,
A thankful offering of the best.

SEMI-CHORUS *β.*

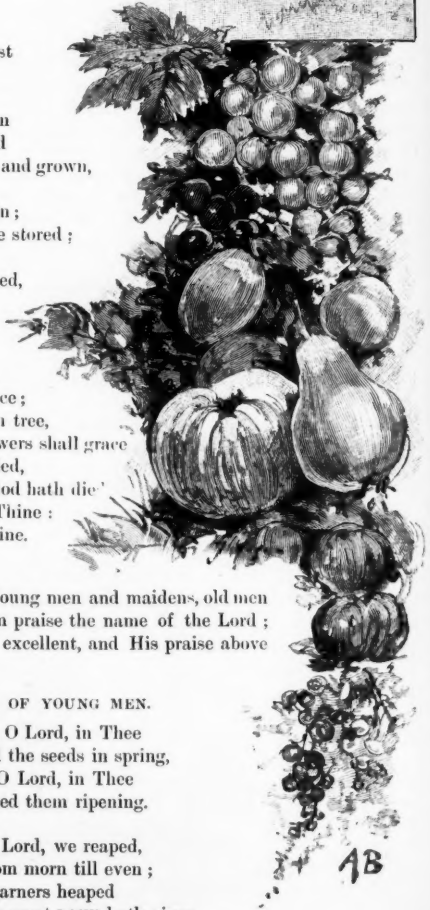
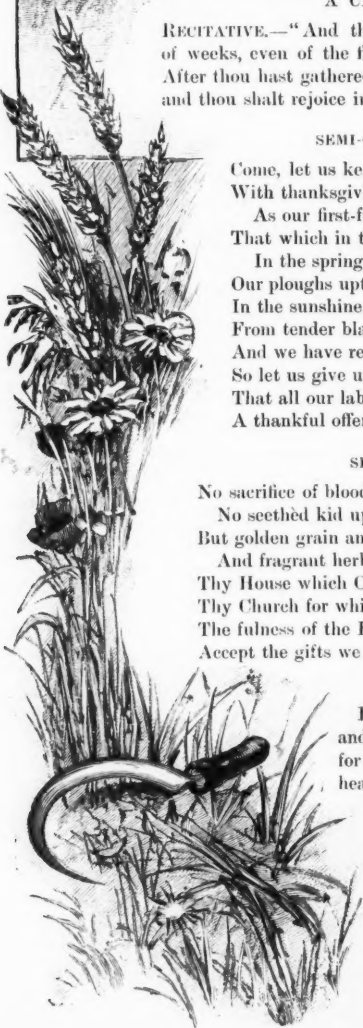
No sacrifice of blood we offer Thee,
No seethed kid upon Thy Altar place;
But golden grain and ruddy fruit from tree,
And fragrant herbs and odorous flowers shall grace
Thy House which Christ hath sanctified,
Thy Church for which the Lamb of God hath died;
The fulness of the Earth, O Lord, is Thine;
Accept the gifts we lay upon Thy shrine.

RECITATIVE.—“Young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord; for His name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth.”

CHANT OF YOUNG MEN.

With FAITH, O Lord, in Thee
We sowed the seeds in spring,
With HOPE, O Lord, in Thee
We watched them ripening.

In FAITH, O Lord, we reaped,
Toiling from morn till even;
And in the garner heaped
What Thy great LOVE hath given.



RECITATIVE.—“O all ye green things of the Lord,
bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for
ever! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
Thou hast perfected praise.”

CHANT OF MAIDENS AND CHILDREN.

The flowers that are fairest in beauty and bloom,
The flowers that are rarest in hue and perfume,
From the field and the garden we bring here to-day
In their bloom and their beauty with praises to lay.

Lilies as pure and as white as the snow;
“Consider the lilies,” said Christ, “how they grow;
Not Solomon’s self on his throne could compare,
In his glory arrayed, with those lilies so fair.”

Roses, the song-theme of poet and seer,
In their richness and brightness we offer up here,
Types of the love of the bride and bridegroom,
Whose coming the desert as roses made bloom

Then be not o’er-careful for raiment or food,
For God shall supply what is needful and good,
Who clotheth the field with its herbage and flowers,
And nutureth the earth with His sunshine and
showers.

RECITATIVE.—“While the earth remaineth, seed-
time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter,
and day and night shall not cease.”

CHANT OF OLD MEN.

While the earth remaineth,
So the Lord ordaineth,
Seedtime, harvest, heat and cold,
Spring, summer, winter as of old
Shall return and never cease,
And still the earth shall yield her fruits’ increase.

So hath it been from time of yore,
So shall it be for evermore.
As our fathers did, we do,
So shall our children’s children too,
Plough and sow, and reap secure,
And praise the Lord, whose mercy doth endure.

Amen.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NOTES ON ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.



NO. 46. THE FIRST TRIAL, ETC.

To read—*St. Matthew xxvi.*

57—75.

I. THE TRIAL BY CAIAPHAS.

(57—66.) Let children realise that Christ's was a real trial of a prisoner by a judge in a regular court.

1. *The judge*—Caiaphas, son-in-law of Annas, previous high priest. Christ taken to Annas first, as a man of great importance, who sent Him on to Caiaphas. (St. John xviii. 13.)

2. *The court*—Jewish court of seventy elders (Sanhedrin).

3. *The place*—High priest's palace—not the regular court-house, but used this day for this hasty, and probably secret, trial.

4. *The charge*—Making Himself Son of God, *i.e.* blasphemy. (Verse 63.)

5. *The witnesses*—Could get no true one—so seek false witnesses—even then difficult to get two whose evidence agreed. At last found two.

6. *The evidence*—Christ's words about destroying the Temple. (St. John ii. 19.) He meant the Temple of His body. They twisted His words to mean the Temple of Jerusalem.

7. *The answer*—At first Christ kept silence. Then is put on His oath, that He may be convicted out of His own mouth. He admits the charge—He is the Son of God—but it is not blasphemy, as He will show when He and Caiaphas—prisoner and judge—change places hereafter.

8. *The verdict*—All agreed—guilty.

9. *The sentence*—Worthy of death.

II. THE MOCKING BY SERVANTS. (67, 68.)

Now anger and revenge are let loose. Elders look calmly on while soldiers maltreat Christ.

They blindfolded Him. (St. Luke xxii. 64.)

They insulted Him, as foretold. (Isa. l. 6.)

They buffeted and mocked Him.

But when He was reviled He reviled not again. (1 St. Peter ii. 23.)

III. THE DENIAL BY ST. PETER. (69—75.)

1. *The place*—The hall, or open courtyard, in the middle of the house—approached by a passage.

2. *The persons*—Servants chatting round the fire, discussing the trial and the prisoner. Two disciples obtain admission—St. Peter and St. John (verse 58, and St. John xviii. 15)—are recognised and spoken to.

3. *The charge*—This man is a follower of the prisoner. Three times asserted—twice by a maid, then by bystanders.

4. *The denial*—First a simple denial.

Then a denial with an oath.

Lastly, a denial with cursing and swearing.

What did this show? Cowardice, lying, blasphemy. How are the mighty fallen!

5. *The reminder*—(a) The cock crowing twice—first time unheeded.

(b) The look of Christ. (St. Luke xxii. 61.)

(c) The remembrance of Christ's words.

6. *The end*—Shame, humiliation, tears, repentance.

LESSON. *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*

NO. 47. THE SECOND TRIAL, ETC.

To read—*St. Matthew xxvii. 1—26.*

I. CHRIST SENT TO PILATE. (1, 2.) Now early in morning—second meeting of Sanhedrin, to decide how to put Christ to death.

Jews no longer had power of life and death.

Pilate would not care about question of blasphemy.

Nature of accusation must be changed.

II. THE FATE OF JUDAS. (3—10.) Judas suddenly awakes to see what he had done.

Christ innocent—condemned to death.

Judas guilty of murder—is at liberty.

Feels sudden remorse. How does this differ from repentance?

No confession of sin to God.

No change of life—commits worse sin.

See callousness of chief priests. Care nothing for Judas now they have gained their end.

So covetousness, treachery, remorse, end in suicide.

LESSON. *Let not my heart be inclined to any evil thing.*

III. CHRIST BEFORE PILATE. (11—26.) 1. *The charge*. Threefold.

(a) Perverting the nation. (St. Luke xxiii. 2.)

(b) Forbidding to pay tribute to Cæsar.

(c) Setting himself up as king.

2. *The evidence*—None. Simply statements of chief priests.

Notice the interruption. Pilate's wife sends a message to him. He probably leaves the court for a few minutes. Meanwhile chief priests persuade the multitude to ask release of Barabbas. (Verse 20.)

3. *The verdict*—"Not guilty." Prisoner done no wrong—will surely be at once released. But see—what is the judge doing?

(a) Consults the people as to which shall be released.

(b) Asks what he shall do with Jesus.

(c) Confesses that Christ is innocent.

(d) Disclaims any share in Christ's death.

(e) Gives Jesus up to be crucified!

So Christ "suffered under Pontius Pilate."

Notice the conduct of those concerned.

Pilate—Fear, cowardice, shocking injustice.

Chief Priests—Envy, hatred, malice.

The People—Base ingratitude.

They took the crime on themselves (verse 25), retribution soon followed—in thirty years were a byword among all nations.

Christ delivered to be scourged and crucified.

"We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there."

NO. 48. THE CRUCIFIXION.

To read—*St. Matthew xxvii. 27—50.*

I. CHRIST MOCKED. (27—30.) Soldiers take Christ away to the guard-room.

Christ is scourged, as always before crucifixion.

Also mocked by soldiers in His character as King.

- (a) A scarlet military cloak put on Him.
- (b) A crown—made of thorns on His head.
- (c) A reed—as if a royal sceptre in His hand.
- (d) Homage—bowing the knee—as if to a king.
- (e) Mocking address—"Hail, King!"

Must draw veil over soldiers' brutal jests and Christ's sufferings.

II. CHRIST LED OUT TO DIE. (13—34.) A wonderful sight! Who were there?

(a) Roman soldiers clearing the road—guarding the prisoners.

(b) Three men dragging their crosses.

(c) Great crowd of priests, women, common people.

A sudden commotion—Jesus faints—probably had had no food since Passover supper early previous evening. Think of all He had gone through since then. What can be done? No Jew or Roman would touch cross—so compel Simon the Cyrenian. (See *St. Mark xv. 21.*)

III. CHRIST CRUCIFIED. (35—50.) Now come to Golgotha—outside the city wall. Cross laid on ground—prisoners fastened by hands and feet—nails driven in—cross lifted up—dashed into socket. First they give stupefying drink to deaden pain. Christ tastes, will not drink—will endure all the pain to the very last.

Notice the order of events as told by *St. Matthew*—

- 1. Christ lifted up on the cross.
- 2. Soldiers cast lots for His clothing.
- 3. Christ mocked by chief priests, lookers-on, and the thieves.
- 4. Darkness for three hours. (Noon—3 p.m.)
- 5. Christ's cry, "My God," etc. (One of His seven sayings.)
- 6. Vinegar offered by soldiers out of kindness.
- 7. Christ's last cry, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."
- 8. Christ dies—the Just for the unjust.

IV. LESSONS. 1. God's anger against sin.

2. Christ's death necessary to atone for sin.

3. Our sins reckoned as if His.

4. His sacrifice for sin accepted. (*St. John i. 29.*) Shall He die for us and we remain unsaved?

NO. 49. THE BURIAL.

To read—*St. Matthew xxvii. 51—66.*

I. EVENTS FOLLOWING CHRIST'S DEATH. (51—54.)

1. *The veil*, hanging before Holy of Holies, only passed by High Priest once a year (*Heb. ix. 3.*), now rent. Because sin forgiven, man's way to God made open through Christ. (*Heb. x. 19, 20.*)

2. *The earthquake*—Nature trembles before her God.

3. *The saints arise*—i.e. come from Paradise as Samuel did to Saul.

4. *The centurion believes*—first-fruits of Christ's death.

"When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers."

II. THE BURIAL. (55—57.) Who came forward now?

(a) *The faithful women* from Galilee—had ministered to Him in Galilee—followed Him to the Cross—watched afar off—now draw nigh. Who were they?

Mary Magdalene, cured by Jesus (*St. Luke viii. 2.*)

Mary, wife of Cleopas (*St. John xix. 25.*), sister of Christ's mother.

Salome, mother of James and John (*xx. 20.*)

(b) *Joseph of Arimathea* (57—61) helped by Nicodemus (*St. John xix. 39.*), both members of the Sanhedrin which condemned Christ, though outvoted by the others. Now, when disciples have forsaken and Peter denied, they come forward.

Joseph goes boldly to Pilate—begs the body of Christ—wraps it in fine linen—Nicodemus brings sweet spices—they carry the body to the garden (*St. John xix. 41.*)—lay it in the tomb—roll a great stone to close the entrance—leave Christ's body there and go home. Women remain watching.

See the effect of Christ's death—

Secret disciples become bold.

Boldness produces love, reverence, zeal.

(c) *Chief Priests*—(62—66). After all seem to have understood real meaning of Christ's words, "destroy this Temple," etc. He had lately raised Lazarus—could His words possibly come true?

What do they ask Pilate? So all precautions taken—Pilate's seal placed on stone—watch of soldiers set.

Think of Christ in the grave.

(a) His human life over—God giveth His beloved sleep.

(b) Pains of death past—rest in the grave.

(c) A glorious resurrection to follow.

We, too, shall lie in the grave. Sting of death is sin. (*1 Cor. xv. 56.*)

But Christ overcame sin—we, too, may rest in Him. (*1 Cor. xv. 57.*)

NO. 50. THE RESURRECTION.

To read—St. Matthew xxviii.

I. THE EVENT. (1—10.) (a) *The time*—very early in the morning of first day of week—our Sunday. Part of days counted as if whole days. So part of Friday—all Saturday—part of Sunday—three days—Christ lay in the grave.

(b) *The watchers.* The two Marys had come early to see the tomb.

What had already happened?

An earthquake—when the grave gave up its dead.

An angel from heaven had rolled back the stone.

The guard of soldiers in great fear.

Notice the order of events:—

The angel speaks to the women.

Shows them the empty tomb.

Sends them to tell the disciples.

Christ meets them on the road.

They worship Him.

N.B.—Other incidents, such as Christ's first appearance to Mary Magdalene (as told by St. John), omitted by St. Matthew.

Effect of Christ's Resurrection—

To the women—great joy.

To St. Peter—assurance of forgiveness.

To His enemies—fear and dismay.

II. THE ROMANS. (11—15.) The watch, shaking off their fear, report what has happened. Another hasty meeting of the Sanhedrin. What *can* be done? Soldiers bribed to spread false report that disciples stole Christ's body away.

III. THE ASCENSION. (16—20.) Other appearances passed over, only last one in Galilee named.

Company of twelve Apostles and five hundred brethren. (1 Cor. xv. 6.)

(a) They worship Him as God and King.

(b) They receive their commission—teach and baptise.

(c) They are assured of His continual presence.

So the Gospel ends. Christ, as King, has been shown throughout.

Worshipped as a child. Foretold by His herald.

Shown by His miracles and signs.

Preached in His sermons and parables.

Testified in His life and death.

Declared by His Resurrection.

"Oh, come, let us adore Him—Christ, the Lord."

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "INTO A LARGER ROOM," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.



"IT would be too long a story, Aunt Mary. I am afraid you must be content to take me on trust a little longer. I was, as I told you, very near despair, and a friend helped me."

It was Edwin Merrill who spoke, and he had one listener, his aunt.

"Well!" she said breathlessly, "go on! If you can't tell me the name of your friend—"

The red colour leapt to Edwin's face. "May I not speak to Miss Daere?" he said. "I met her, you know, on board the *Iberia*."

"Oh! Evelyn!" said Mrs. Delamaine, twisting herself round; "I thought she had gone up to her room for the evening. She generally goes up early when we have company. You are favoured, Edwin. And how well she looks to-night! Such a brilliant colour! Poor Cliff thinks—Clifford, you must not

quite appropriate Miss Daere to-night. We want her."

Edwin had, in the meantime, sprung to his feet, and gone forward to meet the young girl, who was crossing the room in his direction.

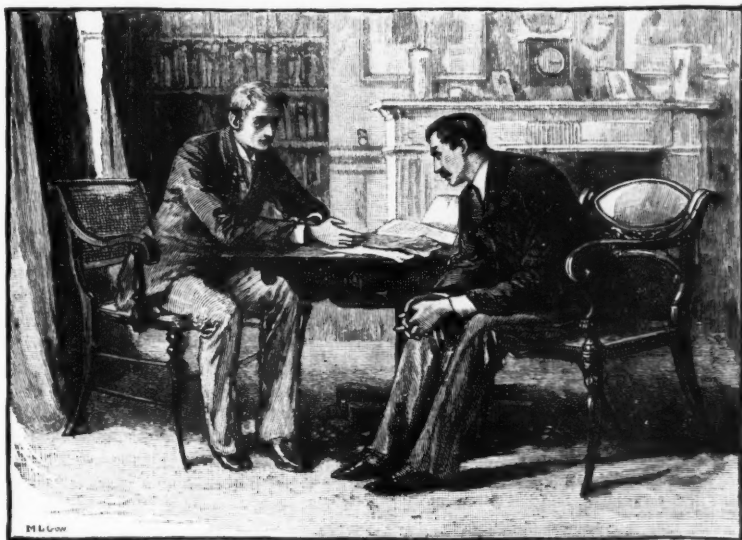
They shook hands quietly. Edwin tried to smile the queer smile that Evelyn knew so well; but the corners of his mouth were twitching dangerously. There was a tremulous sadness in her face—an appealing timidity in her sweet violet eyes—that was almost too much for him. So he had seen her again and again in his dreams—asking him for help—asking him for sympathy.

Commonplace words—"I am so glad to meet you again"—on the one side, and, on the other, "It is very kind of you to remember me at all." Not even Clifford, who was watching them jealously, could have detected anything extraordinary in their meeting. Nor, when Mrs. Delamaine called Evelyn to her side and made her take part in the conversation between herself and her nephew, did anyone in the room think it strange.

"He has been telling me something about his life in London, Ery," she said. "And I am so much interested. Another time? Nonsense, Edwin. Who knows when we shall have such a good opportunity? And I am writing to your mother. I shall begin my letter to-night while what you have told me is fresh

in my mind. You must not mind Evy. She is one of ourselves. Papa says the house would not be itself without her now. Why, you silly boy! it is to your credit.—Think, Evy!—No; you shall not prevent me from speaking, Edwin.—He was in such low water—those horrid publishers and people. I am sure it must be jealousy, for they treat Clifford just the same; only, of course, he has his father and me to fall back upon. They sent back all the clever things that Edwin offered them—every one. He was very near despair, and no wonder. Really," cried Mrs.

Two or three days later Edwin called again. It was at the same hour—shortly after dinner. Mrs. Delamaine and the girls were out at an evening entertainment; but Mr. Delamaine, whom Evelyn was doing her best to amuse, was in the drawing-room, and he received his nephew warmly. His work during the day was exacting, and he was often drowsy in the evening. After he had chatted with Edwin for a few moments, he dozed off in his arm-chair. When the third voice dropped out of their conversation, the two young people were talking



"He would not discourage the confidence that was offered to him."—p. 748.

Delamaine, carried away by her excitement, "one can't be surprised at clever young people taking the wrong road. They are responsible for a great deal—editors, and people of that sort, I mean. Why don't they think of their own sons and daughters, if they have any, and give a little encouragement sometimes?" So the good, kind woman rambled on. Being more than usually excited, she was more than usually talkative. Neither Evelyn nor Edwin was allowed to speak more than the one or two fragmentary words that gave her time to recover her breath before she started on one or another of her word-journeys. They did not hear all she said—these two young people—for a chorus, which it was well for her own peace of mind Mrs. Delamaine could not hear, was being carried on meanwhile. "Then I was right. I have really helped him. I am so glad!" from Evelyn. And from Edwin—"My friend: yes, my friend! Can I be her friend? I will, God helping me!"

So it went on during the whole evening.

about the voyage, and laughing over some of the funny little incidents which are so trivial at the moment of their occurrence, and so amusing to remember afterwards.

Then, naturally, and as if it were a thing for which she had been waiting, Evelyn began to tell her friend of the days that had followed her arrival in London.

Strangely simple were her confidences. She complained of no one. Her cry was, "They are all so kind to me." There was no trace in her of the misunderstood girl, thirsting for sympathy and appreciation. Her troubles, in fact, were rather about others than herself. The world was very large, and sadly incomprehensible. People suffered, and one could not help them. There had been moments—terrible moments—when she had thought the course of the world cruel. And how could that be when the great World-Father is over all? These, with other puzzles—old, old difficulties, yet ever new—

which meet the young soul when, issuing from the veil of unconsciousness in which God in His mercy has wrapped our childhood, it looks out upon the world, Evelyn brought to her new friend.

Gravely he listened, with, at the corner of his mouth, a queer little pucker, which was not a smile, though he was full of a sad sense of amusement over his position. He to be the guide and chosen confidant of a nature like this! Strange! But since it was so—since this curious phenomenon had really taken place—the sweet, innocent confidence should not be disappointed.

That evening he would not say much. More than once he found himself at a loss. To answer all these questions would require a wisdom such as he could not pretend to. He promised, however, to think it all out, and, if he found an answer, to bring it another day.

Once or twice some word whose wisdom astonished himself sprang to his lips. "Why, I am a philosopher without knowing it!" he said to himself. "If this goes on, it will be a case of her educating me, not I her."

The ice broken, they met again and again, and at other houses besides that of Evelyn's guardian. Edwin had begun to be recognised as a young man of talent, who possessed what are called fine social qualities, which meant that he could pay for his entertainment in the coin that an entertainer most dearly prizes. He could be amusing in a variety of admirable ways.

Evelyn, too, was going out a little, not because she liked it, for the effort was often painful to her, but because everyone said that it was time she should begin to exert herself. Her face always brightened when she saw Edwin, and, as the time went on, she relied on him more and more. There were moments when the perfection of her confidence alarmed Edwin—when he said to himself that he could not bear it, that it must come to an end.

Once—it was late that summer, when the London season was on the wane—he rushed out to his old nurse's cottage by the river, and begged her to let him stay with her for a few days.

He slept one night in the little room which they called his, and the next morning, to Sally's great disappointment, returned to Babylon.

"I have had an idea, Sally dear," he said, when he bade her good-bye; "you know I always get good ideas here."

For the tenderness he felt towards the young girl who had saved him from himself had long since passed out beyond the limits which his prudence had assigned to it; had grown into a passion that he could not always control. Only his God knew how hard he had to struggle to be what he was to this young girl. For the dreadful, the pitiful part of it was, that he believed it lay in his power to win her. She did not love him as he loved her. Of this Edwin was convinced. If she had been touched by the beautiful and terrible passion that shakes young hearts to

their centre, that passion was for another, not for him. But he whom she loved kept away. And she was alone. She longed for sympathy: she hungered after affection. How often—how often—he had read the hunger in her eyes!

If he offered her the affection and sympathy which she needed so sorely; if, knowing him, and trusting him as she did, she heard him speak the fateful word through which his secret should spring out into the light—what then? Would she come to him?

Sometimes, as he asked himself the question, Edwin would tremble like a child face to face with a spectre. And then, for a day or two, he would rush away from her presence, and try to regain in solitude the strength which he needed.

How was it all to end?

Circumstances over which neither Edwin nor Evelyn had any control were to answer this question for them.

CHAPTER XXL.—THE NEW MASTER.

THE little hinge on which—as it seemed afterwards to those interested in this history—its most important incidents turned was Pickles. Evelyn had continued her visits to Lamb's Court, and, partly incited thereto by Pickles' stories about his neighbours, she had made other friends besides himself and his mother in that miserable neighbourhood.

Edwin Merrill, too, busy as he was, still found time for his poor friends. Starting with Pickles and his mother, both of whom adored him, he had made a large circle of acquaintances in and about Lamb's Court. He was not able to do much for them, and, in fact, their friendship, amounting in some cases to enthusiasm, puzzled him as much as his sister's devotion and Evelyn's confidence. But when he saw that sad faces did really brighten at his coming; when he found that his talk, which he would say (less truly, perhaps, than he thought) was of the lightest description, amused those who had little in life to cheer them, he gave in to the inevitable. Their taste was singular, but it should be gratified.

Amongst his friends were several women, who, owing to a variety of causes, were obliged to support themselves, and, in some few saddest cases, an invalided husband and little children, by their own labour. Washing at the great laundries near at hand—a toil so hard and exacting that it broke down one after another—and plain needlework, which, after a certain sad, persevering fashion, the sickliest were able to carry on, formed the chief female industries of the Court. It was with the needlewomen that Edwin came chiefly into contact. When he could spare the time, he would spend an afternoon amongst them, trying, by his cheery, humorous talk, to lighten their dreary labour.

One day (a memorable one to Edwin) he started on one of his usual rounds. He would spend half an hour at one house and half an hour at another; and sometimes, the children being at school, and the

day warm, some of the women would congregate outside the door of one of them, and Edwin, who was at these times as courteous in his manners as if Lamb's Court were the precincts of a king's palace, would bring out chairs for his friends, and when a fair number of them were gathered together, he would tell a story or give a recitation, after his own inimitable fashion.

On this day—it was well on in July, and the weather was sultry—he made the usual dispositions. His poor friends looked more than ordinarily haggard and worn. Laughter would do them good, and, as it happened—Edwin's ideas always came at the right moment—he had something particularly amusing in his mind.

He meant to make money out of his idea by-and-by, he informed his friends parenthetically. So he hoped they would treat its communication as confidential. This made them all laugh, and while their faces were bright he began his tale. What it was—seeing that it has not yet appeared in print—we are not at liberty to divulge. Our business is with the audience, who, for all that Edwin's fun was of the most refined order, appreciated it thoroughly. It amazed him to see how his points told. No highly educated audience could have seized them more quickly. The sympathy of his listeners seemed to quicken his faculties, and he was giving himself with even more delight than usual to his congenial task, when, becoming aware of a little stir amongst the women, some of whom had risen to their feet, he pulled up suddenly.

"Go on, sir; please go on," said a young woman near him—the tale was at the most interesting point—"it's only Mr. Rook."

"Mr. Rook!" echoed Edwin. He had heard the name before, amongst the women.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," said a voice behind him. "I will go on, unless you will allow me to make one of your audience."

Turning hastily, Edwin saw a tall, well-dressed, and peculiarly handsome young man standing near him. Could this be the redoubted Mr. Rook?

"Oh, certainly," he said, with a courteous but somewhat puzzled smile, "if it gives you any pleasure. We might find you a chair."

"Thank you. I should prefer to stand," said the young man.

In a few moments Edwin was deep in his story again. He brought it to a more abrupt conclusion than he would have done if the stranger had not joined them. Not that he was embarrassed. He was accustomed to mixed audiences. But he saw that the attention of his listeners was diverted, and he would not keep them on the strain.

The story over, he got up, and with a nod right and left, and some cheery notice of the children, who, set free from school, were pouring into the Court, was about to move on, when the young man—his latest auditor—stopped him.

"Will you allow me to join you for a few

minutes?" he said. "I should like to make your acquaintance. My name is Rook."

Edwin replied, with his queer little smile, that he was very much at Mr. Rook's service, and they went on slowly together down the street, talking as is common with people who, meeting for the first time, are trying to feel their way one with the other, on topics of indifferent interest.

Edwin, meanwhile, was occupied with a puzzle of his own. Who was this handsome, aristocratic looking youth, and why was his face familiar to him? He felt nearly positive that he had seen him before, but, cudgel his brains as he would, he could not recall the occasion.

"You know this neighbourhood well?" he said, when, he having allowed his companion to take the lead, they had gone through two or three of the dull, monotonous streets of working-men's houses that abound in this district.

"Oh, no!" answered the young man, with an ingenuous blush, "I am only feeling my way. That is one reason why I wanted to speak to you. I have heard of you so many times amongst these people. They speak of you with enthusiasm. You seem to understand them."

"Oh! as to understanding them," said Edwin, "I don't know. I like them, poor souls! and, curiously enough, they like me. I like to be liked, and I do my best to encourage their kind feeling. One of my acquaintances in Lamb's Court I made on ship-board. The others grew out of that one. I have a trick, as you may have noticed, of making people laugh. It isn't a very brilliant gift, but it has its uses. Honest laughter does honest hearts good, and lightens the load of sad ones. That's my experience here, at least. Their lives are very dreary, poor souls!"

"Terribly dreary!" said the young man.

"Yes, but we mustn't think in too exaggerated a way. There are alleviations. Little things please them. They are not in the least *blasé*," said Edwin, with a laugh. "I have one or two ideas about these people. I can't carry them out, unfortunately—"

"Oh!" interrupted the young man, "I wish you would pass them on to me. Can you spare this evening? If you can, come home with me and tell me what you would do, if you had time and money and opportunities, as I have."

"Where do you live?" asked Edwin.

"For the present, close by. But I have no settled home just now. I am living about amongst my work-people, to try and find out what their condition really is."

"You are a master, then?"

"Yes; the business which has made my fortune came to me unexpectedly a few months ago. I knew nothing about it beforehand. I was educated for a different sphere. And now," he spoke very sadly, "I am like a blind man groping his way in the dark. I want to make happier the lives of those who helped to make my wealth, and I want to be just and wise, to make no sudden changes, to avoid Quixotism and extravagance."



"I don't think I quite know myself."—p. 750.

"You find unexpected difficulties?" said Edwin.

"Difficulties!" cried the young master, impulsively, "there is nothing but difficulties. The very workpeople suspect me. When I try to deal with them directly—without contractors and middlemen, I mean—they think it is a subtle scheme further to enrich myself. My own employés, to a man, are against me. The most valuable have given up their berths. I am brought up at every turn by what they call economic laws. One hits me here, one there. It is a question whether, worked according to my ideas, the business will be able to keep going at all. So, at least, everyone tells me. But I have a large reserve to fall back upon, and I mean to work out the problem to the end."

As he spoke, they stopped before the door of a small house in the Wandsworth Road.

"I am lodging here," said the young man; "will you come in? You can't think," as Edwin hesitated, "what your advice and assistance may mean to us."

"I was wondering whether I could spare the time.

But I think my work can wait," said Edwin. He added, as they entered the house, "You must not think too much of my ideas. They are of the crudest."

The conversation that followed interested Edwin deeply, for Mr. Rook, the large employer of female labour, was curiously frank with him. Why he should be so it puzzled Edwin to imagine; but finding himself, in spite of a certain dull, disappointed feeling, which would creep into his heart, full to the brim of admiration and sympathy, he would not discourage the confidence that was offered to him. Before he had been half an hour in the house he knew why the face of this young man was so familiar to him, and why the sentiments he had expressed seemed like the echo of something he had heard before. He knew who was the tall, handsome, dark-browed servant, in livery of brown and red, who waited upon them, addressing his young master in a soft foreign tongue, and why there was a look of protest in his face, as he moved about the plainly furnished rooms.

The two were Reginald Stirling—Evelyn's Regy, the exquisite little gentleman, whose likeness, taken when he was a boy, she had often shown to her friend—and Giuseppe, the Italian serving-man, who had accompanied him to England.

When Reginald asked Edwin Merrill to go with him to his lodgings, he had really intended to do nothing more than consult him about his work, but the manner of his new friend produced the same effect upon him as it had done upon others—Mary Merrill and Evelyn, and Sally Carpenter, and the poor men and women on board the *Iberia*, and in the dull London streets; and without giving much consideration to what he was doing, he found himself embarked on his own story.

How he had been brought up in complete ignorance of his father's affairs ("Love blinded him," said Reginald feelingly, "he wished to save me the troubles he had gone through himself"); how, during his father's last illness, when he was too far gone to be consulted about anything, those who had been in treaty with him for the purchase of his first business, that through which he made the beginnings of his fortune, came to him, Reginald, as Mr. Stirling's legitimate representative, to bring the matter to a conclusion; how he learned then, for the first time, what his father's business had been; learned, further, that before the memorable journey to Italy, when he met the Countess Guicciola and her daughter, he had changed his name from Rook, under which name he and his brother, who became later sole manager of the business, had carried it on; how, after his father's death, which followed shortly

upon these revelations, he had bought his uncle, James Rook, out of the business, which was that of a wholesale clothier, had resumed his father's former name, and had undertaken the task of management himself:—all this, with much more, Reginald told his new friend that evening.

And Edwin listened, sympathetically, and with a friendly interest that drew his companion on, but never revealing why his interest was so strong, or in whose behalf he was treasuring up what he heard. The evening drew to a close. After promises of future meetings, they bade one another good-night; and sad and thoughtful, yet with a curious upspringing of heart, Edwin returned to his solitary rooms. He was an artist in a small way, as well as a poet, and some time before, when he was fresh from his voyage, he had drawn, in delicate outline, the profile of a woman's face. He was pleased with the little picture, and he had framed it and hung it over his writing-desk. In what he called his wild days he had put it away. Since his visit to Sally Carpenter he had hung it in its former place, and there he found it, when, with his head full of what he had been hearing, he set himself to his work for the *Pioneer*. Nothing is so disturbing to the intellectual faculties as indecision of mind. While Edwin was writing, or trying to write, a conflict was going on within him.

"Shall I, or shall I not? The question lies in a nutshell. Do I want her happiness, or do I want my own? How can I know what is for her happiness? I can know. I do know. He is a magnificent young fellow—and—yes, Edwin Merrill, you may face it at once: he loves her, and she loves him. It is only his Quixotic folly that keeps them apart. You could set that right if you chose. The question is, do you?"

And then again: "Wait a little. There is no need for hurry. You know nothing for certain yet." His pen dropped from his hands. He looked up at the portrait over his desk.

"Have you waited long enough, my darling?" he whispered. "You saved me—saved me from death—from worse than death—from despair and ruin—and now, when I can help you— Ah! I cannot bear it."

Poor fellow! It was only yesterday he had begun to conquer his scruples and to consider whether he could not trust himself. He had, even in a sleepless hour of the night, dreamed a waking dream—what he should say (ah! Edwin, you would have no difficulty in finding words)—what she would answer. Was it necessary to trample upon his dearest feelings? Must he fling away, ruthlessly and for ever, the hope that had crept into his heart? He turned away from the portrait, and, to shut it out, buried his face in his hands. "I cannot," he said to himself half-aloud, "I cannot!"

Scarcely had the words escaped him before a sharp pain, the like of which he had experienced only once before in his lifetime, shot through his side and breast; and, white with agony, he flung himself on his

bed. There he lay for a few minutes, unable so much as to think. He knew what it meant. By his own imprudence the door of his life-citadel had been opened to the foe that had carried away one member after another of his family. He might live on for years, but he was a stricken man. He had fallen maimed in the race of life.

When, free from pain, but weak as a child, Edwin rose from his bed, the queer little smile which his friends knew was puckering his lips. "This has decided it," he said to himself.

Once more, before he returned to his work, he looked up at the portrait over his desk, and this time he could have fancied that the lips were smiling. "I will, darling, I will," he said aloud, and he added, in a lower tone, "God helping me!"

CHAPTER XXII.—EDWIN MERRILL'S MISSION.

WHAT had come to Edwin Merrill? For more than a week neither Mr. Delamaine nor any member of his family had seen him. His aunt became uneasy, and called at his lodgings. "I don't mean to let him escape us again," she said. She heard that he was out, and on the day following her visit, when the family were gathered together for breakfast, she received a note which set her mind temporarily at rest: "Thank you a thousand times for your inquiries. It is very good of you to be so anxious about me," he wrote ("What a warm heart the poor boy has!" commented good Mrs. Delamaine, who was reading the note aloud to such of the family as cared to listen). "I have been very much occupied and not very well. But I hope to pay you a visit soon. Remember me kindly to everyone, and tell Miss Dacre that I am bringing her good news about an old friend."

"There, Evelyn! what do you say to that?" said Mrs. Delamaine, folding up her letter.

Evelyn, who had missed Edwin, and had been wondering over his long absence, said quietly that she hoped he would come soon.

"But who is the old friend?" asked Mrs. Delamaine.

"The Prince, of course," said Agnes, smiling maliciously. "Don't blush so, Evelyn. Princes may go into obscurity for a time, but they always re-appear."

"Princes!" echoed Adelaide.

"Oh! don't you know?" said Julia. "The old joke. Young Mr. Stirling."

Mr. Delamaine, who was deep in his paper, caught the last words, and looked up. "Young Mr. Stirling!" he said. "I want to see him on business. Can anyone give me his address?"

"The girls think Edwin knows where he is," began Mrs. Delamaine. "But——"

"Edwin Merrill? I will drop a line to him to-day." And Mr. Delamaine plunged into his paper again.

"Papa has run away with a wrong idea, and we

shall never be able to set him right," whispered Mrs. Delamaine.

"Oh! never mind. Edwin will explain," said Agnes lightly. "Come along, Evelyn. I mean you to take me for a drive this morning."

Throughout that day Evelyn was haunted by the message in Edwin's letter, which gave rise to all sorts of curious speculations. "Good news of an old friend!" Was it really absurd to think that the words might refer to Regy? Evelyn believed he was in London. He had written to her a short time ago, and his letter, which was unaddressed, bore the London postmark. There had been something curious, hurried, reserved about it. He said he did not quite know yet where he would live or what he should do. When his plans were more settled he would write to her again. A string of puzzles for poor little Evelyn, who, in spite of what Lady Olive Cunningham had said, clung to her original idea—that her dear Regy had fallen upon evil days, and that a fantastic sense of honour kept him away from her. If this were so, and if Edwin came in contact with him; if—and how natural that would be—he confided in Edwin, as she had done, was it not possible—? So far, and no farther, went the fluttered, anxious thoughts, ending, as thoughts of the kind are wont to do, in radiant vaguenesses.

A hundred times that day Evelyn pulled her thoughts into line. How absurd to build so much upon so little! The old friend would be someone they had met on board the *Iberia*. Of course! How stupid of her not to have guessed as much at first! Down—down—went the poor little heart, cold as ice, heavy as lead! But only to spring up again, irrepressible. In the evening she looked so worn that Rose was in despair. "You'll be wearing yourself to nothing, miss dear," she said plaintively. "Do, for pity's sake, be a little idle!"

"Why, it seems to me, Rose," said Evelyn, smiling, "that I have done nothing but think and gossip all day."

"It's the thinking that kills, Miss Evy," said wise little Rose.

There was to be a musical party at the Delamaines' that evening, and Rose, whose greatest pleasure it was to make her young mistress look beautiful, dressed her in a long robe of black lace, and fastened strings of pearls round her throat, and pinned white roses and maidenhair fern, which she had gone out that afternoon to choose for her herself, in exquisitely arranged groups in her hair and dress.

She would not let Evelyn look at herself while she was being dressed; but, when the last flower was pinned into its place, she drew forward the pier-glass triumphantly.

Evelyn looked and gave a little cry of pleasure. It would not have been in human nature to have resisted a certain joyful upspringing of heart as she looked at the image in the glass. "I don't think I quite know myself, dear Rose," she said tremulously.

"Oh! but I do!—but I do! And God bless you,

and give you happiness! It would be a cold heart that could resist you, anyway," said poor little Rose.

Evelyn knew it was no flattery. It was pure, honest, irrepressible love, and, touched to the heart, she held out both her hands. "Kiss me, Rose!" she said impulsively. Then, in a lower tone, "God send you happiness, too, dear."

The dinner-hour passed by as usual. Mr. Delamaine, when asked if Edwin Merrill had given him young Stirling's address, was reticent. "By-the-by, Edwin may look in this evening," he said.

"Oh! I do hope he will," cried Mrs. Delamaine. "He might give us some music or a recitation. You say he recites well, Evelyn?"

"He recites splendidly."

"You must ask him. By the way, how pretty you have made yourself to-night! Did Rose arrange your flowers?"

"Yes, every one of them. I hope there are not too many," said Evelyn, her colour rising, for the three Miss Delamaines were all looking at her.

"Oh, no; people wear them so now," said Mrs. Delamaine. "When I was a girl——"

"Rose has improved," interrupted Agnes. "I think we made a mistake in passing her on to you, Evelyn."

"She does her best now," said Julia, "which she certainly did not do when she was our maid."

"Perhaps you didn't take the right way with her," suggested Mrs. Delamaine.

"I expect servants to learn my ways. I don't study theirs," said Julia.

"Oh! of course; quite right," murmured peace-loving Mrs. Delamaine. "Come, Evelyn, my love. Don't be late in coming to the drawing-room, papa. People want so much amusing at a musical party."

In the drawing-room, Evelyn, whose thoughts were still troublesome, took up a book, and got away into a quiet corner.

The guests of the evening began to arrive. The Delamaines' was a popular house, and they had engaged one or two musicians of world-wide reputation to perform that evening. Large as the drawing-room was, it was soon quite full. Evelyn, who knew very few, was gazing out a little dreamily into the fashionably dressed crowd, when she caught sight of the strongly marked face, animated with its strange, half-sad, half-humorous smile, which she had learned to know so well. Her heart certainly beat a little faster when she saw it, but whether that quickening of the pulses was caused by the sight of Edwin, or by anticipation of the news he had to bring her, is a question which we may not attempt to decide.

He was looking round for her, she believed, and as she was, by this time, too firmly wedged into her corner to be able to move out of it easily, she made a little friendly sign that he should join her.

He was a little time on the way, but he managed to reach her at last. The musical part of the entertainment had, in the meantime, been begun by Julia, who was at the piano, and playing in her most

dashing style. "My cousin Julia has started conversation with a vengeance," said Edwin, as he dropped into a seat beside Evelyn. "What a Babel!"

"Is it too much for you?" said Evelyn, looking at him anxiously, and observing with deep concern how haggard and pale he looked.

"On the contrary, it suits me exactly. I wanted to be able to talk to you. I have something very particular to say."

He was dashing into his task. If he had hesitated one moment he might have been lost. She looked lovelier than ever to-night, and how kindly her soft eyes rested upon him! "I am sure you are not well," she repeated. "You ought not to have come."

"Please don't mind my looks, he said, almost impatiently. "I have had one of my old attacks—nothing to make a fuss about. I am quite myself again now. Yes, I can assure you."

He looked away from her. "Did you receive the message in my letter?" he asked.

"Yes; and it has been puzzling me ever since. You had good news, you said, about an old friend." Her voice was tremulous, but she tried to keep it calm. "Someone, I suppose, whom we met on board the *Iberia*?" she went on.

"Oh, no; a much older friend," said Edwin, smiling.

"Older!" She clasped her hands together.

He was still looking away from her. He did not—he would not—see the look of eager longing in her eyes. But he knew that it was there, and he spoke quietly—almost solemnly. "It is a shame to keep you any longer in suspense," he said; "and the old friend is a young friend, after all—Reginald Stirling."

"Regy!" There was no mistaking the expression of her face—the light that leapt into her eyes. "Oh!" she cried, "tell me about him!—tell me about him! Did you see him your very own self? Is he well? Why has he been so mysterious? How silent you are, Edwin! Is anything the matter? But you said it was good news."

"And so it is, dear Miss Dacre; and as soon as I am allowed to speak——"

"Speak! speak! go on speaking! I will not say another word. You saw him?"

"Yes, with these very same eyes that are looking at you. It was by what may be called an accident that we met. By-the-by, we must thank our little friend Pickles for it. I was telling one of my very best stories, in my very best style, to Pickles' mother and her friends. I regret to say that we were seated outside, not inside, her house. We attracted the attention of a passer-by. No doubt he thought us mad at first——"

"Yes, yes! Oh! Edwin, how delightful you are," cried the young girl.

"Curiously enough, he seemed to think so too. He was so obliging as to listen to my story, out there in the open street. When it was over he introduced

himself. Imagine my feelings! Mr. Rook, the new master, the large employer of female labour."

"I thought——" murmured Evelyn.

"Patience, my dear Miss Dacre! The point of my story is coming. Mr. Rook and I left Lamb's Court together. We had a little conversation by the way. He puzzled me. I thought I had seen him before. I was sure his sentiments were familiar to me. He asked me into his house, which, by-the-by, is close to Lamb's Court, and we spent the evening together. Do you begin to understand?"

A light was dawning upon Evelyn. She remembered what Lady Olive Cunningham had told her.

"I think I do," she said, in a broken voice. "Mr. Rook is my own Regy. But why——?"

"Ah!" said Edwin, with a strange smile, "he must tell you that himself."

"Is he coming?" cried the girl breathlessly.

"He is here—waiting to see you."

"Here?" She sprang to her feet and looked round her wildly. "Why didn't you tell me? Where is he?"

"Try to be calm," said Edwin. She turned and looked at him. There was an expression in his face which cooled her, she could not tell why.

"I will try," she said in a broken voice.

"Give me your hand, then, and, for this once, let me place it on my arm. There, Evelyn. Do not tremble, dear. We have to make our way through this crowd of people. They are beginning another burst on the piano. If Herr Görst plays with his usual force it will be noisy. Now is our moment. Mr. Rook is in Mr. Delamaine's library. How happy you look, Evelyn!"

She did not hear him. That her hand was resting on his arm, that the people whom they were passing were looking at her curiously, that there were murmurs of admiration here and there, that Mrs. Delamaine, who, as we know, could not move quickly, was making signs that she should join her—of all this, and of the music that the great German was drawing out of the piano, and of the Babel of many tongues which made its accompaniment, Evelyn was unconscious. Her one thought was Regy.

At the door of the library Edwin paused, and taking the little hand from his arm, held it for one moment in his.

"Two is company and three is none," he said, looking down with a smile into Evelyn's rapturous face. "Good-night, dear. I wish you joy!"

"Thank you," she murmured. "You are very kind."

In the next moment she was alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.—IN MR. DELAMAINE'S LIBRARY.

WHEN, with a beating heart and glowing cheeks, Evelyn went into the library, her eyes were so dim that she could at first see no one. Thinking that Reginald had left the room, and would return to it, she stood silent for a few moments, pressing her

hands to her eyes. She longed to see him, and yet she was glad of this pause. Ah! how many thoughts—how many sad, sweet memories—came crowding in upon her as she stood there! In a moment—in less than a moment—they came. For Eternity is wrapped up in the throbbing human heart, and when it forgets itself, when it goes out into the invisible, time and space exist for it no more.

She came to herself with a start. Was this London, or was it the drawing-room of the Villa Odyssea? and was it, oh! was it Regy, the dear friend of her childhood, her mother's darling, and her father's disciple and friend, whom she expected to see? Or was she dreaming, as she had so often dreamed before? Even while she wondered, he came out from the shadows that had hidden him, and stood beside her.

Poor Regy! To him, too, it is a strange moment. Only last night he heard it all—heard that she thought of him—longed for him; was persuaded by him of the silver tongue that in his determination not to entangle one dearer than his own life in the troubles and difficulties that were hemming him in he was acting, not nobly, as he had thought, but foolishly; was persuaded that he ought at least to give her the opportunity of choosing for herself. And ever since he has been thinking of this moment—how wise he would be—how prudent. Not one word of love would he speak until she had heard his story. And now—where is his prudence? where is his reticence? Gone, like vapours before the full blaze of an Italian noon.

"Evy!" he cries. "It is you; you have come to me!"

Strange! His agitation gives the young girl confidence. She had trembled when she first came into the room. She does not tremble now. Reassuringly she holds out her hand, and an expression, the loveliest that even Reginald has ever seen in her face, shines from her sweet violet eyes.

"Of course I came, dear," she said softly. "How could I help it?"

"Evy! Evy!" Poor boy-emperor! The master of himself and his creations! He cannot so much as command his words. All he can do is to repeat her name.

"Sit down, dear," she says; "I want to speak to you about so many things. But why did you not come sooner? All these months I have been longing to see you."

"You have wanted to see me—really, Evy?"

"Of course I have. Surely you must have known! I knew it was something great—one of the works that my dearest father and you used to speak about—that kept you away," said Evelyn. "But I did think you might have told me what it was."

"I meant to, Evy, and I will; but it is not great—and—and——" he brushed his hand before his eyes. "I think I should have written first," he said. "To-night—isn't it foolish, Evy?—I can't think of anything but that I am seeing you. How lovely

you are to-night, darling!—your dress, and your hair, and those pearls round your neck!"

"Regy, you flattering!"

"It is not flattery. It is—I don't know what it is."

"You think me changed, Regy?" she said tremulously.

"No, no, you are yourself. There! That is the smile I know. I wish we were children again, Evy."

"We are not children, Regy."

"We are not children, dearest. We are man and woman." His voice broke as he went on. "But that is no reason why we should keep apart, Evy; there is a love which is beyond the love of children. Could you—could you—give me that?"

The poor girl's heart gave a great bound. Regy stammering and faltering before her! How strange it was! Too strange! She could not bear it.

"You know," she began, and then broke off and burst into tears.

In a moment he was standing before her, his dark, beautiful face looking down into her face; his strong hands holding hers.

"What is it, darling? What is it?" he faltered. "Have I said anything to hurt you?"

"No, no! It is that I am too happy, Regy. I am only a poor, simple girl. I—I—shall be con-ceited," said Evelyn, smiling through her tears.

"I will not move, Evelyn, until you tell me."

"Tell you what, you silly boy?"

"You know, dear."

"Do I, Regy?"

"Evy, we are not pretending. This is the most serious moment of our lives."

"Then sit down, Regy; sit beside me, and put your hand in mine. See how serious I am now. Oh! if *they* were only here!" cried Evelyn, her voice trembling.

"It was their wish that we should come together, Evy. I would have spoken then, when you were left alone. It was very hard not to speak. But I had promised your father. He said you were too young—you must see a little more of the world. I was to come again in a year. That would have been three months ago. I meant to come when the time was fulfilled, and then other things came. But I cannot speak of that to-night."

"No; we shall have time enough for everything. You will come often now, Regy?"

"Every day, if you like. And you will come and see what I am doing?"

"Oh! yes, yes. Do you know, I am full of curiosity. And are we to see each other every day now? It is too delightful! It is like a dream! I shall be afraid to go to sleep to-night, lest I should wake and find the dream gone. Regy, do you think people can be too happy?"

"My darling!" he murmured; "if I had only known!"

"Known what, Regy?"

"That you cared so much, Evy. I might never have known if he had not found me out."

"Ah! that dear, good, delightful Edwin! What do you think of him, Regy?"

"I think that he is the wisest and best and noblest of human beings!"

"That is delightful. So do I! so do I!" cried Evelyn.

They talked on for a little time longer, when Reginald remembered suddenly that it was late, and Evelyn awoke to the consciousness that there were sounds outside of rattling wheels and tramping horses.

"Why, they are all going away! You will be the last, Regy," she said. "Are you going into the drawing-room again?"

"I think I must say good-night to Mr. Delamaine. He has been very kind to me."

"Then I will slip away. I really cannot face anyone but Rose to-night."

"And who is Rose?"

"Oh! you will hear plenty of Rose by-and-by. Regy," she murmured, "don't keep me. I must go. And we are to meet again to-morrow."

"To-morrow, and the next day, and the next. Oh, Evy, how happy, how thankful I am! And after these terrible weeks and months! Some day I will tell you about them. Why have we so much more joy than others?"

"Perhaps that we may make them happier. Regy, do you remember—long ago—one day when we were playing out on the loggia of the Odyssey, you were the Roman Emperor?" She smiled sadly.

"And I wanted to conquer the world."

"And he said— Do you remember, Regy?"

"Yes; I remember. I have thought of it again and again. 'There is a force—the mightiest in all the universe.' It has been given to us in full measure, Evy."

"We will give it to others, Regy."

He took her by both hands, and looked long and earnestly into the still depths of her loving eyes.

"Yes, we will give it," he said. "By love we will win the world to our ideas. Who will be able to resist us?"

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONCLUSION.

BUT few more words are needed to bring this first part of the history of Reginald and Evelyn to a conclusion.

Under what name they were married, and where they took up their abode, and after what fashion they are carrying on the work to which they vowed themselves on that summer evening, when the Waters of Babylon by which they had been sadly wandering opened out before them, it is not our province to relate.

One word about the days that preceded their marriage. Reginald, who, as we shall remember, had been brought up in Italy, surrounded by the aristocratic traditions of his mother's family, was morbidly afraid of the effect upon others of the discovery which had given so painful a shock to

himself. He expected, indeed, in spite of Edwin's assurances to the contrary, that Evelyn's guardian would object to him as a husband for his ward, on the ground of their difference of station.

It was exactly the reverse of this that happened. Mr. Delamaine, who seemed surprised that he had not come to him before, threw no obstacles whatever in the way of his marriage with Evelyn. During the weeks that intervened between the evening of that interview in the library and the yearly family flight to Brighton, the Prince, as Agnes persisted in calling him, was a frequent visitor at the Delamaines', where he became so popular that he was forgiven for not falling in love with the handsome Julia.

When the wedding-day was fixed, and the settlements were being laid before the lovers, they found out, to their deep emotion, to whom they owed this freedom from the rubs and hindrances that in most



"In a moment he was standing before her."—p. 752.

eases fret the course of true love. Then the tongue of the dead spoke plainly.

Sir John Dacre, being fearful probably that his daughter, if left early alone, might fall a prey to fortune-hunters, had, during his last visit to Rome, altered the conditions of his will.

To his child he left ostensibly enough only of his property to enable her to live in comfort. The bulk of his possessions in land and money he left to his executor, Mr. Delamaine. The bequest was accompanied by a secret trust. If, as Sir John hoped, his daughter married Reginald Stirling, the property, allowing for a certain legacy to his executor, was to be made over to Evelyn and Reginald "jointly for the furtherance" (so the words of the trust) "of the good works in which my friend Reginald will be then engaged." If the marriage did not take place, Evelyn was to wait for her inheritance, hearing nothing of it in the meantime, until she should have reached the age of twenty-eight years.

It was his contentment, in escaping from the burden of this secret trust, the conditions of which he had begun to fear would not be fulfilled until the latter alternative was reached, that made Mr. Delamaine welcome Reginald so warmly. As a solicitor, and a man of sense, he had strong objections to peculiar wills—those of them, at least, that did not bring grist to his mill.

Before Evelyn was married an event happened which gave her the sincerest pleasure. One evening her little maid, Rose, came to her with so glowing a face, and looking so pretty, that she could not help remarking her. "What is it, Rose?" she said; "you look much happier than usual." Whereupon Rose gave a little laugh, and began to be very busy about the room. "Don't look at me, Miss Evy," she said.

"But I will, Rose. Come, you are not going to have secrets from me at this time of day," said Evelyn.

"Is it secrets, Miss Evy? But it won't be secrets long," cried Rose. She stopped in her work, and began to laugh softly. "The great, big baby that he is! Why, if you'll believe me, he began to cry, and I, that was only teasing him! The way he loves me!" Her voice broke, and her laughing eyes were dim with tears. "Miss Evy, it's more than I could bear, and so I said—I said——"

"What, Rose? Who? Go on."

"I said I'd marry him, dear. Didn't I tell you who? Oh! Miss Evy; but sure enough you know. That great, big baby of a Giuseppe! And, darling Miss Evy, we'll be married the same time as you, and he's to be Mr. Regy's servant, and I'm to be yours. And is it any wonder I'm happy?"

"I am happy, too, said Evelyn," holding out her hands to her little maid. "But, Rose, you are sure you love him?"

"Love him! And he so handsome, and with such soft-like manners," said Rose; "why, most of the gentlemen that come here ain't fit to hold a candle to him, Miss Evy. And I'm teaching him English,

and he's teaching me Italian, so that I may be useful to you when we go abroad."

A visit to the Countess Guicciola, who had returned to her former home at Posilipo, near Naples, and a pilgrimage to Capri, were to form part of the short wedding journey which Reginald and Evelyn had promised themselves. This engagement of Rose's, which was duly carried out shortly before her own marriage, seemed to give the crowning touch to Evelyn's happiness.

There was one little cloud on the sunshine of their brilliant days. She wanted to see Edwin, to thank him for his goodness to herself and Regy—to explain why she had been so absent and irresponsible that night—and she could find no opportunity. He never came to the Delamaines' now. He was ill, or he was busy. He was seldom to be seen even in Lamb's Court. It seemed to Evelyn sometimes that he avoided her.

Hoping to see him once at least before leaving England, she wrote him an urgent little note of invitation to her wedding, which was to take place at Brighton in the month of October. The invitation was accepted, and she believed she would see him; but on the evening when he was expected—that preceding the great day—instead of coming himself he sent a letter of excuse. He had not been feeling very well for some days, he wrote, and his old nurse, Mrs. Carpenter, who had paid him a visit, and been shocked—most unnecessarily, he believed—by his appearance, would insist upon carrying him off to her home in the country.

The letter contained an enclosure. It was a brief notice in print of the dedication and endowment of a new cot in a children's hospital, which, some months before, Evelyn and Edwin had visited together, to see a little child of Lamb's Court, who had met with a serious accident.

In the printed notice the cot, which was named the "Evelyn Cot," was said to be given anonymously. Edwin's letter supplied the explanation. So she read it. Evelyn's throat swelled, and her eyes filled with tears. Thus nobly, generously, delicately, did her friend repay what he looked upon as a debt.

"It is I who have given the Evelyn Cot to the hospital," he wrote, "and I recommend it to you. Will you accept the charge in remembrance of our friendship? I am writing solemnly, you will say. I am afraid I feel a little solemn to-day. This letter is a sort of last farewell. My doctor has seen me to-day, and he orders me back to Australia before the winter. It is doubtful whether I shall ever muster energy enough to cross the ocean again; and in that case I may never see you more. So I leave you this cot as a memorial. When you choose little patients to occupy it, and when you visit them and interest yourself in their welfare, you will perhaps remember one who must always, wherever he may be, remember you with the warmest affection and the deepest gratitude."

THE END.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "LEADERS IN MODERN PHILANTHROPY."

SECOND PAPER. SOME BRITISH HOMES FOR CHILDREN.



A CANDIDATE:
ENTERING PARTICULARS.

It is now some four or five-and-twenty years since a young medical student attached to the London Hospital, in the White-chapel Road, who had been conducting a voluntary night-school among rough boys and girls, the children of the neighbourhood, found himself confronted with a pupil not to be easily got quit of. After the class had been dismissed, a little ragged boy remained

standing near the large fire at the end of the room, as if decidedly of opinion that it would be more comfortable to spend the bitter wintry night there than in any of the wretched hiding holes to which fear of the police compelled a homeless child to resort. At first Dr. Barnardo would not believe the boy when, in answer to the question where he lived, he doggedly replied, "Don't live nowhere." But when the boy solemnly assured him that many other boys were in the like predicament, and when he offered to take him along and show him the open-air hiding places where they would be spending that very night, it seemed reasonable to put his story to the test. So, fortified with a cup of hot coffee, he and Dr. Barnardo at length sallied forth, the boy telling his own miserable tale, and the kindly medical student slipping in a word respecting Him who came to save. Somewhere near Houndsditch they came upon an empty shed, but no boys lay there—it was too much under the observation of the police. Scrambling up a wall without any help from a ladder, they reached the roof of the shed, and there, beyond all doubt, lay eleven boys in miserable rags and without other covering of any description, some coiled up like dogs, others huddled two or three together, others more apart. The average age was from nine to fourteen. In the severity of a winter night they lay asleep, their faces pale with cold and hunger. And this was only one little colony of a much larger

community. "There's lots more," said the poor boy; but Dr. Barnardo had seen enough to set his heart in motion, and his brains too, for he must find some way of saving them.

And the step to which he was directed was to open a little home in Stepney with accommodation for five-and-twenty, which was occupied from the beginning with poor homeless boys, gathered by him from such places as we have described, glad indeed of the shelter that enabled them to spend their nights so very differently from the time when they lived "nowhere." A man that had five-and-twenty boys on his hands would probably be inclined to think that these hands were pretty full. But it is wonderful how the capacity of one's hands may increase. During the two dozen years that have intervened, Dr. Barnardo's hands have been undergoing a very wonderful expansion. His family at the present moment amounts to some two thousand. In all, some ten thousand children have passed under his care, most of whom have had in some way to be set out in the world, and furnished with ways of living creditably. It goes without saying that that little fellow who had lived nowhere has turned the whole current of Dr. Barnardo's life. Instead of devoting himself to cure diseased bodies, he has devoted himself to save soul and body together, and that on a scale so great as to seem incredible.

It would occupy many pages to enumerate the various steps by which Dr. Barnardo advanced from his "small beginnings" to the vast ramifications of benevolence by which he is now caring for two thousand children. When one begins to work among neglected children, one finds that many different contrivances have to be resorted to to meet the case. What is suitable for boys may not be well adapted for girls. Something like classification must be employed, especially for those who are more advanced in years, and more civilised in habits than the "green" material that is constantly being added to the stock. Many of the children are diseased, and must be separated from the healthy, and cared for in hospitals. So Dr. Barnardo was not content merely to extend his Stepney Home for Boys. When he began to take charge of girls he soon discovered that it is far better to rear them in homes where there is a real family life, than in barracks, which he still considers to be fairly adapted for boys. Village homes in Essex, in Jersey, and I believe in other places, were soon added to the establishment. Then accommodation had to be provided for the Shoeblock Brigade; a Labour House had to be found for destitute youths, where they might get some training for work; a Free Registry



COMING BY TRAIN.

for girls in search of situations; an All-night Refuge to receive destitute children; and, when Dr. Barnardo added an emigration scheme to his other projects, depôts and distributing homes had to be found at Peterborough and Toronto in Canada. And no one must suppose that the aspirations of Dr. Barnardo's heart were fulfilled by providing merely for the temporal comfort and well-being of the children. The great motive that impelled him was that they were God's creatures, and until God's image should be restored both to soul and body, the grand object of his operations remained unfulfilled. How thoroughly all parts of his work are pervaded by the missionary spirit, and directed to the great end of bringing the children to Christ, and training them for His service, no one can be an hour in his company, or can read a single report or brochure he has issued, without finding the most ample proof.

It is only recently that Dr. Barnardo has added an Emigration Home to his operations. The first, or

among the first, by whom the idea of emigration as a great means of saving destitute British children, was turned into a reality, was Miss Macpherson. And there was a fitness in a lady taking the lead in a plan which lays so much stress on family life, and is so successful in bringing its sunny influence to bear on our poor city waifs. Miss Macpherson's work, too, began as a grain of mustard-seed. Deeply imbued with the spirit of the Mildmay Conference (it was at Barnet then), and full of the desire to do work for the Lord, she had begun her Christian service in Cambridgeshire, but, at the urgent request of Christian friends, she became a labourer in the "East End." But she little thought to what her labours there were to grow. And no vestige of conception could she have had then that the great outlet for her rescued thousands would be found over the sea and far away in distant Canada. Her first care was for "the little matchmakers," the poor mites of humanity that were turned into infant slaves to make boxes for lucifer matches. In 1869 she was able to get possession of the spacious building, now so well known as the "Home of Industry," which has been the centre of so much varied work, and the recipient of such ample blessing. Fancy a lady building her nest, and inviting her dearest friends to come and be with her, in a spot surrounded by 130,000 of the poorest of the poor, amid thieves' kitchens, tramps' lodging-houses, costermongers' dens, and the vilest haunts of iniquity! Two years before, she had accompanied a sister with her family to New York, to help them to get settled, but owing to the ill-health of her brother-in-law, the family had to return to England as they went. But they did not return without ideas. Miss Macpherson had got a new view in New York of what faith and courage could enable Christian women to do for their Lord, and perhaps she had got a glimpse of the thought that our own unoccupied West, with its great demand for labour, and for such labour as children could give, might form a receptacle for her rescued waifs.



Faith Making



The first emigration projects were of a more general kind—mixed parties of men, women, and children. The scheme with which her name is more specially identified, the emigration of children, began in 1870.

It needed some courage for the Pilgrim Fathers to set sail for America; it needed hardly less for a lady to go on board the *Peruvian*, on the 12th of May, 1870, with one hundred boys rescued from crime and misery in the lowest haunts of London, to settle them in a colony where she was a complete stranger, and get for them engagements in agricultural work, for which they had had no training! But it was not an insane venture, plunged into without rhyme or reason. The children had had a Christian and moral training, a training in the spirit of service, and it was known that their rawness in agriculture would be no obstacle to their engagement by the farmers, who were keen for assistance. Still, it was a great venture. But the work had been undertaken for the Lord. The command to "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I shall shew thee," had seemed to come from Him; and she went forth, not knowing whither she went. Her faith was amply rewarded. At Quebec she might have disposed of all her hundred; she left eleven. At Montreal the same: she left twenty-three; at Belleville eight; the rest at Toronto. In June, 1870, it was the good-fortune of the present writer to meet Miss Macpherson at the house of the late Hon. George Brown, afterwards Prime Minister of Canada. She had just placed at his farm the last two boys of the hundred, and very happy she was at the highly successful achievement of her purpose. But Miss Macpherson is not one of those who readily learn to "rest and be thankful." The Council of the county of Hastings presented her with a house at Belleville capable of containing two hundred, and her friend and companion, Miss Bilbrough, undertook to furnish and take charge of it as a home for the reception of future emigrants. Meanwhile her brother-in-law, Mr. Merry, brought out other seventy boys, while Miss Macpherson hastened home, and before autumn was over brought

out another hundred. And every year the same work has gone on, and hundreds more emigrants have been taken out. And very happy have the results usually been. Only two or three per cent. have turned out good-for-nothing; the overwhelming majority are useful, and exemplary, and often Christian citizens. Had they remained as they were in London, the proportion would most likely have been the very opposite—two or three per cent. respectable, and the rest blackguards.

When we say that Miss Macpherson has taken to Canada 4,600 destitute children, and placed them in situations of comfort and promise, we tell but a fraction of her work, for it would never do to send to another land the reclaimed waifs of East London without training and preparation. The Home of Industry to receive the raw material; an English country Home to work it up; and a reception Home in Canada to take in the emigrants on their arrival, and be a centre of operations in the Colony—have all to be maintained in a state of unflogging activity, and with that earnest, but trustful and restful spirit which says, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." The various operations connected with the Home of Industry embrace a widows' sewing class, mothers' meetings, factory girls' classes, evening schools for young men and boys, Gospel meetings and Bands of Hope, lodging-house visitation, and a Bible flower mission. The sum needed to carry it on, under the most economical management, and with a vast amount of volunteer labour, averages £5,000 a year. The emigration of each child costs about £10. The condition of the children in Canada often seems almost too good to be true. The writer can say this, not



At the
Yonthe Labour
Home

from hearsay, but from personal observation. For many years his wife has been connected with the work; for Miss Macpherson has the great happiness of having led many others to engage in it. He has seen in a number of cases children rescued from the worst surroundings in Edinburgh, when placed in Canada, clothed, civilised, bright, and happy, serving God and benefiting their fellow-men. The change has often brought before his mind the text, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

But it is not Edinburgh but Glasgow that furnishes the great record connected with Scotland of progress from Small Beginnings. The name of William Quarrier is now a household word, particularly in the west of Scotland, for faith, hope, and charity, for the warm Christian heart that feels for the distressed, and the wise head and skilful hand that know how to relieve it. At the age of eight, Quarrier once stood in the High Street of Glasgow, bareheaded, barefooted, cold and hungry, having tasted no food for a day and a half; and as he gazed at one person after another passing along, and none noticing him, the first glimmer of his life-work came before him—he thought if he were like them he would make some provision for poor children. When the truth as it is in Jesus took hold on him, the desire was strengthened, and Dr. Guthrie's efforts for ragged-schools in Edinburgh gratified him greatly. And as in so many similar cases, it was one particular boy that set him to work. The boy was a shoeblack, and someone had robbed him of his stock-in-trade. Mr. Quarrier tried to soothe him, and gave him what he needed to resume business. He went home and wrote a letter to the newspapers on the necessity of organising the shoeblacks into a brigade. Some said it ought to be; others were ingenious in finding excuses; for instance, that Glasgow was so rainy a place and the streets so muddy that there was no use getting one's boots brushed. Mr. Quarrier began to think that if anything were to be done, he would have to take the burden of it himself. Soon after, he met Miss Macpherson in Glasgow, heard of her work at home and in Canada, and was so stirred in spirit as to resolve that if the Lord sent him £1,000 or £2,000 to begin with, he would start a Home and care for the destitute children of Glasgow. On the 1st of September, 1871, he published a letter in the Glasgow newspapers showing the urgent need for such a Home. On the 13th of September he got a letter from a gentleman in London promising £2,000. It was like a direct communication from Heaven, and no prophet or apostle ever

felt himself more solemnly under the sanction of a Divine call than Mr. Quarrier, with this letter in his hand. On the 18th of November he had opened a workshop in Renfrew Lane, rudely fitted up for a Home. The first boy, though he came in dripping rags, was rather put out to find he had no comrade; but he stayed; and next night he brought another, and so the ball began to roll. And thus, from this small beginning, began the work which has now advanced to so gigantic a scale, carried on in the City Homes, which cost £12,000, and the Homes at Bridge of Weir, on which there has already been an outlay of £50,000. In these about five hundred destitute children are cared for, of whom between three and four hundred are sent yearly to Canada. To carry on the work requires about £10,000 a year, in addition to what is needed for buildings. All this money has come to Mr. Quarrier unasked. The work is carried on in simple trust on Him in whose name and for whose glory it is undertaken; and without having ever asked a farthing from man, Mr. Quarrier has got it as he needed it, and believes without any misgiving that whatever else is needed will unfailingly be found.

Take the railway from Glasgow to Greenock, leave at Bridge of Weir station, and drive on a couple of miles. That fresh, neat, bright settlement you come to is Mr. Quarrier's village. Scattered over an undulating park of forty acres, sloping down to the river Gryfe, you find about a dozen villas, each a cottage home, named after some conspicuous giver, presided over by a cottage mother, and, where there are boys, a cottage father too. Storehouse, infirmary, school, and church vary the aspect of the settlement. Inside all is fresh and bright, for Mr. Quarrier believes in beauty of form and colour, and hates your poorhouse dinginess. And that strange phenomenon near the river is actually a ship, although fixed on solid mother earth, the gift of a lady friend, and designed as a training ship to prepare for a seafaring life such boys as desire it, and may be trusted to carry the spirit of Christ among our seamen. And Mr. Quarrier goes on, toiling and rejoicing, untroubled by fear of failure or of being left high and dry as the ship. His life and his work are a signal exemplification of Dr. Carey's principle—"Ask great things, expect great things of God."

And thus our British orphan homes, the number of which might easily be multiplied tenfold if the space available allowed, have reached their great dimensions through the same means as the Continental Homes of our last paper—through faith and prayer.



PREJUDICE.

BY THE REV. R. H. LOVELL.



WHO of us can claim to be free from all prejudice? The truly judicial faculty is a rare endowment. A large, open, symmetrical mind is not a common gift. It is not an easy matter to preserve an honest and impartial mind in the competition as between things new and old: equally to favour modern claim and old custom, to regard the youngest child Benjamin of modern theory, with no more favour than the elder son Reuben of long service; each fairly valued and appreciated both in their differences and respective excellences, and to give each its suited blessing.

We are born into a world where a thousand old and precious opinions and customs have long held sway; where, too, a multitude of new truths lie buried and waiting for our recognition, and asking us for their due inheritance. Between these two opposing forces our minds are placed as between two great revolving wheels. God means their interplay to be for our brightening and enrichment.

Our weakness and trouble is that we often fall greatly in love with *one* wheel and abuse the other. We forget that all things are double—light and shadow, ebb and flow, day and night, cause and effect, centripetal and centrifugal, life and death, up and down, here and there, forward and backward, before and behind, root and fruit, poetry and prose, Law and Grace.

We get so enamoured—prejudiced—in favour of one wheel, one set of opinions, one pole of the magnet, that the other realm of truth lies practically closed to us. Then our minds lose the value and benefit of search. The still pendulum makes no progress on the face of the clock of destiny. Repose has already shut the door of truth, has lost the key, and is too idle to look for it. Hence we either reject the old because it is not new, or we reject the new because it is not old, or else we indolently care neither to adjust the claims of new or old, preferring the rest of decay to the song and life of spring.

I have seen a porter at the railway station on a dark evening walking towards me with his lamp. So long as he walked directly forward and held his lamp square, a bright white light shone, which made all things clear. Let him turn himself or his lantern, only a little, and the light now shines through a piece of dull red, or clouded green glass, and I now see little or nothing. We all have our glasses of red and green prejudices, and we need but a very slight effort to see all things in the dim lights they cast on what we look at. Said Dr. Taylor, of Norwich (a stout Unitarian), "I have been through every word of the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and if the doctrine of the Atonement were there I should have

found it."—"I do not think you would," replied John Newton, "for I once went to light my candle, and I could not because the extinguisher was left on it." God's noblemen are they who are able to remove the extinguisher of prejudice from their mind: they who are never weary in searching for truth, and never afraid to give truth due welcome when found. There is no nobler or rarer mark of a great mind than freedom from prejudice. But truth must be constantly *sought* for. Accident is not the realm she loves. Her claims will need careful scrutiny, and patient pondering—but a first indispensable claim is, that the searcher's eyes be *open*; and that his measures, and weights, and scales have not been tampered with. Honesty of effort, with a false measure in its hand, of which it is ignorant, will not avail to make us familiar with the truth. When people play at blindman's buff, they search; but *then* they search with bandages round their eyes. Before we are qualified to search for truth, the bandages which have been tied around us, by many a dear and loving hand, must be removed and we must be free; to be rightly equipped in the search for truth, our eyes must be open, and we must have *light*.

There are voices to be heard in solitude we cannot hear in society. Society will tell me what *man's* opinion is; but solitude is the season for the converse of the mind with God. The turnstile to the temple of truth only admits one at a time. Secondhand opinion and religion are no better than secondhand clothes. They each render some service, but do not well become their wearers. What we *hear* from others is of far less value to us than that which we *see* for ourselves.

Mr. Ruskin says that the difference between great and mean art consists in this, "looking *all* the facts full in the face, seizing them with earnestness and intensity, fathoming them with deep faculty, dealing with them with unalarmed intelligence and unharmed strength, ordering them by the strength of human will, consummating their good, restraining their evil, and so making them, to the utmost, memorable, serviceable, and beautiful." Now that perfect vision, intense handling, and open reception of all the facts, and then using them for highest good, is precisely the condition of noble life as of great art. One of the chief reasons for many failures in life lies here: *all* the aspects of a case are not seen, the hopeful and favourable, which we wish to see, are magnified; the unfavourable and antagonistic, which we do *not* wish to see, are put aside, not reckoned with, and ignored.

Our age is great in secondhand opinion, whilst individuality is at a great discount. Men invest their money in crowds. Political life is often a matter of momentary panic. Constituencies are most fickle.

Men are worshipped to-day and deserted to-morrow. Carlyle could moralise about Irving losing the esteem of the multitude; he himself has been both fashionable and spurned. He who simply runs with the crowd will find himself carried in many diverse directions.

When truth is sought for, life and intercourse with others will be ever fresh and interesting. How many persons in society find the conversation dull and lifeless. The "weather," "servants," and gossip of the locality, are often the only topics of converse. Such talkers are only social echoes, not voices. A mind open to receive all facts, that sees and thinks for itself, eager in its quest of truth, will be full of childlike simplicity, as fresh as spring flowers and bright as a summer sky.

In reading the Bible, no duty is more important, no charm greater, than to try and read unbiassed by mere opinion or tradition, and to remember the Pilgrim Fathers' saying, "God hath more light and truth ready to break forth from His Word." To keep a mind ever open, while ever prayerful for Divine guidance, eager to know the whole truth, refusing to settle down in the selfish enjoyment of "rest and be thankful," is both a sign of life and power and the secret of youth and freshness.

When truth has been found, it will still often need courage to follow its guidance. Lions' dens are not confined to the past for the truth-seeker, and lions' mouths are still open. Even within us the voices of pride, fear, self-interest, and prudence will seek to persuade us or frighten us from our path and duty. Outside us, custom and the crowd will have to be reckoned with. To be driven by men we shall find will require little effort, but to follow the leading of God will involve both courage and sacrifice. No history is more splendid than the history of the men who have found the truth, and

for the sake of conscience dared to suffer, that they might make the Truth their possession, and become priests in her service. Some of our river plants can only blossom in the sunlit atmosphere. Hence they overcome all obstacles until in the freedom of the air they lift to the light and sun their crown of white flowers. We get rooted in the river of prejudice; custom incessantly flows down upon us; our business is to search for the higher atmosphere of truth, and then express ourselves in the "white flower of a blameless life." We must carefully guard the *spirit* in which we search for the truth. Seekers for the truth should not be sour, dogmatic, or unlovely people. We may not search for the truth merely to procure *ammunition* with which to fire into other people. We may not hold the truth as a policeman does his truncheon, merely to use for defensive purposes and unpleasant incidents. The daylight blesses all, harms none, never becomes a monopoly; so should we use the truth. Selfishness and sourness are no suitable garments for the truth.

It is said that when Archbishop Ussher was an old man, and his sight failed somewhat, he was still very fond of reading. So the good old man used to begin the day in his palace in a room into which the sunshine came. As the sun crept round the building, so the archbishop with his book would go from room to room, always getting the sunlight to shine upon the volume as he read. We should aim to go from truth to truth, from light to light, until the perfect day dawn and the shadows pass; until we stand within all shadows, in that light where error and ignorance and prejudice cannot live; until we come to that Palace where they need no candle, and where the Lord God giveth light for ever. One of Heaven's chief glories will be, it will be the home of perfect truth and complete freedom from prejudice.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

BY THE VEN. ARTHUR GORE, M.A., ARCHDEACON OF MACCLESFIELD.



WHO wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews? Some of our readers may be surprised to be asked, and may be inclined to answer, without further consideration, "St. Paul, of course."

And indeed such is the title in our Bibles—"The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews." Most of us, however, know that the question is a vexed one, and we fall back comfortably on the thought that while we may be uncertain as to the authorship, we need not have any doubt whatever as to the Divine authority of this profound exposition of the Spiritual fulfilment of the old Covenant in the New. No treatise in the whole Bible can

better afford to dispense with external support, while, on the other hand, no writing can appeal to more immediate and direct external testimony as to its use in the Church. Not more than thirty years separated the Epistle to the Hebrews from that of St. Clement of Rome to the Corinthians. And so completely is St. Clement's Epistle saturated with the phrases and the spirit of its predecessor that, in Dr. Westcott's words, "the whole Epistle seems transfused into Clement's mind." So remarkably is this the case that in after days, when doubts as to the author began to be felt, there were those who attributed the substance of the work to St. Paul and its words to St. Clement. Now, no primitive

authority exceeds or perhaps equals in weight that of St. Clement. If he had only used the title in our own Bible, "The Epistle of Paul," he would have saved the world volumes of controversy. This he did not do, but what he has done is quite as valuable. He has shown us how completely the Epistle was accepted in the first days as canonical, by Rome and Corinth, then the greatest Churches of Western Christendom.

It is not for us to plunge into the great contest. We must not even presume to hold the balance between the contending theories. Anyone who wishes to read an able and thoroughgoing defence of St. Paul's claim may find it in Bishop Wordsworth, or in Dr. Kay's Introduction, in the "Speaker's Commentary"; anyone who desires an unsparring denunciation of the same may have recourse to Archdeacon Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity." If there be those who would keep out of the region of controversy, and who may crave the sentence of an impartial judge, they cannot do better than read the chapter on the Epistle in Professor Salmon's "Introduction to the New Testament."

The momenta of the controversy are easily grasped. On St. Paul's side it is alleged that the Eastern Church accepted the Epistle as from his pen without any question, until the days of Origen (A.D. 186—253). He, for the first time, hesitates. "I should say," he writes, "that the sentiments are the Apostle's, but the language and composition belong to someone who recorded what the Apostle said, and, as it were, took notes of the things spoken of by the Master."* "It is not without reason," he adds, "that the ancients have handed it down as Paul's"—the "ancients" in Origen's day must have been very near the beginning—"but who wrote the Epistle, God only knows certainly." In the Western Church there are no references to the Epistle, after that of Clement, for more than a century. When we begin to hear of it, we find doubts thrown on its canonical authority; and the doubts are made to rest on the alleged fact that it was not written by an Apostle. This, of course, seems a weighty argument against St. Paul; but Dr. Kay deftly turns it the other way. It is plain, he argues, that the Western Church accepted as canonical only that which was apostolical; now, St. Clement and the Western Church of his day accepted this Epistle as canonical; therefore they believed it to be apostolical; but if it were written by an Apostle, it could not have been written by any other than St. Paul. The contemporary Western Church, therefore, is on St. Paul's side. Such is Dr. Kay's judgment.

The opponents of the Pauline authorship allege that the Western Church is unanimously against it; even Clement himself does not mention St. Paul's name; and that such testimony as can be adduced from the Eastern Church belongs to an uncritical age. As soon as that Church began to think, with

its great thinker Origen, it began to doubt. And then, they profess to have the internal evidence wholly on their side. The Epistle does not begin like one of St. Paul's, and it is foolish to say that the Apostle did not want to be known, lest he should not be received, for the writer refers familiarly to "our brother Timothy," and promises himself to come and see them, as if they were on the most friendly terms (chap. xiii. 23). The style throughout does not recall St. Paul to our minds. It is much less impassioned, less personal, more stately, and more consistently argumentative throughout. The writer, furthermore, seems to place himself outside the apostolic hand when he writes of the "great salvation, which . . . was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him," language which St. Paul would not have used, least of all when writing to those of the Circumcision. It is to no purpose, say they finally, to make lists of words and phrases, and turns of thought peculiar to St. Paul, because on all hands it is acknowledged that the treatise came from one of the companions of the Apostle who had learnt the Gospel at his lips, and who would therefore, in his measure, think as he thought and write as he wrote.

If we abandon St. Paul, or assign to him only the substantial, and not the formal authorship, we are still by no means out of the wood. "Who wrote the Epistle?" still remains unanswered. One of St. Paul's companions, but which? Not Timothy, who is mentioned in it; not Titus, not St. Luke, not Clement, not Barnabas, answers Dr. Farrar, for various reasons, the reasons against Barnabas seeming, possibly, a little weak.* Thus, by the exhaustive process, everyone is shut out except Apollos. Everything we read of Apollos is in his favour. A Jew, a man of Alexandria—the language and thought of the Epistle are Alexandrine—an eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures—he seems completely qualified for the work. It surely was a "flash of happy intuition" which suggested his name to Martin Luther. The Archdeacon's enthusiasm grows with his subject. He becomes as confident as if he were in the room while Apollos wrote; and he makes his readers feel very uncomfortable if they venture, even in their secret souls, to hold any other opinion. It is provoking, when our zeal for Apollos has been worked up to something like absolute conviction, to turn to the unimpassioned Irish professor and to find that indeed he has not much to say against Luther's guess, save that Luther was the first to make it; then, he points to the damaging fact that Barnabas may put in a claim resting on authority much earlier and by no means so conjectural. Tertullian (A.D. 193—216), apparently expressing the current belief of his time, or at least of his circle, which was a wide one, attributes the Epistle to Barnabas. "I do not see," adds Dr. Salmon, "how to avoid the conclusion that at the beginning of the third century the received opinion in the Roman and African Church was that

* See Salmon, p. 515.

* "Early Days of Christianity," I. 333.

Barnabas was the author of the Epistle.* It is not, be it observed, Tertullian, but the Church of Tertullian's day, that we have to place over against Luther.

Thus our convictions are disturbed again. How is the question to be settled? In our perplexity we turn to another, and inquire, To whom was the Epistle addressed? Now on this point, certainly, there would seem to be little room for difference of opinion. Most of us had imagined that the Jews in Jerusalem, or at least in Palestine, were the first recipients of the Epistle, and we had supposed ourselves capable of detecting certain references to the approaching destruction of the Holy City, and the dangers in which the Christians would be involved thereby.† But this belief is no longer to be left to us in peace. The author of "The Early Days of Christianity" points out, with great force, that Apollos could not possibly have written such a letter to the Mother Church; in no way was he in a position to do so. Here, then, is a dilemma; we may have either Jerusalem or Apollos—we cannot have both. In other ways Jerusalem would have done very well, particularly in this, that the writer writes as if there were no people but Jews in the world; "as though heathendom were practically non-existent;"‡ but it cannot be helped. Another resting-place must be found for this much-troubled document; and, at last, after a search through all the Churches, it is consigned to the Jewish portion of that at Ephesus!|| Can we really accept this conclusion—Ephesus instead of Jerusalem? and only a portion of the Church at Ephesus, utterly ignoring all the rest?

How is it if we turn to Barnabas? Let us place him well before our minds; the Son of Consolation or exhortation; the Levite well acquainted with the Temple ritual; the old and trusted friend of the first Apostles. Let us recall the time, about which, happily, there is no disagreement—the days shortly preceding the downfall of Jerusalem. Dr. Salmon supposes Barnabas paying a visit to Jerusalem. He finds the Church oppressed by unbelieving Jews; many are falling away. Invited to speak, his exhortation turns on the danger and disgrace of giving up the better for the worse; on the superiority of Jesus over the angelic and human mediators through

whom the Jews boasted to have received their Law; on the grandeur of His High-Priesthood in contrast with Aaron's; on the efficacy of His Atonement when weighed against the shadows of the Law. Such teaching, in those troublous times, the surviving Apostles and elders might well desire to have in permanent form. Was this treatise the answer subsequently given to such a wish? Certainly, from the lips and from the pen of Barnabas, perhaps alone among those outside the apostolic band, would the Church in Jerusalem obediently and thankfully submit to such instruction.

We do not profess to have settled any of these questions. The Epistle may have been written by St. Paul; more probably by one of his disciples. Among these we seem to be limited in our choice to Apollos and Barnabas. If, with this alternative, the other—that between Jerusalem and Ephesus—be forced upon us, we incline to Jerusalem and not Ephesus, and, as a consequence, to Barnabas and not Apollos.

We have only to repeat, and with emphasis, what has been said at the beginning of this paper. The Divine authority of the Epistle is not in any way affected by the questions raised concerning its authorship. Of Barnabas we know that "he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith";* of Apollos that he was "mighty in the Scriptures," "fervent in spirit," and that "he helped them much which had believed through grace."† But even independently of its origin, the Epistle, by its own weight, takes an unquestionable place among those Canonical books, "of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church."‡ It is the "keystone binding together that succession of inspired men which spans over the ages between Moses and St. John. It teaches the Christian student the substantial identity of the revelation of God, whether given through the prophets or through the Son; for it shows that God's purposes are unchangeable . . . It is a pattern to every Christian teacher of the method in which larger views should be imparted—gently, reverently, and seasonably—to feeble spirits prone to cling to ancient forms, and to rest in accustomed feelings."

I do not attempt any analysis of the Epistle, because one such as I could here give may be easily and much better found by the reader for himself. One more elaborate would require not a page but a volume to contain it.

* Introduction, p. 528.

† Ch. iv. 9; vi. 18-20; viii. 8 and 13; x. 12, 13, 19-22, 36-39; xi. 40-xii. 13; xii. 22, 25-29; xiii. 10, 13, 14.

‡ "Early Days of Christianity," p. 330.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 331.

* Acts xi. 24. † Acts xviii. 24, 25, 28. ‡ Article VI.



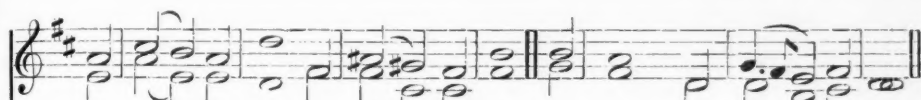
"By cool Siloam's Shady Rill."

Words by BISHOP HEBER.

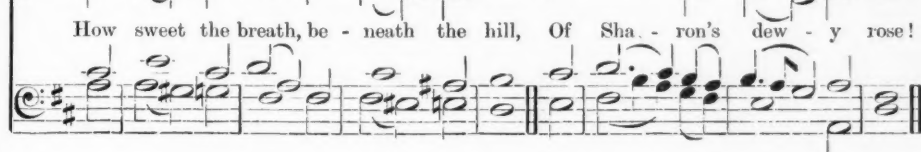
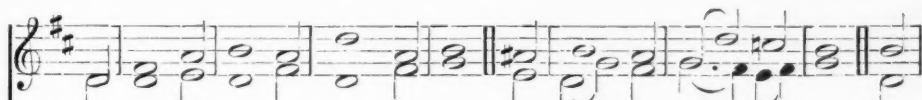
Music by PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D., Oxon.
(Organist and Master of the Choristers of Durham Cathedral.)



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly grows!

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

And such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose




se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God. A - men.



2. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away:
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

3. O Thou! whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine;
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone:
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

MISTRESS CICELY.

A STORY OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



I.
FATHER!
 Father!
 It cannot be true!" cried Cicely, in deep agitation. "A warrant of arrest against you! You accused of high treason! I will not—cannot believe it! Nay, it is assuredly some vile, wicked slander!"

"And that is as true a word as ever you spoke, Mistress Cicely," spoke out Jakes, the trusty serving-man, who was standing before his master, splashed from head to foot with mud, from the speed with which he had ridden home with his tidings of terror and woe; "but heads have fallen at the block before now at the voice of slander, and —"

But the man paused suddenly, for Cicely had turned very white, and shrank back as if she had received a blow. There was something of despairing wildness in the look she turned upon her father.

Sir John Deloraine motioned to the servant to retire, and he stepped respectfully back till almost out of earshot; but he did not quit the long gallery in which his master sat, and he seemed unwilling to let him out of his sight.

"Father," said Cicely, "what does it mean? Tell me!"

"It means, my dear, that some plot has just been discovered that aims not only at the restoration of the banished monarch, but at the life of King William. My name is said to be down amongst those of the conspirators, and a warrant has been issued for my apprehension."

"Father! father! it cannot be!" cried Cicely passionately. "The King cannot think such a thing of you."

"My dear child, the King is surrounded by zealous partisans, some of them inimical to me, and the name of Deloraine is too deeply connected with that of the House of Stuart not to fall under easy suspicion. You know, my love, that, deeply as I deplored the late King's bigotry and infatuation, I was personally attached to him, and he to me; and although I could not link myself with his policy, nor feel justified in following him into exile, yet neither could I remain at Court to welcome his successor. I respect King William heartily, and I love our sweet princess his wife; but hereditary instinct is

too strong for me to witness the downfall of a noble house without a pang, albeit I know well that they have brought this downfall upon themselves. I have many foes at Court and in the Council, and to the King I am unknown. Small wonder, then, if my name should fall into disgrace, or even, in these strange, troubled times, my head should fall beneath the axe. Nay, Cicely, my dear love, do not look thus. I am innocent, and we know that there is a Power above watching over us all."

Cicely recovered herself quickly.

"If you are innocent, dear father, they cannot hurt you, surely?"

He looked away out of the window. He could not meet her eye; and Cicely, calling to mind all she knew of the extraordinary injustice and harshness of the criminal code, and the treatment of prisoners on trial, shuddered and grew white to the lips.

"I have enemies at Court, my dear," he said.

"Colonel Widdrington?" said Cicely, faltering.

"Yes; and he is high in favour, just now, for many valuable services rendered. He is a dangerous foe."

Cicely pressed her hands closely together, striving after calmness. She had no mother, no sister, no brother to stand by her in this trial. Her father was all-in-all to her, and she was but eighteen. What could she do if he were taken from her—if this most terrible thing were to come to pass?"

"Father," she asked tremblingly, "what shall you do?"

"Nothing, my dear child; wait quietly here, and trust all to the mercy of our Father above."

Cicely looked round with something akin to despair in her eyes. The faithful Jakes saw it, and stepped forward once again.

"Asking your pardon, sir, for my boldness, but I can't stand by and see you throw your life away, if 't were only for the sake of our sweet Mistress Cicely here. The devil is too busy abroad in the world just now for us to be idle, and the good Lord helps those who help themselves. Innocence isn't enough in these days, sir, not when you've got malicious enemies! 'Tis no use tempting fate, sir. That Colonel Widdrington knows that you know his black, treacherous past, and he'll never rest till you are swept out of his path. There's no enemy so bitter as a turncoat who has been a friend. 'Tis he that is on your track now, and he'll never rest till he has seen you safe to the block or the gibbet. Sir, you must hide—you must hide yourself till the storm has swept by. It is the only way—the only way."

"To hide is to admit my guilt," said Sir John. "I will not do it."



"Cicely smiled slightly."—p. 766.

"In these days, sir," said Jakes stoutly, "discretion is often the better part of valour. Believe me, it is the only way." And he glanced at his young mistress with a significant gesture.

Cicely flung herself at her father's feet.

"For my sake, father! Dear father, for the sake of your only child! Ah, do not break my heart—do not leave me fatherless!"

He laid his hand tenderly upon her head.

"For your sake, then, Cicely," he answered gently. "Only for yours, my child!"

II.

COLONEL WIDDRINGTON and Captain Lorimer were riding leisurely through the summer twilight in the direction of the Priory House, Market Bishopthorpe. Some dozen mounted men-at-arms followed them at a short distance, laughing and chatting amongst

themselves, though their superiors were somewhat silent.

"Ah!" said the Colonel at length, with an expression of malignant satisfaction playing over his face, "there is the place at last. We have run the old fox to earth."

"In faith, there has been little of the chase in our task," answered the younger man, with something of scorn in his tone. "Sir John Deloraine is in his own house, and there we shall surprise him. For my part, I like something more exciting than the arrest of an old man upon the evidence of some treacherous spy. No doubt the man is a Jacobite; but I confess I have little confidence in these King's-evidence men. A fellow who can betray his own confederates can betray the innocent as well."

Colonel Widdrington turned his head aside for a moment, his face darkening malignantly.

"That is, after all, no concern of ours," he said. "We have only to carry out our orders."

"Just so, and our orders are to arrest Sir John Deloraine. You feel certain he is to be found here?"

"Quite certain. He has been here for many months to my certain knowledge. He can hardly have received notice of our approach. All has been done with such secrecy and despatch."

Captain Lorimer laughed lightly.

"A secret that is at the mercy of a dozen fellows like that," with a glance over his shoulder, "is hardly likely to remain a secret long."

The Colonel scowled a little, but remembering the lonely character of the road traversed, thought it hardly likely their errand had preceded them. In silence they rode at length into the courtyard, and knocked for admittance upon the great oak door.

This was speedily opened by a man in the Deloraine livery. Everything in and about the house appeared quiet and undisturbed.

"We have business with Sir John Deloraine," said the Colonel, as he and his subordinate dismounted and advanced a few paces into the hall. "I must request that he favour us with a private interview upon a matter that will not brook delay."

"My master is not at home," answered the man.

"That is false, sirrah!" was the stern response.

"He is here, and I insist upon seeing him instantly."

"He is not here," was the reply; "he left home upon business some hours ago. I do not think that he returns to-night."

The two officers exchanged glances. Colonel Widdrington looked so furious that his subordinate thought it well to put the next question.

"Who is there in the house who will know his movements and his whereabouts?"

"There is Mistress Cicely—mayhap she would know."

"His daughter?"

"Yes."

"Then we will see her instantly—lead on."

"Ask Mistress Cicely if she will do us the honour to grant us an interview," amended Captain Lorimer, who by no means admired the rough abruptness of his Colonel's address.

The man vanished for a moment, and then returning, asked them to follow him, whereupon he showed them into a long, lofty, panelled room, with a row of pointed windows opened to the summer night, furnished with great taste and luxury as a withdrawing-room. One lamp hanging from the vaulted ceiling was all the illumination, save the doubtful light of a silver moon; and beneath the lamp stood a slight girlish figure, robed all in gleaming white, the straight heavy folds of the dress she wore giving her an added height and dignity as she stood, self-possessed and calm, awaiting the strangers who had intruded upon her at this late hour.

The soldiers removed their plumed hats and bowed low. She replied by a graceful reverence, and then, resuming her seat in the antique high-backed chair beside a flower-strewn table, she motioned to her

guests to be seated likewise, and leaned back in an attitude of graceful ease.

"You want my father, I am told, gentlemen. He left home this afternoon, and at present I do not know where he is to be found. Can you not leave some letter or message which I can deliver to him upon his return?"

"He left this afternoon—suddenly?"

"Well, yes, perhaps it was sudden. I had not heard him mention it before."

"Was he agitated—disturbed?"

Cicely smiled slightly as she looked straight at her interlocutor, toying with a rose that she held in one hand.

"Oh, no! Why should he be?"

The Colonel gazed keenly at her. Was she as innocent as she looked? He thought not.

"Mistress Cicely, pardon my plainness of speech, but you know more of your father's whereabouts than you will admit. He is in hiding."

Possibly she took this piece of intelligence almost too quietly, merely lifting her eyebrows, and remaining silent.

"And you know where he is?"

She looked steadily in the speaker's face. "No, I do not," she said.

"Yet you admit he is flying from the pursuit of justice."

Her eyes flashed then.

"I admit no such thing. If justice were all he had to look for, he would not need to hide."

Colonel Widdrington smiled ironically. "Thank you, Mistress Cicely—that is quite enough; not but what I knew it before. He was here this morning; he fled this afternoon. It is all very plain; and the best thing that you can do for yourself and him now is quietly to reveal the nature of his hiding-place."

Cicely was very pale, but her young face put on a look of resolution beyond her years. She gazed with unutterable scorn into the face of her father's foe.

"You will not? Then it will be my duty to prosecute a search. I have a warrant for doing so, if you care to see it. He cannot be far away. Most likely he will feel safest amongst his own people, and an old house like this will be full of hiding-places. I am sorry to give you this annoyance; but it is your own obstinacy that obliges me to do so. I and my men do not quit this house till the fugitive is found."

Cicely rose and faced him without flinching. How isolated and lonely she looked in her youth, her innocence, and her sorrow so bravely borne!

"Do your worst," she said, in a low voice that did not tremble; "God will protect the innocent."

Colonel Widdrington turned on his heel with a smothered exclamation, and strode from the room.

Captain Lorimer lingered a moment longer, yielding at last to feelings that had been rising within him for many hours, but had become well-nigh

irresistible since he had first met the clear, sweet glance of Cicely's deep grey eyes.

"Mistress Cicely," he said, in low tones that bespoke his sincerity better than any words could do, "believe me, I hate this errand as much as man can do, and I give you my word of honour as a soldier and a gentleman that I will be your friend, and stand by you and your father to the last."

III.

FOUR long, anxious days of wearying suspense passed by, during which Cicely felt she had grown years older. Colonel Widdrington and his troopers were in and about the house the whole time, and the movements of all the servants as well as her own were closely watched, and it seemed impossible that any secret could long be kept from the eyes of so many spies. Cicely did not know the exact whereabouts of her father's hiding-place, though she was aware it was not far away. Old Jakes would give her a reassuring word or look every now and then, but he had to be very cautious, and she could not but see that his face grew haggard and anxious as days passed by, and still these hostile soldiers hung about, watching every movement on the part of the household as a cat watches a mouse's hole.

The only ray of comfort that gilded the darkness just now was the courteous friendliness of Captain Lorimer, who seemed to do all in his power to save her from annoyance, and to keep his men as quiet and orderly as possible. Cicely was grateful to him, and ceased to shrink from his approach, but she was very much surprised when, on the evening of the fourth day, he requested the favour of a private interview with her, and only granted it out of a sort of terror lest a refusal should somehow hurt her father.

"Mistress Cicely," he said, in low rapid tones, "believe me, I have not asked this favour without sufficient reason. I hardly know how to communicate the plan I have laid for your father's escape, lest you should fear treachery or a trap, yet I pledge you my honour as a soldier that I will keep faith with you even till death."

Cicely clasped her hands closely together. She was young, and true to the heart's core, and truth can recognise its like when the heart is unseared by sin and shame.

"My father's escape! Did you say my father's escape?"

"I did, and I mean it. I have all my plans laid and matured. If you and he will but trust me he may be free to-night. Listen, Mistress Cicely, for time is short. I know he lies in concealment somewhere near. We all know it, though thus far the secret spot has eluded search. But if you will have

me conducted thither after dark by some trustworthy messenger, he shall quit his hiding-place disguised in my clothes, my two servants shall attend him (they are faithful to the death in any service entrusted to them by me), and mounted on my strongest charger he will reach the coast ere day has fully dawned, and there you can join him and proceed to France, and remain there in safety till the storm has swept by. Believe me, sweet lady, that, hastily as I speak, I have not been hasty in action. All has been arranged most carefully, even to the fishing smack that will bear you across to France. All is in readiness, all now lies with you. Will you trust me enough to reveal to me the secret of your father's hiding-place?"

Quivering in every fibre of her being, Cicely stood like a marble image; what would she say to this supreme question involving the issues of life and death? Yet one question sprang to her lips before she found an answer.

"And you! What will become of you?"

He smiled tranquilly.

"Have no fears for me. I am a favourite with the King, Heaven prosper him! I shall have no trouble in gaining his pardon, nor, unless I greatly err, that of your father likewise. I have no belief in his guilt. I believe his innocence can be proved, and I will be the man to prove it. Mistress Cicely, will you trust me?"

She looked long and earnestly at him, and then held out her hand.

"I do trust you, sir," she said, in tones of deep feeling. "May God deal with you as you deal with the helpless man to be placed now at your mercy."

Fifteen months later, in the golden autumn days, Mistress Cicely Deloraine and her father stood once again beneath the loved roof of their old ancestral home, which they had quitted in trembling stealth, fearing never to see it again.

They were not alone; a young soldier was with them, in the gay uniform of His Majesty's favourite regiment. He held Cicely's hand in his, and looked into her fair face with glances of loving pride.

"Home again at last, sweet Mistress Cicely!" he said with playful fondness, "and the threatening clouds all rolled away. When am I to be rewarded? Have I waited long enough yet?"

She looked at him with grave, sweet confidence.

"I think I trusted you from the first time I saw you. You know that I love you. You are our truest, best friend, and I am yours for life and death."

"My blessing on you both, my children," said the old father, his voice trembling with emotion. "I thank God that I have lived to see this day."



SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"HEAVEN'S DISTANT LAMPS."

I HAVE lost my interest in spiritual things," said an aged Christian, as his footsteps neared the Jordan. Little could he hear of the reading and prayer that had once been so full of holy enjoyment; his physical frame was almost shattered. But there was still a Name that stirred every fibre of that sinking life, and, by its blessed influence, told all around that the Saviour was precious still. Sometimes we hear of glorious and memorable deathbeds, of sunset days full of wondrous revelations, and we feel saddened and disappointed that our own loved ones passed away without any manifestation of heavenly light. It may be that our own souls seem to have lost that vivid consciousness of pardon which robbed the Shadow Valley of all its dread. Our souls and bodies are so knit together that the very physical weakness which we receive as from the hand of Jesus may be the cause of what troubles us as "spiritual deadness." Let us be content to *know* that, whether we realise their nearness or not, underneath us *are* the everlasting Arms. It is natural to fear the Shadow Valley—we are not called upon to enter its portals yet. "My grace is sufficient for thee," says the Master, and He who gives us strength to live will come even closer then, with a clasp of which no heart can dream, and give us strength to die. "Thou shalt be with Me," He whispers to trembling ones looking vaguely forth to that eternity which Mrs. Browning paints as

a stern, colossal image, "with blind eyes and grand dim lips,"—but those dim lips are murmuring evermore, "God, God!" "Come and walk beside me as my friend," said a royal commander-in-chief to a non-commissioned officer whom he was raising from the ranks. That close communion with the chief stamped him in the eyes of all as honourable, and he felt at home at once in his new position. So Jesus satisfies all doubts with the assurance, "Thou shalt be with Me."

"And are we not at home with Thee,
And all this world a visioned show,
That knowing what *abroad* is, we
What *home* is, too, may know?"

The Rev. Newman Hall relates that his father was in later years harassed by doubts as to his fitness for heaven, and his son asked him at last, "Why, what would you do if you found yourself anywhere else?" The answer came decisively, "I should start a prayer-meeting;" whereupon his son said with a smile, "Ah! you would do for no other place but heaven." Where should the child go, when tuition hours are over, but to his father's house? All the tides of life have been setting heavenward; fear not that after such sweet voyaging God's hand will leave the bark to sink.

A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

One of olden times warned humanity against a paralysis worse than that of the body—namely, the paralysis of the soul. To keep our feelings and affections and sympathies in healthy exercise, it

is well for us to have much to do with the *young*; there can be no unnatural, unchristian stiffening of the lives that care for little faces, full of love and trust and freshly welling joy. The most sour of faces can scarcely resist a smile when children rush by in train or van, waving, shouting, infecting all the air with their happiness in treat and holiday; the coldest of hearts must be softened with blessed compassion when moving amid the wards of a children's hospital, where some tiny forms are lying restlessly, painfully, or in wistful quiet, like "a piece of childhood thrown away." Illness is not natural to the active, happy little ones; the good nurses and doctors of our hospitals want them as soon as possible to be out again at their lessons, and blissful "make-believe" games. The Children's Hospital at Paddington Green seems to be doing a busy and



"Moving amid the wards."

progressive work. It is free, without letters of recommendation, to all necessitous patients, and has been steadily supported by the working classes themselves. Fruit, toys, arrowroot, poultry, and many other gifts in kind, would be available here; the matter of improved accommodation for the out-patients has caused consideration and expense of late, and a little "metallic sympathy" towards this end would be highly appreciated by the Committee.

STARLIGHT VISIONS.

Our old acquaintance A. L. O. E., who delighted us years ago by "My Neighbour's Shoes," and other juvenile narratives, has brought out, through Messrs. Morgan and Scott, a novel little book, called "Percival's Picture Gallery." Herein an invalid, gifted with artistic power, is described as depicting his lonely fancies upon canvas, and the author tells us, "Some of these ideas came to me in my own chamber of sickness." We are shown four Orientals sitting in the moonlight, and conversing as to the merits of various *bihistis* (water-carriers). One caps an exaggerated tale of a Persian *bihisti*, eight feet high, by a water-carrier who can travel, whistling, thousands of miles without tiring. This turns out to be the wind carrying God's gift of rain; but, finally, a young man tells of water of wonderful virtue, the effects of which eternal ages cannot limit. This water is the Stream of Life, and the young man reads from the Christian's Bible. One picture in the imaginary gallery shows the Israelites crossing the Red Sea; horses and riders are frightened by the skeleton of a huge leviathan, but a smiling little boy goes up to it fearlessly, and draws from its mouth a beautiful coral. The meaning of this picture is that death is an object of natural dread to the unprepared, but to the children of light its presence holds treasures of joy.

AN UNSECTARIAN WORK.

"Miss Pryde's work is unsectarian," is said of the invaluable efforts carried on at 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris: "none are excluded on account of their religious belief." It was asked by a high-class physician in Paris of a patient of his—a young governess—"Where are you staying?"—"At Miss Pryde's Home."—"Oh, you will do there; I know Miss Pryde and her Home, and you are safe there." If pleasure-seekers often feel strange and lonely in a foreign city, how much more depressing must these new scenes be to some poor teacher, bewildered and far from home! Governesses find a safe shelter in Miss Pryde's institution, and can take daily lessons in foreign languages, thus often commanding much higher salaries than they could otherwise obtain. Christian lady-workers are also welcomed here, if there is room. A Bible-class is held every Tuesday evening, and all external governesses are welcomed then also to the tea that is provided. Some of us have known, perhaps, what it is to fight the battle



"Bewildered and far from home."

of life in youth—some, in later years: some of us have young relations, who, amid life's unknown vicissitudes, may be called yet into the world's stern arena. Would that, for the sake of our countrywomen struggling in beautiful Paris for their daily bread so bravely, we could arouse a spirit of interest, help, and sympathy for their friend Miss Pryde, and her Home and work!

"GREAT NATURE'S HAPPY COMMONERS."

"Art in its earliest dawn," says a lover of natural history, "shines in the smallest; with the small birds art begins." And no human heart has yet equalled or expressed the song of the nightingale, trilling through the dark and outpouring floods of liquid music; or the clear, triumphant carol of the lark, ascending to heaven and then winging back to her earthly nest, "fresh for her care." There are countries where the feathery tribes are held more precious than here in England. Norse legends love to tell of the breast-burnt bird that tried to tear the nails from the Cross, and of the swallow that chirped in grief for friends to cool and comfort Him who died; and it is deemed a righteous and goodly thing to welcome the birds to the roof-tree and to give them grain. We owe the birds a debt of gratitude for saving us from many insects and reptiles; and if we pause to take breath in the race of life, and listen to their sweet philosophy, we shall find that in their trembling, throbbing notes there is help for human hearts. "Give us," says Carlyle, "the man who sings at his work!" There is strength in a cheery soul, and to be happy-hearted is solid wisdom. Why should we emulate the pilgrims who go mourning all their

days, when the little, feeble choristers of the air are "married to joy," and find a hymn even when the flowers have died? Myriads of tuneful voices praise the Lord even when our own hearts seem dumb and hard as stone; shall we not try to join voices with this chorus of thanksgiving? Neither barn nor storehouse is theirs; some of us, perchance, whose garner are full, are fretted and worried lest bad times should come upon us and our fortunes change. Listen to the blithe chant of tiny, twittering throats, preaching against over-anxious care. "Ye are of more value," said the Saviour, "than many sparrows." He who opens His hand and provides for the great host of choristers filling the forest ways with music, He who hears their cry and cares for their every need, and, amid the psalm of Paradise, understands each chirping note, is thinking likewise on *you* and making provision for *you*. "If God be good," say some, "why do suffering and death continue?" The key of all problems remains with God, but we are content to know that suffering, linked with the presence of the Lord, is a holy and blessed peace.

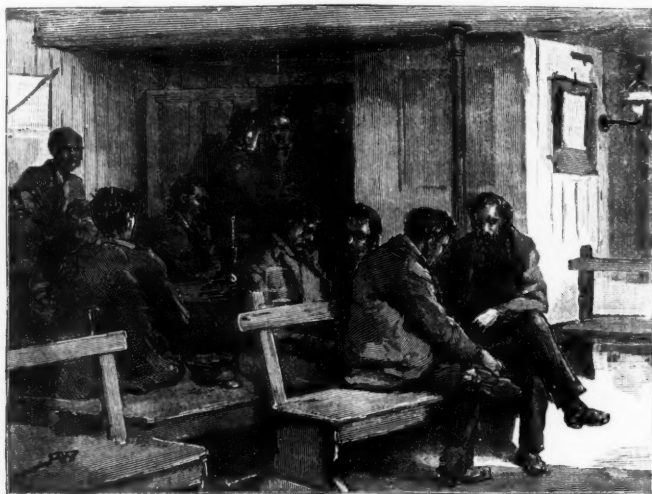
A LIFEBOAT CREW.

We heard lately of an inland labourer, excursioning on the water at Harwich, who exclaimed in fear and trembling, "Oh, if ever I get on *terra cotta* again, nothing shall tempt me on the sea!" What would some of us, who "sit at home at ease," think of being on old Ocean in a condition that might

show the danger of rocks around, and the yawning deep below? Then, when the bravest mariner seems at his wits' end, and the ship reels and staggers before the furious blast, then is realised the value, the blessing, of the lifeboat, manned by such a crew as launched the *Van Kook*, in 1879, and went out to the rescue of a German vessel on the worst part of the Goodwin Sands. "We're bound to save them!" said the men; and they got the throw-line on board, and stood by till the last man was saved. The deeds of lifeboat daring and heroism are enough to thrill the most stolid heart. Who shall estimate the value of a saved human *life*? much more who shall tell the price of a rescued *soul*! In connection with the "Welcome Home," Ratcliff Highway, where the labours of Miss Child have been so abundantly blessed, there has been formed the "Christian Lifeboat Crew," an association of seamen and others, who are banded for the rescue of the spiritually shipwrecked, and those sinking and falling amid the billows of life. Miss Child will be glad to give any information as to this society, or concerning her many-sided work. May this Christian Lifeboat Crew be kept faithful unto death, and be used to gather many into the tried and proved "Gospel ship," that alone can bring them safe beyond the tempests to the Haven where they would be.

A GROWING MOVEMENT.

The report of the Railway Mission tells us that there are 367,000 railway employes in the United



"THE FOUSTLE" AT THE "WELCOME HOME."

indeed have alarmed our rural friend—when in the black night the waves rise like mountains, and the tempest moans through the shrouds, and lightnings

Kingdom, about 80,000 of whom are reached by this Society and its literature. In India there are openings on every hand, and many now working on

British lines, who expect to be sent out thither, are willing to act as railway missionaries. An appeal for such an evangelist has also been made for South Africa. We are glad to know that pastors, without respect to denomination, are taking part in the Railway Mission, which is largely aided, too, by lady workers. Many of the men attribute their spiritual and moral uplifting to the earnest, tireless efforts of some Christian lady. When we think of the railway men's long hours of work, of their surrounding perils and temptations, and also of their many opportunities of helping the lonely, and doing good in many ways, we must see that their condition is of importance to us all. Few among us have not experienced journeying mercies again and again. We can scarcely show our gratitude in a more practical way than by sending a donation to the Railway Mission, 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C., by supporting an evangelist in some given district, by taking a box for the thank-offerings of our visitors, or by distributing helpful literature, and taking a personal interest in the men at our own local station.

THE FALLING LEAVES.

There is a tender beauty peculiar to the autumn season, when the lingering smiles of the sunshine light up sere leaves and mellow woods and softly gleaming meadows, bared of the golden grain. Somewhere there are always flowers—little lonely blossoms, trembling, perhaps, in the chilling air, yet preaching of deathless Almighty mercy, as they smile in some shadowed, misty dell.

"The melancholy days are come,"

sings the poet, and many a lay tells of autumn as ushering in the decay of nature, and witnessing to us of death and the end of all things. The most careless among us can scarcely tread the forests now without becoming thoughtful, as we watch the dropping leaves, and listen to the sighing of the wind through the boughs, where verdure danced so lately in the sunbeams; but we cannot admit that autumn's text is *death*. Is there not a glory even across these many-hued wood-ways, and deeper, more radiant still up there, where the clouds are red?

"The heavens are full of floating mysteries,"

says one of the autumn-time, when the sun seems to fling across the horizon a train of shining splendour, reminding us of the Love that ever keeps the best, the fairest for the *last*. And these falling, withered leaves themselves, that so long have typified to mortal minds the *end*, are they not simply being transformed into part of the fruitful, useful soil, which they will in days to come help, enrich, and strengthen for the work of the future? What *we* call death, Heaven sees as a new creation; there is no part, no vision of autumn that to the observant



"FALLING LEAVES."

mind cannot witness of Spring, of a sure and certain resurrection.

FOR THE LONG EVENINGS.

New books are even more welcome than usual now that the long evenings are upon us once more, and we welcome especially the new work of old friends. Readers who call to mind our article on "A Curious Church History" will be glad to hear of a new work from the authors of that history, Messrs. Backhouse and Tylor. "Witnesses for Christ" (Hamilton, Adams and Co.) is a sequel to the "Early Church History," and carries on the story of the Church from the fourth to the thirteenth century. It is necessary in reading the book to make some allowance for the peculiar views of the authors, but there is much in it to interest and to instruct a thoughtful reader. Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a second series of "Obiter Dicta," by Augustine Birrell, written in the same bright style as its popular predecessor, though we confess we did not find it so interesting. "The Story of Salvation," by Mrs. Jerome Mercier (Rivingtons), is intended as a guide to the historical study of the Bible. While unable to endorse all the views of the author, we may yet commend the work as a valuable companion to the right study of the Holy Scriptures. In another field altogether is Dr. Gordon Stables' "A B C Guide to Health" (Hodder and Stoughton), which is a little manual that would be useful in any household.

"I HAVE CALLED DAILY UPON THEE."

Guilds and leagues are the fashion of the age; ribbons, banners, and regalia are multiplying, and

worthy friends sometimes inscribe to their names honourable but mysterious letters which denote their union with one of these rapidly increasing societies. We are thankful to believe that the members of the various daily "prayer unions" are likewise growing in numbers. As a pastor recently wrote, "The great need of the age is power from on high. Let us, with God's help, make this one request: 'Lord, give me, give us, this living water, that we may be living, powerful witnesses for Thee.'" The Daily Prayer Union brought under our notice is in connection with St. Swithin's Rectory, Worcester; but various others are established, and every day a mighty onslaught is thus carried on against the forces of evil. All believers have a place in these unions that perseveringly plead the promises of the Master. At the Mercy-seat we all are brethren, and there can be no link more suitable than prayer

to draw us closely together. Perhaps, like the soldiers of various regiments, our appearance, our names, may differ, yet we know but one flag, one King, one Captain, and our warfare is the same, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. "Yonder is your foe—shake hands," said Nelson to two English officers, not wholly congenial, on the eve of Trafalgar. There are strongholds of darkness and evil to be overcome. Let Christian believers practically "shake hands," and swell the ranks of these daily prayer unions, that gather fresh strength for the conflict, and behold by faith the victory. There has been too much in our intercourse with fellow-believers of chilling reserve and passing by on the other side; let us gather them into the fields where the manna has fallen for ourselves, saying, with outstretched hand, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

THE EDITOR has much pleasure in announcing that with the First Part of the New Volume (published on October 25, 1887), a New and Permanently Enlarged Series will be inaugurated, the price remaining the same as heretofore, viz., Sixpence monthly. The quantity of letterpress will be increased from 64 to 80 pages per month, and the Magazine will in addition be printed on paper of improved quality, specially manufactured for the purpose, and in new type selected for its clear and legible character.

This liberal recognition on the part of the Proprietors of the extraordinary prosperity which has attended THE QUIVER in the past, will enable the Editor to add so considerably to the extent and variety of the contents of each Part, as to secure a still greater success and a more widely extended influence in the future.

The additional pages will be utilised not only to strengthen and develop the various departments which have always been included in this popular Magazine for Sunday and General Reading, but to add kindred features of new and varied attractiveness. The religious and instructive papers, ever characterised by a devout yet bright and cheerful spirit; the Serial and Complete Stories, conveying in that form of narrative which has the highest sanction wholesome and stimulating teaching to young and old; the records of heroic or humble work done for God in every department of Christian enterprise; the graphic sketches of current events of interest to all branches of the Church of Christ at home and abroad; the lessons and stories for the Young,—these and the many other features with which readers of THE QUIVER are so long familiar, will be continued on a scale proportioned to the increased space which the Editor can now command.

While THE QUIVER will thus continue to run on "the old lines," it will advance upon those lines with a new impetus and increased energy. It will be the Editor's earnest endeavour to maintain this Magazine in every department on the same principles which have made THE QUIVER what it is, and what he trusts it will be in a still larger range of usefulness—a steadfast witness for the teaching and work of the Gospel, a sustaining and inspiring influence in the home, and an interesting and cheerful companion for every member of the family.

Having this object before him, the Editor confidently appeals to all those who are interested in the spread of sound and healthful literature to assist him in making THE QUIVER if possible still more widely known wherever the English language is spoken.

the
our
one
me,
evil.
son
on
ark-
vers
inks
resh
the
ter-
and
hem
our-
hou

ume
be
The
zine
the

nich
the
more

ious
eral
and
erial
tion
work
rent
and
IVER
the

upon
your
THE
dfast
the

ested
R if